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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A

MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IX.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1880.

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NEW SERIES.] JULY, 1880. [No. 49.

HERR DROMMEL'S INCONSISTENCIES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

IV.

MONSIEUR DROMMEL would have been wiser had he carried out his first idea, which was to start the next day, October 1st, for Lyons. But he did not do it! It was so inscribed on Jupiter's tablets.

It has been stated openly that the cause of this change was Madame Drommel, who, when she awoke, complained of her foot, which had greatly swollen during the night, and which, she said, she could not put to the ground.

Those persons who adopt this version totally miscomprehend the character and peculiarities of this most charming woman. It is quite true that when her husband entered her room she gently intimated that she still felt the fatigues of the previous evening, and that a day of rest would do her great good; but she added at once that, if her proposal did not meet with his approval, she was quite ready to start at once; and that it was always her greatest pleasure to conform in all things to his wishes, and that she was certain that he knew her too well to doubt this assertion.

Fortunately, Monsieur Drommel had already decided to spend this day in visiting the palace and park of Fontainebleau, in the society of his dear Prince, who had proposed the expedition. He therefore answered that, as the health of his dear little kitten was of more importance to him than anything else in the world, he would, no matter at what cost to himself, postpone his departure for twenty-four hours to gratify her.

She pretended to believe this; thanked him very sweetly, and rewarded him with one of her adorable smiles. To look as if she believed was an especial and most enviable quality of hers. It is also a most useful one, as it spares families many stormy contentions, disputes, and bickerings.

It has also been distinctly stated and affirmed that, shortly after this interview with his wife, Monsieur Drommel met little Lestoc on the staircase, who asked him if he might make a sketch of his wife in crayons. This was not the case, however. Errors will creep into the most carefully written histories. These are the facts: Monsieur Drommel, who had preserved a most agreeable impression of the young painter, and had been much impressed by his gay liveliness, asked his name. When he learned that the nephew of Mademoiselle Dorothée had painted the picture he liked so much, and for which he asked two thousand francs, and was on the way to becoming famous, when his pictures would command a fabulous price, the liking he felt was considerably increased. The idea suddenly occurred to him that this would be a good opportunity, without opening his purse-strings, to obtain, as a souvenir, a little sketch, a drawing, or a water-color, or something of the kind, which he could take back with him to Goerlitz, as a sample of the open-air school, to which he proposed to devote one of his mighty articles at some future day.

Monsieur Drommel had always had a genius for barter; he was willing to give eggs to obtain beef—a subscription to "The Light" against a picture or a valuable book. Very often he gave nothing in return. He rarely met an artist of any kind, or a collector of rare things, without obtaining something from them; they were made to pay tribute to him, which tribute he gallantly pocketed, as a tangible and positive proof of the lively interest he inspired. People who are not always on their guard are the happy ones of this world.

After having well reflected, Monsieur Drommel thought it best to intrust his wife with this delicate negotiation. He went to find her in a summer-house which was at the extremity of one of the paths in the garden of the inn. She had reached this spot with some difficulty and pain; but was now enjoying the fresh air, wrapped in shawls, and with her foot on a cushion. He informed her that, as he did not wish her to feel lonely during his absence, he should present to her a young man, quite an original, who would amuse her by his *naïve* oddities.

"Do you remember, Ada," he asked, "a little picture in the gallery signed with the name Henri Lestoc?"

She seemed to have some difficulty in recalling the name and the incident.

"How forgetful women are!" he said, impatiently. "I dined with him yesterday."

"And what did you say his name was?" she asked.

He made a trumpet of his two hands, and bellowed in his wife's ear:

"Henri Lestoc! Can't you remember him?"

"I think I saw him yesterday. A great awkward fellow, with hair bristling like the quills of a porcupine."

"I must congratulate you on your brilliant conjectures. He is a fair little fellow, whose lips are still wet with his mother's milk, which does not prevent him, however, from being very intelligent. He knew me, my dear! I will not affirm that he has read my works, but he has heard of me."

"The best of merits in my eyes, my dear—and the first duty of man!"

"Then you would like me to bring him here?"

"And why? What on earth should I do with him?"

"I have my little plan," he replied.

She looked at him earnestly, saying to herself at the same time, "He is simply wonderful!"

"Yes," he continued; "I have my little plan. The boy has talent, and I have determined to have one of his pictures without its costing me a sou."

"And you intend me to manage that?"

"Yes. In the course of conversation you must ask to look at his portfolios; he of course will not refuse to give you a little sketch. Pretty women who know how to ask and to accept are never refused. He will amuse you, too! Would you believe, my dear, that he has made a vow? All this open-air school have done the same. Upon my life! these Frenchmen are most astonishing. When they are not Lovelaces, they are frail to a point which you can scarce imagine. This one has been brought up by an old aunt, a woman of the most austere virtue, who had a beard on her chin; he is consequently a most marvelous boy, though somewhat of a savage, after all. Try to tame him. Now say, shall I bring him to you?"

After being urged a little longer, Madame Drommel gave her consent—she was always obliging. Monsieur Drommel went in search of little Lestoc. He met him coming from his room humming an opera air with a clear, fresh voice. He looked very handsome, with his hat a little on one side of his head, his hands thrust into the pockets of his coat, a cluster of myosotis in his buttonhole, a decoration which possibly had an especial meaning. Each day he leaped from his bed more youthful in appearance and feelings than the night before; each day his face indicated the feverish haste of an immediate departure, and he regularly started off to catch the train which would lead him to the spot where glory waited—that glory of which he had dreamed all night. What it was, where it was, he hardly knew; but I am inclined to believe that, on this morning of which I write, his thoughts were not as vague as usual.

Monsieur Drommel met him, as I say, and, by dint of urgent entreaties and many compliments, led him into the garden, and asked permission to present him to Madame Drommel, who adored pictures. Little Lestoc received these overtures in the most chilling manner, and tried to evade the introduction, pretending that he had urgent business elsewhere. Monsieur Drommel had an answer ready for everything, and did not release his prisoner. He dragged him by the button of his coat toward the summer-house, and when they reached this place he exclaimed:

"Ada—my dear Ada, I present to you an artist who, at no distant date, will be a most famous man. He will explain to you the principles of the open-air school as well as those of Mademoiselle Dorothée."

In spite of all Monsieur Drommel's exertions, the ice was difficult to break. Lestoc was stiff, cold, and haughty. Madame Drommel was gracious—was she ever anything else? But she had the air of a woman who is disturbed in the enjoyment of her solitude, which she preferred to the society of any stranger.

Monsieur Drommel allowed the two to become acquainted in their own way; he left them and strolled down one of the wide garden-walks. In one hand he held his pencil and in the other a note-book. He had composed, while taking his coffee, a most cutting epigram against the *Asinus*, and was anxious to write it down. It was a grand *trouvaille*, which he would not trust to his memory, tenacious as it was. He had absolute confidence in only two things in the world—his note-book and his wife.

As he wrote, he listened from time to time to see if the two had fairly started in conversation; he finally decided that this was the case. At that moment he heard Lestoc exclaim:

"You admit, then, that he is a fool!"

Monsieur Drommel pushed away the honeysuckle that fell over the door of the summer-house, and, thrusting in his square head, asked:

"Who is the fool?"

Lestoc rushed toward him, and, laying his finger on his lip, whispered:

"Hush! Do not betray us; he is very near!"

Monsieur Drommel looked around, and beheld Monsieur Taconet, who was taking a little turn in the kitchen-garden.

"You are right," he said. "And the worst of it all is, that he is a surly, mischievous fool. I don't understand how Madame Drommel can fail to agree with you in your opinion."

"There are some things," answered Lestoc, "that one thinks without venturing to put into words."

Monsieur Drommel turned back to his garden-walk, where he continued to write until he was informed that the Prince de Malaserra was waiting for him. He returned to the summer-house to ask his wife to rearrange his necktie, for he was anxious to do honor to his noble friend. This time Lestoc said in a slow, deliberate way, but in a gentle voice:

"I always sell at a fixed price, but, as an exception to my general rule, I agree to a reduction for this once. I usually ask four, I must have three, and I shall say no less, and I must also be paid promptly."

At these words, he rushed from the summer-house, nearly knocking down Monsieur Drommel, whom he met at the door. He snatched his hand.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "I must have three—make Madame Drommel listen to reason."

And he hurried off with uplifted arms as if to affirm that these were his last words and final decision.

"What does he mean?" asked Monsieur Drommel of his wife as he entered the summer-house. "Three what? What on earth is he talking about?"

She ran to him, forgetting the trouble with her foot, and began to arrange his cravat.

"You were very much mistaken in regard to him," she said; "he is original and eccentric, I admit, but he is not, by any means, so very innocent. It can not be that this pupil of Mademoiselle Dorothée— He is a perfect Jew! He wants three hundred francs for a miserable little water-color, and he insists on prompt payment."

"His pretensions are simply ridiculous," answered Monsieur Drommel. "I thought him really better bred. Pshaw! he shall never see the color of my money. Try and see if you can't manage him, my dear Ada."

"I will do my best," she answered, and drawing back a few steps she made him one of those sweeping courtesies which she had so often made to the public of Berlin, on evenings when the applause was loud enough to bring down the roof.

"It seems to me that your foot must be better," he said.

"It is cured as if by enchantment," and, looking at him again more earnestly than before, she seemed to find him absolutely phenomenal, and began to laugh like a mad woman.

"Well! what on earth is the matter with you now?"

She answered, with unusual volubility, "The sky is blue, roses are in bloom, the grass is fresh and green, your necktie is irreproachable, and I feel as if I were sixteen again."

"Let us add twelve to sixteen," he said. Madame Drommel was born on July 26, 1851.

There was a baptism or a marriage at Chailly, and the wind brought the music of the bells as far as Barbison.

"The bells bring us good news," she cried gayly. "The very air is of a peculiar color and quality known only on *fête* days."

"I must find out," he answered, "if there is not in this neighborhood some lunatic asylum, and I will call and see you on my way back from Italy."

An imprudent wasp lighted upon his forehead. Madame Drommel drove it away with her fan. Then she contemplated that vast expanse of brow, and it seemed to her that there was something inscribed upon it. As the wife of a *savant* she respected inscriptions. She wished, besides, to have a clear conscience.

"Do you not know what the matter is with me?" she said. "The truth is, I am horribly jealous of that Prince to whom you sacrifice me for a whole day. If I were to tell you that I am dying to see Fontainebleau, and should implore you to take me with you — I would wager—"

"Don't make a wager, my dear—you would only lose. Women are dreadfully in the way."

"And you will not take me?"

"No—no matter how much my heart may cry out for you," and he struck his breast with his hand. And then, lifting the tips of her fingers to his clumsy lips, he kissed the rosy nails which had never done harm to any one. He hurried away then, for one must not keep princes waiting. She accompanied him as far as the courtyard, and begged him to avoid draughts, and to be prudent in regard to the night dews—

not to leave his plaid at Fontainebleau, but to wrap himself well up on his return, and to take every possible care of his precious person. Then, as she looked after him, she said to herself:

"It seems that the inscription was correct."

The bells were still ringing. She leaned against a pear-tree and half closed her eyes. It seemed to her that an audacious arm was thrown around her waist, that saucy lips were pressed to hers, and that a young and thrilling voice said, "I adore you!—I must have three—" Was this a dream or a souvenir?

She roused herself with a start as her husband again appeared before her.

"I have an idea," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Promise him a year's subscription to 'The Light.'"

"I am afraid that will not suffice," she answered, and then again besought him to avoid taking cold.

"The deuce take one-idead women!" he muttered, indignant that she was not more interested in his determination to obtain the coveted sketch. "I detest women who are always reciting a litany."

As soon as he took his seat in the carriage by the side of the Prince de Malaserra, he said to him:

"Behold me in a state of grace. I am provided with all the sacraments of the Church!"

And he boasted, at the same time laughing, of the tender and too watchful solicitude shown in regard to him by his wife. He added that he had never been ill in his life, and that he had never lost anything in traveling, not even his umbrella.

"O my dear friend," answered the Prince, "how greatly do I envy your flourishing health, your great happiness, and, if I may venture to say so, your lovely wife! Alas! the Princesse de Malaserra— I am most miserable, dear friend, for the Princess ran away with a wretched adventurer. Oh, if I only had them! Despair is a cannibal, and women are incomprehensible. To think of her preferring any one to me! All the world agrees in considering me a good-looking man, and this other is horrible—a little flat-nosed fellow! You see that I tell you all my secrets, for I have always been in the habit of showing my whole soul to my friends. Yes, my friend, this is why I am traveling, to distract my thoughts—for, since this terrible adventure, Malaserra itself has become odious to me, and yet you will admit, when you see it, that Malaserra is a charming place." As he spoke, the Prince pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and Monsieur Drommel's good breeding compelled him to shed also a few tears for this deplorable escapade of the Princess. "Tell me the honest truth, my friend," resumed the Prince; "have you ever been jealous? The Princess de Malaserra nearly killed me with jealousy."

Monsieur Drommel shouted with laughter, so utterly absurd did this question seem to him.

"Prince," he answered, "Madame Drommel belongs to a land whose women know how to love — because they have souls — *Gemüth*, in short."

"*Gemüth!* what is that?"

"It is impossible to make you understand the word, for it can not be translated into either French or Italian. You must be satisfied with being told that a woman who has *Gemüth* loves but once, and never elopes with another."

"Not when that other is flat-nosed?"

"A woman who has *Gemüth*," answered Monsieur Drommel solemnly, "despises with all her heart the frivolities, or what you call the *bagatelles* of life, and to the women of France and Italy the *bagatelles* of life are everything."

Monsieur Drommel went on then to prove to the Prince that he had taken his misadventure too seriously. He represented to him that true philosophers are never moved by trifles, are astonished at nothing, and are never jealous; that women, after all, are only pretty playthings, when, at least, they are not great hindrances—*maximum impedimentum;* that elective affinity is a fatal but a sacred law, to which one must succumb with gayety and good humor. He started from this point to prove that every one should study sociology, a science of inestimable value, which teaches us to despise all those small accidents which affect the common herd.

It was while they were still conversing on this subject that they reached Fontainebleau, where they sat down to an excellent breakfast, and had some good wine. After that they visited the Château, which, to tell the truth, Monsieur Drommel considered to be greatly overrated, and announced that, like the forest, it was a very poor place. The oval courtyard, the bronze doors, and the *salle de conseil* awoke no enthusiasm within his breast. He sneered at the marvelous gallery of Henri II., and in a moment more would have sworn that there was a better one at Goerlitz. But, as they crossed the *Cour de la Fontaine* he condescended to be pleased by the gambols of the famous carp—he even purchased at a bargain a stale *brioche*, which he tossed to them with a smile of majestic grace. Did the carp understand, as they swallowed the crumbs, to what glorious hand their happiness was due?

On their way home the conversation turned on German gymnastics. Monsieur Drommel undertook to explain to the Prince de Malaserra that, thanks to a system of education and training, which other people are compelled to envy

without being able to imitate, Germany is not only the sole country where women have *Gemüth*, but the only one whose men have muscles. To convince the Prince more fully, he rolled up his sleeves, and showed him his robust wrists, but the Prince, alas! had only his soul to show, for he was as thin as a shadow.

They now left their carriage on the high-road and followed a path that led to a chaos of rocks, which the owner of Malaserra desired to show to his new friend. When they reached this wild and solitary place, Monsieur Drommel wished the Prince to judge for himself of the wonders which German gymnastics could execute. He began to lift enormous stones, and to carry with outstretched arms fragments of rocks. The Prince, wonder-struck and admiring, begged him to lay aside his overcoat and all his tourist accoutrements, which were sadly in his way, but Monsieur Drommel pompously declared that nothing was ever in his way, and, as he was somewhat obstinate, did not allow himself to be persuaded.

The Prince asked if he were as agile as he was strong, and defied him to climb to the summit of a very steep rock. Monsieur Drommel accepted this new test, from which he emerged triumphant, although out of breath and bathed in perspiration. After this he took two or three extraordinary leaps, and the Prince became quite pensive, and said:

"I shudder, my dear friend—yes, you make me shudder. Don't do anything more, for, if any accident should chance to happen to you, how should I ever dare appear before the wife who adores you?"

They regained their carriage, and the Prince became very taciturn and preoccupied, even melancholy. Monsieur Drommel fancied that he was thinking of the Princesse de Malaserra. I am, however, inclined to believe that the wonderful results of German gymnastics evinced in the prowess of his dear friend had made the Prince thoughtful, and that he envied him his incomparable limbs and the power of his muscular arms; the most noble natures are not free from envy. As for Monsieur Drommel, he was delighted with his day, and charmed at having spent a few more hours with so great a man, whose conversation was as instructive as his manners were seductive. He was particularly pleased that his little excursion had cost him nothing, for the Prince de Malaserra had paid all the expenses—carriage, breakfast, and gratuities—all except the stale *brioche* with which the carp were regaled.

Another pleasure awaited him on his arrival. Madame Drommel had been successful with little Lestoc. She was in possession of a water-color which had been dashed off that afternoon with true French energy and fire. It had been offered to her as a souvenir; an actually gratuitous gift. This charming water-color represented a bit of country road. On one side stood a tall and leafless oak; it was dead, or nearly dead; on the left a path ran through a pine-grove. In one of the turns of this path stood, with their backs turned from the spectator, two persons, who had apparently been quarreling. A young man was kneeling on the ground, with arms upraised to heaven, either imploring pardon or begging for mercy. A lady in a pale, straw-colored costume was bending her blonde head toward him, and threatening him with a hazel wand she held in her hand. She had dropped her parasol, which had rolled on a few steps, and upon which played a gleam of sunshine.

Monsieur Drommel thought that the subject was a little light, and complained that the painter had avoided the principal difficulty of his art in giving the rear view of his figures rather than their faces. He was curious, and he liked exactness in everything; he would have liked to see these two faces. The two spots made on the canvas by the little woman and her locust-colored parasol charmed him, and, by one of those sudden intuitions common to genius, he at once determined to write an article on the open-air school. He called his wife's attention to the fact that the water-color was not signed; but she pointed to a rock, the silent witness of this lovers' quarrel, on which he read in the finest possible writing, "Souvenir of October 1, 1879," and underneath, the one Italian word "Sempre," which meant *always*, at the same time telling him that Sempre was the name Henri Lestoc used upon his pictures.

"Ever and always!" said Monsieur Drommel. "These seem to be favorite words in this young man's vocabulary; and I am inclined to believe that Mademoiselle Dorothée was in the habit of using them. But, tell me, was he reasonable in his demands; how much did he ask for that sketch?"

"Your idea was an excellent one, and he consented to accept a perpetual subscription to 'The Light,' which was all the more liberal in him because he does not understand German."

"He will have to learn it then," answered her husband, as he carelessly kissed the little woman. Pulling her ear a little, he added: "And the day has seemed pretty long to you, has it? Well! never mind; you lost nothing. There is nothing to see at Fontainebleau."

V.

THIS time Madame Drommel was at dinner. Her agreeable society added gayety to the little round table about which gathered the same

guests as on the previous evening. Beauty is like good wine: it rejoices the heart of man. Little Lestoc was the only one who did not try to make himself agreeable to this pretty woman. He did not even appear to notice her presence. He was *distrait*, preoccupied; his eyes were dull and his brow stormy. Monsieur Drommel came to the conclusion that he regretted his three hundred francs. He said a few jesting words to him in regard to his taciturnity.

"Excuse me," answered the young man. "I am working out an important problem. I shall reach it eventually, but it is a question of place, of time, and of method, which gives me much to think of."

"Method is a grand thing," said Monsieur Drommel. "Young man, permit me to share your perplexities. I may be able to assist you in your embarrassment."

"I rely on your assistance," he answered; "but you will aid me involuntarily, for I feel certain that inspiration will come to me merely from looking at you."

And he relapsed into thought.

The ex-police officer appeared on the scene just at this moment. Seeing his pet enemy, Monsieur Drommel, he became very sulky. This man was to him so antagonistic, that he promised himself to take the earliest opportunity of expressing his sentiments. The Prince de Malaserra had shaken off his melancholy, and, seated at Madame Drommel's side, was gallant and attentive.

"Monsieur Drommel," he said, "is the most enviable of men in many ways and for many reasons; but the thing I most envy him for is that he is adored by a wife who is an angel of sweetness and compassion. And yet, Monsieur Drommel does not absolutely require her presence and consolation. He told me himself that he could always find alleviation in himself for all the petty vexations of life. Sociologists, he says, console themselves readily."

"For the sorrows of others, unquestionably," muttered Monsieur Taconet, raising his heavy eyebrows. "But, as to those little accidents which threaten to assail themselves, they are quite as sensitive as any other people."

Monsieur Drommel turned hastily toward him. Fire like that with which wise men devour the vulgar herd flashed from his eyes. If Monsieur Taconet did not wither under it, it was because he was well and solidly built.

"A man who respects himself," said Monsieur Drommel, "abstains with care from talking of things of which he knows nothing. What do you know of sociology?"

"I know," he replied, "only just that which you were good enough to teach us last evening. May Heaven bless the sociologists! I, however, have met in my life many persons who delight in paradoxes, and I can safely affirm that in trying circumstances their paradoxes were at the mercy of accidents, and never brought them the smallest consolation. There are some people who only take their umbrella when the weather is fine, and who leave it behind them through forgetfulness when it rains. Consequently they get soaked the same as ordinary people."

"And I," answered Monsieur Drommel, with some heat—"I know people who regard all truths which pass their comprehension as paradoxes, and make no allowance for the weakness and dullness of their comprehension."

"Believe me," resumed Monsieur Taconet, "when I say that it is advisable to distrust opinions that are singular. The commonplace is the foundation of society."

"Commonplaces are the livery of fools!" answered Monsieur Drommel, furiously.

"And inconsistencies," said the other, "are the characteristics of sociologists. Sooner or later they share the fate of the Limousin school."

"What do you mean by Limousin?"

"Can it be that he is unknown at Goerlitz? This is the story: One day, I don't know when, Pantagruel, who had been drinking, was walking near the gate which led to Paris, and there met a young and good-looking student. 'My friend,' he said, 'whence come you?' The student replied, 'From that celebrated academy called Lutèce, where we have been quarreling over the Latin vocabulary.' 'Tut! tut!' said Pantagruel, 'what is this idiot saying? I believe he has created a new tongue; I must teach him to talk. But first tell me again where you came from?' To which the student replied in the most unintelligible gibberish. 'I understand,' cried Pantagruel, taking him by the throat, 'you are a Limousin, and you hack the Latin tongue to pieces! By St. Jean, I will do as much for you!' Then the poor Limousin began again: 'Vee dicou gentilastre, laissas a quo au nom de Dious, et ne me touquas grou!' which signified: 'Ah! dear gentleman, let me alone. In the name of God do me no harm!' 'God be praised!' answered Pantagruel, 'now you are talking Limousin.'"

"I do not in the least comprehend your story," cried Monsieur Drommel, "but, if in telling it you have any intention of insulting me, I promise to bring you to repentance."

The ex-police-officer replied, "It is just as you choose to look at it, as some one, I have forgotten whom, said once upon a time!"

At these words, Monsieur Drommel started up as if to rush upon the offender. Fortunately, his wife caught him by the arm, while the Prince

de Malaserra held him by one-of his coat-tails, saying, "Philosophers never lose their tempers."

"In the name of Heaven don't quarrel!" said little Lestoc calmly. "You prevent me from elucidating my problem."

"Pshaw!" murmured Monsieur Taconet, without being in the least disturbed. "When there are two searching for the same thing, one helps the other, and the result is success."

As he uttered these words he looked Madame Drommel full in the eyes; she colored furiously. He added quietly: "After all, who among us has not his problem to solve? I venture to assert that his Excellency the Prince de Malaserra has his, and that he is much occupied by it. He, too, has more reason to complain than any one else, for he has no assistance."

"I don't know what you mean," answered the Prince, somewhat disturbed, and applying himself vigorously to his plate.

"Sir," said the ex-police-officer, addressing Monsieur Drommel, "I have very little liking for your ideas, for your manners, or for yourself. In short, I come from Metz, and you are a German. Nevertheless, I came here with the intention of giving you a little good advice; but, in the humor you are in—"

"I don't desire your advice," Monsieur Drommel here interrupted, "and the only service I desire at your hands is, that you should deliver me from your foolish presence."

"All is for the best!" answered Monsieur Taconet, smiling blandly, and tossing his napkin on the table he rose and left the room.

We regret to say that his departure was a relief to every one, which little Lestoc so clearly understood that he ventured to say aloud, "That man is a terrible annoyance!"

As to Monsieur Drommel, he swore by the law of universal synthesis, and by German gymnastics, that he would soon find this idiot—this scoundrel—and make him pay for all his insolence.

"It can't be possible, my dear friend," said the Prince, "that you would commit yourself with a man of that stamp; for the fellow is very inferior in education, and, as to his position, I know nothing of it, of course. He may be high or low on the police force, but, as I took occasion to say a little while ago, the police force of France are always ill educated. Then, too, the contest would be too unequal. I have seen those muscles this afternoon—what wrists you have, and what agility! On my word of honor it seemed to me as if the very rocks were afraid of you, and trembled before you."

And the Prince began to describe to Madame Drommel the mighty deeds performed by her illustrious husband on their way to Fontainebleau. He celebrated these in such flattering terms that the hero of the hour was intensely flattered.

"I have only one reproach to make to Monsieur Drommel," continued the Prince; "he did not admire the beauties of the forest sufficiently, and this same forest is a most lovely spot. If you could but see it by moonlight! And I really do not see why you can not—the night is mild, and there is moonlight. What do you say to a supper at Franchard? The wine of Aï, which you know is good, will go admirably with a *pâte* of truffled partridges which I have kept in my closet for some occasion that was worthy of its merits. O my dear friend, when you have once seen this forest by moonlight, you will not say again that it is not good for much!"

This proposition was welcomed as it deserved. The forest and moonlight reveal their full beauty to pedestrians only, and Monsieur Drommel and the Prince agreed to go part of the distance on foot, while Madame Drommel would go in a carriage to meet them in the Gorge d'Apremont, taking with her the bottles and the *pâté*, and then they would all go on together to Franchard.

"And you, handsome nephew of Aunt Dorothée, *naïve* child of Brie, and noble representative of the open-air school, will you not join the party?"

The *naïve* child began by refusing, alleging that he had business elsewhere; but Monsieur Drommel urged and insisted. He liked to be polite to people when he was not compelled to loosen his own purse-strings, and when others stood ready to defray the expenses. He was delighted that the wine of Aï and the partridge *pâté* of the Prince de Malaserra should serve, in some degree, to pay for the water-color. We have already said that he perfectly well understood these little combinations. Madame Drommel took no part in these debates, and seemed absolutely indifferent to the *dénouement*. She did not speak, but sat opening and shutting her fan, the sole depository of her thoughts.

"Ah, well! so be it, then," answered the young artist. "I care little for the wine and the *pâté*, but I do care lest I should seem disobliging to you. I have, however, a holy horror of carriages of all kinds—this horror is another inheritance from Aunt Dorothée. I will follow the paths I know so well, where I shall be entirely at leisure, and can meditate on my delicious problem in solitude, for my problem is really delicious. It has a face like none other in the universe, round throat and rounder arms, a delicate waist and flexible figure, hair as golden as the sun, a smile that gives one a fever; and with all these attractions, a lonely little heart—a heart that is entirely empty—a heart to be let—oh, how happy would its tenant be if he had sense

enough to secure a lease for life! I assure you that I adore my problem, and I would give my very life to solve it, and possess it for my own, exclusively. I intend to get at the solution to-night, or the devil may take me and the open-air school! But this, gentlemen, will not prevent me from arriving before you do at Fontainebleau."

As he said this, he dashed from the dining-room.

"Upon my word, I think that young fellow is going mad!" said Monsieur Drommel to his wife.

"His madness does not displease me," she answered, in a quick way, for she seemed, for some reason or another, to have some difficulty in breathing just at that time.

It was half-past eleven when Monsieur Drommel and the Prince de Malaserra left the broad road from Barbison to enter the narrow, winding path which led through the gorges of Apremont. The moon, that had been invited to assist at this little *fête*, did her best to do honor to the Prince. She was charming, and most coquettish; she might have been a new moon manufactured for the occasion. She silvered the gravel-walk with her rays; she scattered her diamonds upon the blocks of granite. Black clouds passed over her, only to leave her sailing more serenely than ever through this dark, azure field; and sometimes she would disappear entirely, to reappear again and inundate the forest with her mysterious whiteness, her pale smile, and the sweetness of those long silences which Virgil sang.

When the two pedestrians reached the brow of the hill the Prince stood still, and, pointing to the ocean of verdure unrolled before them, "My friend," he said, "will you not admit the beauty of this scene, and do you not tremble before it?"

"Prince, I never tremble!" answered Monsieur Drommel. "That is not my way."

And he straightened his powerful neck, and placed a huge hand on either hip. He looked as if he were throwing down the gauntlet to the whole forest—as if he defied it to move Monsieur Drommel.

"What are you made of, my dear friend?" said the Prince. "Your heart is of oak, or of bronze. Now, I think this romance itself."

"Romance is a poison that enervates the blood, weakens the brain, and dulls the will," answered Monsieur Drommel in his sharp voice, whose intonations were somewhat softened by the respect due to a prince. "We Germans are coming round to where we ought to stand. Foolish people pretended once that the French had taken possession of the earth and the English the sea, and that to the Germans was left only the blue sky. But to-day the earth belongs to us; before long we shall have the sea, and will leave the blue sky to whomsoever wants it. Strong, shrewd intellects in frames of steel are what are needed to govern the world. We have strength, we have Cæsar. We shall learn shrewdness, and Rome will live again in us."

Thus did Monsieur Drommel express himself, with noble energy, emphasizing his words by striking the ground with his foot. His two arms were outstretched to such an immense distance that the hands were almost lost to sight, and seemed to be threatening Senegal and China at one and the same time.

"I admit your strength, my dear friend; and as to shrewdness—ah! that is none of my business; but reverie has always been a weakness of mine."

"Distrust the temptation, Prince; distrust all vagueness of thought!" cried Monsieur Drommel. "It causes you to lose your way, as you have done now."

In fact, the Prince had wandered into a little by-path, which ended in a steep, breakneck sort of place, where it would have been the height of imprudence to venture at night.

"I know where I am going," he answered. "I know this forest as well as I do my own pocket."

"Allow me a word," said Monsieur Drommel. "A man like you can admit occasionally that he is in error without any mortification to himself. The Apremont Gorge is here before us. You pointed it out to me as we were coming back from Fontainebleau the other evening. I only need to see things once, and I never forget them."

The Prince de Malaserra was not willing to acknowledge his mistake, and endeavored to draw his companion farther on; but Monsieur Drommel was a man of strong convictions. Notwithstanding the effect produced on him by the two palaces and the finest olive-groves in all Sicily, and by the high-sounding name of Malaserra, his obstinacy was greater than his deference; and, for the first time, a slight altercation arose between the two friends. But the cloud was quickly dissipated. The Prince ended by admitting his error, and, with the best grace in the world, turned back. A moment later the sound of carriage-wheels was heard.

"It is my wife," said Monsieur Drommel. "She has come quicker than I supposed, and is waiting for us."

He was mistaken, for the carriage did not stop; it passed quickly toward the right, and the sound was soon lost in the distance.

"It looks, my dear friend," said the Prince, "as if we should find company at Franchard; the moon has many adorers."

The two men now turned into the wide road.

The piles of rocks over which they had clambered spread themselves widely apart. They had reached one of the loveliest spots in the forest. Before them, in the center of a level space, rose four or five enormous oaks, with gnarled and twisted branches, like huge arms writhing in tragic woe. These five patriarchs stood out against the moonlit sky, and contemplated their shadows sleeping at their feet on the greensward. Farther off were slender beeches with silvery bark, rising like phantoms from among dense underbrush. Ivy and brambles straggled over the ground; juniper-trees of extraordinary height were massed together, their foliage bristling and black. Some of them seemed to be angry, no one knew why; others were calmly conversing with the moon. One among them bore a startling resemblance to a huge cock with his head buried among his feathers; blocks of sandstone looked like masses of snow in the moonlight, seen here and there among the foliage. Maria Theresa's rock resembled a crouching Sphinx, ready to ask questions of passers-by, and to devour them if they did not answer correctly. Rocks and trees, oaks and junipers, all had an air as if they had been there since the creation; as if they had a past, and could tell many a story of the centuries that had gone over their heads, and expended upon them the fury of their tempests.

Although Monsieur Drommel considered that to admire was a wretched weakness, he could not deny that he was struck by the scene before him. He stood for some minutes examining the details of this marvelous spot, whose wild and savage beauty was the wonder of all who saw it. He was infinitely more impressed than he had been when he saw the same place by daylight, but he quickly gathered himself together again, and declared that French forests lacked a certain home look common to German woods, however small; that French oaks have always an artificial look, and that it is only in Germany that perfectly natural trees are found—trees, in fact, which have *Gemüth*. He added amiably that he was, however, quite gratified by this little expedition, and that, when one had as cicerone a Prince de Malaserra, any place on earth would seem lovely.

He now began to grow impatient. Madame Drommel had not come. He did not like to wait, and this was the first time she had ever inflicted this indignity upon him.

"Madame Drommel is really very essential to us," said the Prince at last. "Not only do we require her charming presence, but it is she who has the champagne and the *pâté!*"

He added that there was probably some mistake, that the coachman had undoubtedly taken a wrong road, and that under the circumstances the wisest course would be to walk on to Franchard, which they could not fail to find. Monsieur Drommel answered, in the most absolute of voices, that his wife would never have swerved one iota from his instructions, and that it was absolutely impossible for her to take any other road than the one he had laid out for her, and that her departure must have been delayed by some unforeseen incident. He proposed to the Prince, therefore, to go back a little way on the road to Barbison and meet her. The Prince shrugged his shoulders, made a wry face, but consented.

Hardly had they gone a hundred feet, than he exclaimed:

"Look at that tree. You must admit that it is superb!"

He pointed to the tree which is known as the *Ragueur*, and which, as every one knows, is an enormous oak. But it is dead; it has laid down its arms, and said farewell to swelling buds and acorns. All that remains is a hollow trunk—leafless branches, covered with countless scars. In vain does Spring breathe her sweetest songs; she can not wake the old tree from its torpor, nor warm its withered heart, nor send the sap circulating through each twig. The birds shun it, for it has no leaves. For ages it has done battle against the wind, against the long, dreary winters, and against Destiny. It sleeps for evermore, and bears upon its worn brow a certain astonishment that the end has come. But, though dead, it stands upright, and is still solid on its feet; its defeat resembles a victory.

"I have seen larger trees than that in Switzerland," answered Monsieur Drommel; "and I am quite ready to bet that I can encircle it with my arms."

He ran with extended arms to the tree; but he soon realized that his words had been uttered with too much haste.

"I should like to know how much you lack of achieving it, though," said the Prince de Malaserra. "My dear friend, stay just as you are for a moment. I have a little way of measuring trees, and should like to try the experiment now."

Monsieur Drommel, fearing that he had offended his dear Prince by refusing twice to yield to his wishes, and by differing with him in opinion as many times, and now desirous of being forgiven for his temerity, consented with a smile on his lips to make the little experiment, the meaning of which, however, he did not fully grasp.

With bewildering agility, the Prince detached from his neck a long, stout scarf of red silk, the ends of which reached to his waist. One of the ends he tied tightly around Monsieur Drommel's left wrist, while that gentleman watched

him with astonished eyes. Then he carried the scarf around the trunk.

"I am much afraid that it is too short," he said; "and my little experiment will fail. Extend your right arm, please. The scarf will not be improved, but that is no great matter!"

In another minute Monsieur Drommel's right wrist was as tightly tied as the other.

"But my dear Prince," he said, "what does this prove? I really don't understand what you propose to do."

He could say no more, for the Prince, taking advantage of a moment when his mouth was wide open, had quickly inserted an India rubber gag, held by an elastic cord, which was quickly knotted behind the big head which had divined so much in this world, but had not divined this.

Then, with a stroke of his penknife, the Prince severed the slender leather band that held the small bag, which he opened to ascertain that the *rouleaux* of gold and the bank-notes were all safe.

Then, in a tone that was almost supplicating, and with an exquisite smile which Monsieur Drommel will never forget, and which Monsieur Drommel will often see in his dreams, he murmured:

"Excuse me, my dear friend—I will return them to you at Malaserra!"

And he disappeared.

VI.

OCCASIONALLY in life circumstances so utterly *bizarre*, so strange, and so unexpected take place that the first impulse is not to believe them. One feels as if one was not himself, and rubs his eyes with the hope of awakening; but, to rub one's eyes one must have one's hand free—and this blessing is not always conferred upon us! Monsieur Drommel was at first utterly confounded and bewildered by this adventure. He could not collect his thoughts nor his memory, and there seemed to be a great cloud between himself and the universe. He first thought of Goerlitz and his garden, his arbor covered with honeysuckles, and was tempted to cry out, "Ada, bring me my slippers, and then go as quickly as possible to the printers and tell the lazy fellows to send me my proof." The garden disappeared, and he saw a glade in the forest where two men were walking and talking in the moonlight. One was a sociologist, who had made synthesis his study; the other was a Sicilian prince, and the Prince treated the sociologist as his equal, which much flattered that august personage. At this moment a large butterfly that had mistaken the moon for the sun, and had forgotten to go to bed, alighted on his brow. He wished to drive it away but could not, and thus made the discovery that his two hands were tied by the two ends of the scarf, and that he was the prisoner of the oak. He looked at the tree and the tree looked at him. He was upon the point of asking his dear Prince to deliver him, but, as his memory and ideas grew clearer, he realized that it was his noble friend who had fastened him to this tree before he robbed him of his purse and then disappeared. He saw him running still, and he heard the dull sound made by the clanking contents of that bag as it was carried by the long legs of the Prince through the underbrush and across the forest; and Monsieur Drommel made the judicious reflection that, with each minute that elapsed, this bag was more surely disappearing, and that between him and it there would soon be a long distance.

Then his blood began to boil in his veins. It seemed to him that were he free his anger would quadruple his strength, and that he had seven-league boots which would enable him to overtake the robber, muscles of steel with which he could seize him, and iron hands to choke him. As these thoughts surged through his mind, he made a violent effort to disengage himself. The tree did not release him, but held him close prisoner. The tree had been insulted by being compared to the dwarfed and stunted growth of Switzerland, and was now disposed to take its revenge—and vengeance is sweet to the hearts of old trees, even when they are dead.

Then Monsieur Drommel realized the uselessness of his efforts, and that German gymnastics were conquered. He felt a rush of hot rage, and was as if suffocated by his feeling of impotence, added to the humiliation of having been so duped—the shame of having believed in the olive-trees and oranges of Malaserra, and the bitter regret of being deceived by a counterfeit prince, a swindler who at this moment was probably bursting with laughter at his dear friend. If he had not had a gag in his mouth, he would have uttered a more terrible cry than that which on the plains of Ilion terrified the Greeks and the Trojans, but his cry was choked in its birth. Again did the oak look at Monsieur Drommel and Monsieur Drommel at the oak. The tree had the air of saying, "Do you remember, my great sociologist, that selection is the law of this world, and that there is nothing in this world so sacred as the right of the strongest?" The fact is, the tree could say nothing, but that did not prevent it from thinking a great deal. Who can tell what goes on in the heart of a dead oak? Monsieur Drommel gradually grew calmer. "She will come soon," he thought, "for it is impossible that she should not come!" It was of his wife that he spoke;

and, truth to tell, he was somewhat disturbed by the idea of the condition, so unworthy of himself, in which she would find him. She would have some difficulty in recognizing her master and her god; she would pity, and his prestige would be injured. He racked his brain in order to find some explanation which would save his dignity. Meanwhile, fifteen minutes succeeded to fifteen minutes, and still Madame Drommel did not come, nor did any other person. Only the wind, that indefatigable prowler who comes and goes, brushing with its wings the summits of the trees, shaking the nuts from the beech-trees, stripping off the leaves, and revealing the secrets of the nests, and saying to the startled birds: "Do not be troubled—I am the wind. I am on my never-ending, eternal pilgrimage!"

What was Madame Drommel doing that she did not make her appearance? How was it that a wife, so faithful and devoted as she, was not warned by a secret presentiment of the frightful agony of mind and body which the object of her affectionate worship was now suffering? A fearful thought entered Monsieur Drommel's mind. He remembered certain words dropped by his dear Prince, the admiration with which Madame Drommel had inspired this rascal, and the attentions he had shown her at dinner. Had not this monster himself confessed that he was born with a fatal disposition to covet the wives of other men? It seemed to him that this pick-pocket was also a Don Juan, who had stolen both his wife and his purse, and that the coachman at Fontainebleau was in league with the ravisher who had borne the dear Ada to some desolate spot, where she was now repelling the advances of the false Prince, and crying out:

"Johannes, my eternal love, defend me!"

He was seized by a new transport of rage—he gathered together all his strength, and made one last effort to break his fetters. Not being able to speak to his tree, he said with his eyes:

"Don't you see that I must hasten after her?"

But his tree did not waver, and the scarf did not yield. It was of excellent quality; the Prince de Malaserra never bought anything that was not of the very best.

Monsieur Drommel's despair was transformed by degrees into stupor. He turned his head and looked down the forest glades with haggard eyes. It seemed to him that people were there mocking him. The five tall oaks which he could see afar off were talking about him. They thought the *Ragueur* had shown great energy, and that no one could ask more of a dead tree than that it should play such a capital trick on a German sociologist. The junipers stood on tiptoe to contemplate the scene, that they might afterward describe it. The one that looked like a large cock no longer had its head tucked under its black plumage—it was wide awake and much interested. The white stones lifted themselves from amid the dry grass to gaze upon him with mournful and centenarian eyes. The moon looked down upon him with ironical questions in her gaze. Just at her side was a small, bright star—her page; this star danced with delight, so greatly was it amused. Monsieur Drommel was indignant at all this insolent curiosity. He felt that the inviolable majesty of German sociology was insulted in his person. He thought of the Krupp cannon, and called to his succor the great German Empire and its omnipotent chancellor. Unfortunately, the German empire was just at that moment otherwise occupied. It was whistling a little hunting-song, and was ready to set its dogs on something or some one. It was sharpening its sight to discover what was going on at St. Petersburg, and listening with all its ears to hear what was said at Vienna. In short, Monsieur Drommel claimed its assistance in vain; the German Empire did not move, and the Krupp cannon were undisturbed. Physical sufferings are often a useful diversion from mental and moral woes. Monsieur Drommel, it must be admitted, was not precisely cold, for this October night was really most exceptionally warm and soft. He was comfortably dressed, moreover, and was probably all the warmer by reason of his excessive anger; but the constrained and motionless attitude in which he was compelled to stand impeded the circulation of his blood. He felt the most outrageous tingling all over his person, and his two collar-bones pained him severely. He felt faint and ill, and could fix his mind on nothing. It seemed to him that his brain was empty; that the sublime theories which his pride had so haughtily enunciated had faded like smoke, and vanished like a cloud. There was nothing left in his head but a horde of common maxims, trivial and worn, such as can be picked up at the corners of the streets, and for which he had always professed the most profound contempt. Apparently, Monsieur Taconet was right when he said that the commonplace was the foundation of life, as Monsieur Drommel now spent his time in meditating over aphorisms like the following:

"A man is only truly free when he can dispose of his own legs and arms."

"If my legs were free, I could overtake my wife and my bag; and, if my arms were free, I could strangle the thief."

"Genius is the most useless thing in the world when one's wrists are tied."

"Property is sacred; those who take the property of others are rascals."

"When a man has a wife, he wishes to keep her for himself."

"All false princes deserve to be crucified."

"Life is full of mischances; but the greatest mischance of all is to find one's self tied to a big tree that is deaf, and won't reply because it is dumb, in which it resembles Fate, which is also deaf and dumb, and never answers a question that is addressed to it!"

Slightly romantic as was Monsieur Drommel, he, like the Prince de Malaserra, was somewhat uncertain in his mind. The momentarily increasing pain he felt in his shoulders and his arms affected his mind. He saw the moon sink behind a hill, and his thoughts were as dark as the Apremont Gorge. He half lost consciousness, which was a blessing to him, for he ceased to count the hours and the minutes, and the time thus passed with more rapidity.

He recovered his senses at daybreak. The freshness of the morning dissipated his somnolency. He opened his eyes and slowly lifted them. The first thing he saw was a squirrel, which, perched on the highest branches of a pine-tree, with its tail curled up over its head like a plume, was watching him with its sharp, quick eyes, and with rapt attention.

This squirrel, we are inclined to believe, had never seen a sociologist before, and was glad to behold one—glad to see how they were made—even if he could not speak to them. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied, he turned a somersault and disappeared.

Monsieur Drommel looked down, and saw, just even with his chin, something which struck him as being really very curious. There were certain letters engraved on the bark of the *Rague*ur. You can go and look at them, for they are there still. These characters formed the following inscription:

"A. D.
H. L.
'79.
Sempre."

This word Sempre startled him. He looked about him, and realized that the spot where he was—the dead oak, the path which disappeared in a pine-grove—he had seen before; they were in some picture, possibly. And what one? A charming water-color sketch. In this sketch a lover was kneeling at the feet of a lady. The hair of the lady was blonde, and she wore a straw-colored dress, and carried a red parasol. He remembered, moreover, that the evening previous, as he was walking near a summer-house, he had heard a youthful masculine voice say, "You admit that he is a fool?" How was it proved that this fool was Monsieur Taconet? A little later the same youth had said, "I asked four, but I must insist on three." Did this mean three hundred francs? Monsieur Drommel remembered also that he had seen a woman, whose name was Ada, with blazing cheeks, and in a great state of agitation.

His veins ran liquid fire. Jealousy clutched him with her fierce, strong grasp, and held him even more firmly than his wrists were held by the Prince de Malaserra's scarf.

It seemed to him that all he had suffered during that night of misery was nothing compared to what he had felt for the last two minutes. All the souvenirs that he evoked swam through his brain, and finally resulted in culminating proof. It seemed to him as clear as day that Mademoiselle Dorothée's nephew had mocked him, and that the inscription he beheld carved on the tree meant just this:

"October 1, 1879. Ada Drommel and Henri Lestoc have called this great oak to witness that they will love each other for ever."

A sound of approaching steps was heard, and a man who had risen early to gather mushrooms was seen coming up the road.

This man, who had enormous eyebrows, stood still in amazement. He shaded his eyes with both hands. Was it possible—did he see a great oak before him, and a great man tied to it?

"What is this I see?" he exclaimed. "This is certainly a kind of synthesis which is both unexpected and droll!" He added: "Yesterday, if I am not greatly in error, my dear sir, you suggested that I was *de trop*. Shall I go away now, or have you changed your opinion?"

No answer, and for excellent reasons. He continued to advance, and soon realized the position of things, and proceeded to relieve Monsieur Drommel from his gag. Then all the anger and impotent rage gradually accumulating in the heart of the prisoner burst forth: it was a torrent—it was an avalanche!

"They are blackguards and rascals!" he shouted; "you know them—stop them! I had five thousand francs in my bag! I counted them only yesterday morning. Telegraph, for he is an impostor—a pasteboard prince. They have cheated me abominably. Mademoiselle Dorothée is a scamp; the open-air school is a sink of iniquity! You know very well that she has a straw-colored dress and a red parasol, just like the water-color. Give a description—she can't have gone far—her foot is lame. I told you it was entirely new, that it was hung round my neck by a cord which she cut with a penknife. They have taken everything, robbed me of everything. Your forest is a den of thieves—a cutthroat gorge—I will tell it to every one; I will write it,

and the whole universe shall know it. I am not a man to be trifled with, and, when I have him by his blonde mustache, I will pick it out hair by hair! You need not believe one word they tell you. They lie like all other *asinus*—they have no more shame than a *danseuse* would naturally have. Those dance well who dance last. Do you understand?—a red parasol, and the other who thinks himself so handsome, with his pale skin and olive-trees? If the police would catch him, he would be locked up for twenty years and more. Are you simple enough to believe in his olive-trees? I tell you there is no more Malaserra in Sicily than there is in my eye. *Mille tonnerres!* What shall I do to stop them? I want them both imprisoned, beaten, and then hanged!"

At these words Monsieur Taconet interrupted him, saying:

"*Vee dicou gentilastre au nom de Dious ne me touquas grou.*—Didn't I tell you that sociologists talk Limousin sometimes?"

Monsieur Drommel did not listen; he continued his tirade: the words streamed from his lips, tumbling one over the other. His harangue was a mixture of his wife, his money, Lestoc's blonde mustache, and the black beard of the Prince de Malaserra, the open-air school and pickpockets, courts and prisons, the law and the universe. During all this time Monsieur Taconet was busy loosening the knots, and when he had finished he said, with a smile that was almost too scoffing:

"Of what are you complaining, my great philosopher? Do you believe no longer in elective affinities? Your specie and your wife are now in rapid circulation, and yet you are not content! Upon my word, you are a most difficult man to please!" He changed his tone, however, when he saw that the poor philosopher could not stand; that he was pale, trembling, and half-fainting. Repenting of his jest, Taconet helped him to the bank on the side of the road, and, drawing out a pocket-flask, made him take two or three swallows. He mentally compared himself, as he did this, to the good Samaritan.

The liquor produced a magical effect. In a wink Monsieur Drommel recovered his strength and all the vivacity that characterized him. The first thing he did was to seize his preserver by the throat.

"You are a police-officer," he cried; "I hold you responsible for the whole!"

"You are mistaken," answered Monsieur Taconet; "you must apply to my successor."

"All, then, are impostors in this country—police-officers as well as princes!"

"I was a police-officer—I am one no longer. But, upon my word, my dear sir, I really must call you a most unpleasant person. Although I was totally without proof, I yet had my suspicions in regard to this Prince de Malaserra, whose face did not please me. I was disposed to confide these suspicions to you, but you sent me to the devil, and now you wish to strangle me. But your misfortune is not so great as you think. Monsieur Lestoc is a very nice fellow, quite incapable of running away with anybody's wife; he never goes far with any woman, or, if he does, he brings her back soon. You will find Madame Drommel again. As to the money-bag, that is a very different matter, and I shall not undertake to answer for that; but if I can help you in any way—"

Monsieur Drommel did not want to hear more. He thought he had been opening his heart to an emissary of the law, and he was unspeakably annoyed at having displayed all his misfortunes to an ordinary individual who went by the name of Monsieur Taconet. And, turning upon him a look of supreme contempt, and without deigning to accept the assistance of his offered arm, Monsieur Drommel took his way toward Barbison with a truly Olympian majesty which the ex-police-officer was forced to admit.

He had told the truth, this Monsieur Taconet. It is quite certain that Monsieur Drommel was not long in finding his wife. At the first turn in the road he met her running toward him. The meeting was tragic, but the protestations she made and the innocent look in her fine eyes disarmed his indignation. She declared that she had started in the carriage at the hour agreed upon, and that she had waited for him in the Apremont Gorge; and finally, as he did not come, she went on with the feeling that she should soon overtake him. When she reached Franchard, she went on to say, she met there Monsieur Lestoc, whom she at once sent in search of her dear Johannes, while she waited in an agony of suspense.

Little Lestoc, who appeared at this moment, confirmed her tale in every particular; and as to the inscription on the *Ragueur*, he represented to Monsieur Drommel that there are coincidences so strange, sometimes, that even the wisest intelligences find it impossible to explain them. Monsieur Drommel examined the coachman in secret, who confirmed the double deposition of the two previous witnesses. The man had, to be sure, a crafty, cunning look, but all the coachmen at Fontainebleau have much the same expression. It was not, of course, worth while to attach much importance to the suspicious testimony of a wood-cutter who happened to be in the environs of Franchard when Madame Drommel reached there, and this woodcutter declared that the lady was not alone, and that he dis-

tinctly saw a young man seated by her side in the carriage. What would become of the reputation of our women if we accepted as gospel truth all that the wood-cutters say?

Monsieur Drommel took the wisest course—he forswore all his hazardous suspicions, and believed firmly in the open-air school. Little Lestoc ended by working his way into his good graces, by assisting him in every step which he took to recover his money, and finally by opening his purse and lending Monsieur Drommel five thousand francs.

He succeeded so well in making Monsieur Drommel like him that he was requested by that gentleman to go to Italy with himself and his wife. The young man regretted that important business kept him in Paris just then, but agreed to meet him in Venice. Madame Drommel smiled as she bade him adieu; she will smile again when she meets him in Italy, and in the spring they will be one party. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

As to the bag, it was quite another thing. It was impossible to find it again, and equally impossible to lay hands on the Prince de Malaserra. An excellent lady declares she met him in the *Gorge aux Néfliers*, or some one who was exactly like him. We, however, stand ready to affirm that he is not in the forest now, any more than is the Black Huntsman who once appeared there to Henri Quatre, or Gargantua's mare.

We are told that a certain communist, one who claimed to be one to the backbone—who cried out in his writings for an equal division of property—chanced to inherit some sixty thousand francs. He published a second edition of his book, in which he demonstrated that, on second thoughts and maturer deliberation, he had concluded that it would be more equitable and more humane if only those fortunes were divided which yielded more than three thousand francs income. Monsieur Drommel was never guilty of such appalling inconsistency as this.

He inserted in "The Light" an explanatory article, intended to show that Government alone has the right to put specie in circulation, and that in future all thieves are to be kept under lock and key; he proposed also that they should be occasionally bastinadoed. He is, at this precise moment, publishing an account of his travels. He declares in his preface that, in spite of all that has been said, France is not essentially and absolutely corrupt; that one constantly meets there young artists who are overflowing with talent and amiability, but that, in contrast to such persons, there are a large number of innkeepers and French police-officers in service or recently discharged who are thorough rascals, and who richly merit some severe castigation which would teach them the respect inferior races owe to superior ones.

"Patience!" say Panurge and Monsieur Taconet.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ (*Revue des Deux Mondes*).

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

CONCLUDING PAPER.—EXTRA SHAKESPEAREAN THEORIES.

II.

> "To save a Mayd St. George a Dragon slew—
> A pretty tale, if all that's told be true:
> Most say there are no Dragons, and, 'tis sayd,
> There was no George—pray Heaven there was a Mayd!"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.

ASIDE from any *opinion* as to their value, beauty, or eloquence, there are two characteristics of the Shakespearean works which, under the calmest and most sternly judicial treatment to which they could possibly be subjected, are so prominent as to be beyond gainsay or neglect. These two characteristics are—1. The encyclopedic universality of their information as to matters of fact; and, 2. The scholarly refinement of the style displayed in them. Their claim to eloquence and beauty of expression, after all, is a question of taste; and we may conceive of whole peoples—as, for example, the Zooloos or the Ashantees—impervious to any admiration for the Shakespearean plays on that account. But this familiarity with what, at their date, was the Past of history, and—up to that date—the closed book of past human discovery and research which we call learning, is an open and indisputable fact; and the New-Zealander who shall sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and muse over the ruins of British civilization, if he carry his

researches back to the Shakespearean literature, will be obliged to find that the writer was in perfect possession of the scholarship antecedent to his own date, and of the accumulated learning of the world down to his own actual day. Moreover, this scholar would not be compelled to this decision only by a careful examination of the entire Shakespearean opera. He will be forced to so conclude on an examination of any one, or, at the most, of any given group of single plays. Let him open at random, and fall upon, let us say, the "Julius Cæsar." Even the artificial Alexander Pope (who, so far from being an overestimator of the Shakespearean works, only, from the heights of his superior plane, admits them very grudgingly to a rank beside the works of Waller) was obliged to confess as much. "This Shakespeare," says Mr. Pope, "must have been very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners, of antiquity. In 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' not only the spirit, but the manner of the Romans is exactly drawn; and, still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning in this way than Shakespeare."* But, if the New-Zealander be a philologist, he will scarcely need perusal of more than a Shakespearean page to arrive at this judgment. Wherever else the verdict of scholarship may err, the microscope of the philologist can not err. Like the skill of the chirographical expert, it is infallible, because, just as the hand of a writer, however cramped, affected, or disguised, will unconsciously make its native character of curve or inclination, so the speech of a man will be molded by his familiarity, be it greater or less, with the studies, learning, tastes, and conceits of his own day, and by the models before him. He can not unconsciously follow models that are unknown to him, or speak in a language he has never learned. Young Chatterton deceived the most profound scholars of his day, and his manuscripts stood every test but this; but under it they revealed the fact, so soon to receive the mournful corroboration of history, that they were only the forgeries of a precocious boy. To just as moral a certainty are the handiwork of the Elohist and the Jehovist discernible in the Hebrew Scriptures, and just as absolutely incapable of an alternative explanation are the ear-marks of the Shakespearean text. Hallam, whose eyes were never opened to the truth, and who lived and died innocent of any anti-Shakespearean theory (though he sighed for a "Shakespeare of heaven," turning in disgust from the "Shakespeare of earth," of whom only he could read in history), noticing the phrases, unintelligible and improper, except in the sense of their primitive roots, which occur so copiously in the plays, proceeds to say: "In the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' these are much less frequent than in his later dramas; but here we find several instances. Thus, 'Things base and vile, holding no *quantity*' (for *value*); rivers that 'have overborne their *continents*' (the *continenti riva* of Horace); '*compact* of imagination'; 'something of great *constancy*' (for *consistency*); 'sweet Pyramus *translated* there'; 'the law of Athens, which by no means we may *extenuate*,' etc. I have considerable doubts," continues Mr. Hallam, "whether any of these expressions would be found in the contemporary prose of Elizabeth's reign, which was less overrun with pedantry than that of her successor. Could authority be produced for Latinisms so forced, it is still not very likely that one who did not understand their proper meaning would have introduced them into poetry."* When we remember the coarseness of social speech in those days, even in the highest walks of life—we happen to have very graphic accounts of some of Queen Elizabeth's sayings and retorts courteous—it requires considerable credulity to assign this classic diction to a rustic apprentice from Stratford, who, at "about eighteen," begins his dramatic labors, fresh from the shambles, and with no hiatus for a college course between.

Add to this the patent fact that the antique allusions in the plays "have not regard to what we may call 'school classics,' but to authors seldom perused but by profound scholars"† even to-day, and technical exploration, however far it proceeds beyond this in the Shakespearean text, can bring evidence only cumulative as to the result already obtained. But, if we pass from the technical structure to the material of the plays, we are confronted with the still more amazing discovery that not only the lore of the past was at the service of their author, but that he had no less an access to secrets supposed to be locked in the very womb of Time, the discoveries of which, in the as yet distant future, were to immortalize their first sponsors. For example, Dr. Harvey does not announce—what is credited to him ‡—his discovery

* Smith, p. 86.

* "Literature of Europe," Part II; ch. vi, sec. 81.

† Smith, p. 85.

‡ Though not, perhaps, universally nowadays. The late John Elliotson declared that the circulation through the lungs had certainly been taught seventy years previously by Servetus, who was burned at the stake in 1553. Dr. Robert Willis asserts, in his "Life of Harvey," that the facts he used were familiarly known to most of his predecessors for nearly a century previous. Izaak Walton states that Harvey got the idea of circulation from Walter Warner, the mathematician; and that eminent physi-

of the circulation of the blood in the human system until 1619 (his book was not published until 1628), three years after William Shakespeare's death. But why need Dr. Harvey have resorted to vivisection to make his "discovery"? He need only have taken down his "Shakespeare." Is there anything in Dr. Harvey any more exactly definite than the following:

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."
—*Coriolanus, Act I, Scene* 1.

"....had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins").
—*King John, Act III, Scene* 3.

"... As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."
—*Julius Cæsar, Act II, Scene* 1.

Harvey's discovery, however, is said to have been the theory of Galen, Paracelsus, and Hippocrates (who substituted the *liver* for the *heart*), and to have been held also by Rabelais. Neither Galen, Paracelsus, Hippocrates, nor Rabelais was a text-book at Stratford grammar-school during the two terms Mr. De Quincey placed William Shakespeare as a pupil there—but William has them at his fingers' ends.

There are said to be no less than seventy-eight passages in the plays wherein this fact of the circulation of the blood is distinctly alluded to; and, as to Galen and Paracelsus, they intrude themselves unrestrictedly all through the plays without the slightest pretext or excuse:

"*Parolles.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
"*Lafeu.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows."
—*All's Well that Ends Well, Act II, Scene* 3.

"*Host of the Garter Inn.* What says my Æsculapius? my Galen?"
—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Scene* 3.

And so on.* Are we to believe that this sometime butcher's boy and later stage manager has his head so brimming full of his old Greek and philosophers that he can not for a moment miss their company, and makes his very panders and publicans prate of them? Even if it were the commonest thing in the world nowadays, in 1880, for our Mr. Boucicault or Mr. Daly to write a play expressly to catch the taste of the *canaille* of the Old Bowery (or, for that matter, of the urbane and critical audiences of Wallack's or the Union Square), and stuff all the low comedy parts with recondite classical allusion (for this is precisely what William Shakespeare is said to have done for the unroofed playhouse in the mud of the Bankside in London, some three hundred years ago or less, and to have coined a fortune at)—even, we say, if it were the simplest thing in the world to imagine this sort of playwriting to-day, would it be a wilder flight of fancy to suggest a pale student in London in the days of Queen Elizabeth, somewhere among the garrets of Gray's Inn, writing dialogues into which Galen and Paracelsus would intrude unbidden—and a stage manager letting them stay there as doing no harm (or, may be, taking them for names of dogs or wenches—at any rate, as good, mouth-filling words to be paid for at the lowest market price)* than to conceive a twelfth manager and proprietor of this home of the Muses, and whilom sticker of calves, after the day's labor, shunning his cups and the ribald mirth-making of those

cian, John Hunter, remarks that Servetus first, and Realdus Columbus afterward, clearly announced the circulation of the blood through the lungs; and Cisalpinus, many years before Harvey, published, in three different works, all that was wanting in Servetus to make the circulation complete. Wotton says that Servetus was the first, as far as he could learn, who had a distinct idea of this matter. Even the Chinese were impressed with this truth some four thousand years before Europeans dreamed of it. Plato affirmed—"the heart being the knot of the veins, and the fountain from whence the blood arises and briskly circulates through all the members." This, however, rather adds to than lessens the strength of the argument drawn from finding the "discovery" in the plays.

* In "King Henry VI," Part II, Act II, Scene 2, the erudite Bardolph and a classical page make a learned blunder about Althea, whom they inadvertently misplace for Hecuba.

* Shakespeare married a woman older than himself. Why should he call attention to the fact, publish it to the rabble, or record it on his stage whenever he found opportunity?

See "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act I, Scene 1, "O, spite, too old to be engaged to young!" etc. Again, "Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take an elder than herself." Again, "Then let thy love be younger than thyself," etc., etc. ("Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene 4.)

It is very difficult to suppose that Shakespeare should have wantonly in public insulted his own wife (however he might snub her in private); though it is very easy to imagine his passing it over in another man's manuscript in hurried perusal in the green-room."—*Chambers's Journal, August* 7, 1852, *p.* 89.

Mr. Grant White, who is apparently willing to sacrifice anybody's reputation if he can thereby prove his William to have been a prodigy of virtue no less than of genius, has explained the "second best bed" by suggesting that, at the time of the hurried marriage, a husband had to be provided for Mistress Hathaway without loss of time, and that little Susannah was as much of a surprise to William as to anybody. In other words, that Anne was no better than she should be. But we think this is unnecessary. "The premature Susannah was William Shakespeare's favorite child, and he, at least, never doubted her paternity, for he left her the bulk of his fortune in his will."

sad dogs, his fellow managers, to seek (in the solitude of his library and Greek manuscripts), the choice companionship of this same Galen and Paracelsus?

Newton, who was only born in 1642—twenty-six years after Shakespeare was laid away in his tomb—surely need not have lain under his apple-tree in the orchard at Woolsthorpe waiting for the falling fruit to reveal the immutable truth of gravitation. He had but to take down his copy of "Troilus and Cressida" (printed in 1609) to open to the law itself, as literally stated as he himself could have formulated it:

"*Cressida.* . . But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it."
—*Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Scene 2.*

Are we called upon to tax our common sense to fancy our manager, on one of his evenings at home after the play at the Globe was over, snugly in his library, out of hearing of the ribaldry of his fellows over their cups, stumbling upon the laws of the circulation of the blood and of gravitation, engrossing them "without blotting out a line," and sending the "copy" to the actors so that they could commit it to memory for the stage on the following evening?

What a library it was—that library up among the flies (if they had such things) of the old Globe Theatre! What an Elihu Burritt its owner must have been to snatch from his overworked life—from the interval between the night's performance and the morning's routine—the hours to labor over Galen and Paracelsus and Plato in the original Greek! It was miracle enough that the learned blacksmith at his forge, in the nineteenth century, surrounded with libraries and when books could be had for the purchasing, could have mastered all the known languages. But that William Shakespeare, with only two terms at Stratford school (or, let us say, twenty years at Stratford school, or at the University of Oxford—for there is as much evidence that he was at Oxford as that he was at Stratford school) *without* books, since there were no books purchasable, should have known everything that was written in books! Surely there never was such a miracle as this!

"He was the prophet of geology," says Fullom,* "before it found an exponent in Werner":

"O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips."*

And yet William Shakespeare had but two terms of Thomas Jenkins and Stratford school! And, Mr. Malone believed, had never even gone as far into the classics as to have read Tacitus!†

What was, or what was not, taught at this marvelous Stratford school, "two terms" of which—between his poaching and his beer-bouting—were all the schooling William Shakespeare ever had, according to all his biographies? (We say, all he ever had, because his father was so illiterate that he signed everything with a mark, and so did his mother, and so did the rest of William's family; and the boy William was too busy at skylarking—according to those who knew him—to have had much opportunity of private instruction at the parental knee, even had the parental acquirements been adequate.) Were the theory and practice of the common law taught there? "Legal phrases flow from his pen," says Mr. Grant White, "as a part of his vocabulary, and parcel of his thought. . . . This conveyancer's jargon ('fine and recovery,' 'tenure,' 'fee simple,' 'fee farm,' etc., etc.) could not have been picked up by hanging around the courts in London, two hundred and fifty years ago, when suits as to the title of real property were comparatively rare. And, besides, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period."‡ And not only in the technique, but in the groundwork of "that mighty and abstruse science, the law of England," is he perfect. A Chief Justice of England has declared that "while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he expounded it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."§ Were medicine and surgery taught there? Dr. Bucknill‖ asserted in 1860 that it has been possible to compare "Shakespeare's knowledge with the most advanced knowledge of the present day." All these arts, sciences, and literature must

* "History of William Shakespeare, Player and Poet, with New Facts and Traditions." By W. S. Fullom. London: Saunders, Otley & Co., 66 Brook Street. 1864.

* "King Henry IV," Part II, Act III, Scene 1.

† "Appletons' Journal," June, 1879, p. 487, note.

‡ "Memoir," p. 47. And see "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?" By H. T——. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer, 1871.

§ "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," Lord Campbell, p. 108. And see "Shakespeare a Lawyer," by W. L. Rushton. London, 1858.

‖ "Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare." J. C. Bucknill, M. D. London, 1860.

have been mastered by our sleepless Shakespeare, either at Stratford school, or in the midst of his London career, when operating two theatres, reading plays for his stage, editing them, engrossing the parts for his actors, and acting himself. And Mr. Cohn will have it that he took no holiday either, but visited Germany with his troupe in the London vacations, coining money as he went.*

The classical course conducted by Master Jenkins must have been far more advanced than is common in our modern colleges, in Columbia or Harvard, for example. For not only did Rowe and Knight find traces in Shakespeare of the Electra of Sophocles, Colman of Ovid, Farmer of Horace and Virgil, Steevens of Plautus, and White of Euripides, which are read to-day in those universities; but Pope found traces of Dares and Phygius, and Malone of Lucretius, Status and Catullus—which are not ordinarily used as text-books to-day in our colleges. But were the modern languages also taught by this myriad-minded Jenkins? Mr. Grant White says emphatically, No! "Italian and French, we may be sure, were *not* taught at Stratford school."† And yet William Shakespeare borrowed copiously from Boccaccio, Cinthio, and Belleforest. Was agriculture taught there too, and politics, and the art of war?

We are entitled to ask these questions, for it must be remembered that, before the appearance of the Shakespearean dramas, there was practically no literature written in the English tongue. To use the words of Macaulay, 'A person who did not read Latin and Greek could read nothing, or next to nothing. . . . The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that could be called a literature."* One possessing, then, merely "small Latin and less Greek," could not have written "Shakespeare." Still less could he have written it out of Gower and Chaucer, and the shelf-full of English books that made up all there was of English letters. But, if the Stratford grammar school confined its teachings to the pages of the English Bible alone, it worked wonders, for Bishop Wadsworth goes so far as to declare, that "take the entire range of English literature—put together our best authors, who have written on subjects not professedly religious, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all, printed so much evidence of the Bible being read and used, as in Shakespeare alone;† and William Shakespeare had little opportunity for self-education except these two terms at Stratford school; he was a lad-of-all-work at the Bankside Theatre when a mere child. He was only fifty-two years old when he died. He was one of sixteen partners in certain theatrical establishments in London, in the years when he must have put all this multitudinous learning, he had carried in his head so long, on paper. He was so active, industrious, and shrewd in those years, that he alone of the sixteen was able to retire with a fortune—to purchase lands and a grant of arms for his father (whence he himself might become an esquire by descent); and, in the years of leisure after his retirement, he wrote only three or four epitaphs, which no other graduate of Stratford school would probably have cared to claim. It has only been within the last few years that hardy spirits — like Nathaniel Holmes—whose education had led them to look judicially backward from effects to causes—and whose experience had impressed them with the idea that most effects come in natural procession from causes somewhere—were courageous enough to seek the solution of this mystery—not in what is called the "internal evidence" of the plays themselves, but in the circumstances and surroundings, that is to say, in the external evidence of their date and production.

The Baconian theory is simply that, so far as the records of the Elizabethan period are accessible, there was but one man in England, and at the dates at which this Shakespearean literature

* "Shakespeare in Germany." By Albert Cohn. London and Berlin: Asher & Co., 1865.

† "Memoir," p. xxi. Ulrici (vol. i, p. 255) says (quoting Klein) that the author of "Romeo and Juliet" must have read "Hadriana," a tragedy by an Italian named Groto, and Mr. Grant White points out ("Shakespeare," vol. i, p. xxiii) that Iago's speech, "Who steals my purse, steals trash," etc., is a perfect paraphrase of a stanza in Berni's "Orlando Innamorato," of which poem, says Mr. White, to this day (1864) there is no English version. Mr. White furnishes a translation of the stanza of Berni, which is certainly startlingly like. And yet Mr. White clings to his Stratford school, where "Beeston" told Aubrey that William Shakespeare was once a schoolmaster. Perhaps Mr. White refuses to be converted because he has discovered that Dr. Farmer discovered that, when in the "Taming of the Shrew" Travis quotes Terence: "He is inaccurate, and gives the passage not as it appears in the text of the Latin dramatist, but as it is misquoted in the Latin grammar of William Lily; whose accidence was in common use among our forefathers when William Shakespeare was a boy." (Id., p. xx.) But, though somebody has suggested that William might have risen to be "head boy" at Stratford grammar-school, and been in that capacity intrusted with hearing the lessons of the smaller boys, whence the schoolmaster story may have arisen, the Beeston story has been rejected by all the commentators with a unanimity of which, we believe, it is the only instance, in case of a Shakespearean detail. So far as we know, there has been but one effort to prove that William Shakespeare was a university man. (See "Some Shakespearean and Spenserian MSS.," "American Whig Review," December, 1851.)

* "Essays," Lord Bacon.

† "Shakespeare's Use of the Bible," Charles Wadsworth, p. 27. London, 1864.

appeared, who could have produced it.* The history of Bacon's life, his massive acquirements, his profound scholarship even as a child, his advantages of foreign travel, his ambitious acquaintance with the court, and, joined to all, his dire necessities and his successive retirements (the dates of which, when collated, coincide with the dates at which the plays—tallying in matter with the circumstantial surroundings of Bacon's life—appeared): all this need not be recapitulated here. He was born and bred in the atmosphere of libraries, and, while William Shakespeare was poaching on the Avon banks, the little Francis was impressed with the utter inadequacy of Aristotle's methods to grapple with modern needs, and meditating its supersedure with labors of his own. Now, the gray-haired Queen, who in youth had called him her little Lord Keeper, will not lift a hand to aid him in his poverty, or to advance him in the State, regarding him as a man of study rather than of practice and experience; and so Bacon is known to have remained, bemoaning (as he himself says in a letter to Burleigh, written in 1592) "the meanness of my [his] estate; for though I can not accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get."† This is the very year, 1592, in which Robert Greene "discovers that a new poet has arisen who is becoming the only shake-scene in a county"; and so far forgets himself as to become "jealous" of William Shakespeare, who, up to this time, has only been a "Johannes Factotum," of not much account until he borrows "our feathers."‡ And so, until 1611, Bacon is driven to the Jews. Why should he not, in his pressing necessity for "lease of quick revenue," bethink him of the resources within himself, and seek a cover, whereunder, without embarrassing his hope of future preferment, he may turn into gold his years of study and travel, by means of a quick pen?

In 1611, when he is suddenly created attorney-general, the Shakespearean plays cease abruptly, to appear no more for ever. William Shakespeare closes out his theatrical interest in London, and retires, to money-lending (as some say), in Stratford. He dies in 1616. Lord Bacon reaches his highest pinnacle of greatness, and falls, in 1621. In 1623, while Bacon is again spending his time in the strictest privacy and retirement, there suddenly appears a folio, "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare," amended, revised, enlarged, and improved, including nineteen plays which had never appeared or been heard of in Shakespeare's lifetime.

Few of us—outside the rank of commentators, like Mr. Grant White, and others, who give their valuable lives to this study—dream how vast were the emendations and revisions, enlargements and corrections of the old Shakespearean plays given to the world in this folio of 1623. Mr. White says that in the one play of "Love's Labour's Lost" there are inserted new lines in almost every speech.* Another, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," according to Knight,† has double the number of lines it originally possessed in 1600. The "Henry V" has nineteen hundred new lines. The "Titus Andronicus" has an entire scene added, and the "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Lear" are so altered and elaborated with curtailment here and enlargement there as to lead Mr. Knight to declare that "none but the hand of the master could have superadded them."‡ But, if William Shakespeare was the "master," how did his hand reach up out of the grave under Stratford chancel, where it had rested seven years, to make these improvements? And if William Shakespeare in his lifetime made these revisions for Heminge and Condell (who appear on the title-page of this folio of 1623 as editors, and announce in the preface that this edition is printed from the "true original copies") at Stratford, where, according to his own inventory he had neither library nor books (nor bookcase, nor writing-table, for that matter), why did he not print them himself for his own benefit, instead of performing all this labor of emendation for somebody else? He could not have been fearful lest he would lose money by them, for they had been the foundation and source of all his fortune. Nor had he grown, in his old age, indifferent to gain (let the ghost of the poor "delinquent for corn delivered" assure us of that!). He could not have revised them for pure glory, for, in his previous career, while in London, he had shown no interest in them, permitting them to be surreptitiously printed by whoever, in the same town with himself, listed so to do. He had even allowed them to be mixed up with other people's trash, his name signed to all, indifferently, and the whole made footballs of by the London printers, under his very nose, without so much as

* "Had the plays come down to us anonymously, had the labor of discovering the author been imposed upon after-generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but Bacon to whom to assign this crown. In this case it would have been resting now on his head by almost common consent."—(W. H. Furness to Judge Holmes, third edition of "Authorship of Shakespeare," p. 628.)

† Spedding, "Letters and Life of Bacon," vol. i, p. 108.

‡ "Appletons' Journal," June, 1879, p. 496. Id., February, 1879, p. 124.

* Cited by Holmes, "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 71.

† "Studies of Shakespeare," p. 337. ‡ Id.

lifting a voice in protest, or to declare which were his and which were not.* Besides, if he had revised them for the glory of his own name, why did he not cause them to be printed? Nor can we suppose that he was employed to revise them, for pay, by Heminge and Condell, because, if they did so employ him, why did they carry the expense of the revision for seven long years, until he and his wife were both in their graves, before reimbursing themselves by printing the first folio for the market? Last, and most wonderful of all, in this first folio are included no less than nineteen entirely new plays which had never been heard of before! Who wrote those, and why?

The answer to these riddles, the Baconians say, is that, when again at leisure, Bacon bethought himself of his scattered progeny, and—whether proposing to publicly own them or not—whether to secure them for posterity or merely for his own pastime, he devoted his leisure to a revision of the works by means of which he had bridged the first long interval in his career. At any rate, when the revision appeared, it is matter of fact that William Shakespeare was dead and in his grave, and speculation has nothing to do with that.

Besides the coincidence of the plays appearing during Bacon's first retirement, ceasing altogether at his first elevation, and appearing in revised and improved form again, after his final downfall, and during his second privacy, the Baconians cite: 1. Contemporary statements, which include (A), Sir Tobie Matthews's famous postscript;† (B), a letter from Bacon himself, to Sir John Davies, who is going to meet the new King James (with whom Bacon is striving for favor, looking to his own preferment), in which he commits to Sir John's "faithful care and discretion" his interests at court, and adds, "So, asking you to be good to concealed poets, I continue," etc., etc.;‡ 2. Evidence by way of innuendo, including another of Matthews's postscripts (the one in which he writes to Bacon, "I will not return you weight for weight, but measure for measure," etc.); also, perhaps, the injunctions of secrecy in Bacon's own letters to Matthews, to "be careful of the writings submitted to you, that no one see them.' § The Jonson obituary verses, in which occur the encomiums so rung in our ears by the Shakespeareans (and which we have—earlier in this paper—seen was all they really had behind them), which we have thought could be most easily explained on the "nil mortuis nisi bonum" theory, are also regarded, we believe, by the Baconians, as innuendo;* and, 3. The parallelisms, that is to say, an almost identity of phraseology, found in both the Baconian and Shakespearean writings. The best list of these is to be found in Judge Holmes's book, covering some twenty-five closely-printed pages.† Of the value of this class of evidence, it is for every reader to judge for himself; but that a writer of exact science and moral philosophy should plagiarize from the theatre, or the theatre from the writer of exact science and moral philosophy; or (still more improbable) that two contemporary authors, in the full glare of the public eye, should select each other's works to habitually and regularly plagiarize upon, are altogether, it seems to the Baconians, out of the question. But even the conceiving of so unusual a state of affairs as a political philosopher and a playwright contracting together to mutually plagiarize from each other's writings would hardly account for the coincidence between the cottage scene (Act IV, Scene 3) in "A Winter's Tale," and Bacon's "Essay on Gardens," in which he maintained that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be in their season," which he proceeds to suggest:

BACON.	PERDITA.
For December and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter . . . rosemary . . . lavender . . . marjoram.	. . . Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep Seeming and savor all the winter long.

* See *post*, "The New Theory," where it appears that, at the time Shakespeare was producing certain plays on his stage, certain others were being printed and circulated, as his, outside.

† "Appletons' Journal," February, 1879, p. 122. Bacon was in the habit of sending certain of his lighter manuscripts to Sir Tobie, and this postscript was appended to a letter acknowledging the receipt of Bacon's "great and esteemed favor of the 9th of April."

‡ Holmes, "Authorship of Shakespeare."

§ There certainly is in most of these Bacon letters "something like a curious under-meaning, impressing the reader with an idea of more than appears on the surface."

* It is curious to find the Baconians appealing to this "best evidence" for the other side. But they read it as an innuendo. For example, the verses—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, cheer the crooping stage!
Which—since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
And despaired day—but for thy volume's light—"

they say, do not, and can not, refer to William Shakespeare at all. For this was published in 1623, and William Shakespeare had been dead seven years. He could not "shine forth" again, except figuratively, in his volume, and this he already does by the publication of his works, and is admitted to do in the next line, where it is said that but for "thy volume's light" the stage would "mourn in night." The Baconians, who believe that Ben Jonson himself was the "Heminge and Condell" who edited the first folio, regard this whole poem as a sop to Bacon, on Ben Jonson's part.

† Pp. 306–326.

BACON.	PERDITA.
Primroses for March, there come violets, especially the single blue—the yellow daffodil: in April follow the double white violet, the cowslip, flower-de-luce, and lilies of all natures, the pale daffodil.	. . . daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets dim . . . pale primroses . . . bold oxlips, and The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one!
In May and June come pinks of all sorts: the French marigold, lavender in flowers; in July come gilliflowers of all varieties.	Sir, the year growing ancient— Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors, . . . Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun; And with him rises, weeping; these These are flowers of middle summer.

Were we assured that the prose in the left-hand column was the poet's first rough notes for the exquisite poetry in the second, would there be any internal evidence for doubting it? And when it appears that "The Essay on Gardening" was not printed until 1625, nine years after William Shakespeare's death and burial, and two years after an edition of his alleged plays, rewritten and revised, had appeared (when so deliberate a "steal" would hardly be profitable), the exoteric evidence seems at least to command attention.

The coincidence between a passage in "The Advancement of Learning" and in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," Act II, Scene 2 (which we shall see later on), first appeared in print, advertised as the work of a novice, in 1609, thereafter, within a few months, to be reissued as by William Shakespeare* (who was not, at the date of that edition, either a novice or a first appearance), is worth pausing to tabulate:

BACON.	HECTOR.
Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, where he saith that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections nor attuned by time and experience?†	. . . Not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

* *Post*, "The New Theory."

† It is to be noticed that no similarity of *style* in these opposed extracts is alleged or relied upon.

That the manager of a theatre, in dressing up a play for the evening's audience (and *such* an audience) should tuck in an allusion to Aristotle, to "catch the ear of the groundlings"—or, finding it already in, should not have a sufficient acquaintance with Aristotle to scent an impropriety and take it out, is no less or no more absurd than that a philosopher, in composing so profound and weighty an essay as the "Advancement of Learning" should go to a cheap playhouse for his reference to the Greek sage. If Bacon *did* attend the theatre that night to learn the opinion of Aristotle (whom he had criticised at college at the age of fifteen) on young blood and philosophy, he was misled, for Aristotle said that young men ought not to hear, not *moral* but *political* philosophy. And the error itself is proof positive—it seems to the Baconians—of an identical source for the two passages. It must not be forgotten, however, that the evidence from these coincidences is cited not to an ANTI-SHAKESPEAREAN case—which is purely historical—but as cumulative to the BACONIAN case alone. And yet, though the evidence from the "parallelisms" is the least forcible of any presented by the Baconians, so systematically do they occur that the ablest Baconian writer, Judge Holmes, claims that he has been able to reduce them to an ordo, and to know precisely where to expect them, by reference merely to a history of the life of Lord Bacon, and the date of the production. "When I got your 'Letters and Life of Bacon,'" he writes to Mr. Spedding, "and read that fragment of a masque, having the dates of all the plays in my mind, I felt quite sure at once in which I should find that same matter, if it appeared anywhere (as I expected it would) and went first straight to the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' and there came upon it, in the second act, so palpably and unmistakably that I think nothing else than a miracle could shake my belief in it."*

The facts that Lord Bacon expressed himself to the effect that the best way of teaching history was by means of the drama; that there is a connected and continuous series of historical plays, covering by reigns the entire period of the Wars of the Roses, in the Shakespearean drama "from 'King John,' by way of prelude—in which the legitimate heir to the throne is set aside, and the nation plunged into civil war—to the 'Richard III,' where the two roses are finally united in one line in Henry VII, and winding up with the reign of Henry VIII—wherein, as a grand *finale* to the whole, the splendor of the new line is shown in its reunited vigor"—which (with but one hiatus, the missing reign of Henry VII) is one complete cycle of English history: and that,

* "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 621.

on searching among the remains of Francis Bacon, a "History of Henry VII," which might well be the minutes for a future drama—is certainly startling; but no more startling than the thousand other coincidences which the careful student of their writings, Judge Holmes, has massed in his scholarly essay.*

The Baconian theory, it is to be noticed, is quite indifferent as to whether William Shakespeare, on first turning up at London, found employment (as Mr. Grant White asserts) in his "cousin's law-office" or not, or whether at any stage in his career, either in Stratford or London, he was an attorney's clerk, hard 'prentice at the trade of "noverint."† The Shakespearean problem is neither increased nor diminished by the proposition; even an attorney's clerk could not have written all the Shakespearean pages. Should it be necessary, however, to find a law-student in London who could have managed some of them, why not allow Francis Bacon his claim among the rest? He has, at least, this advantage of his rival; that, while it is the general impression nowadays that William Shakespeare was not a law-student, as a matter of fact Francis Bacon *was*.

As to the bibliography of this Baconian theory, there are two volumes which will probably always remain its text-books, viz., Judge Holmes's book, of which the first edition appeared in 1862; and Mr. Smith's, printed in 1857, which made a convert of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Wilkes's exceedingly fresh and readable work, "Shakespeare from an American Point of View," and Mr. King's "Bacon versus Shakespeare; a Plea for the Defendant," as text-books on the other side, could hardly be expected to produce much disorder in Messrs. Holmes and Smith's stern and compact columns of facts and argument. Surely, if William Shakespeare ever were forced "upon the country," as the lawyers say, as against my Lord Bacon, he would wish his case to the jury rather without Mr. King's "plea" than with it. As a "plea" on any side of an historical question, it is, to be sure, nothing if not candid; but, as a personal appeal to posterity to, willy-nilly, believe that certain players and others in the age of Elizabeth knew not guile, it is touching and beautiful in the extreme. "Who shall say Heminge and Condell lied?"* "Could rare Ben Jonson, who is worthy of our love and respect, have lied?"† Did Shakespeare practice a deceit upon his noble and generous patron? Could *he* be guilty of a lie?"‡ And so on. To much the same effect (the reverence due the name "Shakespeare," the improbability of Jonson and others telling an untruth, etc.) is an anonymous volume, "Shakespeare not an Impostor, by an English Critic,"§ published in 1857; and finally, in 1877, was published a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, by C. M. Ingleby, M. A., LL. D., a vice-president‖ of the same. Dr. Ingleby is severe upon all anti-Shakespeareans, whose minds he likens to "Macadam's sieves," which "retain only those ingredients which are unsuited to the end in view" (whatever that may mean), and thinks that "the profession of the law has the inevitable effect of fostering the native tendency of such minds." Unlike the others, however, Dr. Ingleby does not confine himself to expressions of his interest in the anti-Shakespeareans "as examples of wrong-headedness," but attempts an examination of the historical testimony. In favor of the Shakespearean authorship, he names seven witnesses, viz., John Harrison, Francis Meres, Robert Greene, Henry Chettle, Heminge, Condell, and Ben Jonson. John Harrison was the printer (publisher) who published the "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, and the "Lucrece" in 1594. Each of these was without an author's name on the title-page, though each was dedicated to Southampton, in an address dedicatory signed "William Shakespeare." This is all that the Harrison evidence amounts to, except that Dr. Ingleby says, "It is to me quite incredible that Harrison would have done this unless Shakespeare had written the dedications, or at least had been a party to them."¶ As

* This particular coincidence of the historical plays is, we think, emphasized by the discovery of the "Northumberland MSS." Mr. Spedding finds in the library of Northumberland House, among certain MS. of Bacon's, a slip of paper upon which is scrawled eight times the name "William Shakespeare" in a clerkly hand (not Bacon's), together with the names of certain of the historical plays (known), and of certain (as Judge Holmes conjectures) other plays not now known. (Cited by Judge Holmes, third edition, pp. 657–682.)

† Mr. Fullom seems to think that Nash meant, by his well-known slur, not that Shakespeare was a "noverint," but that the young "noverints" of the time were "Shakespeares"—that is to say, that they scribbled out of hand, for the stage.

* "Bacon versus Shakespeare; a Plea for the Defendant." By Thomas King. Montreal, and Rouse's Point, New York: Lovell Printing, etc., Company, 1875, p. 9.

† Ibid., p. 10. Heminge and Condell "profess that 'they have done this office to the dead only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.' Yet their utter negligence shown in their fellow's volume is no evidence of their pious friendship, nor perhaps of their care or their intelligence. The publication was not, I fear, so much an offering of friendship as a pretext to obtain the copyright" (Disraeli, "Amenities of Authors—Shakespeare").

‡ Ibid., p. 13.

§ George Townsend (according to Allibone), London: G. Routledge & Co., Farringdon Street, 1857.

‖ "Shakespeare: The Man and the Book." London: Josiah Adams, Trübner & Co., 1877, Part I, p. 38. "The Authorship of the Works attributed to Shakespeare."

¶ Ibid., p. 52.

to Meres, anybody can see by reading him that he wrote as a *critic* and not as an historian.* To subpœna Greene as a witness to Shakespeare's genius, is at least a bold stroke; for, as has been seen, Greene is very emphatic to the effect that William Shakespeare was a mere "Johannes Factotum," or Jack-of-all-trades, who trained in stolen plumage,† and the Shakespeareans (Dr. Ingleby alone excepted) have universally exerted themselves to break the force of this testimony by proving Greene a drunkard, jealous, etc., etc. Henry Chettle edited Greene, and personally deprecated some of its hard sayings as to Shakespeare, on account of his (Shakespeare's) being a clever, civil sort of fellow, and of "his facetious grace in writing." But the author of the Shakespearean drama had more than a "facetious grace in writing." Heminge and Condell were men of straw whose names are signed to the preface to the "first folio," but who otherwise bear no testimony one way or the other. And Ben Jonson, who brings up the rear of this precious seven, has been already disposed of. That theory must be pretty soundly grounded in truth against which there is nothing but rhetoric to hurl, and, in our opinion, it would be entirely safe—if not for the Baconians, for the anti-Shakespeareans at least—to rest their case on the arguments for the other side.

* "Palladis Tamia, Wit's Commonwealth," 1598. This same Dr. Ingleby has compiled a work, "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse," which is inclusive of every expression containing an allusion to, comment or criticism on Shakespeare, which Dr. Ingleby has been able to unearth in print, dating anywhere within one hundred years of Shakespeare's death. We have industriously turned every page of this work, and will submit, to any other who will do the same, the question whether it contains a line which militates against the general conclusion reached in these papers.

† That Robert Greene was much more than a drunkard and a pretender, but that, to the contrary, he had many admirers who were not unaware of the effrontery of his debtor Shakespeare, a search among the old literature of the day would reveal. In a quarto tract, dated 1594, "Greene's Funeralls," by R. B., Gent., is a copy of verses, the last stanza of which runs:

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye,
Greene pleased the eye of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's dye,
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him:
Nay, more; the men that so eclipsed his fame,
Purloined his plumes. Can they deny that same?"

He was a graduate of Cambridge—a learned man—"one of the fathers," says Lamb, "of the English stage." He does not seem to have approved of William Shakespeare's borrowing his plumes; but the impression that he was a monster of debauchery and drunkenness is derived wholly from his own posthumous work, "The Confessions of Robert Greene," etc., London, 1592, which lays the black paint on so thickly that it should have put the critics on their guard. Greene was probably no worse than his kind. A selection of his poems, edited by Lamb, is printed in Bohn's Standard Library.

THE NEW THEORY.

Nothing is perhaps easier than to invent a story so utterly unimportant and immaterial that it will be taken for granted, without controversy, and circulate with absolute immunity from examination, simply because worth nobody's while to contradict it. For example, it is likely enough that Demosthenes, in practicing oratory, stood on a sea-beach and drilled his voice, to outroar the waves. The story is always told, however, with the rider, that he did this with his mouth filled with pebble-stones; and, as nobody cares whether he did or not, nobody troubles himself to ascertain by experiment that the thing is impossible, and that nobody can roar with a mouth full of pebble-stones.* To be sure, of a matter so indifferent, no effort of credulity can be predicated, but, when the proposition is historical and capable of proving itself, it is indeed the skeptic who believes the most. It would be interesting to compile a catalogue of the reasons why A, B, and C, and their friends, doubt the real Shakespeare story, and cling to the manufactured tradition. A will tell us he believes it because somebody else (Bacon will do as well as anybody) wrote enough as it was, and was not the sort of man who would surrender any of the glory, to which he was himself entitled, to another. B, because, when somebody else wrote poetry (for example, Bacon's "Paraphrase of the Psalms"), his style was quite another than the style of the dramas. C, because he is satisfied that William Shakespeare spent some terms at Stratford school, and was anything but unkind to his wife. D, because the presumption is too old to be disturbed; as if we should always go

* And experience almost seems to prove that the human mind, as a rule, will be found to prefer wasting laborious days in accounting for, rather than take the very simplest pains to verify, a fact. It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that, if the earth turned on its axis as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but at a great distance to the west; in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail does not fall at the foot of the mast, but toward the stern. To this it was answered that a stone, being a part of the earth, obeys the same laws and moves with it, whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some and opposed by others, and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus that, the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast does fall at the foot of it; and the story of Charles II, who set the Royal Society at work to find the reason why a dead fish weighed more than a live one (which it doesn't), is familiar enough. Why, then, should anybody disbelieve in the Shakespearean myth, simply because it is so late in coming to the surface?

on believing in William Tell and the man in the moon, because our ancestors believed in them. And so on, through the alphabet. For there never yet was beam in human eye so immense as to interrupt the distinctness with which it could perceive motes in its neighbor's vision. It is so much easier, for instance, to believe that miracles should appear by the page, or that universal wisdom should spring fully armed from the brain of a Warwickshire clown, than that Francis Bacon should write anonymously, or in two hands, or use as a *nomme de plume* the name of a living man, instead of inventing one *de novo*. And if, at about that time, a living *nomme de plume* was wanted, whose name was more cheaply purchasable than that of the young "Johannes Factotum," of the Blackfriars, who, by doing anything and everything that was wanted, and saving every honest penny he turned, actually became able to buy himself a coat-of-arms (the first luxury he ever appears to have allowed himself out of his increasing prosperity) * and a country seat? Four or five years before our historical William Shakespeare had bethought himself of wandering to London, one James Burbage, father of Richard, the actor, had built the Blackfriars Theatre, a plain, rough building on the site of the present publishing office of the "Times." Before its door (for the Blackfriars will answer as well as the Globe) we may perhaps imagine the rustic lad fresh from Stratford, and foot-sore from his long tramp, attracted by the crowd and the lights, standing idle and agape. Possibly, then, riding up, some gallant threw young William his horse's bridle, and William Shakespeare had found employment in London. At any rate, the spot where he now began to spend his busy nights is still known as "Playhouse Yard." By attention to business, William in time came to control the horse-holding business, and took his predecessors into his pay; they were known thereafter as "Shakespeare's boys," and the young speculator's name penetrated to the inside of the theatre; in the course of time he comes to be a "*servitour*" (what we now call a "super," i. e., supernumerary) inside, and ultimately (according to Rowe, an actor himself, and the nearest in point of time to William Shakespeare to write his biography) "the reader" * of the establishment; and naturally, therefore, stage editor of whatever is offered. He has no royal road to learning at his command, nor does he want one. The "knack at speech-making," which had delighted the rustic youth of Stratford, mellowed by the new experiences which surrounded him, is all he needs. Not only the plays of Greene and others, which he now remodeled (and improved, no doubt), but essays of his own, became popular. The audience (we shall see more of them further on) called for "Shakespeare's plays," and his name came to possess a market value.

The dramas we now call "Shakespearean" surely did appear in his lifetime, and under his name. Were they ever performed at his theatre? Let us glance at the probabilities.

The "theatres" of this day are barely more than inclosures, with a raised platform for the performers, and straw for the audiences to stand or go to sleep in, as they prefer. Wotton, in a letter to Bacon,† says that the fire that destroyed the Globe Theatre burned up nothing but "a little wood and straw and a few forsaken cloaks." Sir Philip Sidney, writing in 1583, ridicules the poverty of the scenic effects and properties of the day in an often-quoted passage: "You shall have Asia of the one side and Africke of the other, and so many other under kingdomes that the plaier, when hee comes in, must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden: by-and-by we have news of a shipwreck in the same place; and we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave, while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field!" ‡

And M. Taine has drawn a lifelike picture of the audience which applauded this performance: "The poor could enter as well as the rich; there were sixpenny, twopenny, even penny seats. . . . If it rained, and it often rained in London, the people in the pit, butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices, receive the streaming rain on their heads . . . they did not trouble themselves about it. While waiting for the pieces they . . . drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruit, howl, and now and then resort to their fists: they have been

* We happen on traces of the fact that William Shakespeare's particular weakness was his "noble descent" very often, in exploring the annals of these times, and that his fellow actors by no means spared his weakness. "It was then a current joke to identify Shakespeare with 'the Conqueror,' or 'Rufus,' as if his pretensions to descent from the Norman dukes were known" ("Ben Jonson's Quarrel with Shakespeare," "North British Review," July, 1870). And certain lines in "The Poetaster" are supposed to be a fling at Shakespeare, as indeed, is the whole play (id.). We shall see how this weakness was fostered by the new set into which circumstances forced Shakespeare, later on.

* In this capacity he read and accepted Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," which was the beginning of the intimacy which ended with their lives.

† Smith's "Bacon and Shakespeare," p. 74.

‡ "The Defence of Poesie," edition 1626, p. 592.

known to fall upon the actors, and turn the theatre upside down. At other times they were dissatisfied and went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding or toss him in a blanket. . . . When the beer took effect there was a great upturned barrel in the pit, a receptacle for general use. The smell arises, and then comes the cry, 'Burn the juniper!' They burn some in a plate in the stage and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and can not have had sensitive noses. In the time of Rabelais there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember that they were hardly out of the middle age, and that, in the middle age, man lived on a dunghill." Mr. White assures us further, that pickpockets were apt to be plentiful among this audience, and when discovered were borne upon the stage, pilloried in full view * and there left, the play going on meanwhile around them; and, moreover, that the best seats sold were on the stage itself, where any of the audience who could pay the price could sit, recline, walk or converse with the actors engaged in the performance." † "Practicable" scenery of any sort, even the rudest, was utterly unknown, ‡ and it is thought that the actors relied on barely more than the written action of the piece for their guidance. In the plays of this period we come continually on such stage directions as "Here they two talke and rayle what they list"; "All speak"; "Here they all talke," etc., § which prove that much of the dialogue was trusted to the inspiration of the moment—to which inspiration the gallants and pickpockets may not unnaturally have contributed. Before an audience satisfied with this rudimentary setting, upon a stage crowded with smirking gallants and flirting maids of honor, we are assured that Hamlet and Wolsey delivered their solemn soliloquies, Anthony his impassioned oratory, and Isabella her pious strains; while the clowns and pot-wrestlers discoursed among themselves of Athens and Troy, and Hecuba and Althea, of Galen and Paracelsus, of "writs of detainer," and "fine and recovery," and "præmunire," and of the secrets of the pharmacopœia! "At this public theatre," says Mr. Smith, "to which every one could obtain access, and the lowest of the people ordinarily resorted . . . we are called upon to believe that the wonderful works which we so greatly admire and feel we can only appreciate by careful private study—that not only Englishmen like Coleridge confess, in forty years of admiring study of Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and German philosophers, literature, and manners, to have found bursting upon him with increased power, wisdom, and beauty in every step," * but foreigners like Schlegel, Jean Paul, and Gervinus, "have fallen down before in all but heathen adoration"—were performed. In 1880, when we force a common-school education at state expense upon the people, the Shakespearean plays are disastrous to managers. They "lose money on Shakespeare," and unless "carpentry and French," unless ballet and spectacle are liberally resorted to, are dragged down to desolate houses and financial ruin. "Shakespeare" is "over the heads" of ὃι πολλὸι in these days of compulsory education. And yet we are calmly asked to credit the astounding statement that in and about the year 1600, in London, these grave, intellectual, and stately dialogues are taking by storm the rabble of the Bankside, and entrancing the tradesmen and burghers of the days when to read was quite as rare an accomplishment as serpent-charming is to-day—when, if sovereigns wrote their own names, it was all they could do—and when the government could not afford to hang a man who could actually write his name. † "And yet," to quote Mr. Smith again, "it was from the profit arising from this wretched place of amusement that Shakespeare realized the far from inconsiderable fortune with which in a few years he retired to Stratford-upon-Avon." If not actual intellectual giants, the rabble of that day must have been the superiors in literary perception of some very eminent gentlemen who were to come after them. Evelyn notes that, in 1661, he saw "'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' played; but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his

* "Kempe, the actor, in his 'Nine Days' Wonder,' A. D. 1600, compares a man to such an one as we tye to a poast on our stage for all the people to wonder at when they are taken pilfering."—("Shakespeare," by Richard Grant White, vol. i, p. 183.)

† Ibid.

‡ Whenever we come on a stage direction, therefore, in a play, which supposed "practicable" scenery, we may assert with confidence that the same was written in or after 1662, up to which date there was no such thing as practicable machinery. In the original edition of "The Tempest," for instance, there is no intimation by way of stage direction that the first scene occurs on shipboard. In the first edition of "As You Like It" there is no mention of a forest in the stage direction. Nor in the early quartos of "Romeo and Juliet" is there any intimation that Juliet makes love in a balcony. "What child is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" says Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesie."—(R. G. White's "Shakespeare's Scholar," p. 489, note.)

§ These stage directions are taken from Greene's "Tu Quoque," A. D. 1614.

* "English Literature," chapter ii, i.

† Benefit of clergy was only abolished in England by Acts 7 and 8, George IV, c. 28, sec. 3, in 1827, fifty-three years ago; in the United States it had been disposed of (though it had never been availed of) by act of Congress, April 30, 1790.

Majesty has been so long abroad." * Pepys, his contemporary, says that the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" "was the most insipid, ridiculous play he had ever seen. . . . and, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' Othello seemed a mean thing," though he liked Davenant's opera of "Macbeth," with its music and dancing.† It is doubtful if Milton ever read the Shakespearean plays, in spite of the eloquent verses, "What needs my Shakespeare," etc. For, in L'Allegro, he speaks of his (Shakespeare's) "native wood-notes wild." ‡ Surely if there is anything in letters that is not "native wood-notes," it is the stately Shakespearean verse, full of camps and courts, but very rarely of woodlands and pastures; besides, whatever Milton might say of the book called "Shakespeare" in poetry —like Ben Jonson—he showed unmitigated contempt for its writer in prose: about the worst thing he could say about his king in "The Iconoclast," was that Charles I kept an edition of Shakespeare for his closet companion. § "Other stuff of this sort," cries the blind poet, "may be read throughout the whole tragedy wherein the poet used much license in departing from the truth of history." ‖

John Dryden, in or about 1700, complained that William Shakespeare is "many times flat, insipid—his comic wit degenerating into elenches, his serious swelling into bombast"; that the plays themselves are "a little obsolete," and "so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure." ¶ Lord Shaftesbury complains, at about the same date, of their "rude and unpolished style and antiquated phrase and wit." ** The immaculate Addison (whom everybody "admires" and nobody reads) pronounces the Shakespearean plays "very faulty in hard metaphors and forced expressions," and joins them with "Nat. Lee," as instances of the false sublime.†† Samuel Johnson is reported as saying that William Shakespeare never wrote six consecutive lines (he subsequently made it seven) without "making an ass of himself"; not to mention Tate — of whom nobody expected else; and Richard Steele, in "The Tatler," * borrows the story of the "Taming of the Shrew," and narrates it as "an incident occurring in Lincolnshire," feeling, no doubt, that he did a good deed in rescuing whatever was worth preserving from the clutches of such obscure and obsolete literature!

As an alternative to believing that these pearls, over which this nineteenth century gloats, were cast before the swine of the sixteenth, the theory we are now considering offers, as less violent an attack upon common sense, the supposition that what we now possess under the name of "Shakespeare's plays" were *not* produced upon the stage of any playhouse in those days, but were *printed* instead, the right to use the name of William Shakespeare having been first acquired as surety for a certain circulation. The well-attested fact that William Shakespeare was a playwriter is not ignored by this supposition; for the new theorists believe that, although no fragment of the Shakespeare work now survives, its character can be readily determined. From what knowledge we possess of the tone and quality of the audiences of those days, it is not difficult to imagine the rudeness and crudity of the plays. These were the formative days of audiences, and, therefore, the formative days of plays.

Sir Henry Wotton, in the letter from which we have just quoted, written to Lord Bacon in 1631, refers to one of these plays called "The Hog hath lost its Pearl." Says this letter: "Now it is strange to hear how sharp-witted the city is; for they will needs have Sir Thomas Swinnerton, the Lord Mayor, be meant by the hog, and the late Lord Treasurer by the pearl." † There is no disputing the fact, at least, that the plays we call "Shakespeare's" are cast in a mold by themselves, and have no contemporary exemplar. The student of these days knows the fact that Dekker, Webster, Massinger, Jonson, or any

* "Amenities of Authors—Shakespeare," p. 210.

† Ibid., p. 211.

‡ Dr. Maginn, in his Shakespearean papers ("Learning of Shakespeare"), endeavors to explain what Milton meant by "native wood-notes wild."

§ "Amenities of Authors—Shakespeare," vol. ii, p. 208. Ibid., p. 209, note.

‖ It is fair to say that "stuff" may only have meant "matter," but it is indisputable that the passage was meant as a slur on one who would read "Shakespeare.'

¶ "Works," edited by Malone, vol. ii, p. 252.

** Mr. De Quincey's painful effort to demonstrate that neither Dryden nor Shaftesbury meant what he said is amusing reading. See his "Shakespeare" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Also Knight, "Studies of Shakespeare," p. 510, as to Dr. Johnson.

†† "Spectator," 39, p. 285. Pope, to show that he was not insensible to the occasional merits of the plays, was good enough to distinguish, by inverted commas, such passages as he thought might be safely admired by the rest of mankind. "Rymer," says Pope, "is a learned and strict critic." Rymer called Othello "a bloody farce"—"The Tragedy of the Pocket-Handkerchief"—and calls his book "A Short View of Tragedy, with Some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage." "Practitioner" is good, and it is to be remembered that Rymer was not maintaining an extra Shakespearean authorship.

* Vol. vi, No. 31. He complains in number 42 that the female characters in the play make "so small a figure."

† A specimen of this work is given by Lamb in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" who lived about the time of Shakespeare, printed in Bohn's Standard Library.

other who wrote in periods that are counted "literature," made no fortunes at their work. That such as this one alluded to by Wotton—and one example will suffice—were what the town ran to see in those days, mere local sketches, lampoon on yesterday's event, and coarse parables, the allusion of which could be met and enjoyed by the actors themselves (were to the popular taste, that is to say), is much easier to conceive than that the "Hamlet" and the "Lear" were to the popular taste. One Dr. Heywood (who, it is to be noted, is sometimes called "the prose Shakespeare") is understood to have produced some two hundred and twenty of this sort of sketches alone; and, possibly, this was the sort of "early essays at dramatic poetry" which Aubrey speaks of, this "the facetious grace in writing that approves his wit" which Chettle assigns to William Shakespeare—mere sketches in silhouette of the town's doings, such as would appeal, as this sort still do in cities, to a popular and local audience. There is some curious testimony on the subject, which looks to that effect.

Cartwright,* in his lines on Fletcher, says:

"Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,
Old-fashioned wit, which walked from town to town
In turned hose, which our fathers called the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
NATURE WAS ALL HIS ART: thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility."

One Leonard Digges—who, Farmer says (in his essay on "The Learning of Shakespeare"), was "a witt of the town" in the days of Shakespeare—wrote some verses laudatory of William Shakespeare, which (Farmer says again) "were printed along with a spurious edition of Shakespeare" in 1640. In this copy of verses occur such lines as—

"Nature only led him, for look thorough
This whole book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate."

A startling declaration to find made, even in poetry, concerning compositions that Judge Holmes has demonstrated are crowded with classical borrowings, imitations drawn from works untranslated from their originals at the date when quoted; so that it would be impossible to say that the quoter found them in English works and took them with no knowledge of their original source.† Digges, too, is confirmed in what he says by Denham, who asserts that "all he [Shakespeare] has was from old mother witt."* And Dominie Ward says, to the same effect, in his diary, "I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural witt, without any art at all";† though, of course, this was, and could have been, nothing more than matter of opinion. It is probable that, in the production of these plays, William Shakespeare was not always scrupulous to compose "without blotting out a line" himself. That he was a reckless borrower, and scissored unconscionably from Robert Greene and others (so much so that Greene wrote a whole book in protest), we have Greene's book itself to testify. From its almost unintelligible pages we can glean some idea of the turgid English of the day. It was, of course, in the composition of this popular English that Shakespeare, by surpassing Greene, awakened the latter's jealousy. Otherwise, there would have been no superiority in Shakespeare over Greene which Greene could have perceived, or, at least, no cutting into Greene's profits wherein Greene could have found cause for jealousy. For, if Greene had continued to earn money indifferently to whether Shakespeare carried on his trade or not, he would not have been "jealous." But so fluent and clever a fellow as this William Shakespeare of Stratford, who could hold, when a mere boy, his rustic audience with a speech over a calf-sticking, was a dangerous rival among the hackney, stock-playwrights of London, and would easily have made himself invaluable to his management by dashing off scores of such local sketches as "The Hog hath lost his Pearl," suggested by the current events of the day.

But, even if "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar" could have been produced by machinery, and engrossed *currente calamo* (so that the author's first draft should be the acting copy for the players), they could have hardly been composed, nowadays, without a library. And even had William Shakespeare possessed an encyclopædia (such as were first invented two hundred years or so after his funeral) he would not have found it inclusive of all the reference he needed for those five plays alone. They can not be studied as they are capable of being studied—as they were found capable of being studied by Coleridge and Gervinus—without a library. And yet are we to be asked to believe they were composed without one?—in the days when such a thing as a dictionary even was unknown! Who ever heard of William Shakespeare in his library, pulling down volumes, dipping into folios, peering into manu-

* Poems, 1651, p. 273.

† See Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 5.

* Farmer, p. 13.

† "Diary of Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford, extending from 1648 to 1679," p. 183; London, 1839, p. 30.

scripts, his brain in throe and his pen in labor, weaving the warp and woof of his poetry and his philosophy, at the expense of Greece and Rome and Egypt, pillaging alike from tomes of Norseman lore and Southern romance, for the pastime of the rabble that sang bawdy songs and swallowed beer amid the straw of his pit, and burned juniper and tossed his journey-actors in blankets? It is always interesting to read of the habitudes of authors—of paper-saving Pope scribbling his "Iliad" on the backs of old correspondence, of Spenser by his fireside in his library at Kilcolman Castle, of Scott among his dogs, of Gibbon biting at the peaches that hung on the trees in his garden at Lausanne, of Schiller declaiming by mountain brook-sides and in forest paths, of Goldsmith in his garrets and his jails. Even of Chaucer, dead and buried before Shakespeare saw the light, we read of his studies at Cambridge, his call to the bar, and his chambers in the Middle Temple. But of William Shakespeare, after ransacking tradition, gossip, and the record—save and except the statement of Ben Jonson how he had heard the actor's anecdote about his never blotting his lines—not a word, not a breath can be found to connect him with, or surprise him in any agency or employment as to, the composition of the plays we insist upon calling his—much less to the possession of a single book!

Did William Shakespeare own a library? Had we found this massive draught upon antiquity in the remains of an immortal Milton or a mortal Tupper, or in all the range of letters between, we should not have failed to presume a library. Why should we believe that William Shakespeare needed none?—that, as his pen ran, he never paused to lift volume from the shelf to refresh or verify his marvelously retentive recollection? There was no Astor or Mercantile Library around the corner from the Globe or the Blackfriars, in those days. And, as for his own possessions, he leaves in his will no hint of book or library.

Just here we are referred to a passage in Fuller's "Worthies": "Many were the wit combats," says Fuller, "between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; . . . I beheld them," etc., etc. But Fuller was only eight years old when Shakespeare died, and possibly spoke from hearsay, as it is hardly probable that an infant of such tender years was permitted to spend his nights in "The Mermaid." Besides, these "wit combats" at "The Mermaid" are now said to be "*wet* combats," i. e., drinking-bouts, by a long-adopted misprint. But even if they were "wit combats," and not friendly contests at ale-guzzling, like the early tournament at "piping Pebworth and drunken Bidford," the "wit" could not have been intense! Let one example suffice, preserved in the Ashmolean manuscripts at Oxford, as stated by Capell. "Ben" (Jonson) and "Bill" (Shakespeare) propose a joint epitaph.

Ben begins:

> "Here lies Ben Jonson,
> Who was once one—"

Shakespeare concludes:

> "That while he lived, was a *slow* thing,
> And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

This being the sort of literature which William Shakespeare's pen turned out during his residence in London, he could manage very well without a library.* And it was the most natural thing in the world that, after retiring to the shade of Stratford, it should have produced, on occasion, the famous epitaphs on his friends Elias James and "Thinbeard." At all events, this is a simpler explanation than the "deterioration of power, for which no one has assigned a sufficient reason," which Halliwell† was driven to assume in order to account for this drivel from the pen which had written "Hamlet," and, moreover, it is a satisfactory explanation as well of what can not be explained in any other way (and which no Shakespearean has ever yet attempted to explain at all), namely, of the fact that William Shakespeare, making his last Will and testament at Stratford, in 1515, utterly ignored the existence of any literary property among his assets, or of his having used his pen at any period in accumulating the competency of which he died possessed. Had William Shakespeare been the courtly favorite of two sovereigns (which Mr. Hallam doubts‡), it is curious that he never was commissioned to write a Masque, which was the standard holiday diversion of the nobles of the

* Mr. W. H. Smith maintains that Shakespeare, like the rest of his family, was unable to write, and had learned, by practice only, to make the signature which he was assured was his name. Mr. Smith founds his theory on the fact that, in the Will, the word "seale" (in the formula, "witness my seale," etc.) is erased, and the word "hand" substituted. In a letter printed in the appendix to the third edition of Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," p. 627, Mr. Smith claims that this erasure and substitution prove that the draughtsman who prepared the Shakespeare Will, knowing that the testator could not write, did not suppose that he would sign his name, and so prepared it for the superimposition of his seal. "I know," says Mr. Smith, "that you will ingeniously observe that that might have been his belief, but that the fact could better have been proved if '*hand*' had been erased and '*seale*' inserted. But Shakespeare, being proud of his writing, and, as this would probably be his last opportunity, insisted on exhibiting his 'hand.'" According to Mr. Smith, therefore, Ben Jonson's speech about "never blotting out a line," was redundant.

† "Life of Shakespeare," p. 270. London, 1848.

‡ "Literature of Europe," vol. iii, p. 77 (note).

day, to which royalty was so devoted that it is said the famous Inigo Jones was maintained for some years in the employment of devising the trappings for them alone (though, of course, it is no evidence, either way, as to the matter we have in hand). But if William Shakespeare was the shrewd and prosperous tradesman that we have record of (and, that he came to London poor and left it rich, everybody knows), was he not shrewd enough, as well, to see that his audiences did not require philosophical essays and historical treatises; that he need not waste his midnight oil to verify the customs of the early Cyprians, or pause to explore for them the secrets of nature? We may assert him to be a "great moral teacher" to-day; but, had he been a "great moral teacher" then, he would have set his stage to empty houses. He could have earned the same money with much less trouble to himself. The gallants would have resorted to his stage daily (as they would have gone to the baths if they had been in old Rome); and the ha'penny seats have enjoyed themselves quite as much had he given them the school of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl," or "The Devil is an Ass," or the tumbles of a clown. Why should this thrifty manager have ransacked Greek and Latin and Italian letters, the romance of Italy and the Sagas of the north (or, according to Dr. Farmer, rummaged the cloisters of all England, to get these at second hand)? Had they all been collected in a public library, would he have had leisure to sit down and pull them over, to this precious audience of his, these gallants and groundlings, when his money was quite as safe if he merely reached out and took the nearest at hand (as he took his "Winter's Tale," "seacoast of Bohemia," and all, from Robert Greene)? But, if we may be allowed to conceive that it was the *action* (that is to say, the "business") of the Shakespearean plays that delighted this Shakespearean audience, and that certain greater than the manager used this action thereafter as a dress for the mighty transcripts caused to be printed under the name of the popular manager—if we may be allowed to conceive this, however exceptional, it is at least an accounting for the Shakespearean plays as we possess them to-day, without doing violence to human experience and the laws of nature.

Southampton, Raleigh, Essex, Rutland, and Montgomery, are young noblemen of wealth and leisure, who "pass away the time merely in going to plays every day."* We have seen that the best seats were on the stage, and these, of course, the young noblemen occupied. There were no actresses in those days—for female parts were taken by boys—but titled ladies and maids of honor were admitted to seats on the stage as well as the gallants, and a thrifty stage manager might easily make himself useful to both. If my Lord Southampton was bosom friend to William Shakespeare (as rumor has it), their intimacy arose probably through some such service. A noble youth of nineteen, of proverbial gallantry and unlimited wealth, was not at so great a loss for friends in London in 1593 (the date at which the "Venus and Adonis" is dedicated to him) as to be forced to forget the social gulf that separated him from an economical commoner (lately a butcher in the provinces), however popular a stage manager, except for cause; and it takes considerable credulity to believe that he did forget it (if he did) through being dazzled by the transcendent literary abilities of the economical commoner aforesaid. For Southampton lived and died without ever being suspected of a devotion to literature or literary pursuits; and, besides, the economical commoner had not then written (if he ever did write) the "Hamlet" and "Lear," and those other evidences of the transcendent literary ability which could seduce a peer outside his caste. That the gallants and stage managers of the day understood each other just as they perhaps do to-day, there is reason to believe. Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn-Book," says that, "after the play was over, poets adjourned to supper with knights, where they in private unfolded the secret parts of their dramas to them." By "poets" in this extract is meant, as appears from the context, the writers of dramas for the stage; such as, perhaps, William Shakespeare was. But whether these suppers after the play were devoted to intellectual and philosophical criticism is a question for each one's experience to aid him in answering. Whether William Shakespeare was admitted to this noble companionship, or was only emulous of the honor, we have no means of conjecture, as either might account for the fact that with his first savings he purchased a grant of arms for his father, thus obtaining not only an escutcheon, but one whole generation of ancestry; a transaction which involved, says Dr. Farmer, the falsehood and venality of the father, the son and two kings at arms, and did not escape protest;* for, if ever a

* "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland come not to the court, the one but very seldom; they pass away the time merely in going to plays every day."—(Letter from Rowland White to Sir Robert Sidney, dated October 11, 1599, quoted by Kenny, "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," p. 34, note. London: Longmans, 1864.) But it may be noted that Southampton and Raleigh were opposed to each other in politics.

* A complaint must have been made from some quarter that this application had no sufficient foundation, for we have, in the Herald's college, a manuscript which purports to be "the answer of Garter and Clarencieux, kings of arms, to a libellous scrowl against certain arms

coat was "cut from whole cloth," we may be sure this was the one.

Whoever wrote Hamlet's soliloquy and Antony's oration might well have written the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," and was quite equal to the bold stroke describing the former (the most splendidly sensuous poem in any language—a poem that breathes in every line the *blasé* and salacious exquisite), as the first heir of the invention of a busy London manager and whilom rustic Lothario among Warwickshire milkmaids. The question as to the authorship of the one hundred and fifty-four "Sonnets," which appeared (with the exception of two printed in 1598, in a collection of verses called for some unsuggested reason "The Passionate Pilgrim") in 1609, need not enter into any anti-Shakespearean theory at all. Except that one Francis Meares, writing in 1598—eleven years before—had reported William Shakespeare to have circulated certain "sugred sonnets among his private friends," * we have one of these (the one hundred and thirty-sixth) says the author's name is "Will" (the common nickname of a poet of those days).† There is nothing to connect them with William Shakespeare except his name on the title-page — in the days when we have seen that printers put whatever name they pleased or thought most vendable upon a title-page. (When the aforesaid "Passionate Pilgrim" was printed in 1598—also as by William Shakespeare—Dr. Heywood recognized two of his own compositions incorporated in it, and promptly claimed them. "No evidence," says Mr. Grant White,* in commenting on this performance, "of any public denial on Shakespeare's part is known to exist. It was not until the publication of the third edition of the poem in 1612 that William Shakespeare's name was removed.") But what involves the authorship of the sonnets in still deeper obscurity is the fact that their publisher, Thomas Thorpe, himself dedicates them to a friend of his own. He addresses his friend as "Mr. W. H.," and signs the dedication with his own initials, "T. T."† Perhaps it was just as the name "Shakespeare" was fastened to the title-page of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and the plays to which, as we have noticed, the Shakespeareans declare it never belonged, that Mr. Thomas Thorpe called his book "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before imprinted,"‡ and makes in the pages in the Stationers' Company the entry: "20 May, 1609. Mrs. Thorpe. A book called Shake-speare's Sonnets." They appear conjointly with a long poem entitled "A Lover's Complaint," and two of them (as we have said) had already been printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," published by Jaggard in 1598.

Mr. Armitage Brown, who flourished in or about the year 1838, and appears to have been the first gentleman who ever took the trouble to read them, has demonstrated§ that these sonnets are actually six poems of different lengths—

supposed to be wrongfully given"; in which the writers state, under the head "Shakespeare," that "the person to whom it was granted had borne magistracy, and was justice of peace, at Stratford-upon-Avon; he married the daughter and heir of Arden, and was able to maintain that estate." The whole of this transaction is involved in considerable, and perhaps, to a great extent, intentional, obscurity; and it still seems doubtful whether any grant was actually made in the year 1596. In the year 1599 the application must have been renewed in a somewhat altered form. Under that date there exists a draft of another grant, by which John Shakespeare was further to be allowed to impale the ancient arms of Arden. In this document a statement was originally inserted to the effect that "John Shakespeare showed and produced his ancient coat-of-arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's officer and bailiff of that town." But the words "showed and produced" were afterward erased, and in this unsatisfactory manner the matter appears to have terminated.

It is manifest that the entries we have quoted contain a number of exaggerations, one even of positive misstatements. The "parents and antecessors" of John Shakespeare were not advanced and rewarded by Henry VII; but the maternal ancestors, or, more probably, some more distant relatives of William Shakespeare, appear to have received some favors and distinctions from that sovereign. The pattern of arms given, as it is stated, under the hand of Clarencieux, Cooke, who was then dead, is not found in his records, and we can place no faith in his allegation. John Shakespeare had been a justice of the peace, merely *ex-officio*, and not by commission, as is here insinuated; in all probability he did not possess "lands and tenements of the value of five hundred pounds"; and Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, was not a "gentleman of worship."—(Kenny, "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," p. 38. London: Longmans, 1854.)

* Hallam does not think these are the sonnets mentioned by Meares.—("Literature of Europe," vol. iii, p. 40, note.)

† See "Appletons' Journal," June, 1880, p. 484, note.

* "Shakespeare's Works," vol. iii, p. 77.

† This unhappy dedication has been so twisted by the commentators, to serve their turns, that the only safety is to print it as it stood in this first edition:

"TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
. THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .
MR . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNETIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER . LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTURER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH . T . T . "

‡ The title reads: "Shake-speares Sonnets never before imprinted: at London, by G. Eld, for T. T. And are to be sold by William Apsley. 1609."

§ "Shakespeare's Autographical Poems, being his Sonnets clearly developed," etc. By Charles Armitage Brown. London: James Bohn, 1838.

each poem having a consistent theme and argument (and he made this discovery by the simple process of reading them). Can anybody believe that, if these six poems had been the work of the mighty Shakespeare of the Shakespeareans, they would have waited until 1838 without a reader? And, most wonderful of all, that this mighty poet in his own lifetime would allow six of his poems to be torn up into isolated stanzas by a printer, stirred together and run into type haphazard, and sold as his "Sonnets"? The Shakespeareans tell us sometimes of their William's utter indifference to fame, but they have never claimed for him an imperturbability quite so stolid as this. And while we could not well imagine Mr. Tennyson regarding with complaisance a publisher who would print his "Maud," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clara," etc., each verse standing by itself, and calling the whole "Mr. Tennyson's Sonnets," so we think even Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe would have thought the printers were going a little too far.

But, all the same, the Shakespeareans, Mr. Armitage Brown among the rest, are determined that these sonnets shall be Shakespeare's and nobody else's, and proceed to tell us who "Mr. W. H." (to whom Mr. Thorpe, at William Shakespeare's request—as if the man who wrote the sonnets could not write a dedication of them—dedicated them) is. Certain of them believe the letters "W. H." to be a transposition of "H. W.," in which case they might stand for "Henry Wriothesley," Earl of Southampton. Mr. Boaden and two Mr. Browns* read them, as they stand, to mean William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (in either case accounting for William Shakespeare addressing an earl as "Mr."—which may mean "Mister" or "Master"—on the score of earl and commoner having been the closest of "chums"). A learned Frenchman, M. Chasles, has conjectured that Thomas Thorpe wrote the first half of the dedication including the "Mr. W. H.," and William Shakespeare the second half (including, perhaps, though M. Chasles does not say so, the "T. T."). An equally learned German (Herr Bernsdorff) suggests that "W. H." means "William Himself," and that the great Shakespeare meant to dedicate these poems to his own personality (possibly as did George Wither, who in 1611 dedicated his satirical poems, "G. W. wisheth himself all happiness"; and agreeing with Swift, who says "Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves"). And there have been other equally absurd speculations — such as that the word "Hewes" in the line "a man in Hewes all Hewes in his controlling," "Hewes" is spelled with a capital letter — that "W. H." means "William Hewes," whoever he might have been. Mr. Niel believes that "W. H." means "William Hathaway," Shakespeare's brother-in-law, and that "onlie begetter" of these sonnets means "only collector"; and that Hathaway collected his brother-in-law's manuscripts and carried them to Thorpe, going into considerable philology to make good his assertion. Mr. Massey has, for his part, constructed a tremendous romance out of the sonnets,** in which "W. H." means William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. But all these commentators alike agree to ignore the fact that William Shakespeare did not dedicate the sonnets to anybody, or, so far as we know, request Thomas Thorpe to do so for him.

Then, again, anonymous authorship was a fashionable pastime among the gallants and the gentle of this Elizabethan day, and joint authorship a familiar feature in Elizabethan letters. If certain noblemen of the court proposed amusing themselves at joint anonymous authorship, they were certainly right in concluding that the name of a living man, in their own pay, was a safer disguise than a pseudonym which would challenge curiosity and speculation. At least—so say the New Theorists—such has turned out to be the actual fact. It is the New Theory that, while in employment at the theatre, William Shakespeare was approached by certain gentlemen of the court. Perhaps their names were Southampton, Raleigh, Essex, Rutland, and Montgomery, and possibly among them was a needy and ambitious scholar named Bacon, who, with an eye to preferment, maintained their society by secret recourse to the Jews or to anything that would put gold for the day in his purse. Possibly they desired to be unknown, for the reasons given by Miss Bacon.† In what they asked of him, and what he did for them, he found, at any rate, his profit. The story goes that the amount of profit he realized from one of these gentleman alone was no less a sum than a thousand pounds. If so—considering the buying power of pounds in those days—it is not so wonderful that, at this rate, William Shakespeare retired with a fortune. Even at its most and its best, it is an infinitely small percentum of the world's wealth that finds its way into the poet's pocket; poetasters are

* "Shakespeare's Autographical Poems." By Charles Armitage Brown. London, 1838. "The Sonnets of Shakespeare solved," etc. By Henry Brown. London, 1870.

** "Shakespeare's sonnets never before interpreted," etc., etc. By Gerald Massey. London, 1866. A poem, "The Phœnix and the Turtle," is sometimes bound up with these, described as "Verses among the Additional Poems to Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint," printed in 1601, but we know not by what authority.

† *Vide* "Appletons' Journal," June, 1880, p. 494.

sometimes luckier than poets. That William Shakespeare's fortune came faster than the fortune of his fellows we do know, and this was at once the most secure and the most lucrative use he could have made of his name, for, as we have seen, owing to the condition of the common law, while he could hardly have protected himself against the piracy of his name by injunction, he might have loaned it for value to the printers, or to any one desirous of employing it.

This scheme of assimilated authorship seems at least to tally with the evidence from what we know as the "doubtful plays." In 1609 there appeared in London an anonymous publication—a play entitled "Troilus and Cressida." It was accompanied by a preface addressed "A never writer to an ever reader," which, in the turgid fashion of the day, set forth the merit and attractions of the play itself. Among its other claims to public favor, this preface asserted the play to be one "never stal'd with the stage, never claperclawed with the palms of the vulgar"—which seems (in English) to mean that it had never been performed in a theatre. But, however virgin on its appearance in print, it seems to have very shortly become "staled with the stage," or, at any rate, with a stage name, for, a few months later, a second edition of the play (printed from the same type) appears, minus the preface, but with the announcement on the title-page that this is the play of "Troilus and Cressida, as it was enacted by the King's Majesty his servants at the Globe. *Written by William Shake-speare.*"* Now, unless we can imagine William Shakespeare—while operating his theatre—writing a play *to be published in print*—and announcing it as entitled to public favor on the ground that it had never been polluted by contact with so unclean and unholy a place as a theatre, it is hard to escape the conviction that he was not the "never writer"—in other words, that he was not its author at all—but on its appearance in print levied on it for his stage, underlined it, produced it, and—it proving a success—either himself announced it, or winked at its announcement by others, as a work of his own.

Again, in 1600, a play was printed in London entitled "Sir John Oldcastle"; in 1605, one entitled "The London Prodigal"; in 1608, one entitled "The Yorkshire Tragedy"; in 1609, one entitled "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," and, at about the same time, certain others, viz., "The Arraignment of Paris," "Arden of Feversham" (a very able work, by the way), "Edward III," "The Birth of Merlin," "Fair Em," "The Miller's Daughter," "Mucedorus," "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen." All the above purported and were understood to be, and were sold as being, works of William Shakespeare, except "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," which was announced as by Shakespeare and Rowley, and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," as by Shakespeare and Fletcher.

Now, it is certainly a fact that William Shakespeare, from his box-office at the Globe or from his country-seat at Stratford, never corroborated the printers by admitting, or contradicted them by denying, his authorship of any of the above enumerated plays. The "Hamlet" had been previously published in or about 1603, and the "Lucrece" had made its appearance in 1594.

It is certainly a fact that none of these—from "Hamlet" to "Fair Em," from "Lucrece" to "The Merry Devil of Edmonton"—did William Shakespeare ever either deny or claim as progeny of his. He fathered them all as they came, "and no questions asked." And, had Mr. Ireland been on hand with his "Vortigern," it might have gone in with the rest, with no risk of the scrutiny and the scholarship which exploded it so disastrously in 1796. No plays, bearing the name of William Shakespeare on their title-page, now appeared from 1609 to 1622. But in the year 1623, seven years after William Shakespeare's death, a folio of *thirty-six* plays is brought out by "Heminge and Condell," entitled "The Works of Mr. William Shakespeare." Of the many plays which had appeared during his life, and been circulated and considered as his, there are only *thirteen* in this folio, while *twenty-three* plays are admitted which had never been published before, either on the stage or anywhere else! Surely, under the circumstances, we are justified in asking the question, "If William Shakespeare ever wrote any plays or poems, which of the above did he write, and which are doubtful?"

Whether the hand that wrote the "Hamlet" also composed the "Fair Em," or the classicist who produced the "Julius Cæsar" and the "Coriolanus" at about the same time achieved "The Merry Devil" and "The London Prodigal," is a question, as lying within that sacred and peculiar realm of "criticism," or, rather, of that inexhaustible realm of "internal evidence" which has established and for ever proved so many wonderful things about "our Shakespeare"—a realm beyond our purview in these papers, and wherein we should be a trespasser. Fortunately, however, the question has been settled for us by those to whom criticism is not *ultra vires*, and may safely be said to be at rest now and for ever. The judgment of the whole critical world is of record that certain of the above-mentioned plays, known to have been published under the name of

* Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, pp. 144–147.

William Shakespeare are "spurious"; that, during the lifetime of William Shakespeare, and in the city where he dwelt—under his very nose, that is to say—divers and sundry plays *did* appear from time to time which he did not write, but which he fathered. Whether, in pure philanthropy and charity, he regarded these as little Japhets in search of a father, and so, pitying their abandoned and derelict condition, assumed their paternity, or, whether he took advantage of their bastardy for mere selfish and ill-gotten gain, it is impossible to say and unprofitable to speculate. But there can be no reasonable doubt that, in London in the days of Elizabeth, in the name "William Shakespeare" there was much the same sort of common trade-mark as exists, in Cologne, in the days of Victoria, in the name "Jean Maria Farina"—that it was at everybody's service. And, if William Shakespeare farmed out his name to playwrights, just as the only original Farina farms out his to makers of the delectable water of Cologne, wherein shall we find fault? If, two hundred years after, a lesser Sir Walter of Abbotsford, be acquitted of moral obliquity in denying his fatherhood of "Waverley," for the sake of the offspring, surely, the elastic ethics of authorship, for the sake of the great book, will stretch out far enough to cover the case of a Shakespeare, who neither affirmed nor denied, but only held his peace! William Shakespeare, at least, in the days when Lord Coke says that a play-actor was, in contemplation of law, a vagabond and a tramp,* never had to shift for his living. He always had money to spend and money to lend in the days when we know many of his contemporaries in the theatrical and dramatic line were "in continued and utter extremity, willing to barter exertion, name, and fame for the daily dole that gets the daily dinner." † Of all the sixteen co-managers—and, among them, one Burbage was the Booth or Forrest of his day—William Shakespeare is the only one whose pecuniary success enables him to retire to become a landed gentleman with a purchased "Esquire" to his name.

No wonder that Robert Greene, a well-known contemporary actor, but "who led the skeltering life peculiar to his trade," and who had either divined or shared the secret of the "Shakespearean" dramas, raised his voice in warning of the masquerade in borrowed plumes! But William Shakespeare was a shrewd masquerader, and covered his tracks well. The search for a fragment of Shakespearean manuscript or holograph has been as thorough and ardent as ever was search for the philosopher's stone. But no scrap or morsel has been found. The explanation of all this mystery, according to the new theory, is of very little value, except in so far as it throws light upon what otherwise seems inexplicable, namely, that the magnificent philosophical dramas (which are more precious in our libraries as text-book and poems than as stage shows wherewith to pass an idle evening in our enlightened day) should have been popular with the coarse audiences of the times from which they date. But, if, to conceal their real authors, these magnificent productions were simply sent out under a name that was at everybody's disposal, the discovery is of exceeding interest. From the lofty masterpiece of the "Hamlet" to what M. Taine calls "a debauch of imagination . . . which no fair and frail dame in London should be without"*—the "Venus and Adonis"—it was immaterial what they printed as his, so this William Shakespeare earned his fee for his silence. As for young Southampton—then just turned of nineteen—his part in the covert work of the junta seems to have been the accepting of the famous dedication. That a rustic butcher-lad should, while holding horses at the door of a city theatre, produce as "the first heir of his invention"—the very first thing he turned his pen to—so maturely voluptuous a poem as the "Venus and Adonis," would be a miracle, among all the other miracles, not to be lost sight of.

At any rate, that these gentlemen of the court were satisfied with their bargain, we have every reason to believe. It is said that the great dramas we call Shakespeare's so persistently nowadays, and which began to appear unheralded at about this time, bear internal traces of courtly and aristocratic authorship. The diction is stately and sedate. No peasant-born author could have assumed and sustained so haughty a contempt for everything below a baronet (for only at at least that grade of humanity, it is said by those who have carefully examined the dramas in this view,† does any virtuous or praiseworthy attribute appear in a Shakespearean character. Everything below is exceedingly comic and irresistible, no doubt, but still "base, common, and popular"). We believe that historical and circumstantial evidence alone is adequate to settle or even to disturb this Shakespearean question; for it appears to be the unanimous verdict of

* "The fatal end," he says, "of these five is beggary—the alchemyst, the monopotext, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster." A "play-actor," he elsewhere affirms, was a fit subject for the grand jury, as a "vagrant."

† "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," August 7, 1852, p. 88.

* Crawley, quoted by Taine, "English Literature," book ii, chapter iv.

† Mr. Wilkes's "Shakespeare from an American Point of View" (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875) is devoted to a careful demonstration of this view.

criticism that the style of Bacon and the style of "Shakespeare" are as far apart as the poles (experts have even gone so far as to reduce both to a "euphonic test,"* and pronounce it impossible that the two could have been written in the same hand). But this is not very valuable as evidence; for never, we think, can mere expert evidence be of itself sufficient as to questions of forgery, of authorship any more than of autograph. If mere literary style had been all the evidence accessible, our Shakespeareans would have been making oath to the Ireland forgeries to-day as stoutly as when, in the simplicity of their hearts, they swore the impromptus of a boy of eighteen surpassed anything in "Hamlet" or Holy Writ. It was only by just such circumstantial evidence as has been grouped in these papers (such as the Elizabethan orthography, and philology—the use of Roman instead of Arabic numerals, etc.) that the Ireland imposture was exploded. Forgery is the imitation of an original, and, if the original be inimitable, there can surely be no forgery. In the case of forgery of a signature, lawyers and experts know that the nearer the imitation the more easily is it detectable; for no man writes his own name twice precisely alike, and, if two signatures attributed to the same hand are found to be fac-similes, and, on being superimposed against the light, match each other in every detail, it is irrefutable evidence that one is intentionally simulated.† In the case of literary style, however, we are deprived of this safeguard, because, the more nearly exact the counterfeit, the more easily the critic is deceived; and not only the Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson forgeries, but the history of merely sportive imitation and parody prove that literary style is anything but inimitable; that, in fact, it requires no genius, and very little cleverness to counterfeit.‡ Nor is —what is incessantly appealed to—"the internal evidence of the plays themselves" of any particular value to the end in view. Were the question before us, "Was the author of these works a poet, statesman, philosopher, lawyer?" etc., etc., this internal evidence would be, indeed, invaluable. But it is not. The question is not *what*, but *who*, was the author? Was his family name "Shakespeare," and was he christened "William"? The Shakespearean has been allowed to confound these questions, and to answer them together, until they have become as inseparable as Demosthenes and his pebble-stones. But, once separated, it is manifest to the meanest comprehension that the internal evidence drawn from the works themselves, however satisfactory as to the one question, is utterly incompetent as to the other, and that it is by purely external—that is to say, by circumstantial evidence, by history, and by the record—that the question before us must be answered, if, indeed, it ever is to be answered at all. And, therefore, it is by circumstantial evidence alone, we think, that literary imposture can be satisfactorily exposed. Neither can we trust to internal evidence alone; for an attempt to write the biography of William Shakespeare, by means of the internal evidence of the Shakespearean plays, has inevitably resulted in the questions, Was Shakespeare a lawyer, was Shakespeare a physician—a natural philosopher—a chemist—a botanist—a classical scholar—a student of contemporary life and manners—an historian—a courtier—an aristocrat—a biblicist—and the rest?—and in giving us the fairy stories of Mr. Knight and Mr. De Quincey in place of the truth we crave. For we can not close our eyes to the fact that history very decidedly negatives the idea that William Shakespeare, of Stratford, was either a lawyer, a physician, a courtier, a philosopher, an aristocrat, or a soldier. Moreover, while the internal evidence is fatal to the Shakespearean theory, it preponderates in favor of the Baconians; for, when we should ask these questions concerning Francis Bacon, surely the answer of history would be, Yes—yes, indeed; all this was Francis Bacon. The minute induction of his new and vast philosophy did not neglect the analysis of the meanest herb or the humblest fragment of experimental truth that could minister to the comfort or the health of man.* And where else, in the range of letters—except in the Shakespearean works, where kings and clowns alike take their figures of speech from the analogies of nature—is the parallel of all this faithful accumulation of detail and counterfeit handwriting of Nature? He had stooped to watch even the "red-hipped humble-bee"† and the "small gray-coated gnat."‡ Had the busy manager been studying them as well?

* Wilkes's "Shakespeare from an American Point of View," Part III.

† Hunt *versus* Lawless, New York Superior Court, November, 1879 (not as yet reported). And see, also, Moore *versus* United States, 2 Otto, United States, 270.

‡ The curious reader is referred to "Supercheries Literaries, Pastiches," etc., one of the unique labors of the late M. Delepierre. London: Trübner & Co., 1872.

* The last act on earth of the great ex-Chancellor was to alight from his carriage to gather handfuls of snow, to ascertain if snow could be utilized to prevent decomposition of dead flesh; and it is related that, in his dying moments—for the very act precipitated the fever of which he died—he did not forget to record that the experiment had succeeded "excellently well."

† "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act IV, Sc. 1.

‡ "Romeo and Juliet," Act I, Sc. 4. See "The Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakespeare," by R. Patterson. London: A. K. Newman & Co., Leadenhall Street, 1841.

From this to lordly music,* and in all the range between, no science had escaped him. Had the busy manager followed or preceded the philosopher's footsteps, step by step, up through them all? And did he pause in his conception or adaptation of a play, pen in hand, to make it an encyclopædia as well as a play as he went along? If the manager alone was author of these works, there is, it seems to us, no refuge from this conviction. But, if, as is the New Theory, these plays were amplified for the press by a learned hand, perhaps, after all, he was the stage manager, actor, and human being that history asserts him to have been. If, as has been conjectured, William Shakespeare sketched the clowns and wenches with which these stately dramas are relieved, it would account for a supposed Warwickshire source for many of them. For example (says Aubrey), "he took the humor of the constable in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' † at Grendon, in Bucks, which is on the road from London to Stratford." We can readily imagine William Shakespeare as pretty familiar with the constabulary along his route between home and theatre, so often traveled by himself and jolly coetaneans with heads full of Marian Hackett's ale, and that he thought some of them good enough to put in a play. Or, if not equal to the clowns and wenches himself, those most interested in fostering the deception could easily interwrite them from his mimicry at second hand. The "New Theory" and the "Delia Bacon Theory" coincide in this, that William Shakespeare was fortunate in the plays brought to him, and grew rich in matching them to his spectacles. But these plays, as now performed, are the editions of Cibber, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Booth, Irving, and others, and, while preserving still the dialogues which once passed, perhaps, through Shakespeare's hands, retain no traces of his industry, once so valuable to the Globe and Blackfriars, but now rejected as unsuited to the exigencies of the modern stage. Little as there is of the man of Stratford in our libraries, there is still less of him in our theatres in 1880.

Such, briefly sketched, are the three theories concerning these glorious transcripts of the age of Elizabeth, that, while two centuries of literature between is obsolete and moribund, are yet unwithered and unstaled, and the most priceless of all the treasuries of the age of Victoria. And yet, there seems to be a feeling that any exploration after their authorship is a sacrilege, and that this particular historical question must be left untouched—as Pythagoras would not eat beans, as parricidal—that William Shakespeare is William Shakespeare—and the doggerel curse of Stratford hangs over and forefends the meddling with his bones. And yet, no witch's palindrome for long can block the march of reason and of research. Modern scholarship is every day dissolving chimera, and, if this Shakespeare story has no basis of truth, it must inevitably be abolished along with the rest. If this transcendent literature had come down to us without the name, would it have been sacrilege to search for its paternity? And does the mere name of William Shakespeare make that, which is otherwise expedient, infamous? Or, is this the meaning of the incantation on the tomb—that cursed shall he be who seeks to penetrate the secret of the plays? Such, indeed, was the belief that drove poor Delia Bacon mad. But we decline to see anything but the calm historical question. It seems to us that, if we are at liberty to dispute as much as we like as to whether two *a*'s or only one, or three *e*'s or only two belong of right in the name "Shakespeare," surely it can not be debarred us to ask of the Past the origin of these thousand-souled pages we call by that name. We believe that, if the existence of these three theories—as to each of which it is possible to say so much—proves anything, it proves that history and circumstantial evidence oppose the possibility of William Shakespeare's authorship of the works called his, and that, moreover, there is a reasonable doubt whether any ONE MAN did write, or could have written, either with or without a Bodleian or an Astor Library at his elbow, the whole complete canon of the Shakespearean works. With the highest admiration and respect for literary scholarship and criticism—for all that it has done, and all that it can do—the anti-Shakespeareans attempt not to strip the "SHAKESPEARE" of his glorious renown; but, far to the contrary, because they so ardently admire and venerate the genius we call Shakespearean, they would fain set up an ideal Shakespeare in the place of the historical man they find so unsatisfactory—in short, they are not ICONOCLASTS, but IDEALISTS.

APPLETON MORGAN.

* Ulrici, p. 248, book ii, chapter vi., refers to "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I, Sc. 2. as proving that the author of that play "possessed in an unusual degree the power of judging and understanding the theory of music."

† Aubrey intended to say, the "Much Ado about Nothing."

MODERN ITALIAN PICTURESQUE SCULPTURE.

IT is sufficiently lamentable to witness the preference given by a large class of painters to painful, vulgar, or debasing topics, and a predilection for the ugly and commonplace, particularly those emotions and conditions of humanity which show its special degradations, sufferings, petty aims, and least noteworthy phenomena, under the specious plea of rendering natural truth. The old feeling for the æsthetic in art is superseded by a passion either for a low standard of realism, mere surface imitation of the most familiar things of every-day life, or an abnormal appetite for whatever is difficult, sensational, and horrible, chiefly for display of technical dexterity, and of shocking the public mind rather than entertaining or instructing it. Petty materialism and demoralizing sensualism are thus banishing from much of modern art its primitive spiritual essence and function, and substituting for Beauty the Beast in its inmost soul. Sculpture not only follows the lead of painting in its baser choice of motives, but, contemning its rightful limitations, invades the realm of painting, seeking to outdo its sister art in realistic effects, and those imitative details which color, light and shade, and linear perspective of the brush alone can adequately depict. Consequently it tends more and more to lose its true dignity of character, and become a mere trick of the chisel, as superficial in aim and expression as children's toys, and of scarcely more account in the world of thought.

Highest art essays to transmute the indefinable and suggestive into visible, sensuous form or sound. It is the opening wide of the windows of the imagination for the soul to look into the realms of an ideal universe, of which it is both the song and prophecy. Owing to its organic purity and freedom from gross elements, as an art-vehicle, marble has more of latent spiritual power than colors, however nobly used. For, like music, besides their intellectual suggestiveness, they inevitably quicken the sensuous apprehensions of men. Pure form in sculpture, on the contrary, is strictly intellectual and spiritual in its associations and interpretations. Mind must conjure up out of itself base feelings and ideas to wrest it to mean and sensual uses; for its reflex action in this direction is not instinctive, as with its sister arts. Hence, in trying for the picturesque and grossly real, sculpture plays an unnatural, unworthy *rôle*, in which, competing with painting, it can have no permanent success even in the artistic sense it struggles for; while, as a corrupter of taste and stimulator of debasing ideas, by inciting the mind to comprehend its ambiguity of meanings and salacious artifices, it becomes a pander to the lowest springs of human action and character. We must acknowledge that modern sculpture, with little exception, instead of representing any wholesome idealism, is rapidly dwindling into a more or less vapid plâgiarism of past heroic or lovely types, or else a confession of its incapacity to create anything that is not absolutely realistic and pictorial; in fine, a low standard of imitative art, overwhelmed by heavy accessories or petty details, which, however proper to painting, have no legitimate place in sculpture.

In strongly condemning this realistic-pictorial tendency, justice demands the recognition of one feature coincident with it, alike honorable to art and human nature. This is the broad spirit of humanity sometimes seen in an endeavor to realize, in a silent eloquence, to our senses the trials and struggles of honest life, with the view of begetting for it practical sympathy and respect, and of widening and deepening the ties of human brotherhood. Any motive of this character, if seriously treated, although foreign to the scope of the classical rule of æsthetics, comes within the broader compass of Christian art. I give one instance in point as a hopeful sign of the times.

There is now exhibiting in Florence a statuette, by Signor Gori, called "Senza Lavoro" ("Without Labor")—representing a tall, vigorous, well-made man, in the prime of life, of good brain and noble countenance, unkempt hair, head cast down, seated in forlorn posture, meditating on his hopeless condition. In his emaciated, deeply furrowed features, and sunken eyes lost in vacancy, there is no ferocious despair, no degrading appeal to charity or expression of vindictiveness, but a touching consciousness of utter inability to contend longer against the inevitable. The shrunken limbs, gaunt body, thread-worn, much-patched clothing, still neatly respectable in decay, unmistakably bear witness to a hard-fought battle against want; of willingness and capacity to labor, and the severity of the defeat that has overtaken him. This little work has a beauty of its own, for its skillfully subdued realism, joined to pathetic sentiment and recognition of the claims of labor, raises it to the level of fine art, and sanctifies it for all time.

Italy's studios and shops of sculpture are as busy and full in this nineteenth century as ever they were when the art was in its prime. The

demand does not abate, but only changes its taste. Indeed, the passion for festivals is not stronger in the Italian mind than for sculptured monuments and portraiture. As in classical times, marble is the favorite medium of art expression and commemoration, from the simple mural tablet to the projected monument to Victor Emanuel, costing millions of francs. In all other civilized countries sculpture is, more or less, an exotic, but in Italy it is the natural outcome of the deeply ingrained intuitive feeling for plastic art, which makes this country still the chief source of the world's supply or inspiration. Hence, both the moneyed expenditure and native skill are quite sufficient to sustain a much higher standard of taste and motives than now obtains, and to redeem sculpture from the low position of catering mainly to debauched fancy, or providing *genre* novelties for uninstructed persons. If the epitomized plastic reproductions of the paintings of the old masters, now so popular, might be confined to groups like those plagiarized from Raphael's best pictures, and others equally facile for the chisel, none may object. Although not new, they come from a lofty and altogether lovely ideal —wholesome to look upon and keep in daily remembrance. But Raphael erotically toying with the charms of a mistress-model, a group conspicuously exhibited in a fashionable shop-window, is indecent art and a wanton libel on that artist, whose types of virgins and mothers, sacred or profane, are always comely and pure. Every observer can note for himself the multitudinous inanities of which sculpture is now guilty in simpering, skipping, lascivious, impish, freakish, over- and under-toileted forms, ridiculous attitudes or fashion-plate costumes, peeping and muttering indescribable things, savoring more of art travestied in some grotesque carnival than sane work, and which will amuse or disgust him, according to his own æsthetic sensibility and understanding, as they greet his eyes with every alluring device to make them marketable.

Leaving these aside, let us examine specifically a few of the works of some of the young sculptors of Florence who evince undoubted capacity, and seem destined, for better or worse, to impress their idiosyncrasies more or less deeply on the taste of the present generation, carrying realism to its extreme plastic limits. Three prominent names will suffice to illustrate the scope and practice of the rising school which makes war on all old traditions and motives. These are Albano, Carnielo, and Gallori.

Albano is a native of a rude hamlet in the Abruzzi Mountains, where there was no art whatever to suggest to him a career as a sculptor, so that the impulse which, despite every obstacle, forced him to become one, sprang wholly from within himself, and in the outset was quite independent of example, instruction, and patronage. Indeed, it may be remarked that very many of the great painters and sculptors of Italy have been born in similar localities, where there was little or nothing to prompt them to the choice of a profession which required their migration to the chief art-centers for its perfect development. In most instances they owed nothing to systematic academic instruction, but developed in themselves those principles and that finished execution which led subsequently to the foundation of regular institutions of art-instruction. Real genius comes to the front in its own way with or without these artificial helps, which never create, although they may aid it.

Albano has a peasant's power of persevering toil, and is as sturdy in *physique* as one of his native oaks. Still in his most vigorous youth, he has filled a large studio with a variety of ideal and realistic works, grave and gay, that in number would suffice an average lifetime. Too many, however, are hastily gotten-up shop-merchandise, wanting in refinement, heavily materialistic in feeling, with, in the fancy busts, overmuch pseudo-picturesque detail. The sculptor is unjust to his own genius in bestowing his time on them. These unmistakably crude and bad works appear all the worse from their contrast to those of an opposite character, in which the actual ability of Albano is shown. The most graceful in lines and contours, significant in action, original in sentiment, well conceived and modeled, is called "The Slave." It is the nude figure of a girl in the first freshness of her charms, impotently struggling to free her hands from the rope that holds them; her beautiful face and shrinking body aglow with passionate indignation and mingled shame, there being more anger than fear in her glance. The movement is energetic, feeling natural, and both serve to enhance the harmonious beauty of a form undisfigured by exaggeration of action, although sensible of the greatest indignity that can be offered to pure womanhood. By a happy unity of subtile modeling and lively emotions, if not quite subdued to that æsthetic repose which is one of the highest elements of art, there is no obtrusive consciousness of nudity either in the maid or the spectator, but chaste beauty and lively sympathy become the predominant impressions. This result is highly creditable to the sculptor, besides the freshness he has given to a hackneyed motive, so unmeaningly treated and unskillfully executed by Hiram Powers.

Turning from this ideal composition, we see an extreme of realism in the shape of an old man crouching, so true in wrinkles, unelastic pose, and shriveled flesh, with animalized dotage stamped on every feature, as to seem almost to be a cast from some decayed specimen of flesh and bones

itself. If any good can come of art devoted to material decay, and which shows only what is unpleasant to look on and repulsive to reflect about, without any intellectual reason for its treatment, Albano shows his power over the same. But the reality of disease, decay, and death is too near all men at all times for any one to take delight in looking on their counterfeit reminders in art, reflecting as they do a material bondage out of which every soul capable of aspiring to an ideal life eagerly looks forward to escape.

More masterful and imaginative is its companion-piece, a colossal group taken from Dante's "Inferno," of the *Ladro*, or Thief, agonizing in the folds of biting serpents, which entwine his limbs every direction. Although recalling the idea of the Laocoön, it is more horrifying in character and execution; expresses intenser, hopeless, slow-consuming physical torment. As it has received a *Salon* medal at Paris, and not been sold, we may conclude the cleverness of execution has not been able yet to counterbalance the disagreeableness of the motive. The places for which such art would seem to be best fitted are penal settlements and prisons for the worst criminals.

In his latest statue, of Faust's "Marguerite," Albano has shown equal capacity for the other extreme of ideal composition. It is beautifully modeled and draped, with a pure conception of maidenly love and pensive reflection. The type is very lovely, and the whole figure thoroughly refined, simple, and characteristic, with acute appreciation of the motive.

It will be noticed, however, from the four noteworthy examples cited, and his minor compositions, that Albano is equally sensitive to the classical and mediæval traditions and treatment of his profession, even if he yields too much to the exigencies of modern taste in florid picturesqueness or unqualified realism.

This is not the case with his still youthful rival Carnielo. He finds nothing to please him in classical types and aims, and throws himself zealously into the modern passion for truth of nature as opposed to the Grecian spirit of idealism and restricted choice of the beautiful for forms of art. Unmodified naturalism is his art-creed. Like all extremists, he leans backward in his enthusiasm of emancipation from old theories and rules, exaggerating the freedom of his own until his work borders on the sentimentally ridiculous or grotesque. This is especially exhibited in his studio in several carefully modeled sepulchral monuments in the shape of flat sarcophagi, with figures of men and women bending over them in presumable grief. These are gracefully posed and accurately executed, the attitudes are most decorous, and the men all have the latest immaculate cut of clothes, with stylish hats and canes in fashion-plate poise, while the women might serve for Worth's lay figures to exhibit the elaborate details of long, extended dresses of richest materials, which, descending from their tightened bodices, flow in rippling streams over their delicate limbs, and expand on the ground into freshets of costly dry-goods, dying gracefully away in surges of rich trimmings. Exquisite fans, gloves, and every touch and accessory of dainty toilets, are fashioned in strict fidelity to nature—if this word be expressive enough to cover all the craft and artifices of bodily decoration—completely extinguishing the body itself, and drowning any incipient graveyard sentiment and mournfulness, to say nothing of the hopes and fears of a future existence, in a swashing flood of worldliness, which serves to recall both the last flirtation and the modiste's bill. The old pagans of Rome and Greece were not fond of unpleasant symbolism in their cemeteries regarding the mysteries of the tomb, but, in their wildest imaginations for diverting the mind from distasteful thoughts, they never invented such a commingling of the pomps and vanities of life with the memories of the dead as we see figured in Carnielo's groups, and actually cut in marble on a large scale by other artists in the Campo Santo at Genoa.

Carnielo also has tried his hand on old age, and produced a bust even more strikingly materialistic than Albano's. It certainly does not make the spectator any fonder of wrinkles, crow's-feet, muscle shrinkage, and anatomical structure, while seeing nothing of the soul they hide.

But this sculptor's supreme effort is his "Dying Mozart," which has been bought by the Minister of Public Instruction, Paris, to be placed in the Conservatoire of Music. The great composer is represented just as his latest breath has escaped him, attenuated by a wasting consumption, his lips apart, little tufts of hair sprouting on his sunken cheeks, his head turned sidewise, half buried in a large square pillow, and his meager form extended in a capacious, high-backed arm-chair. A very heavy, cumbersome dressing-gown encircles the body with well-defined folds, disclosing the drooping anatomy beneath, the lines and contour of which are well suggested. Besides the face, only the thin neck and hands are shown. These are admirably modeled, of a refined character, and taken from the sculptor's own handsome extremities. One lies on the autographic sheet of music in Mozart's lap containing the "Requiem." The expression is not painful, nor is it ecstatic or precisely peaceful, but as if there were either some apprehension of the future or the material phenomena of death had not quite subsided into perfect rest. It just misses the spiritual element, because of

too much study of the physical. There is no doubt of its being a clever realistic representation of a death by consumption of a young man of prepossessing appearance, but it is nothing more, and, except the sheet of music, has no special significance as regards the proposed motive. Beyond its baptism, the spectator must derive whatever consciousness of the dying scene of Mozart he can quicken in his own mind, from his own associations or knowledge. True to his theory of uncompromising eye-fact as his basis of art, Carnielo so carefully studied in the hospitals the death-scenes of several dying young men, that the critic has no fault to find with his plastic representation of the usual phenomena, simply as such, in this statue. But it leaves the impression on the mind that a motive of this character is not suited to sculpture, especially if treated in the picturesque style, in which the accessories overpower the subject when given in marble, embarrass its interpretation, and confuse its delineation. Those logical sequences and natural conditions of things which are facilely shown by painting are most difficult in the more solid and less subtile materials of sculpture. They should be simply suggested, not directly imitated, but completely subdued to the chief motive, whose recognition must be complete and immediate to be effective.

Unlike, however, the emphasis given to organic decay, destitute of feeling, and in aspect repulsive, as seen in other works of this new school, the motive of the "Mozart" is pathetic and pure, and the imagination incited to healthful action. Its failure is partly due to the surplusage of accessories, and partly to its unfitness, as treated, to sculpture. Neither the naked truth nor the whole truth must be bluntly told in art. For it has a higher mission than to record facts: this mission is to suggest ideas, invent new joys, and so manifest the true and beautiful that this last feature shall always be first in the mind's appreciation, and precede analysis and instruction. The only immortal art is that in which the ideal and æsthetic dominate the real and changeable, whatever the creed or circumstance.

The new-born nascent delight in organic ugliness and low motives reaches its climax in some works of E. Gallori, likewise of Florence. Realism in its coarsest vein he fondles as if it were the sweetest nosegay. In his work there is the heartiest good-will, as well as skill of hand. Loving it himself, he wants all the world to like it equally, and flings its insolent shamelessness into our faces as freely, according to Ruskin, as Whistler does his pots of paint; which pictorial feat, however, is innocence itself, or, at worst, harmless phantasmagoria, compared with Gallori's plastic revelations of mental and physical filth.

The first example to be gibbeted is that of the half-figure of a big-boned toper, prematurely aged, weather and vice battered, with clothes in keeping, leaning on a Tuscan wine-cask, and bending forward in sympathetic fondness of his support, resting his skinny, deeply-furrowed cheeks on his claw-like fists. One eye is sightless, apparently battered out, and the other, buried in unwholesome swellings, has a cavernous look of light gleaming bodingly and jeeringly out of some demon's den. Combined with the other rugged, malevolent features, they give an audacious leer to the vulgar, satyr-like countenance. His sunburned, muscular arms are like sharply-trained whip-cords. The open, liquorish mouth shows stumps of decayed teeth and two whole ones, retaining a pipe. Hair, beard, and mustache resemble the stubble of a burned field. The entire conception is an artistic apotheosis, startlingly well done after its beastly fashion—may the brute creation forgive me!—of brutal human degradation, rejoicing in its depravity, seemingly bereft of every saving element; a compound of carnal appetites and plenary indulgence, minus a soul.

But this abominable art invention is undefiled religion by the side of Gallori's masterpiece, the statue which a few years since caused so much discussion in Italy, and is now circulated in statuette form taken from the colossal original. It is called "Nerone," being an effigy of Nero, of heroic size, in the maddest freak of his debauchery and folly, attired as an actress. As regards the special motive and strong *physique* of the Emperor, it is powerfully modeled, posed, and fittingly costumed, with accurately studied details of a fashionable Roman lady's toilet of the most sumptuous character, and every meretricious ornament and dainty device that the most prodigal female vanity of dress and person could sigh for. The lineaments and form, despite the disguise and counterfeit action, are heavily masculine; the type of features and movement, being decidedly ponderous and gladiatorial, contrasts repulsively with the assumed part, feigned grace, and smirk of Nero, simpering in admiration of himself, and watching with tiger-gleam of eye for any failure of the spectators' applause to equal his leviathan self-conceit. If the work were less seriously and cleverly executed, the sense of the grotesque-ludicrous might be uppermost on seeing it. But it is too thoroughly a realistic exhibition of human diabolism concentrating into one emphatic expression and action all its possibilities of lechery, vanity, deceit, and malignity; a male debauchee and tyrant, intoxicated by supreme power, inventing a fresh supreme debasement of himself, and meanly attempting to pass it off on the world as the true image of the sex

which he ridiculously and foully seeks to imitate in borrowing the artifices of dress, the luxury, the outspoken coquetries, the obscene allurements, and the monstrous vices of the worst of the women of a court that was a bottomless abyss of lust, cruelty, and falsehood. No doubt Nero in his paroxysms of wickedness was quite the revolting monster that Gallori has made him, but no good can come of art that spontaneously and with pleasure exhibits the depths of degradation which humanity can sound within the limits of its free choice of good or evil; for it generates and perpetuates types of wickedness and ugliness that to susceptible souls only suggest even greater progress hellward, and familiarize them with the paths that lead thitherward. Evil art, like public executions, chiefly operates to deteriorate humanity, increase immorality, and multiply criminals. The greater the talent shown in its creation, the more powerful it becomes for mischief. Modern taste should at once stamp it out by welcoming only that which is sound in principle and pure in feeling, as well as true and beautiful in execution.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES (*The Art Journal*).

THE VARIATIONS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

EVERY one has heard of Bossuet's work on the "Variations of Protestantism." It is worth while to ask whether a similar work might not be written in a less carping spirit on the variations of Catholicism. There are two advantages which would result from such an investigation: First, we should learn more properly to appreciate the worth or worthlessness of the claim put forward by the Roman Church to the exclusive possession of unity and authority. Secondly, we should be induced to regard the Roman Communion more peaceably and hopefully if we were convinced that, being a Church of like infirmities and inconsistencies with the Protestant Churches of Christendom, it has therefore like chances of improvement in the future.

We do not aspire for a moment to rival either the eloquence or the fierceness of the Eagle of Meaux. The subject is one which would require a volume to do it justice. But a few illustrations may not be useless by way of indicating the general direction which such an inquiry might take.

Let us divide what we have to say into two parts. The first relating to the Roman Church in the times before the Reformation, and the second relating to its present existence:

I. In regard to the times before the Reformation, it is important to remember that the Roman Church was, in many essential points, in a very different position from that in which it was left after the disruption of the Protestant Churches from it. No doubt there is an historical continuity between the state of the Roman Church before and after the Reformation, as there is between the state of the Church of England, and to a certain extent of the Church of Scotland, before and after the same convulsion. It remains the great trunk from which the other communions have been divided in Western Christendom, just as the Churches of England and of Scotland are the historic trunks from which the nonconforming communities of Great Britain have been divided. Leo XIII is the successor of Gregory the Great, but in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Augustin, the present Lord Chancellor the successor of St. Swithin, and the present Principal of St. Andrews is the successor of the first Provost, John Althamar, appointed by Bishop Kennedy. In each case the continuity and the discontinuity, though differing in degree, are the same in kind. But to acknowledge this is to acknowledge also that the elements of Protestantism, which have since been drawn off in a large measure into the Protestant communions, existed in the Roman Church before the Reformation in a sense in which they do not exist now. Let us notice a few of these:

1. The Roman Church broke off from the old Eastern Church in the same way and under impulses of a similar kind with those which led to the disruption of the Protestant Churches from itself. It had within it the instinct of change and progress, which in the Eastern Church had almost died away, but which in the West was sure to end, at last, in movements like that of Luther or Knox or Wesley. The Pope, as has been often remarked, is, in the eyes of the Eastern Church, the first Protestant, the first schismatic, the first Rationalist. In the predominant and separatist attitude of the Papal See was the first great infringement of the ancient historical government of equal patriarchal sees, which had come down from the fifth century. Under a like impulse there took place, in the middle ages, changes of such magnitude, at least

in worship and ritual, as have hardly been equaled even by the Reformation itself. The two sacraments were completely transformed, partly, no doubt, from superstitious motives, but partly also from the onward rational inquiring tendency which belongs to all Protestant Churches. The Eucharist, which in the early ages was, and in the Eastern Churches still is, administered to infants, was, in the thirteenth century, by the authority of the Roman Church, withheld from them. No more severe blow has ever been dealt against the magical and mystical theory of the sacramental system. Baptism, which, as its name indicates, and as it was universally understood in the early ages, signified a total immersion, was also in the thirteenth century gradually begun to be exchanged to the totally different rite of sprinkling. Confirmation was deferred to an age of consciousness, and thus was transformed into a new and instructive ceremony, which became the germ, and also has received the influences, of the ordinance which, under the same name, has played so large a part in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. These are but samples of a tendency, which, having been often noticed, need not here be followed into fuller details.

2. Another element of the mediæval Church which, if it can not properly be called Protestant, is certainly not exclusively or peculiarly Roman, was its peculiar development of the genius of architecture. The great cathedrals which from the eleventh to the fifteenth century sprang into existence belonged to an instinct which after the sixteenth century entirely died out of the Roman Church, and which has been subsequently revived more actively in the Protestant than in the Catholic countries of Europe. There are, no doubt, in Gothic cathedrals some features better adapted for those peculiar devotions to saints and relics,* which form the distinguishing features of much of modern Roman Catholicism. But the general aspect of the old cathedrals belongs equally to both sides of Christendom; and, as regards their simplicity, their elevation, their subordination of the parts to the whole, are characteristic, as Dean Milman well observed,† rather of the Christianity of the philosophical and rational period which the Reformation inaugurated than of the small, minute observances in which modern Roman religion delights. It is a confirmation of this view that the curious imitations of the worst parts of Roman Catholicism, which has been recently developed in the English Church, are almost entirely confined to modern buildings, and have never taken possession of or been fostered by our historical cathedrals. And in the Roman Church itself the gaudy dresses of wonder-working images, and accumulation of ex-votos, artificial flowers, grottoes, and the like, are far less common in the ancient triumphs of architectural genius than in the popular resorts of modern pilgrimage or of local devotion.

3. Another element of similarity to the Protestant character in the mediæval Church is to be found in the free-spoken language adopted both by clergy and laymen, before the Reformation, on the subject of ecclesiastical abuses. In the mediæval literature there are about half a dozen works which have survived the shock of time and the change of fashion. Of these hardly one could have been produced in the Roman Church since the sixteenth century. The audacity with which the "Divina Commedia" of Dante touches on the relations of the Empire and the Pontificate, the temporal power of the Papal See, and the vices of the clergy, would now be intolerable to the Roman hierarchy. The book on which he chiefly prided himself, the "De Monarchiâ," is actually on the Index. Chaucer and Petrarch would never have been regarded as genuine products of the Church in any time later than Leo X. The "Imitation of Christ" speaks of pilgrimages in a tone far more Protestant than Roman, and soars into an atmosphere, for the most part, wholly unlike to most of the books of Roman devotion since the time of Ignatius Loyola. The invectives of saints like Bernard, of theologians like Gerson, of scholars like Erasmus, against the superstitions and corruptions of the Church, which were all deemed compatible with fidelity to the Roman Communion before the sixteenth century, have become almost impossible since. Whenever such voices have been raised, in later times, within the pale of the Roman Church, they have been either immediately suppressed, or regarded with aversion and suspicion. The spirit which animated them has passed across the border and taken refuge in those Churches which threw off the Roman yoke, and which, therefore, justly claim an affinity with these their precursors in the mediæval Church far more deep and close than can be claimed by champions of modern Catholicism.

4. Another mark of Protestant variety in the mediæval Church may be found in the incessant rivalries of the monastic orders between themselves and, or against, the bishops, as well as in the fierce animosities of the various scholastic systems. Erasmus,* in noticing them as obsta-

* We refer particularly to the side chapels. But these are obviously excrescences on the main idea of the building which are quite inconsistent with the earlier ideas of Western Christendom, as may be seen in the Cathedral of Milan, and with the plan, never altered from ancient times, of the Eastern churches.

† "History of Latin Christianity," book xiv, chapter viii.

* "Enchiridion," p. 8.

cles to the spread of the gospel among the heathen, spoke of them in exactly the same terms as we might speak at present of the diversities of Protestant sects. This sign of discord or life, according as we choose to regard it, may perhaps still exist in the Roman Church. But its utterances very rarely reach the outer world.

II. Let us pass to the present condition of the Roman Church:

1. It naturally follows, from what has been said, that the chasm which exists between a large portion of the ancient spirit of the mediæval Church and the spirit of the modern Roman Church must create a constant jarring and discord, and present a long series of variations.

There is hardly more unity of thought between the architecture of a modern Jesuit church and Cologne Cathedral, than there is between that of Cologne Cathedral and a Quakers' meeting-house. The whole style and genius of the buildings, and the minds that inspired them, are different.

The changes just noticed in the case of the Sacraments are as irreconcilable with the claim of unchangeable unity, as the restoration of the Eucharistic cup in the Protestant Churches, or the abolition of the water of baptism by the Society of Friends.

In the authorized books of devotion, what an extraordinary depth of discordance in spirit the moment we penetrate below the surface! Take the Breviary, now for the first time rendered comparatively accessible by the elaborate translation into English, which has been given to us by the careful labors of Lord Bute. There is no point where the authoritative decision of a Church is more required than in the discrimination of the devotional materials which it furnishes for the moral and intellectual food of the people. Look at the stories which the Breviary contains for instruction on saints' days. The stories of Pope Silvester and Pope Marcellinus, regularly incorporated in the Breviary, are condemned in Lord Bute's annotations, guardedly but decidedly, as unworthy of acceptance. Yet they still remain, and other tales of the same kind remain also without such warning. We would not be hard in our requirements. Every Church must find it difficult to meet from age to age, and year to year, the exactions of modern criticism. Yet, as far back as 1552, the Church of England did not hesitate to exclude the festival of St. Mary Magdalen from the Prayer-book, because it rested on a precarious interpretation of the Biblical text. And, in a Church possessing such a machinery for authoritative declarations as that of Rome, it is a mark of rare lethargy or laxity, when we find it leaving such questions to be thus initiated and ventilated by a private layman.

Again, in the most solemn and sacred form of all—the Canon of the Mass. It is well known to students that this venerable document contains two elements entirely incompatible with two of the most widely recognized doctrines of the Roman Church. One is the fact that, in that formulary, the priest confesses to the people and the people absolve the priest; exactly in the same terms as, immediately before, the people confess to the priest and the priest absolves the people. This interesting passage, now obscured by the unimpressive and unintelligible manner in which these solemn words are uttered, is obviously quite irreconcilable with the ordinary doctrine that the priest alone is the dispenser of absolution. The other is the fact that the words "Oblation," "Host," "Sacrifice," are said of the bread and wine before their consecration; and that, therefore, the Sacrifice, the Host of the Eucharist, is not the body and blood (into which, on whatever hypothesis and with whatsoever meaning, the bread and wine are said to be transformed by the words of institution), but the natural fruits of the earth, according to the primitive usage of thanksgiving, for the benefits of Providence in the gifts of creation. The Eucharistic Sacrifice, in the sense of offering up the body and blood of the Redeemer, exists in the decrees of Trent, and in the minds of many devout Roman Catholics; but it is not that which is found in the solemn and authorized Liturgy of the Roman Church.

2. There can be no question that the theory and law of marriage lie at the basis of human society. Yet on this important subject the widest diversities exist in the Roman Church. In modern times what is called civil marriage (that is, a marriage before witnesses without religious services) has been condemned by high Roman authorities, as hardly deserving the name of marriage at all. But this very form of matrimony is that which, before the Council of Trent, in all Continental Christendom, was regarded by the Catholic Church, not only as a *bona fide* union of man and wife, but as a sacrament.* The consent of two persons in the presence of a witness was sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. It was not till the Council of Trent that the intervention of the parish priest was considered necessary; and even then, not as himself performing the marriage, but as a witness.† The celebration of the sacrament is not vested even now in the person of the priest who gives the benediction, but in the person of the man and woman who make the solemn agreements in his presence. This form of *sponsalia per verba de præsenti* (i. e., by words on the part of the contracting

* Lord Stowell in Dalrymple *vs.* Dalrymple, 2 *Consist.*, 64, quoted in Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," p. 455.

† Fleury, "Histoire Ecclésiastique," book v, chapter xvi, c. 22.

parties containing the assurance of their present intention) was regarded as the essence of the sacrament, with or without the religious ceremony. In England, indeed, before the Reformation, and down till the passing of Lord Hardwicke's act, the witness was to be a clergyman, but a clergyman of any kind. Hence the Fleet marriages, and the well-known incident of "The Vicar of Wakefield." But in all other parts of Europe, including Scotland, which followed the practice of the Continent, any witness was sufficient. What are in Scotland called irregular marriages—what are by many persons regarded as excessive instances of Protestant laxity, are in fact the relics of the ancient Catholic system. And although, as has been said, the Council of Trent has restricted the selection of the witness to the parish priest, and the Code Napoléon to the mayor or registrar, yet in principle all these marriages are identical. Every valid marriage in Christendom is thus a civil marriage; the clergyman, whether in Protestant or Catholic countries, is regarded only as a public witness, and yet this doctrine is hardly to be recognized, under the denunciations which are leveled against marriages contracted without the Roman ceremonial.

Divorce, again, according to the theory of the Roman Church, is impossible. But the nullification of marriage, which amounts to the same thing, is, with the proper dispensations, freely allowed for pretexts which none but the laxest of Protestant Churches would admit. Marriage under compulsion, and compulsion often of the slightest kind, is, if the parties apply afterward for a separation, admitted by the ecclesiastical authorities with a readiness quite incompatible with the abstract theory of the permanence of the marriage-bond. Political necessities have overridden moral obligations of long standing. The dissolution of the marriage of Henri IV with Marguerite of Navarre and of the Emperor Napoleon I with Josephine* are cases which leap to the memory, without enlarging on like events, completed or projected, nearer to our own time.

3. On the question of the marriage of the clergy, which inspires in some Catholic countries a feeling of abhorrence almost like that of a natural instinct, the practice of the Roman Church, and, we must add, therefore, its theory, have been as widely discordant and divergent as they can have been in Protestant Churches. Not to speak of the concubinage almost recognized at times in the mediæval Church, and still said to be in that of South America and of Portugal, there is a latitude permitted on this subject by the highest authorities of the Roman Church quite incompatible with the contemptuous strains in which its divines sometimes permit themselves to speak of the married clergy of Protestant Churches, or of such a burning and shining light within their own Church as Father Hyacinthe. In the great assemblies of the adherents of the Roman Communion which have of late years taken place in Rome, including the representatives of those Eastern Churches which, having acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, are thereby reckoned as integral parts of the Roman system, there have been numbered clergy whose wives and children are as fully recognized as they would be in England or Sweden; and by whom, therefore, as married priests, sacraments are celebrated and confessions are heard without the slightest animadversion. And it is well known that Pius VII had instructed Consalvi, in arranging the Concordat with the French Government, to permit, on the part of the Papal See, the marriage of the French clergy, and the permission was only not granted because the Government thought it more prudent not to insist upon it.

4. Again, no question is more important in the education of the Church than the withdrawal or concession of liberty to read freely the general literature of the times. On the greatest of all books, the Bible, a startling variety of opinion has prevailed in the Roman Church. In early times, the very name of the authorized translation of the Bible, "the Vulgate," implies, what was certainly the fact, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were freely used in the vernacular languages. Nor has the use been forbidden entirely in modern times. But the precautions and the difficulties thrown in the way of such reading are such as to have produced one of the profoundest differences between the literature of the exclusively Catholic and the exclusively Protestant countries. One or other of the two principles must be right. But in the Roman Church both have prevailed at different times and in different countries. In the case of more general literature, the modern Roman Church has pronounced, with a severity which at first sight would appear to admit of no exception. It is illustrated by a case which recently occurred in Canada. A French Catholic Canadian was excommunicated during his lifetime, and after his death refused Christian burial, on the ground that he belonged to an institution which contained in its library books condemned by the Roman Index.* For

* In the case of Josephine the religious form of the marriage (if Madame de Rémusat is to be believed) was performed (on the evening before the coronation) under the authority of the Pope himself.

* The case was referred by the ecclesiastical authorities of Canada to the Holy Office at Rome, and the decree (sanctioned by the Pope) on which the excommunication of Guibord was founded is as follows: "Itaque nemo cujuscumque gradus et conditionis prædictæ opera damnata atque proscripta, quocumque loco, et quocumque

seven years his body was kept above-ground, while his widow pursued from court to court her determination to have this censure mitigated. The case arrived, finally, before the English Privy Council, and was there decided in favor of burying the remains of the excommunicated man; chiefly on the ground that, inasmuch as the Decrees of Trent had not been promulgated in the kingdom of France at the time of the annexation of Canada to the English crown, they could not be understood to have any validity in the Canadian Dominion. The Roman Church itself, however, remained inflexible; and, although the body was buried in the great cemetery of Montreal under an escort of Canadian troops, the Roman clergy went afterward through the ceremony of desecrating the grave, and the civil authorities were obliged to place upon it an enormous stone, still to be seen, in order to prevent the ecclesiastical authorities from carrying away the body by stealth. Such a display of ecclesiastical discipline might be supposed to carry with it a universal force, at least among all devout members of the Roman Church. But this is far from the case. The very same offense,* which on a Canadian bookseller was visited with such tremendous penalties, is perpetrated constantly in London by distinguished members of the Roman Church, who may often be seen at the Athenæum Club, which possesses on its shelves books of the very same nature as those which, in the Canadian Institute, provoked the excommunication leveled against Joseph Guibord; and, if any of those eminent persons were to die as members of the Athenæum Club, they could not be buried in consecrated ground consistently with the doctrine of the Papal Court, as expressed in the excommunication of Guibord, and the desecration of his grave, unless by the merciful indulgence of the English Privy Council, which would, no doubt, take the same ground as in the more humble example at Montreal, namely, that the Decrees of Trent have never been formally promulgated within the realm of England. Such an inconsistency of practice and theory, if it were found in the English or Scottish Church, would, no doubt, excite a boundless derision and invective among members or admirers of the Roman Communion. In the Roman Communion it is often overlooked alike by its friends and its enemies.

5. Another line of variation, partly practical and partly doctrinal, is to be found in the numerous bulls, decrees, and treatises issued by popes, councils, and casuists, maintaining the reality of witchcraft and the unlawfulness of usury. The belief on which those authoritative utterances were founded has been so completely abandoned in the Roman Church, that in this respect there is no difference between the practice and opinion of most Roman Catholics and that of enlightened Protestants.

6. One of the points of which most complaint is heard against Protestant Churches is their want of discipline. But in the Roman Church the discipline is not only lax, but varies in the most marked diversity according to nationalities. It is, for example, of considerable importance to the social standard of the community whether the profession of actors is to be encouraged or condemned. Even in Protestant Churches there is a vast variety of judgment. But in the Roman Communion there is much deeper and wider disagreement. In the French Church they are, or were till recently, excommunicated, and were denied the rites of Christian burial. In the Italian Church they have all the privileges of the faithful. On this vast divergence the central authority of the Roman Church has pronounced no decision.

7. The question of the endless torments of the wicked is one which cries for a solution. There is a terrible description of these torments and their incessant and interminable duration, in a work by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. J. Furniss, written as if by an eye-witness, and published with the authoritative permission of his superiors. No book like that of Dr. Furniss would be allowed to circulate in the English Church with the sanction of its prelates, especially after the decision of the Supreme Court that the duration of future punishment is an open question. Nothing could justify such a publication except the most absolute certainty on the subject. But, so far from there being any such certainty in the Roman Church, we find the utmost divergence. Not only are there expressions of a totally different character in Tertullian, Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose—the last three recognized by the Roman Church as canonized saints—but even in modern times a brief but significant hint is dropped in a foot-note to a well-known work* by the foremost theologian of that Church, that the Catholic Church has never ruled anything at all on the subject.

8. Or, again, take the subject of missions to

idiomate, aut in posterum edere, aut edita legere vel retinere audeat, sed locorum ordinariis, aut hæreticæ pravitatis Inquisitoribus ea tradere teneatur, sub pœnis in Indice librorum vetitorum indictis."—("Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Conncil," delivered November 21, 1874, p. 5.)

* "Cette excommunication a atteint M. Guibord par le fait même qu'il était membre de l'Institut."—(Ibid., p. 22.)

* "De hâc damnatorum saltem hominum respiratione nihil adhuc certè decretum est ab Ecclesiâ Catholicâ."—Petavius, "De Angelis" (quoted in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent," p. 417).

the heathen. No question can be more important than that which lies at the very threshold of missionary enterprise: from what to what is the conversion to take place? That is to say, how much of the old heathenism may be left?—how much of the new Christianity is to be adopted? The question has not been solved in Protestant Churches. But neither has it been solved in the Roman Church. Witness the long struggle, not yet determined, between the Popes* and the Jesuit missionaries in India and China on the qualifications which are or are not to be required from converts.

9. Or, again, take the doctrine which in these later days has been represented as the crowning test of the fidelity of Roman Catholics to the See of Rome—the recent dogma of the Pope's infallibility. On this dogma it is not too much to say that a wider divergence exists among the members of the Roman Church than on any single doctrine professed by any of the Protestant Churches. It is not merely that different shades of opinion exist among professing members of the Roman Communion on this subject, such as are found in Protestant Churches on the subject of the doctrine of the Trinity or of Justification, but the Roman Communion includes, on the question of the Pope's authority, opinions which, on the one hand, regard him to be an impersonation of divine wisdom, and, on the other, a fallible mortal, with even less chance of arriving at truth than most of his fellow-creatures.

Compare the language of the Spanish or French prelates who promoted the dogmas of the Vatican Council, with the language of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates who, in answer to the question, "What is Papal infallibility?" caused the catechumen to reply, "It is a Protestant calumny." Compare the almost adoring language held by extreme Ultramontanes respecting Pius IX, with the latest utterances of Montalembert, who spoke of him as "the idol in the Vatican"; or with the contemptuous style in which the whole subject was treated by the distinguished Catholic laymen who, for a short time, ventured to express their opinions in the public journals of England. Compare the language of the two highest Roman authorities in England. One of them supported with all his energy the promulgation of the dogma, and afterward spoke of its importance and its force in the most unqualified terms. The other regarded the formation of the dogma as the work of "an aggressive, insolent faction which," as a student, "he could not defend in the face of the facts of history"; and, even after accepting it, he reduced his allegiance to the very minimum of which human language is capable. Or, again, consider the assertions of those members of the Roman Communion who declare that they have acquiesced in this dogma, to their co-religionists so important, only on the understanding that as no Pope from the beginning* of time ever has spoken authoritatively, so it is probable that no Pope to the end of time will ever so speak; or, as another alternative, that the moment any Pope falls into error, that moment, *ipso facto*, he ceases to be a Pope, and therefore ceases to speak as an authority. And to these variations among theologians we ought to add those still wider divergences which exist among the large classes of the Roman Communion, whose numbers form a material element in the dazzling pretensions which it puts forth; and yet of whom it is not too much to say that, both among the educated and uneducated classes, there are thousands to whom the Pope's claims to infallibility are entirely inoperative. It might perhaps be asked whether, even among the strongest upholders of the dogma, any one ever quotes or accepts it except on behalf of something to which he is previously inclined. For all other cases, the qualifications in reserve are so large and numerous as to supply some means of escape.

10. There is one final example, perhaps in some respects the most striking of all—the various types of character which the Roman Church has included. Unity of character, after all, is the essential sign by which the unity of a Church can be known. If any society is absolutely uniform in itself, the moral and mental character of its members will be absolutely alike also. This uniformity has been to a large extent attained in some of the Protestant Churches. There is a family sameness in all members of the Society of Friends, and in most members of the Scottish Free Church, which we vainly seek either in the Church of Rome or the Church of England. In the Church of Rome this diversity may be said to be of two kinds. There is first the diversity of extreme depravity and extreme goodness, and this among not merely private personages, but high officials—not merely among lax adherents, but devoted members. The infamous Cardinal Dubois was a more august representative of his Church, as far as authority and dignity were concerned, than the devout Fénelon or the excellent Massillon. The cruel Louis XI and the profligate Louis XV were as ardent followers of the Roman See as the saintly Louis IX and the pure and tolerant Louis XVI. Again, there is the diversity which may be yet more within the reach of modern experience, and which is found

* See Archdeacon Grant's "Lectures on Missions."

* Letter to Cardinal Manning, by Mr. Maskell.

not only in the extremes of virtue and vice, but in the more complex shades of character, which, nevertheless go far to divide and bewilder men's minds in the selection of churches. There may be those members or converts of the Roman Communion who are absorbed in the intrigues, the trivialities, the proselytism which form so large a part of the occupation of the inferior spirits of the religious world in all churches. There are also those members, and even converts, who avoid these pursuits with the utmost distaste, who live in that higher region of faith and charity which is common to the just spirits of all churches—of these it may truly be said that they are Roman by accident, Catholic * by nature, and Christians by the grace of God. Let the Roman Church have both the advantage and the disadvantage of these fundamental divergences.

III. These are some of the examples of the variations of the Roman Church—we might indefinitely extend them: The position of the Virgin Mary in devotion, as represented by St. Alphonso Liguori, on the one hand, or Cardinal Newman, on the other hand; the profound credit, or absolute discredit, attached to La Salette or Lourdes; the elevation or depression of this or that local saint in the celestial hierarchy; the various opinions implied or expressed on the efficacy of indulgences. It may be asked why, if they are so palpable, they have not produced a greater effect, either in deterring the leaders of Roman proselytism from appeals to a unity so obviously fallacious, or in opening the eyes of those for the sake of whom those appeals are made to their illusory character? There may be several answers to this question; but one is sufficient. It is, that the Roman Church has, in its later years, possessed the power which in the middle ages it had not yet acquired, of silencing, suppressing, and disguising the true expressions of the discontent and discordance of its members. That in this power so exercised there is something calculated to impress the imagination we do not deny—that all churches are naturally eager to suppress the traces of discord and quarrel. Nevertheless, to high-minded men it would appear of all ecclesiastical privileges one of the least enviable.

The conclusions which we would, therefore, draw are those which we stated at the beginning. The Roman Church is a vast institution, which, by the very reason of its antiquity, in its earlier history contained all the various elements, good and bad, which go to make up the Christianity of modern Europe. It was, as Matthew Arnold says of the lives of the saints, it was "the world." In its later days many of its good elements have been strained off into the Protestant Churches; some good have remained, some bad elements have been added; both, perhaps, have been intensified. Of it we may say, whether in good-natured blame or in merciful indulgence, what a Scotch minister of the Established Church said to a Scotch dissenter: "When your lum has reeked as long as ours, it will have as much soot." And this indulgence should be specially extended to those who, whether in the Roman Church or any other old institution, are struggling to maintain the better elements, and to sweep away some of the accumulated accretions. This consideration also opens the possible prospect in which we may indulge of the Roman Church for the future. It is within the reach of possibility that both Popes and General Councils will at last, on some one occasion, have the courage and common sense to acknowledge, what all the educated classes, both within and without the Roman Church, accept, that they and their predecessors have erred even in the most important matters. Whenever this simple truth has been once uttered authoritatively, whenever the natural inference is drawn that Christianity consists of many different communions, with diverse gifts, working toward a common end, the supposed necessity for aggressive proselytism would be removed, and the chief cause of bitterness between Roman and Protestant Christendom would disappear, and the variations of Catholicism would prove to have been as great a benefit to the world as the variations of Protestantism. The Roman Communion would in that case lose the attributes of a party, and would assume the attributes of a Church—one Church among many—fulfilling its own functions in the household of faith, and capable of receiving the good influences of the communions around it. The variations of the past, when once acknowledged, would open the door to improvements in the future, perhaps not less than those which the Reformation brought with it, alike to Protestants and Catholics.

A. P. STANLEY, *Dean of Westminster* (*Fraser's Magazine*).

* We here use this word in the original and true sense of "universal," "comprehensive."

PLEA FOR MUSICIANS.

I HAVE before me an impression of Hogarth's "Grub Street." How well the woes of the poor author are told! A sense of aspiration disappointed pervades the apartment. The milkwoman clamors for money, the baby wails for milk, in vain; the cat and kitten, trespassing in search of warmth on their master's coat, will shortly be turned off with ignominy; the dog, who is making free with the scanty viands reserved for a future meal, will be discovered; and so on, down to the poor poet, who,

> "Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
> Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
> Then writ and floundered on in mere despair."

Such were, such are, the woes of undiscovered authorship; and the world sympathizes. But there is another class of composer, whose ranks are crowded with indigent members similarly endeavoring to subsist on a barren imagination—I allude to musicians. No Hogarth has delineated their griefs; it has been reserved, I believe, for melodramatists of recent years in rambles after fresh subjects to paint mixed pictures of their absurdities and sufferings. The world has no sympathy with them, and what is the reason of her insensibility? Is she not grateful to them for the many hours of happiness they have afforded her? How could she give her evening parties without Signor Rimbombo and Herr von Strom, whose joint efforts create a satisfactory emulation among the voices of the conversationists?

The world has no gratitude; no memory for aught but disagreeables. And yet I know not why one should speak of her so hardly, making her, as it were, the scapegoat of individuals—so meek and unrevengeful as she is too. I suppose the cause is cowardice; a collective hatred, too, has all the relish without the bitter after-taste of a personal animosity. But to continue. The world hates all musicians because they make a noise. She classes them with German bands, barrel-organs, paper-boys, old-clothes-men, the irrepressible sparrow, the matutinal quack of the park-haunting duck and the town-bred chanticleer, who, by crowing throughout the night, forfeits his only claim to respect. Musicians violate the peace of the domestic hearth; their art is an obtrusive one. The poet who recites his verses and tears his hair is not, though his ravings equal those of the Cumæan Sibyl, as a rule, audible through that razor-like partition which, as in Swedenborg's other world, separates many a heaven and hell; but the abortive efforts of the tyro-musician can not be restrained by the thickest and hardest of walls. Shut the window and door, the detestable flat notes drift down the chimney with perplexing perseverance. Do what you will, short of stopping your ears with wax, you can not escape those unsirenish sounds. The only resource left to you is to fly to your piano—I don't ask if you have one—has a prize-fighter fists? did Fitzgerald possess a pair of pistols?—to fly to your piano and revenge yourself on your unoffending neighbor on the other side. Thus the musician is not only the direct means of destroying other people's comfort, but is indirectly the author of multitudinous evils, and consequently an object of universal execration. Would not the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," whoever he may be, turn in his grave if he knew that his innocent composition was daily torturing the most Christian souls into mingled thoughts of hatred and revenge? The Persians have doubtless lived to curse that king who, in mistaken kindness, when he saw his subjects dancing without music, introduced twelve thousand musicians and singers from abroad.

Yet no one will say roundly that he hates music. "Are you fond of music?" you ask your partner in the mazy waltz. "Very," she replies, with a look of rapture; "but," she adds, "I don't care for Mozart, Händel, Beethoven," etc. One of England's wisest men is devoted to music, but *dislikes all compositions in the minor*.

Music is like the quack panacea for all ailments, to which, if it be successful, each attributes a particular virtue. "Ah! it may not be of any use in cases of pericarditis or acute mania, but it has often saved me from a fit of gout. Jim, you know, takes it for the hiccough." Music is the good fairy of our childhood, in whose basket is something good for every good boy. "Il Barbiere" for me; the "Eroica" symphony for you. It is not her fault that we little boys will quarrel as to which gift is the best, and abuse the donor.

The many-sidedness of music makes her many enemies. That which pleases everybody delights nobody; and music, like everything else, has points that invite criticism. London walls are not built to withstand the battery of sound with which they are so often assailed. Hence the surly attitude of the householder, enhanced, no doubt, by British idiosyncrasies. "An Englishman's house is his castle," is a favorite English proverb, a typical "John-Bull-itude." The blessings of privacy are little understood in southern climates, where the necessity of a house as a

shelter from the elements is not so imperative. A well-known artist, traveling in the south of Italy, had occasion to make lively protestation against an ancient sow for a bedfellow, and he subsequently heard the natives exclaiming among themselves, "Son matti! son matti! tutti gli Inglesi son matti." We Englishmen resent the slightest circumstance which forces us to acknowledge ourselves as part of the community; and there is no more forcible reminder, except perhaps a summons to serve on a grand jury, that such is our position, than the impertinent intrusion of the music of our neighbors. The faintest sound that penetrates the sacred *paries* we regard as violating our national privilege. We harden our hearts against it. We blunt our æsthetic sensibilities. We have a stereotyped formula to express our opinion of all music so heard. It is execrable. I once had lodgings next door to a famous tenor. I thought he sang atrociously; and it was only when I found out who he was that I was obliged to recognize in him the artist who had so often entranced me at the opera. We are, in fact, like dogs—dogs in the manger—who howl at all music alike, good and bad. True it is we are not always so fortunate. True it is that the vicinity of the ambitious amateur is not to be coveted—nay, hardly to be borne.

> "Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory."

But if those voices be *not* soft, and if those concords be discords, the vibrations of which the memory is sensible are more pronounced, more prolonged. We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbors," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilization. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We can not understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (?); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed.

My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now, there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic, sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the labored efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavoring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

Is it because the result attained, though perchance unsatisfactory to others, is endeared to the performer by reason of the difficulty of the undertaking? Is this why these sorry sounds are prized as things of beauty, the more precious because they can not last for ever? Perhaps! But I think a deeper moral truth is here involved.

Gentle friend, have you ever been stirred into consciousness in the early morning, when the fires are unlit, when the housemaid is in bed, when the winter snow is on the ground, and the east wind is howling unreasonable retribution—by the sounds of the piano? Has the citadel of your slumber ever been thus rudely assaulted by the scaling-ladders of perversely laborious young ladies? If not, you have not known regret. Young ladies, I weep tears—no *crocodile* tears—over your *scales*.

Thou, wicked old creature, with thy sallow notes, thy withered legs, thy cracked voice, of what hours of misery, of what ghastly profanities, of what needless chilblains hast thou not been the cause? Picture me, reader, as I lie in bed, thus bereft of two hours of blissful forgetfulness. "The people next door"—that is to say, that portion of the people next door in whom I am so painfully interested, consist of five young ladies ranging from twelve years of age to twenty—"sweet and twenty," it is called—all immolating themselves on the altar of fashion, striving to be musical. They succeed each other, for to each is allotted a certain period of anteprandial martyrdom. As there are family

characteristics in voice, in figure, in face, so are there in music. I have heard of a self-made man, who purchased a nobleman's castle in the north, and employed a skilled painter to construct him a gallery of ancestors, in which his plebeian bottled-nose was palpably deduced, through a hundred nicely modulated gradations, from the delicate aquiline that came over with the Conqueror. A similar study is now presented to me, not in noses, but in ears; here are five young ladies all playing in succession the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, with a stress of varying degrees of diabolicity on the last note of each triplet. There is some interest in the subject, but it is soon exhausted. This species of torture is enhanced when the torturer is scientific. I was calling the other day on some friends who have the impudence to imagine that living in a flat is the secret of true comfort. I found them in the wildest despair. I asked, "Why?" They only answered, "Listen." I listened. Overhead was a piano. They told me it was *tenanted*—I say tenanted, because I fancy the piano was of more importance to its owner than the room in which it stood—it was tenanted by an operatic composer. He was rehearsing a storm. "Tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom! pom!" There was no mistake about its being a storm, and what a storm it was! If I thought the composer was in any way attempting to be faithful to nature, I would not visit even Paris again. I have since come to the conclusion that he must have studied meteorology, and in theory only. The hero was probably a meteorologist gone mad—that is, one who had over-meteorologized himself. An ideal or complete storm was visiting him in his dreams; a storm with fixtures; a storm with all possible accessories; a storm with frightful, unheard-of, auxiliary occurrences; such a storm, in fact, as would have effectually prevented Æneas from *eating his tables* — such a storm as Walt Whitman would delight to catalogue:

I hear the so-ho of the sailors and the creaking of the chain that uplifts the anchor:
I hear the squelch of the billows on the gunwale:
I hear the cheery champing of hungry jaws at dinner:
I hear and rejoice;
For am not I part of them and they of me?

I hear in the morning at breakfast the champing of jaws diminish:
I hear the angry warnings of the rising gale:
I hear the mutterings of the animated ocean:
I hear and fear, for am not I part of them and they of me?

I appreciate the bravado of the captain:
I appreciate the sang-froid of the officers:
I appreciate the futile questionings of the anxious passengers.
For am not I part of them and they of me?

I fear the whirlwind, the whirlpool, the tornado, the simoom, and the sirocco:
I fear likewise the thunder and the lightning.
I fear the plagues of Egypt.
For am not I part of them and they of me?

I listen to the creaking of the straining cordage:
I listen to the orders of the captain amid the overbearing din of the tempest;
I listen to the clatter of the axes and the crashing fall of the mainmast:
I listen to the thud of the keel on the shingle:
I listen to the unbounded license of the crew:
I listen to the screaming of the affrighted passengers:
I listen to the awful *ultimate* silence.
For is *that* not part of me and I of *that?*

So did we listen perforce, and we wished it had been. He pauses breathless. We congratulate ourselves that Providence has placed limits to human exertion even in moments of the wildest inspiration. Silence at last! But no! tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom! pom! Another storm is brewing. I bid my friends farewell and return home—I confess it—to speculate on the enormous advantages that would accrue to mankind if operas could dispense with composition. But was I right thus to give way to irritability? Let me calculate the comparative importance of my discomfort and my musical friend's unpleasant undertaking! Am I penning an epic that will eclipse "Paradise Lost"? Am I writing a history that will outdo Macaulay? Or rather, do I think I am? Then let me use all my endeavors to suppress my tuneful neighbor. I fear, however, that it is only when I am idle that I find time to grumble, or that there is aught to grumble at.

Most of us run in a groove and make ourselves very unpleasant if that groove is not well oiled for us; and thus it comes that the minor calamities of life constitute its real unhappiness, just as the little unexpected pleasures furnish the chief contribution to its happiness. After all, we are little better than children to whom the divine justice of nature has decreed that so many sugar-plums entail so much castor-oil. Therefore let us not repine if the permission to sleep in a warm, soft bed is qualified with a seasoning of adjacent discords.

We tolerate infancy, let us be charitable to infant musicians. We gloze over that period of our children's lives when their existence is a hideous nightmare — a constant alternation of famine and surfeit; when the wail of inanition follows hard upon the stertorous breathing of re-

pletion, for the sake partly of the sudden random gleam of inner light that breaks from them, and reminds us of the great anti-Darwin. But, to make prose of one of England's most beautiful poems, an admixture of the world's baser influence is necessary to utilize the divine essence of man. Experience teaches expression, though in that expression the subtiler, ethereal quality of the mind becomes for the most part bewildered into commonplace. Divine wisdom must conform to the rules of grammar and the coarse sounds of current speech: so must the harmony of Apollo himself be thrust through the straitened mold of chromatic scales and made to thread the intricacies of counterpoint.

Therefore grumble not, O hardened unsympathetic Londoner, if thy morning slumbers be broken by the shriek of the fiddle, or the shrill pertinacity of the flute. You can not, of course, bring yourself to believe that futile attempts to master a simple theme may be the untutored stammering of a soul bursting with music, whose lot perhaps in some future day, in some future world, will be to entrance his thousands, even as Israfel holds spellbound the denizens of paradise with the music of his heart-strings. This, you say, is hard to believe; therefore let me put another picture before you!

The scene is a garret; it is a bitter winter's day; the wind howls around and enters through a hundred crevices; an ember or two smolder on the hearth. At a rickety table, huddled up into the corner in a vain attempt to elude the network of draughts which intersect the apartment, sits, lost in his work, the young musician. He has just completed the score of his symphony; it is his first. Smaller works he has done, and has tried in vain to get them performed; but this is that work which will make him famous for centuries to come. Perhaps it is the last thing he will ever do. Pinched by famine, benumbed with cold, he has, sown in his veins, the seeds of a fatal disease. He has just finished his score, which he regards with admiration. He has no doubts of its success. He turns to the beginning, hums the theme, gets more and more excited, rises to his feet, and seizes the crutch on which he drags himself to the nearest eating-house when he has money for a meal. He fancies himself in the National Concert Hall. Thousands of eager spectators throng that vast auditorium behind him. He hears the hum of expectancy. He gives the signal. The muted violins whisper forth the air; the basses and the 'cellos give it body; it develops; the brass contributes a mellow fullness; a running wave-like accompaniment is heard from the harp; the whole body of instruments is now at work. "Crescendo!" The action of the young composer's arm becomes animated. The time is quickened. Faster! faster! The movement is reaching a climax. "Forte! forte! più! più! fortissimo!" There peals forth a tremendous unison. But no! poor soul, there is no answer to his call but the trembling of the crazy boards on which he sways his feeble frame. There are no thousands in whose hearts he can raise a kindred glow of emotion. That symphony, too, like his other works, will decay unknown in the closet. He sinks into his chair in a passion of weeping.

No doubt he is one of those whose efforts at composition, before he was forced to sell his piano, have educed many a muttered oath from his luckless neighbors. But he is a man of a great soul and a noble, useful life.

You deny; you disbelieve. You deny the utility of a life that achieves naught but disappointment. Reader, the fame of many a contemporary is built on *such* disappointments—the disappointments of others. You disbelieve that the history I have sketched is possible in these days of enterprising managers, of universal good taste, of charity organizations. Reader, the world is a wide world, and there is many a dreary spot in it. You ask, "Why does he waste his time and his life in seeking after the unattainable?" You hate the pride that spurns what you call "a useful life." You would have him scrape the fiddle in a music-hall. You would wish him to dance attendance in the schoolrooms of the rich. But you forget that where Nature bestows fine brains she seldom adds a broad back. You forget that the subtile imagination of the artist may be blighted in the tussle with mechanical routine and enforced inferiority. And yet you doubtless have friends whose existences have been embittered by the impossibility of exercising a fancied creative power, but to whom the necessity for bread has appeared paramount. Our poor friend did not so regard that necessity; and, seeing the alternative, there is much to be said for his way of thinking. I beg pardon, I have unwittingly become serious.

Hogarth, I said, had not represented the woes of musicians—I meant the woes of unrecognized musical talent. His picture of "The Enraged Musician" portrays the outrage of musical sensibility. The ear that has, by long use, become accustomed only to sweet concordance, feels acutely the babel of that barbarous serenade. The sufferings of "The Enraged Musician" are our own intensified. It never, I confess, occurred to me till the other day that a musician who had thus suffered might mentally transfer his martyrdom to his neighbor, and thus become so struck with the brutalities he is committing as to desist altogether from music. This possibility suggested itself to me while reading

Mr. Schuyler's interesting book on Turkistan. There appears to exist among the Tartars a refinement of feeling not credited to European votaries of harmony. Mr. Schuyler will doubtless pardon me for not quoting the anecdote *verbatim*, as certain variations of language are necessary to elucidate the meaning which I attach to the fable.

Its hero was a local saint, Khorkhut by name, whose stature, fourteen feet, made him an object of some eminence in the country. He was fond of music, and had a desire to learn to play upon the lute. Accordingly, being of a sensitive temperament himself, and knowing of what discomfort to others are the ill-harmonies evoked by the unskilled hand, he unselfishly withdrew to the edge of the world in order to complete his musical education. In this hope, however, he was disappointed. Visited one night by a dream, he thought he saw some men digging a grave. "For whom is that grave?" he asked. "For Khorkhut," they replied. He awoke, and the result of this short but plainly-pointed conversation was that he speedily removed his abiding-place. So hasty a determination, so evident a care for life, may strike the reader as inconsistent with that strength of character which marks every truly great man. A word about this hereafter. From the edge of the world Khorkhut now removes to its eastern corner. No rest, however, can this giant son of harmony find here. The same vision again assails him and with the same results. Now he pitches his tent on the western corner; now on the northern; now on the southern; but all in vain. At length it dawned upon him that his only resource was to try the center of the world; and he consequently encamped upon the banks of the Syr-Daria, which, as every well-informed person knows, *is* the center of the world. But alas! there too these hideous phantoms pursued him. "Must I," he cried in piteous lamentation, "must I then resign all hope of being able to discourse with thee, O lute, O mistress, in that sweet language which thou alone understandest? Ye gods, if there be any pity in heaven," he continued (unconsciously quoting Æneas's stock phrase), "have mercy on your hapless slave, who, after all, only wants to learn to play upon the lute!" Then seeing the dark waters of the Syr-Daria rolling beneath, and despairing of pity, he cast his mantle on the stream and himself on the mantle. But, wonderful to relate, those murky waters did not ingulf him. He floated, and there, in this unassailable position, he found peace at length. He played his lute; he played it for a hundred years; and *then* he died. The manner or the cause of his death has not been transmitted to us. It must ever remain a mystery whether his passion for the lute was the secret of his longevity; or whether, had he been no musician, and lived like other folk, he might not have attained to even a greater age. Perhaps the mere fact of having so completely his own way delayed the process of natural decay. But, be that as it may, the issue is foreign to our subject.

The question which now concerns us is why was Khorkhut sainted? In some rustic European calendars we find such undeserving saints as Pilate and his wife; but the Easterns have generally some sufficient reason for their canonizations. Of his pedigree we know nothing; we may conclude, therefore, that the dignity was not hereditary. Stature is a sign of distinction in the East, but it is an attribute of devils as well as heroes. Thus we may conjecture that his sainthood was conferred on him for some such reason as the following: He was a man who lived a long life with a distinct object in view, and, despite the difficulties thrown in his way, at last attained that object. These difficulties were aggravated—1. By the fact of his enormous stature, which rendered his proceedings a matter of general notoriety; 2. Because of his extremely sensitive nature, which did not allow him to interfere with the comfort of his fellows; for the nightmares, which haunted him, were nothing but the reproaches of his unselfish conscience. Once, however, in the midst of the desolate flood of the Syr-Daria, he knew that he was at length alone, and could learn how to unburden his music-laden soul without annoyance to any one. These are nice points of feeling to be commemorated by barbarian Tartars, say you. Timour was a Tartar; and the reasons he alleged for conquest were substantially the same as those now put forward by Christian Russia.

Music is a physical necessity for certain people. No one will be inclined to doubt this who has been at the university, and heard the simultaneous burst of melody which arises the very instant that the clock marks the hour when the authority of learning is placed in abeyance and music sways the alternating scepter. Thus, without doubt, there are many of us whom delicacy of feeling prevents from seeking to express our thoughts in harmony, herded together, as we are, in the metropolis, and since, unlike Khorkhut, we can not play nomad.

Half of us thrive on noise, and the other half can not subsist without absolute quiet. What, then, can be done? Can we, like the reverse of a solution I once heard of the poor-rate difficulty in London, namely, to surround each rich man's house with a circle of squalid hovels—can we banish all pianos and such like inventions of the evil-one to one quarter of London? Imagine,

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if you can, the difficulties of this! And, if it were accomplished, imagine the rivalry that would spring up between the musical and the non-musical members of the community.* Our boasted London would then be little better than the Indian village of which Sir William Sleeman writes, where there are two Mohammedan parties, who celebrate their religion, one in silence, the other to the sound of the tomtom. (N. B.—I should think the quietists would ultimately adopt the rival mode of worship.)

I know of no remedy for this state of affairs. To me the problem appears insoluble. But let us not sit with folded hands! There is a palliative which suggests itself to me—a medicine prescribed by the most famous physicians—a medicine easy of application, but difficult to meet with. It is *charity*.

Do I doctor myself with the medicine I prescribe to others? you ask; or am I a musician, and thus plead the cause of my profession?

Between ourselves, dear reader, neither is the case. I certainly do not practice what I preach, but, being capable of some sort of studied noise which the lenient might possibly recognize as music, I am thus in a position to exercise the "lex talionis," which I do rigidly—"an eye for an eye," a headache for a headache. For further particulars, inquire next door.

L. T. (*Cornhill Magazine*).

* Victor Hugo evidently imagines that some such division of London was necessitated by the bitterness of party-feeling there, when he defines "le West-end" as "partie occidentale de Londres habitée par les Torys."

AN ADVENTURESS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

IN the small *salon* devoted to foreign artists at the Grand Exposition of 1867 in Paris, there was a picture to be seen which excited especial attention, and in front of which was always gathered an interested group.

The picture was remarkable in detail and in execution, but still more remarkable in the morbid horror of its subject. Once seen, it was never forgotten. Water is pouring into a dimly-lighted cell as from a mill-dam, and has nearly reached a miserable pallet, on which stands a woman whose clothing is mere rags.

The woman is young, and, despite her squalid raiment and traces of mental and physical suffering on her face, still very beautiful. Her look of high birth and breeding is unmistakable. She presses herself close to the wall with hands held high above her head, vainly clutching for some support. Her eyes are wild with terror, and her lips parted as if calling for aid. She sees and feels that death is inevitable, and that in a few minutes more this prison will be her tomb.

This picture was first exhibited in 1864 at St. Petersburg, where it created great excitement, and was painted by a celebrated Russian artist, Flavitsky, who died before he could enjoy his success in France.

The scene represented by the painter was the death of the Princess Tarakanov, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna. According to the legend, this Princess was in childhood secretly abducted by the Polish Prince Casimir Radzivil, the illustrious adversary of the Czartoryski. He carried her to Italy, in the hope that she would one day serve his purposes. Under his direction, she endeavored by intrigues, in Rome and elsewhere, to make herself recognized as the legitimate heir of the crown of Russia. Count Alexis Orlof, being commissioned by the Empress Catharine II to obtain possession of the Princess, she was finally, through his intervention, shut up in the Château de Schlusselbourg, on the shores of the Lac Ladoga, in a subterranean dungeon which her husband, Peter III, had built with the intention that she should be its occupant—a project which he was on the point of carrying into execution, when she, suspecting it, promptly disembarrassed herself of him in a manner which it is not neoessary here to recapitulate.

The unfortunate Princess languished in this dungeon until a great flood in 1777, when she died. The Neva then rose ten feet above its ordinary level, and its waters filled all the lower portion of the fortress. Such is the generally accepted version, which, for the last century, has been published by historians without contradiction from any source. It is to be found at length in the "History of Catharine II," published in 1798 by Castara, and is repeated with fuller details in a German work of note, and thus has become incorporated into all histories of Russia, although to certain minds there were many flaws in this legend. It was no easy matter, however, until the last few years, to dissipate

the obscurity in which this incident of Catharine's reign was enveloped, and which gave a wide field to the imagination.

The story, besides, was reasonable enough itself. It is known that the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, daughter of Peter the Great and of his beautiful Livonian servant, was not more austere in morals and manners than had been her mother Catharine I. She combined, with her excesses, the greatest possible fanaticism in matters of religion. Under the idea of a penance for her faults, she adopted the most extravagant practices, and abandoned herself without reserve to the most puerile superstitions.

She had not married, lest she should give herself a master, or, at least, an inconvenient observer. Hardly was she seated upon the throne, which had become hers through a revolution, than she sought, with money and with dignities, to recompense those who had aided her to thrust aside the Regent Anne. She had taken as a lover a grenadier, Alexis Gregorievitch Rasumovski. In the first enthusiasm of her passion she had created him, in rapid succession, Chevalier of the Order of Saint André, Master of the Hunt, and count. She gave him the magnificent Château d'Amtskoi, which, by a series of singular circumstances, eventually returned to the crown, and served a second time as a reward for similar services, being bestowed by Catharine II on Potemkin. The rumor ran that Rasumovski had ended by inducing Elizabeth to grant him her hand secretly. However that may be, it is certain that she had several children by him, two sons and a daughter, to whom were given the titles of Prince and Princess of Tarakanov.

One of the sons died in childhood in a convent; the other lived until 1800, when he was accidentally killed in his laboratory while making some chemical experiments with his German tutor. The fate of the daughter, who was placed in a convent in Moscow, was involved in mystery, which gave rise to many conjectures, finally concentrating on the political intrigues and subsequent death of a woman who for many months occupied the attention of the Empress Catharine II, and was the foundation of the romance which has come down to our day.

The Emperor Alexander II finally determined to know the truth, if it were possible, in regard to this affair. He therefore ordered the voluminous documents preserved in the archives of St. Petersburg relative to the pretended daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna to be examined. The result of this examination was sent to him in a printed report, which it was not deemed advisable, however, to give to the public. Its existence became known, nevertheless, and awoke fresh curiosity in regard to the obscure history of the Princess Tarakanov. The journals took it up; and finally a monthly magazine, published by the University of Moscow, gave in 1867 a sufficiently copious extract from the memoir, which throws much light on this strange episode, without, however, dissipating all its uncertainties. If the facts do not correspond with the traditions which have come down to us, if the history has another *dénouement*, it loses none of its romance, and the catastrophe is equally tragic.

While adding another to the already long series of false pretendants in Russia, this history also offers a new and curious example of how a host of people can associate themselves together to support a boldly managed intrigue, and of the success which attends, even in the enlightened eighteenth century, an ably devised and skillfully supported plot. Through the aid of this narration we are enabled to note the growth of the fiction in the mind of her who conceived it, and to judge of a character which had certainly nothing commonplace about it.

The actors were nearly all men. They presented themselves with their arms in their hands, and gained an ascendancy over the masses by their energy and boldness, while gathering about the central figure of a woman who is as courageous as themselves, and whose shrewdness and fertility of invention are almost without parallel.

In the month of October, 1772, three strangers, followed by numerous servants, arrived in Paris, and established themselves in an elegant mansion. The lady of the party was about twenty-five, and called herself Aly Emettée, Princesse de Voldomir. Of the two men one was young, the Baron Embs, who called himself a relative, and between whom and the Princess existed a strong family resemblance; the other was elderly, and was addressed as the Baron de Schenck.

This last, although he treated the lady with the greatest possible deference, seemed to act as protector, counselor, and general manager of the establishment.

The Princess was a blonde, a little too thin, possibly, but very lovely, with regular features, and an unmistakable air of distinction. Her face struck one at first as being singular, but it was some little time before the cause of this singularity was discovered. The fact was that her eyes, remarkably beautiful in form and expression, were not alike in color, and this peculiarity imparted to them a marvelous fascination.

Naturally clever, she was extremely cultivated, spoke several languages, and sang delightfully. Her manners were charming, but characterized by a certain gravity and reserve, while a cold smile played at times upon her lips, revealing a nature that was not very impressionable. It was

soon rumored that she was a Circassian by birth, and that she was the niece and heiress of an enormously wealthy Persian.

These strangers lived in great state, keeping up their equipages and entertaining constantly. It is true that in the circle they soon gathered about them there were few women, it being mainly composed of strangers who congregated to enjoy the amusements afforded by the capital, and to acquire the elegances of which Paris was the school.

About this same time Count Casimir Oginski, one of the most conspicuous men of Poland, an illustrious patriot, arrived in Paris with the purpose of soliciting the Cabinet of Versailles in favor of his country. He was a man of great wit and brilliancy, an amateur and patron of the arts, having no mean ability with pencil and brush, and playing on the harp with marvelous skill. It was he, indeed, who invented the pedals for this instrument. This gentleman soon became an *habitué* at the mansion of the Princess.

Another was the Count Rochefort-Velcourt, of a French family, established in Germany, Grand Marshal of the Prince de Limbourg; another a certain Monsieur de Marine, a somewhat equivocal personage, who took the greatest pains to conceal his age, and was invaluable for his flow of good spirits and his fund of social information. There were also a Monsieur Mackay, a bookkeeper in the celebrated banking-house of Delaborde, and a Monsieur Poncet, a merchant in La Rue Saint-Denis, both men largely endowed with wealth and vanity, and at the end of a month each had advanced heavy sums to the Princess. The two barons did them the honor to accept the money as her treasurer, and Monsieur de Schenck dazzled them with glowing descriptions of the treasures that the Princess Aly would soon receive from Paris.

It was impossible that love should play no part in a society of which a young and beautiful woman was the center. Oginski placed himself at her feet, and the two kept up a continual interchange of sentimental notes.

The Count Rochefort-Velcourt, whose affairs were said to be in a bad way, and who wished to set himself on his feet again by a wealthy marriage, was an aspirant of a more serious character. He offered himself to the Princess, who neither rejected nor accepted him, but always replied to his advances with a laugh.

One morning Embs, who had signed several bills of exchange, was arrested, and it was discovered that his real name was Vantoers, and that he was the son of a wealthy manufacturer in Belgium, and had been exiled from the parental roof in consequence of several reckless freaks. The surprise among the friends of the Princess was very great; Mackay and Poncet had especial reasons for astonishment; they took fright, and asked with polite firmness to be reimbursed for their advances.

The Baron Schenck, with a philosophical *sang-froid* which never deserted him, assured them that the little misunderstanding would soon be rectified. To appease these gentlemen, and also to release from prison the young relative of the Princess, Schenck obtained from Monsieur de Marine his note, payable at a certain date. After this things went on as before, and the Princess continued her receptions; but one evening, when Poncet and Mackay appeared at the house, they were informed that the Princess had that day dismissed her servants, sold her horses, and that she, with her two barons and one servant, had left for Germany. She appeared a few days later at Frankfort, where Marine and Rochefort had preceded her, and they all established themselves at the first hotel in the place.

Mackay lost no time in following the barons, and in another week Vantoers was again arrested. The proprietor of the hotel, disturbed by this scandal, immediately dismissed this party of adventurers, turning a deaf ear to the threats of the Princess, who declared that she would lay the matter before the representatives of Russia at Vienna and Berlin; nor would he listen to the remonstrances of the phlegmatic Baron de Schenck. The brilliant Princess and her suite were now in a very bad way, when an unexpected preserver appeared on the scene.

Philippe Ferdinand, reigning Prince de Limbourg, was a poor man in spite of his title, and had been for some seventeen years pushing his claims to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, at the respective courts of St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. He himself had a court but no courtiers; he kept a *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, and another at Vienna. He had an army of which he alone was the entire staff, for he was obliged to practice the strictest economy, recompensing his representatives in foreign lands with titles and with the orders of which he was the founder. In his tiny principality he affected all the pomp and etiquette of a sovereign. Although a Catholic, and devout even to bigotry, he cared little whether he scandalized his subjects or not, and he had several favorites, after the style of Louis XV. He was ignorant and credulous, but piqued himself on his wit and cleverness, which added in no small degree to his silliness.

He heard of the embarrassment in which the lady, whom his Grand Marshal, Rochefort-Velcourt, wished to marry, now found herself. The recital aroused his curiosity, and he went to Frankfort purposely to see her. She was about to leave the hotel, when the Prince de Limbourg

presented himself. Her beauty and the dignity which was her birthright made on him the liveliest impression; she dropped, as if by accident, a word or two of her family and expectations. Men cleverer by far than the Prince de Limbourg would have yielded to the seductions of this siren. He was entirely subjugated when he left her. He promised to pay a portion of her debts, offered himself as security to Mackay and Poncet, and begged the Princess to establish herself, while awaiting remittances from Persia, in one of his châteaux.

He left Vantoers, however, in prison, and the Princess was no more anxious than was Rochefort-Velcourt to restore him to liberty. The Prince finally became so attentive and lavished on the Princess such valuable presents that the Grand Marshal became alarmed, lost his temper, and was foolish enough to allow this to be seen.

The Prince liked to do things in a royal manner, and remembered how Louis XIV had treated Monsieur de Montespan on a similar occasion. He did the same, and shut up Rochefort-Velcourt as a prisoner of state.

The Princess was installed at Neusess, a château belonging to the Prince. With her was the Baron de Schenck. The château was in a frightfully dilapidated condition; and the Prince, realizing that such was the case, placed a number of soldiers there with strict orders to present arms to the Princess whenever she went out, and this honor he felt went a great way toward making amends for the scanty furniture and decorations. He himself paid constant visits to the Princess, and gave the lady every indication of an attachment which she adroitly flattered and at the same time kept within bounds. The Prince had at Vienna, as *chargé d'affaires*, a certain Hornstein, a Catholic prelate, a profound theologian, whose specialty was the making of converts. Hornstein paid a visit at Limbourg, and the Prince took him to see the beautiful Circassian, who at once read the new-comer. She begged him to take compassion on her youth and inexperience, and entreated him to watch over her youth—to be her mentor as well as that of the Prince. She spoke to him with great modesty of the wealth which would eventually be hers, and commissioned him to purchase for her an estate in Germany, as she could not make up her mind to leave, without a hope of return, that country which had become so dear to her. This colossal fortune in no way marred the prestige which she exercised over the people about her, and the Prince in particular, who was up to his ears in debt, and the lady insinuated with delicate tact that she should soon be able to place at his disposal any amount which he might require; and she even went so far as to ask Hornstein, when that happy day should come, to entreat the Prince not to reject her assistance.

Her ascendancy over the Prince became stronger day by day; she saw that she had inspired him with hopes of freedom from the shackles of death, and that he thought of offering her his hand; but why did he not do so? One day he found her with her eyes reddened by tears, and very sad. He questioned her eagerly, and finally elicited from her the information that a letter from the Prince Galitzin had informed her that day how she was soon to be recalled to Persia by her uncle, who wished her to marry at once. Then the Prince declared himself, and, with an outburst of enthusiasm, begged her not to go, but to grant him her hand.

She had gained her end. She affected the most absolute surprise and intense happiness, but asked for a delay of several days, before she could give her answer. She must consult Prince Galitzin, she said. A week later she informed her lover that Galitzin was willing to authorize her marriage, without waiting to hear from her uncle in Persia, and that he would so arrange matters as to have no unpleasantness there. Hornstein, who was no longer near at hand, wrote to the Prince de Limbourg and made him understand that it was necessary that the lady should produce certain papers relative to her birth, before the marriage could take place. Not in the least disconcerted by this demand, she seemed on the contrary to find it most natural, and, while awaiting the arrival of the papers for which she had sent, she gave further and more ample details of her history.

She was Lady of Azof at the Russian court, and sole heiress of the house of Voldomir. She belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church, and, left an orphan when she was but four years old, she had been taken to the court of her uncle, the Shah of Persia, who subsequently sent her back to Europe on account of the disturbed condition of the country. The estates of her family had been sequestrated in 1749 for twenty years. This time had now elapsed, and to enter once more into the enjoyment of these revenues only the consent of the Empress was required, and this consent the Prince Galitzin was certain of speedily procuring. This fable was told with such amazing *aplomb* that it was received without a doubt.

The Prince took his friend Hornstein into his confidence, and this rigid mentor was pleased, as he felt that he could now make another brilliant convert to the Church.

The Princess grew impatient at the non-arrival of the papers which were necessary for the marriage. Vantoers, in prison at Frankfort, vowed he would speak. Mackay and Poncet threatened proceedings. To soothe them, deco-

rations and orders were heaped upon them, but the Lady of Azof had shrewd suspicions that these debtors were instituting inquiries which could hardly fail to bring certain secrets to light. She therefore used the most varied means to bring matters to a crisis. She tried jealousy—she had always kept up her correspondence with Oginski, and this correspondence now became more active. She pretended also to be jealous herself, said she could not be an obstacle in the way of his happiness, that he desired to marry another woman of whom she had heard, and declared she would leave him for some months that he might be free to consult his heart.

The Prince grew angry at these causeless suspicions; he repelled them with alternate anger and mad protestations. Then came periods of profound depression which proved to the Princess how great was the empire she exercised over this feeble nature. She called to her aid all the temptations of interest. The Empress of Russia could not, of course, long refuse to recognize her incontestable rights: the only thing to be feared was that the war with Turkey absorbed so much of her attention that she would have no time to attend to anything else until peace was declared. Would it not be advisable she asked, for her to present herself at the court and thus remind the Empress of her interests? The mere suggestion of this separation filled the Prince with despair, and he determined to keep her at his side at any cost to himself. One concession alone did he ask from her, which was that she should become a Catholic.

This concession cost her very little; at the same time she was desirous of husbanding her resources and make her change of religion bear her an abundant harvest. She allowed herself now to show signs of wavering.

Strange stories were by this time in circulation in regard to the Lady of Azof. Hornstein had heard many, and felt it his duty to lay some of them before the Prince, who disdained them one and all for a time; but the day came when, overwhelmed by his debts, without money and without credit, he found himself in a state of mind which opened a path to distrust. He endeavored to thrust aside these thoughts; but a friend, thinking to win his good graces by speaking with indignation of the falsehoods which were beginning to be believed in connection with the Princess, he as a sole reply struck the speaker violently with the stock of his gun.

An impression had, however, been made, and this impression was strengthened by a letter addressed to him from Frankfort, in which the Princess was painted in the most revolting colors; allusions were made to the life she had led, and the dupes she had made in Berlin, London, and Paris. This was the last drop—he rushed to Neusess, and, without even asking for an explanation, he proceeeded to overwhelm the lady with the most vehement reproaches.

She listened to him in calm silence, and, when he had finished, she, in a heart-broken tone, said that she might have expected just such treatment from a man who had proved himself on so many occasions the slave of public opinion; that she should now leave him—her greatest regret being that it was impossible for her to show her gratitude for his many kindnesses to her by enriching him as she had looked forward to doing. The words had hardly fallen from her lips than he eagerly implored her pardon for his credulity. She knew, he said, that he would always love her were she poor, ignoble, or even criminal. Why, then, had she deceived him?

"Deceived you!" she cried. "Who tells you that I have deceived you? Listen to me," she said, after a brief silence. "I have been the football of fortune ever since my birth. What would have become of me, what will become of me, in this inimical world where I have been thrown without defense by destiny, if I were not armed against the chances of life by my courage and audacity. You ask me for the truth. You would not credit it were I to tell it to you. What is the truth? What is the falsehood? In this strange comedy which we are condemned to play, and where we are not allowed to choose our parts, tell me if you deem yourself capable of distinguishing the masks from the faces. All lie—but some lie foolishly and go to destruction; others know how to plan out their futures: they lie too, if you are pleased to say so, but it is with system. It is among these last that I desire to be enrolled. Condemn me—judge me with severity for daring to love you—for daring to hope that I might deliver you as well as myself from irksome trammels."

This avowal, which the Prince naturally regarded as an outburst of temerity, was in reality the result of profound calculation. It was not enough for her to have the Prince at her feet, and to be the absolute mistress of his will and acts; she now determined to make him her unconscious accomplice. Without initiating him in her projects, and without revealing to him the facts of her birth, it is, moreover, quite possible that she herself knew not who or what she was. This plan succeeded marvelously; he fell into her trap at once.

In his letters he spoke with evident terror of her *system*, but he made no resistance to anything she asked of him. He aided her to strengthen the edifice of inventions which she had raised. He conspired with her against his friend

Hornstein. As the Prince became more and more her slave, the Lady of Azof treated him with more and more indifference. Was it that she now felt contempt for so facile a prey? Was it that this Prince, overwhelmed as he was by debt, no longed appeared to her a desirable *parti?* Or was it that the inequality of his temper, his stormy gusts of passion, followed by his vehement declarations of undying, unalterable affection, began to weary her?

However this may be, it is certain that she no longer spoke of marriage, and seemed to be quite content to feel that it was indefinitely postponed.

It was the end of the year 1773. The Princess had established herself at the Château of Oberstein. About this time new rumors began to be heard. She was not an adventuress. The titles she bore were hers by right, and had been bestowed upon her to conceal the secret of her birth. She was none other than the Princess Tarakanov, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. She had been placed in a convent, where she had escaped from a poisoned cup which had been offered her. She had been sent to Siberia, whence she had escaped with the aid of compassionate guards and taken to the Court of Persia, but had been compelled to leave that place of refuge on account of the disturbed state of the country. All these reports were supported by singularly precise details, and soon caused a favorable change in public opinion. The Prince de Limbourg believed the whole story, and was not even astonished at it. Nor did he stand alone in this belief. He went to pass the Christmas holidays with his sister, the Countess de Hohenlohe, and thence wrote to the Princess that all about him believed her to be the daughter of Elizabeth and of Rasumovski; and encouraged her to look forward with confidence to the future. The fable was now complete. It opened to the Princess a new career of adventure and ambition, and had besides been so adroitly propagated that it was impossible to trace its author.

II.

In 1772 the affairs of Poland were in a most disastrous condition, and her noblemen were scattered over Europe, having fled either from the vengeance of their conquerors or from the spectacle of their dismembered and bleeding country. A large number attached themselves to Prince Radzivil, Palatine of Wilna, who, after being vanquished by the Russians at Niewitz, went to France with the vain hope of finding something more than sterile sympathy. Disappointed here, he finally established himself at Mannheim with a number of his exiled countrymen. Among these was a man named Domanski, who was intelligent, handsome, and still young; enthusiastic in temperament, and courageous to a fault. Although not of noble birth, the Palatine made him his constant companion. Domanski had in his service a youth named Joseph Richter, once a servant of Oginski in France, and later of the Lady of Azof, whom he had followed into Germany. He had more than once talked to Domanski of his former mistress. In December, 1773, during the absence of the Prince de Limbourg, the Princess made a little journey to Mannheim, where she remained for several days. Domanski there saw her, and fell madly in love with her.

After her return to Oberstein a stranger came to reside in the vicinity of the château. He went out rarely, received no one, and apparently desired to avoid observation; he was seen sometimes, at twilight, walking on the road which passed the château, and a courier had seen him several times talking with a woman wrapped in a heavy cloak. In spite of the hood being drawn over the face, the courier was certain that this woman was the Princess. Was this unknown a lover of the Lady of Azof? Yes—for he was Domanski; but love with the Princess was only the means to an end; and, if she encouraged the Pole, it was merely that she intended to make use of him.

Now, it was precisely at this time that all the rumors were in circulation in regard to the birth of the Princess. Is it not possible that these two persons arranged this plot which, if successful, would lead to fortune and enable them to cast their lots together?

It has been stated by certain Russian historians that Domanski was the agent of the Palatine, Prince Radzivil, who had invented the *rôle* and found the actress; but how was it possible for Radzivil, who had never seen the Princess, to conceive such an idea?

She herself knew very well that no such plot could be successfully carried out unless the greater part of its actors were honest and sincere in their convictions. Of all those men, therefore, who were about her, not one, save the Baron de Schenck, knew her project in detail. If she had partially lifted the veil for the Prince de Limbourg, it was because she wished to make him feel that he was her helpless slave and accomplice; and, as soon as she discovered Domanski's passion, she completed her subjugation by her sympathy for the cause of Poland, and gratified his hatred for Catharine II with plans of vengeance.

Perhaps it was without premeditation that the idea came to her of personating the Princess Tarakanov, the heiress to the throne of Russia, and that this idea was the natural outgrowth of hearing his towering hatred expressed for the Empress.

She recalled many details of the imperial court which she had acquired during her acquaintance with Oginski, and now she received into her intimacy a man who was still more *au courant* with the imperial family; from Domanski, therefore, the Princess eagerly gathered a number of facts with which to enrich her romance.

The general tenor of political events seemed also to justify her dreams; for Russia, insensible to the benefits of a civilization tyrannically imposed, was restless under Catharine's heavy hand. Frequent revolts among the peasantry brought down pitiless retribution. The sullen discontent of the masses invited imposture. A Greek physician, named Stephano, called himself Peter III, and appeared among the Montenegrins. For many months the newspapers had been filled with the exploits of still another Peter III, who emerged from a monastery, and, at the head of a band of Bashkirs, Tartars, and Calmucks, laid the whole country between the Jaïk and the Volga in ruins, burning the châteaux and murdering the nobles. The serfs welcomed him as their liberator, and he was impatiently expected by the populace of Moscow, which city he might easily have entered had he taken the notion to enact the part of emperor there.

Catharine II was for a time quite undisturbed by what she regarded as the freaks of a madman, for so she described them in a letter to Voltaire; but, when she heard that Pougatchef had repulsed the regiments sent out to meet him, and had burned the suburbs of Kazan, she was forced to look upon it in a more serious light.

All these facts and increasing discontent were calculated to encourage the hopes of the Princess.

Radzivil was the first person to whom Domanski disclosed the secret which had been confided to him. If the Palatine at first expressed some doubts, Domanski's eloquence, the vehemence of his admiration for the Princess, his absolute faith in her, ended by removing them, and Radzivil wrote to the Lady of Azof a letter, in which he said:

"I look upon the enterprise of your Highness as a direct interposition of Providence in behalf of my unfortunate country."

He went on to say that he was anxious to pay his respects to her, but he deemed it unwise, for both their sakes, to draw any attention to their relations.

The adherence of Radzivil to the Princess and his testimony were sufficient to remove all doubts in regard to the Princess. The story was, therefore, not only credited among the Polish refugees, but throughout the country, and soon found its way to Paris. Oginski heard it, and sent an emissary to Oberstein, with directions to make every possible discovery.

The readiness with which the Palatine accepted this strange recital is readily explained, since nothing would be better for Poland than a revolution in Russia. Wishing to interest Constantinople, he decided to go to Venice, and open his correspondence there with the Porte. The Princess decided to establish herself there likewise, and for the same purpose.

The Prince de Limbourg was plunged in despair by this move, but, since the Princess Tarakanov had replaced the Lady of Azof, he dared not thwart the will of this exalted personage, but immediately applied himself to raising the money which he needed to take flight also.

Assuming the title of the Countess de Penneburg, an estate of the Prince de Limbourg, the Lady of Azof departed on the 13th of May, 1774.

Radzivil had been expecting her since March. A sumptuous apartment was in readiness in the palace of the French ambassador, and the second day after her arrival the Prince Radzivil came, escorted by a number of his Polish suite, all in rich costumes, to call upon her. Her *incognito* was a very transparent veil, for her birth and projects were known to every one in Venice, and were the subjects of general conversation in the Polish circle, and among the young French officers whose thirst for adventure had drawn them toward the Palatine, and inspired them with the desire to follow him into Turkey. Among these men she had the warmest admirers, and she astonished them by the profound knowledge she seemed to have of the political interests of all the European countries.

She received much company. A friend of the Prince de Limbourg, a certain Baron Knorr, managed her household and was her private secretary. Poles and Frenchmen filled her *salons*, with a sprinkling of other foreigners—among them an Englishman, Edward Wortley Montagu, the son of the celebrated Lady Mary, who was excessively eccentric and also excessively witty.

The Princess, notwithstanding her reserve and dignity of manner and language, made it a rule to disdain no one, knowing by experience that some advantage could be drawn from the most humble.

The director of the Bank of Venice, Martinelli, was one of the most intimate friends of the Princess. Perhaps she thought that the strong box of the bank would be thrown open for her, but she was mistaken. In vain did the Baron Knorr plan and manœuvre, he could not keep up the luxury of these surroundings; and, just as the Princess saw herself obliged to reduce her expenses to a very conspicuous degree, Radzivil and

the Poles decided to establish her yet nearer Turkey, at Ragusa: and on the day of her departure Radzivil and his sister came with a numerous suite to say farewell, and, in a little address prepared with care for the occasion, expressed the hope that he should see her in the place to which she was entitled by her birth.

She replied that, when she became Empress of Russia, she should take both pride and pleasure in repairing the wrongs committed by another Empress toward Poland. This was the first time that her birth and her projects were officially declared. Radzivil had induced the French consul at Ragusa, Monsieur Desouveaux, to give up his country-house to the Princess. This was a charming little spot among the trees.

No sooner was the Princess established there than the Palatine followed, and this house became the headquarters of the expedition. Radzivil assumed all the expenses, and dined always with the Princess, who quickly surrounded herself with the most prominent members of the Polish and French circles.

The Princess claimed to have in her possession certain papers which established in the most decisive manner the rights she claimed to the imperial crown. Among them was the will of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, who designated as the heir to the crown her daughter Elizabeth, and for regent until the majority of the Princess, the Duke Pierre de Holstein. These papers she showed to the Palatine, who had a perfect acquaintance, not only with the court, but with the Russian law and its forms of expression.

She proposed to publish in support of her claim a manifesto, which she had prepared, and desired to send a copy at once to the captain of the Russian fleet then at anchor near by. This captain was the brother of Catharine's favorite Alexis Orloff, who was said to have grave cause for discontent, and whom she flattered herself would be easily won over to her side.

Whence came these documents? Radzivil appears to have been thoroughly satisfied with them. It may be either that he did not care to examine them too closely, or that she explained to him in a plausible fashion her possession of these papers. This strange new element of martial courage and hope gave to Rugusa a most extraordinary animation. The history of the Princess was the theme of conversation; her refusal to marry the Shah of Persia, her journeys through Russia in man's attire, the brilliancy of her wit, the beauty of her face and form, the dignity of her manners, and the eloquence with which she discoursed upon her plans, surrounded her with a singular prestige. The year 1774 was singularly fatal to sovereigns, for during it died King Louis XV, Pope Clement XIV, and Sultan Mustapha III, whose successor came to the throne with nothing of the bellicose spirit of his predecessor, and found also an exhausted treasury. This last event disturbed all Radzivil's calculations, and he could not conceal from himself that he had nothing to expect from Turkey.

The Princess, however, did not share his discouragement, and declared that never in her opinion had the situation been better. She spoke of Catharine as the usurper, and said that God was against her, as she had not yet been able to conquer Pougatchef, who had retired with his army to the mountains, whence he emerged, torch in hand, to send terror to the hearts of the nobles and hope to the peasants. "Would not the Sultan," said the Princess, "be willing to recognize Pougatchef when he understood him to be her brother, the Prince Tarakanov?"

The Palatine was naturally considerably surprised at this relative of whom he had never previously heard, for the newspapers spoke of Pougatchef, not as Elizabeth's son, but of Peter III, whom indeed he resembled to an extraordinary degree.

To this objection the Princess replied calmly that it had not been deemed advisable to intrust these ignorant serfs with a secret affecting the honor of their mother; it had been decided that it was best to claim their fidelity with the watchword of a name that was familiar to them.

The story of the Princess, narrated with enthusiasm by the French officers in the letters they wrote to Paris, awakened a vast deal of curiosity. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Count de Bussy went to Oberstein, where the Prince de Limbourg was eating out his heart in solitude. They talked to him of the Princess, and he, in his turn, undoubtedly spoke with some bitterness of her, for the story of Domanski had now reached his ears; possibly he said more than he intended. At all events, these gentlemen wrote divers details to Ragusa, that changed the current of public opinion, which set as strongly against the Princess now as it had hitherto done in her favor.

A most unexpected incident struck a fatal blow at the reputation of the Princess, who had hitherto been regarded, not as prudish, but as excessively careful and discreet.

Toward the end of September, just as the grapes were ripe, a peasant discovered in a narrow path, only a few steps from a little door in the wall of the French consul's house, a man who was wounded and unconscious. In his hand was a key which fitted the door, and the man was Domanski! The watchman stated that he had seen a man among the vines several nights, and had fired at him, but had not supposed that he had hit him. The Poles and the French consul were alike unwilling to undergo the scandal

of a public examination, and succeeded in hushing up the affair. Radzivil remembered that this young man was the first to speak to him of the Princess, and that he had even then been struck by the warmth of his admiration.

The end of this was that the Princess was not only credited with a lover, but was called an adventuress, and Domanski was spoken of as an accomplice.

Nevertheless, the lady was still treated with an external show of respect; she, however, was not mistaken in the change that had taken place, but determined not to invite an explanation. Radzivil was about to return to Venice, his sister had already gone, and a general dispersion was near at hand.

It was time for a decided step, and the Princess was not the woman to hesitate very long. She made an honorable retreat by announcing her departure for Rome.

Martinelli consented to make some small advances, and Edward Wortley Montagu gave her a letter of introduction to Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples. She talked again of joining the Romish Church. Domanski and a Jesuit, named Chanecki, tempted by the hope of such a distinguished convert, were now all who were left to cling to her fortunes, and the small party, in October, 1774, set their faces toward Rome.

III.

THE English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, an antiquarian and the possessor of many valuable curiosities, was at this time one of the celebrities of Naples, his hospitable mansion being the resort of all strangers.

He was curious to see the daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna. The intelligence of the Princess, her exquisite grace of manner, her beauty, and air of birth and breeding, produced their usual effect and excited great admiration; but Naples was too near Ragusa for the Lady of Azof to remain there with safety.

She therefore resisted all the entreaties of the ambassador, declaring that business required her appearance at Rome. Provided with a passport, where she figured as the Countess of Walmode, she took her departure for the Eternal City.

She reached Rome on the 21st of December, preceded by a day by the Jesuit Chanecki, whom she had sent on in search of lodgings. Here she was to appear on a new stage, and must change her own character to a certain extent. On this scene of carefully dissimulated rivalries and deep intrigues, where priestly craft, analogous in some degree to feminine cunning, sways the current of daily life, where not a word is spoken that does not conceal an *arrière-pensée*, where no step is taken without a secret motive, where not one glance of the eyes is allowed to penetrate the surface of the rigid countenances, where all the world, in fact, is clothed in triple armor, the Princess felt that the greatest circumspection in word and act was essential.

Her feminine attractions, which heretofore had served her well, were no longer sufficient. This she fully realized, and effected the metamorphosis with marvelous dexterity. Instead of mingling with the crowd of strangers which fill Rome each winter, she lived a life of close seclusion, taking an apartment in a retired street, in a severe-looking mansion, and adopted a strict *incognito*, her two friends also changing their names. She had no visitors except these two gentlemen, and some Polish Jesuits whom Chanecki gathered about her, and whom she could receive without being in any degree compromised, as every one knew Cardinal Braschi, whose election to the Papal chair was looked upon as highly probable.

As the Princess was often ill, she fixed upon a physician named Salicetti, a very devout personage, a great favorite with women and the cardinals, and thoroughly at home at the Vatican.

Accustomed as she had been to lavish expenditures, she now lived with the strictest economy, attracting remark only by the alms she distributed among the poor of her neighborhood—alms which, by their liberality, struck people all the more favorably by being in such strong contrast with her modest establishment. It was not long, therefore, before the generosity of the foreign lady was noised about through Rome. These alms were, in fact, at this time a serious strain upon her resources, for she was living upon a most scanty income—that derived from the sale of orders founded by the Prince de Limbourg—with which she had taken care to provide herself amply at the time she left his château, and for which her Polish Jesuits found purchasers. This was not, however, a very lucrative business enterprise in the city where the Roman Court were first in the market with their crosses and titles.

In ordinary times, this skillful line of conduct, the blessings of the poor, the shrewd persons by whom she was surrounded, and the hope of making a convert, would have drawn upon her much attention. But the winter of 1775 was one of extreme agitation in Rome. The Papal election was prolonged indefinitely. The cardinals shut themselves in their cells, and Rome without cardinals is a city without a soul; and, as long as the conclave lasted, even society was at a standstill.

The Princess saw that there was nothing for her but patience, but her Jesuit assistant deter-

mined on a decided step. He was anxious to secure the influence of Cardinal Albani, who was astute and enterprising, and the especial partisan of the Poles. Chanecki, therefore, slipped through the window of his cell a note in which he stated that the Princess Elizabeth of Muscovy had arrived in Rome, and wished to have his counsel on a subject of great importance to herself and the Church.

On the very next day, one of the Cardinal's confidential secretaries asked permission to see the Princess on account of Albani. Before granting this interview, she herself wrote to the Cardinal to ask if she might place entire confidence in this secretary, Monsieur Roccatani—she being clever enough to see that this excess of caution would do her no harm in the opinion of a member of the Sacred College. On receiving a favorable reply from the Cardinal, Roccatani was admitted to her presence. With her were her two friends, Domanski and Czarnowski. She was ill, and coughed incessantly; in spite of this, however, she persisted in talking.

The Cardinal, she said, was, of course, well aware of the passion that was seething in Poland. It was for him now to raise from the dust that most unhappy land, and restore its religion by establishing on the throne the legitimate heiress of Peter the Great. One word from the Court of Rome would fill the hearts of the Polish priests with hope, and they managed the people as seemed to them good. When they were all in revolt, it was easy to lead them into Russia, where the peasants were harassed by taxation and by Catharine's tyranny and exactions, and were eager to shake off the irksome yoke.

Prince Tarakanov (the Princess did not know that he was then a prisoner) had for two years defied Catharine, she said, without any assistance from outside.

The lady then, without seeming to suspect that any one could possibly doubt her word, or that proofs were necessary to support her extraordinary story, showed to Roccatani the *original* of Petrovna's will. Then she spoke, but with discretion, of the perplexities of her conscience, of the attraction she felt toward Catholicism, and, recalling her conversations with Hornstein, she evinced a certain acquaintance with Catholic dogmas. She then went on to say that a public confession of faith would at this time furnish her adversaries with new arms against her, and prejudice the ignorant masses who were blind to the truth; that such a step would, in fact, be equivalent to renouncing all hope of the imperial crown; while, once on the throne, she could render to the Church a service which she should regard as her mission on this earth, and which would be the crowning glory of her reign. She begged Roccatani to lay these reflections and considerations before the Cardinal.

Roccatani retired from this visit in a state of great astonishment, but fascinated and credulous. His doubts—if he had any—were annihilated by a Father Linday, a Jesuit priest who had once been an officer in the Russian army. This man, without the smallest hesitation, declared that he recognized her, having often seen her at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. Roccatani accepted this statement without hesitation, and his report to the Cardinal was such that his Highness was filled with eager curiosity to see the lady. Roccatani was the more impressed by the Princess, that she made no attempt to borrow money, and made no plea of embarrassed circumstances, which was what both he and the Cardinal had anticipated.

The truth was, however, that the Princess was in the greatest possible distress financially. Remembering the cordial welcome she had received from Sir William Hamilton when in Naples, she therefore wrote to him that she was on the point of leaving for Turkey, and wished to effect loans to a considerable extent on securities in her possession. She then went on to ask for letters of introduction to the English ambassadors at Vienna and at Constantinople. On the reception of this letter, Sir William Hamilton at once wrote to her that he was ready to raise any sum she required, and to serve her in any way she should designate. He then, to complete the very large sum she required, wrote to one of his friends, Sir John Dick, consul at Leghorn, and sent him the letter written by the Princess.

John Dick was intimate with the commodore of the Russian fleet lying at Leghorn, Alexis Orloff, and laid before him this letter and that of the English ambassador. Orloff at once declared the Princess to be an adventuress, and the author of the mysterious dispatches he had received several months before. He determined to obtain possession of her person at all hazards, for he was a man without scruples of conscience, and hesitated at nothing to achieve his ends.

It would seem that the English consul played a part in this affair that reflects little credit upon him—tempted by the rewards which Catharine II heaped upon him subsequently. He wrote to the English banker at Rome—Jenkins; bade him call on the Princess, and authorized him to open a large credit with her. The lady was astonished at this delicate generosity on the part of Sir William Hamilton, but, on questioning Jenkins, discovered that he had been sent to her by the English consul at Leghorn; whereupon she refused to accept the offer, or at least begged permission to hold it under consideration for a certain time. A few days later she met in the

street a stranger who bowed profoundly, and wherever she went she was sure to encounter this person, who always saluted her with marked respect.

In consequence of bad weather and her delicate health there came a week when she did not leave the house. What, then, was the surprise of the Jesuit Chanecki one morning, when he left the house, to find this stranger waiting for him! The man came forward, and asked for news of the Princess Tarakanov.

Seeing that the priest hesitated to reply, the stranger went on to say that the cause of the Princess was more advanced than she believed, and that there were near at hand persons who only waited a signal from her, to show themselves her devoted friends and adherents.

The next day the stranger boldly presented himself at the door and asked to see the Princess, who, it is possible, was moved by curiosity to admit him, or, it is equally probable, she felt her position to be such that she could afford to lose no chance.

The man was an aide on Count Orloff's staff, named Chresteneck. He openly avowed that he had come from Orloff, and that the steps taken by Jenkins had been at the Count's request, and added that the Commodore felt the greatest regret that his duties did not permit him to leave Leghorn and pay his respects to her.

The aide-de-camp went on to say that Orloff, knowing the Princess was ill, entreated her to leave Rome for Pisa, where a balmier climate would aid in the preservation of a life so precious to Russia.

In vain did Domanski seek to open the eyes of the Princess when he saw her disposed to yield to these arguments and entreaties.

"You are mad!" he said. "You are walking straight to your ruin! Do you know who Orloff is?"

To which she replied, with considerable heat: "Am I in the habit of consulting you? I go where destiny calls me. If you are afraid, stay where you are."

"My life belongs to you," answered Domanski. "I follow where you lead!"

Her departure made more noise than her arrival had created in Rome. She took leave with considerable ceremony of all whom she had known there, and left for Pisa, taking possession of a house which Orloff had furnished superbly for her occupation; but she was at Leghorn a great deal. There she visited the English consul and his wife, who were prompted all the time by Orloff, who in his turn showed her the most devoted attention, while complaining bitterly of Catharine II and her ingratitude toward his family, his brother's temporary disgrace at that time giving a strong color of truth to his grievance, and allowed her to understand clearly that they would both gladly seize an opportunity to avenge themselves.

The influence of the Princess over Orloff was made apparent to the whole fleet, and Chresteneck having asked her intercession with Orloff to obtain a higher grade in the service, it was granted at her request, and she received during the Carnival mysterious billets in which she was addressed with the title of empress.

The devotion of Orloff was that of a lover, and finally the English consul asked a private interview with the Princess, and with much solemnity laid before her the petition which Orloff, fearing lest he should be wanting in respect to his sovereign, dared not address in person; he begged her to tell him if he might hope that one day she would consent to accept him as her husband? That she was not offended by this homage is certain, and many things go to prove that Orloff was not ashamed to deceive her by a mock-marriage.

Orloff, to celebrate their betrothal, wished to offer her the spectacle of a naval combat off Leghorn. She accepted the attention without the smallest hesitation. The presence of the English consul and his wife, and the fact of a banquet offered by the Admiral, were incompatible with any crafty snare laid for her unwary feet. Domanski again implored her to beware; but she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

Gayly-decked barges received the invited guests. The Princess was in the first with Orloff and the two Poles; John Dick, his wife, and several other persons, in the second. Attentive to the panorama before her and to the words of Orloff as he whispered in her ear, the Princess did not notice that they were far in advance of the other barge. Amid the noise of cannon and cries of "Long live the Empress!" she ascended the deck of the flag-ship. Joy, pride, and emotion prevented her from seeing that Orloff had left her side, and that she and the two Poles were surrounded by soldiers. The captain advanced, and told her she was his prisoner.

At the same time all her papers were seized at Pisa, and her domestics arrested. The Princess was utterly stunned for a moment; she turned pale, but did not speak. She was confined in the Admiral's cabin, and two of her own servants, a German and a Dalmatian girl, waited upon her.

One evening, a sentry passing before her open door, threw in, without stopping, a ring she had given Orloff.

"Is it a farewell?" she asked.

He did not reply, but kept up his measured pace. She wrote two or three hurried lines, and, receiving a glance of acquiescence from the sen-

try, intrusted them to him. It was a note to Orloff.

Two hours later she received an orange wrapped in paper, and on this paper was scrawled Orloff's reply. He told her that he was himself a prisoner, and entreated her not to yield to despair. Duped by this last falsehood, and happy that he at least had been true to her and her interests, she grew calm and hopeful. That same day Chresteneck departed for St. Petersburg, where Catharine II, kept fully *au courant* with each shifting scene of this drama, impatiently awaited the *dénouement*. The next day the Admiral set sail. The prisoner, in spite of the advice of the physician on board, obstinately refused to go on deck. Silent and gloomy she sat for hours looking out upon the sea. When she heard, however, that they had arrived at Southampton, she seemed to recover.

Did she believe that she was now to be set free? But when no one went on shore, and she overheard a conversation which showed that Orloff was still at Leghorn and in command, she gave way for the first time to passionate despair. Then, suddenly drying her tears, she rushed on deck, and an English boat passing the vessel at that moment she tried to throw herself overboard. This incident giving rise to many rumors, the Admiral weighed anchor and departed.

He reached Cronstadt on the 3d of May. The Empress had given instructions that absolute secrecy should be preserved. Prince Galitzin himself came on board, accompanied by a captain of the Guard, and a company of grenadiers, and removed the prisoners to the fortress of Saint Pierre.

The following day the examination began, but nothing could be extorted from the servants, who adored their mistress in spite of her excessive reserve. Besides, they really knew nothing, for when she changed her residence they never knew where they were going until they neared their destination.

Domanski showed the greatest caution from the first, and evidently had but one idea, to save the Princess. His replies were characterized by unbounded respect and deference toward her. He had always heard that she was the daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna, and he had no reason to doubt, as he knew that the Empress was secretly married to Rasumovski; and, when one day he had questioned the Princess, she had made no reply. Finally, Domanski allowed it to be seen that a sentiment stronger than curiosity had induced him to follow her fortunes.

Czarnowski was then examined. He said he had seen her always treated by every one, particularly by the Palatine Radzivil, as a princess. He had never solicited her confidence nor received it. He had gone to Pisa with her in the hope of recovering a large sum which he claimed to have loaned her, and by a certain feeling of curiosity.

When the Grand Chancellor, on the 26th of May, appeared before the prisoner, she vehemently inquired of him by what right and for what crime she had been arrested, and she showed the most fiery indignation at the treatment she had received.

A few judicious words from the Chancellor calmed her somewhat. She condescended not to reply, for she did not wait to be questioned, but to explain. She told all she knew of her life, and said that after her marriage with the Prince de Limbourg had been broken off or dissolved (she designedly left this point in obscurity) she had intended to go to Persia to see after her interests there; but the Poles whom she met at Venice, being better informed than herself in regard to the secret history of the Russian Court, were certain that she was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth. About this time she received, in a mysterious way, from whom and whence she knew not, several documents which transformed her own doubts into certainties. From her childhood up she had been guarded and protected by some strange and unknown power. She had rejected, however, as a mad dream, the pretensions to the exalted rank suggested to her, and had no idea of fomenting disturbances in Russia.

"I know life," she said, in conclusion. "I have suffered long and much. Heaven has given me some strength of soul, and, if courage be a princely virtue, I am none the less a princess, I presume, because I am largely endowed with that quality."

This recital produced a great effect, but it left two points in profound obscurity. The first was the real origin of the prisoner; the second was the authorship of the papers sent by her to Count Orloff; but she would answer no questions, saying that she was too weary.

Catharine was not satisfied with Prince Galitzin's report, which was followed by a letter addressed to the Empress, in which the prisoner asked for an audience. She flattered herself, she said, that it was in her power to make certain communications of the highest interest, which would clear up the misunderstanding of which she was a victim. She signed this letter, "The Princess Elizabeth." This audacity completed Catharine's irritation, who accused Galitzin of managing the whole affair in the most foolish manner, and of being cajoled by a clever actress.

Up to this time the prisoner had been allowed to keep her maid, who was now removed, and in her place were men alone—men speaking no tongue which was familiar to her.

The prisoner was placed in another cell, cold and dark, and allowed only the clothing that was essential, and her nourishment was dry bread.

She endured all this with dignity, and submitted unflinchingly to the incessant questions addressed to her. The Empress herself wrote out twenty, and sent them to Galitzin, affirming in one letter that this woman was a Pole, in another that she had certain information that she was the daughter of an innkeeper in Prague.

This all proved her intense annoyance at the affair, and her impatience that it should be brought to a conclusion. Galitzin did his best. The passionate devotion of Domanski for the prisoner had not escaped his observation. He determined to take advantage of it. He allowed Domanski to believe that they could both rely on the magnanimity of the Empress, provided the prisoner would cease to brave her. Domanski, influenced by these promises, admitted that she had played this *rôle* of Elizabeth merely as a support. He had nothing to say of her plans, nor of the documents sent to Orloff, but he implored permission to see his mistress face to face. Galitzin believed that the time had come to confront the accomplices.

Domanski, moved to tears at the sight of the woman he loved, bent his knee before her, and implored her to confess the truth. She crushed him with a look of contempt, and turned away in silence. Then Galitzin appealed to her. This scene lasted for several hours. Finally, Domanski fell at the feet of the Prince:

"Mercy!" he cried. "Mercy for her! The demon of pride possesses her, my lord, and she will not yield. What can the Empress fear from a frail creature like that, whose life may be counted by days? Ask the Empress to give her to me; let me watch over her as my wife. Condemn me to exile, servitude, and poverty, if you will; but harm her not.

The prisoner listened to these words with a strange smile:

"My lord," she said, "have the goodness to relieve me from the presence of this madman!"

She had been suffering for a long time with an affection of the lungs, which was much aggravated by the prison regimen and lack of fresh air. Her energy alone sustained her frail form, but the disease was making rapid strides. The prisoner rarely spoke, and had no longer strength to rise from her bed. The physicians said she could live but a few days if the present hardships continued. Certain changes were made, and she gained strength, and wished to write again to the Empress.

She insisted that she knew nothing of her birth, but she named several persons who she believed could give information—among others, the Governor of Neufchâtel. She acknowledged nothing; retracted nothing; and persisted in calling herself Princess Tarakanov. The Empress swore that she would chastise this impudence. The Governor of Neufchâtel, George Keith, the friend of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was dead, but others named by the prisoner were living. No application was made to them, however; in fact, all investigation was quietly dropped. It may be that no importance was attached to the representations of the prisoner; or, possibly, it was feared that too much might be elicited.

It is worthy of remark that no attempt was made to destroy the widespread belief that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was in existence, nor to prove that this daughter was dead, nor at least to discover what had become of her.

At the end of the summer the prisoner grew very weak again, and on the 30th of November, feeling that the end was near, she asked for a priest of the Greek Church. The Empress herself sent one from the Cathedral of Kazan, whom she first received in her private cabinet, and kept with her for an hour.

The dying woman received him with gentle submission, but soon saw that he had not come to give to her the consolations of religion for which she longed, but thought only of extorting from her revelations or confessions.

Fixing upon him her magnificent eyes, blazing with fever, she said imperiously:

"Recite the prayers for the dying!"

She lived two days after this, and on the 4th of December, 1775, died without having spoken again. She was buried in the night in the courtyard of the fortress, in the presence of Prince Galitzin, by four men, who bound themselves by the most terrible oaths never to disclose any of the circumstances.

After the prisoner's arrival at Cronstadt, the same oath had been exacted from all who approached her—upon the commandant, the jailer, the soldiers, the physicians, and the priest.

The secret was well kept. In no one of the public journals is there any allusion to this event.

But in the spring of 1777, the year of the great inundation, the ambassador from Poland at the Russian Court wrote to his King that a princess of the imperial family, who was insane and shut up in the fortress of Schlusselbourg, had died there.

The papers in the archives give no hint of what became of Czarnowski. The two servants of the Princess were, after a detention of a few months, conducted to the frontier, and told never to set foot again on Russian soil. Domanski was sent the following year to Siberia, but it seems that he died on the road.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ OF SPANISH COMEDY.

LOOKING back from some resting-place in his "Pleasant Wanderings," somewhere between 1593 and 1603, Agustin de Rojas, player and playwright, made a survey in poetic form of comedy, and in particular of Spanish comedy. Detailing its growth from its feeble infancy to the almost exuberant vigor of its early manhood, he dated the end of its childhood by the appearance on the stage of five well-marked characters who continued to occupy it to the end. These are the dama or lady, the old man (viejo) occasionally called barba or beard, the galan or lover in his double character of accepted or rejected suitor, and the clown at first styled the "bobo" and later on the gracioso. These characters were but rude and unpolished at first, but whatever change they were to undergo was to be a change of form not of character. The brilliant dramatists of the seventeenth century treated these types as the school of Spanish sculptors of the previous century had the traditional figures of Virgin and saint. They made works of art out of the rude attempts of earlier men, but it was by following the path their predecessors had pointed out. It is true that the later writers by no means confine themselves to five persons. Their stage is crowded by a far greater number, but when we examine them at all closely we do not find that by increasing the *dramatis personæ* they have also increased the characters. Their greater wealth of ingenuity is shown somewhat like the alderman's increase of fortune, which he could only employ by making two puddings smoke on the board where one smoked before. Lope or Calderon, finding the five too few for the proper development of their intricate plots, doubled or even trebled them. They added an old woman to the old man, a maid-servant to the gracioso; but these additions are, in fact, only repetitions of the already existing types, which they do not appear to have felt any greater desire to vary than the chess-player does to alter his bishop or his knight. The Spanish comedy has indeed a marked resemblance to a game of chess played by the right hand against the left. The number of the pieces which are moved to and fro on the board is fixed at least by a maximum, and therefore has an element of stability wanting to the personages of the comedy, but in other respects the resemblance is sufficiently close. The functions and power of the rook are not more rigidly fixed by rule than the character and actions of the galan. One piece moves on the white squares, another on the black, but in other respects they are identical. One galan is successfully loving and jealous, another is jealous and loving but unsuccessful; and except in the result we can see no difference between them. On the chess-board and the stage alike, when once we have learned the character of the pieces, our interest centers entirely in the moves. Even the historical characters—kings, queens, and warriors—have to bow to traditional usage. They become viejos, damas, and galanes when presented in a comedy, or, indeed, in dramas of the most tragic nature; for it must be borne in mind that Spanish dramatists never made a division of their plays into tragedy and comedy, and that the two applied indifferently to the same pieces.

But, although it would be difficult to select any number of personages from the works of the Spaniards which are interesting as delineations of human character, the general types have an undoubted literary value. They are generalizations of mankind as seen in Spain, presented not so as to be as like as possible to reality, but as fittest for the purposes of the stage. Had the dramatist tried to be true to life he would have been met at the outset by an almost insuperable difficulty. His subject is love, and the customs of all southern nations in the matter of marriage render courtship quite superfluous. The Oriental jealousy of the Spaniards and the strict supervision of the Church debarred him from falling back on the resource found by the modern French novelist in a similar difficulty. Conjugal infidelity might be the subject of tragedy, but, unless the Spanish dramatist intended to make his "comedia" depend for its interest on terror and the fiercer passions, he must leave it alone. The elder writers seldom touched it. Having, then, to draw love ending in marriage, they were forced to represent it as breaking through social laws, and to give their characters, and in particular their women, a certain conventional character. What the domestic life of women was in Spain we have ample means of knowing. Without, for reasons we have already indicated, trusting too implicitly to the comedies or picaresque novels we get many ideas of what the reality was from them. We see that women lived in a degree of seclusion little less than Oriental, and in a perfectly Oriental dependence on the head of the family. We learn that marriage was, as it still is to a great degree, a mere matter of business arrangement, in which the inclination of the parties most

interested is the last thing taken into consideration. The evidence of travelers completes that of the comedies. Madame d'Aulnoy and Aarsens de Sommelsdyck state deliberately, and with every appearance of founding their statements on careful observation, that the women of a Spanish family held a position only a little higher than that of the servants, and enjoyed infinitely less freedom. The heroine who has to marry the lover of her own choice against the wish of her parents must therefore employ as much ingenuity and display as much daring as the prisoner who is breaking out of jail. The opportunities which this situation offered for intrigue, plot, counterplot, and incident made it a great favorite among the Spaniards, to whom such things formed the most delightful of recreations —when presented in the form of a story. As, however, the details may vary, the situation is always essentially the same, the character is so too. Its main elements are passion and jealousy. The enamored dama must be ready to sacrifice herself and everybody else too for the sake of her galan. Her sense of honor and delicacy may be painfully obtuse, but the readiness of her wit must be beyond dispute. She must be as easily inflamed with jealousy as with love, but ready to forgive much intermediate infidelity for the sake of final victory. Spanish critics of modern date profess to find a distinct character, if not in individual heroines, in the damas of different writers; but a foreigner will find it impossible to distinguish between the Belisas, Teodoras, and Elenas of Lope de Vega and the ladies of similar names who are the soul and life of the comedies of Tirso de Molina and Alarcon. As far as we can feel any human interest in the *dramatis personæ* of these bright pieces, it is, as is only proper by all laws of gallantry, for the "dama." She loves with such utter *abandon*, she sacrifices herself so readily for her generally unworthy lover, her resources are so many and so ingenious, her conversation so light and witty, that we can not help thinking Don Felix or Don Felipe has been rewarded very much beyond his merits when the baffled but pacified father finally withdraws his opposition. But our sympathy is not for the individual but for the type. We find all the heroines affecting us in exactly the same way. Not only do we meet the same dama in every piece, but even twice or thrice in the same; and when at the end of the third act the author pairs off his damas and galanes, and winds up his tangled plot more or less neatly, we feel no more anxiety about the future happiness of the ladies than we do about the female dolls of an Italian puppet-show. It is so obvious that we are only looking at puppets that, when Doña Serafina, the second "dama," after embroiling everything during three acts to prevent the marriage of Doña Beatrix, the first dama, with Don Garcia, the first galan, is given in marriage without a murmur to Don Lope, the second galan, who philosophically accepts her as the next best thing to Doña Beatrix, we are neither shocked nor surprised. The bright little figure, in her picturesque dress, has finished the weeping, laughing, scolding, and wooing she had to go through, and has gone back to her box to lie there till she is taken out to go through the same or a slightly varied round of emotions.

On the galan it is hard to look with any degree of tolerance. If the dama is an idealized type of the passionate and loving side of woman's nature, we can only hope for the credit of young Spain of the seventeenth century that the artistic function of the galan is to give her full opportunity for self-sacrifice, not to represent anything already existing in life. The Schlegels and Count Schack have dwelt in their writings at no small length on the lofty sense of honor displayed by the heroes of Spanish plays, and some English writers have followed their example. By what standard these writers, German and other, judged, it is impossible to say; for certain it is that nothing is more conspicuously absent from the character of the lover of Spanish comedy than not only a sense of honor but even the commonest honesty. In "The Slave of her Lover" ("La Esclava de su Galan"), one of the most brilliant comedies in the Spanish language, Lope has, Mr. Ticknor says, "sounded the depths of a woman's tenderness"; yet in this very piece he presents us with a hero, the object of this tenderness, which he is supposed to return, who is a masterpiece of selfish cowardice. He shows us this gentleman making love from the basest motives to another than the heroine, and excusing himself, or at least accepting the excuse given by his valet, the gracioso, that "a few loving words are not a notarial act." In "The Dog in the Manger" ("El Perro del Hortelano") the cringing hero, after deserting a woman he has already promised to marry for the sake of his mistress, a Spanish Duchess of Malfy, receives without wincing a proposal to murder the servant to whom he owes all his good fortune in order that he may thereby make his secrets safe. Yet in both cases the galan is presented to us as rather a fine fellow, nor is the slightest sense of their meanness displayed by any of the characters in the comedies. The hero of "The Dog in the Manger" is even allowed to boast of his natural frankness. It is true—and this is probably the explanation of the mistake Schack and others made about his character —that the word "honor" is for ever on the lips of the galan. The very men who have just been

displaying a callous impudence in their actions are on fire in a moment to resent an offensive word. They fight with the readiness and zest of Bret Harte's Californian gamblers. They are represented, with an utter want of artistic consistency and truth to nature, as performing actions of more than human magnanimity. Their delicate sense of honor is a mere regard for public opinion. As Aarsens de Sommelsdyck says in speaking of the manners of the Spaniards, they are grave and serious wherever they are "éclairez de plusieurs personnes," but that in private "on en rencontre d'aussi evaporez, d'aussi badins et d'aussi gaillards que de ceux des autres nations." These galanes are not accurate pictures of real men, but as dramatic types they throw a curious light on the moral condition of the people and time that produced them. They came into the world with those moral treatises of the Jesuits which have been consigned to an immortality of dishonor by Pascal. Comparing the frequent baseness of their conduct with their lofty pretensions and their curious touchiness about mere words, one is inclined to look for their model not in the instinctive purity of the ermine, as Schlegel did, but in the great principle of Tartuffe:

"... le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait.
Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence."

For the rest there is no more variety of individual character in them than in their "damas." Even in those comedies which are supposed to have been written with the express purpose of developing character we find not a human being, with certain idiosyncrasies, but an embodied quality. But perhaps it is out of place to look on them as capable of either morality or immorality. The most satisfactory course is to treat them as Charles Lamb would have had us treat the personages of the drama of the Restoration, as beings belonging to a fairy-land of intriguing comedy. Looked at from that point of view they have their merits.

The minor characters of almost all comedy exist for the purpose of helping or hindering the love-affairs of the hero and heroine. This is their natural function on every stage, and on the Spanish more eminently than on any other. An English or French dramatist may give them an attraction of their own; he may even gain forgiveness, at least from his reader, for the introduction of a superfluous character by making it interesting in itself as a representation of human nature; but an unnecessary personage is unpardonable in a Spanish comedy. Launcelot Gobbo is allowed more of the stage than his importance in the working of the plot entitles him to; but, apart from the humor of his character, he has a distinct artistic function. He throws a light on the Jew's household and character. A Spanish dramatist would have perhaps abolished Gobbo, but more probably he would have kept him on the stage from first to last, made him the close attendant of Shylock or of Antonio, and an indispensable part of the machinery of the plot. He would have been, in short, the gracioso of the piece, and have been employed in perpetually doing something—the point of interest to the Spanish audience being not the character of Jessica's father or of her home, but the exact method of her escape. Such plot as the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" possesses is in no wise helped by the dancing and fencing masters, tailors, and philosophers who fill the stage round the central figure during the first two acts; but the whole interest of Molière's comedy is centered in the character of M. Jourdain, and, in so far as they illustrate that, these apparently superfluous figures have a truly artistic function to perform. But it is one which no Spanish audience would have understood. From their point of view, minor personages not engaged in helping on the action of the intrigue have no more business on the stage than a third black knight on a chess-board. The ablest dramatists are no doubt guilty in their inferior pieces of multiplying the number of the actors (it would be an abuse of language to say the characters) in a quite needless way; but the laws of a literature are to be deduced from its best not from its worst works. If, then, we take any number of the masterpieces of the Spanish stage, and, disregarding, as we are fully entitled to do, all mere repetitions of the same type as superfluous, we fix our attention on the general models, we find that to the last they were no more than developments of those mentioned by Agustin de Rojas in the "Viage Entretenido." They are the old man (barba or viejo), or rather old age, of which the natural function in comic literature is to oppose the wishes and be baffled by the ingenuity of youth; and the servant (the gracioso), with his counterpart the maid, always the assistants, and frequently the inspirers, of the lovers in their stratagems.

The natural position of the barba toward the heroine is that of father, the only one which gives him power to dispose of her hand; or he may stand in a similar position toward the hero. There are comedies, no doubt, in which he is neither. In the historical comedies the *rôle* of the viejo is often taken by the king, and in one at least of the comedies of Lope de Vega he appears as lover of the heroine; but in these cases his office of disturber of the course of true love is filled by a mother, aunt, or perhaps elder brother exercising paternal power as head of the house.

Nevertheless, this is the normal function of the barba himself, and the character conferred on him by tradition is eminently well fitted for its discharge. He is choleric and self-willed to the last degree, always ready to arrange his daughter's marriage without consulting her on the subject, keeping his word at least to the ear with great tenacity, and above all ready to shed like water the blood of whoever offends his "honor." He threatens his children as if he possessed the power of life and death, and proposes to sacrifice young gentlemen found under balconies at improper hours with a disregard for life which would have startled a Scotchman of the sixteenth century. It is surely obvious that such a character as this can not be regarded as a truthful representation of anything in Spanish society. The blind want of criticism which made Schack accept him as such is only in keeping with much more learned absurdity which Germany has poured forth on the theatres of England and Spain; but the attempts of Mr. Ticknor, by far the most sensible critic who has treated the literature of the Peninsula, to derive him and his sense of honor from the Goths are equally beside the mark. The viejo is simply the head of the ordinary Spanish family typified, and with his really very large paternal powers exaggerated to suit the *optique du théâtre*, by a race of dramatists endowed by nature with a quite marvelous sense of stage effect. His sense of honor is in perfect keeping with that of the galan. It is an honor of show and parade, which makes him threaten with death a daughter who has been guilty of talking to an unauthorized lover from a balcony and overlook as things of no moment a long course of mendacity and immorality which end in a marriage. The whole subject is one that belongs properly to the history of morals; but it is well to remember, if we wish to understand the meaning of the word honor in Spanish dramatic literature, that the ideas of chastity which made Mary Lamb say that she would not think Queen Caroline a better woman "if she were what you call innocent" are and always have been unintelligible to Spaniards. For the rest we can not help liking the fiery, polite, and somewhat addle-headed old graybeard. He plays his part with spirit and always ends by seeing reason. A sense of what is due to the dignity of age kept Spanish writers from producing, and would have kept Spanish audiences from laughing at, the imbecile *père* of Molière's comedy.

The barba takes precedence of the gracioso by right of his years and dignity, but he is a much less important or at least necessary personage. The former may appear only at the beginning or the end of the piece, but the latter must be in sight throughout. He is always by the hero's side, ready to execute his plans and equally ready to inspire them; he carries messages, hoodwinks the watchful parent, makes love to the heroine's maid, or keeps watch while Don Juan is making love to Belisa in the balcony; but by far the most important of his duties is to make jokes for the groundlings. The character can not be said to be peculiar to the Spanish stage. Under one shape or another he appears in all comedy—as the *servus* of Terence and Plautus, the clown of England and Germany, or the valet in France. Stasimus is a gracioso, and so are Launcelot Gobbo and Covielle of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The scene in which the latter and the heroine's maid echo and parody the lovers' quarrel of their master and mistress might be taken word for word from a comedy of Alarcon's or Calderon's. But there is another character in "The Merchant of Venice" besides "good Master Gobbo" to whom the name of gracioso might almost be applied. Gratiano has many of his characteristics. The fact that Gratiano is no mere lackey does not affect the question. The gracioso is a servant, but at a time when one gentleman might without loss of status serve a richer or more powerful than himself. The high and poetic loves of Portia and Bassanio are reflected and almost parodied by the loves of the retainer and the maid. This is a stock incident on the Spanish stage. The exact parallel maintained in the last acts between the offenses, excuses, pardon, and final discoveries of the truth by the two husbands differs only in its infinitely superior beauty and taste from many a scene of Lope de Vega's. During the fourth act Gratiano's action has another resemblance to that of the gracioso. His taunts and railing at the Jew express the emotions of the spectator—of the spectator on the stage at least—and he acts as *choragus* to the visible or invisible chorus who witness the action of the poem in the ideal poetic land in which it passes. He is a higher character than the gracioso, but he acts in an altogether higher world than that of the Spanish stage. The perpetual presence of the gracioso on the boards is sometimes difficult to explain at first. He is indeed a most useful fellow; but it is not always clear why he should be allowed to talk such "an infinite deal of nothing," and of singularly offensive nothing too. The Spanish comedy, like that of Shakespeare, deals with the tragic emotions of pity and terror, but it mingles its pity and terror with much vapid buffoonery. A French commentator defines Scapin as "l'esclavage que se venge," and many critics have boldly maintained that the Spanish Scapin, with his tasteless parody of his master's doings, owes his existence to a profound artistic idea; but it is probable that much good philosophical criticism has

been wasted in both cases. The rascally, self-seeking slave of Menander, who found his way, very little changed, on to the stages of modern Europe, came into existence because he was a useful factor in a comedy. Molière, a much deeper thinker than any of the Spaniards, used him as a mouth-piece by which to utter his keen observations on life; and Calderon or Lope used him to make jokes, some good, many bad, but most of all indifferent. His parody of the hero is not due to an artistic desire to give the comic with the tragic side of every question; if it shows anything at all but the inborn love of the groundlings for buffoonery, it is their sense of the utter hollowness of the hero's grand sentiment. On what supposition, except want of taste or want of feeling, are we to account for such scenes as that in the "Mágico Prodigioso," in which the gracioso burlesques his master's blood-signed contract with the fiend, and strikes his own nose to make it bleed when he wants to sign? The Spaniards have always loved parody, and the indecency which is so common in their churches shows them to be generally destitute of what we call a sense of reverence. It is not that they are irreligious, but only that they have no large comprehension of decency in such matters. Thus in their comedy they see no offense to taste when the fiery declamation of the galan is immediately echoed in a vulgar parody by the gracioso. Putting aside all idea of a deep artistic intention on the part of the inventors of the gracioso, and accepting him as a necessary part of the plot and the speaker of the jests by which the dialogue is salted, we find him often a very funny fellow. His familiarity with his master, which is necessary for the discharge of his duty, is natural enough in Spain; and his character, which varies as little as that of the other *dramatis personæ*, is well adapted for the stage. He is shrewd, greedy, cowardly, but faithful; with a defective sense of the importance of truth, but a good heart.

The other minor characters are mere repetitions of those sketched above. The maiden aunts and scheming widows are only the barba with a change of sex; the maid is the gracioso over again. The social follies of the day are now and then referred to and satirized; in the historical comedies public officers appear, but there is no attempt to make them definite, and for obvious reasons they are not ridiculed. Manners and men alike yield in importance to the plot, and take a uniform character that it may run the smoother. The only exception is to be found in a few historical figures whose well-marked traits had been stamped on the popular imagination by the ballads.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE GRIEVANCES OF WOMEN.

A NUMBER of invitations have been sent out lately to ladies of all classes to attend a meeting of women in St. James's Hall (I think) in the beginning of this month. It is intended to press upon the notice of the new Government the claims of women to the suffrage. It will, no doubt, be largely attended, but not by the present writer or many others of her way of thinking, and that for the weakest of all possible reasons; but the occasion furnishes a not inappropriate opportunity of expressing some of the opinions of quiet and otherwise voiceless women, with as much dislike to platforms as their grandmothers would have had, upon the subject of feminine grievances, sentimental and otherwise.

Our reason for not going to this meeting or any like it is simple. We are so weak as to be offended deeply and wounded by the ridicule which has not yet ceased to be poured upon every such manifestation. We shrink from the laugh of rude friends, the smile of the gentler ones. The criticisms which are applied, not to one question or another, but to the general qualities of women, affect our temper unpleasantly. We would rather, for our parts, put up even with a personal wrong in silence, more or less indignant, than hear ourselves laughed at in all the tones of the gamut and held up to coarse ridicule. This is a confession of poverty of spirit and timidity of mind which I am entirely aware of, and somewhat ashamed to utter; but it belongs to my generation. In this way, I am sorry to say, a great many of the newspapers and public speakers of the coarser sort have us in their power, and are able to quash the honest opinion of a great many women whose views on the subject might be worth knowing, perhaps, being the outcome of experience and average good sense, if no more. It is a disagreeable effort even to write on the subject for this very reason. Fair and honorable criticism is a thing which no accustomed writer will shrink from. Some of us have had a good deal of it in our day, and have not complained; even criticism

which the subject of it may feel to be unfair, sometimes is not unbeneficial; but to be met with an insolent laugh, a storm of ridiculous epithets, and that coarse superiority of sex which a great many men think it not unbecoming to exhibit to women, is a mode of treatment which affects our temper, and those nerves which the harshest critic is condescendingly willing to allow as a female property. I admit for my part the superiority of sex. It is not a pretty subject, nor one for my handling. Yet it is a fact. As belonging to the physical part of our nature, which is universal — whereas the mental and moral part is not so—that superiority must always tell. It will keep women in subjection as long as the race endures. We may say and do what we will, but the fact will remain so, as it has always done. I do not believe that on any broad area culture or progress will largely affect it. But this is not an argument which it might be supposed fine minds would care to appeal to. It is the argument of the coal-heaver, and unanswerable in his hands. As a matter of fact, however, it is not only the coal-heaver who employs it, but a great many accomplished persons in other walks of life who might be supposed very capable of meeting and overcoming feminine reasoning without recourse to that great weapon. The one good result which has come of the many recent agitations on the subject is, I think, that the strong abuse poured upon those women who have not shrunk from exposing themselves to ridicule on these questions has a little turned the stomachs (it seems impossible to speak otherwise than coarsely upon such a subject) of the more generous order of men. This is a result, limited as it is, which never could have been attained had all women been as cowardly as I confess to being. The dash in our faces of such an epithet as that of the "shrieking sisterhood," for example, more effectual than any dead cat or rotten egg, would have driven us back, whatever our wrongs had been, into indignant and ashamed silence. But it is well that there are some bolder spirits who have encountered the storm, and made it apparent not only that rotten eggs are no arguments, but that the throwing of them is not a noble office. I am glad to forget the particulars of that famous speech of Mr. Smollett's some years ago which had so great an effect at the time, but it was very advantageous to the object against which it was directed. Notwithstanding this practical improvement, however, men still laugh with loud, triumphant derision, and women, cowards like myself, laugh, too, somewhat hysterically, lest they should be thought to entertain sentiments which evoke so much abusive mirth—laugh on the wrong side of their mouths, to use a vulgar but graphic expression, and shrink from appearing to take any interest in a question which it is impossible to believe could fail to interest them but for this coercion. I am almost sure that we, women in general, would have preferred that the subject should never have been mooted at all, even when we felt it of the profoundest personal importance, rather than subject ourselves and our position, rights and wrongs and supposed weaknesses, and our character altogether, to discussion before our children and our dependents. It is not pleasant for a woman who has sons, for instance, to feel that they who owe her obedience and respect are turned into a laughing tribunal, before which her supposed pranks are to be exhibited and her fundamental imperfections set forth. But this has now been done for good or evil, and as it has produced, I believe, some good results, and is likely, I hope, to produce more, we can scarcely avoid being grateful, even if with very mixed feelings, to those who have received the first storm of nasty missiles, and borne all the opprobrious names, and have had all the vile motives imputed to them that experts can imagine. While these bold pioneers—let us hope, not without some enjoyment of the fight, such as conflict naturally brings with it—have been bearing the brunt of battle, we have looked on with a great deal of silent exasperation. That men should entertain those opinions of women which have been expressed so largely, has been a painful revelation to many, and it has given a far keener point to the sense of injustice which exists more or less in every feminine bosom —injustice actual and practical, which may be eluded by all sorts of compromises and expedients, and injustice theoretical and sentimental, which it is more difficult to touch. When I say sentimental it is not in any ludicrous sense that I use the word. Any actual injury is trifling in comparison with an injurious sentiment, which pervades and runs through life. And I think the greatest grievances of women, those upon which all others depend and from which they spring, are of this kind. Most of us of a reasonable age prefer to keep our sense of injury, our consciousness of injustice, dormant, but it exists in all classes. It has been handed down to us from our mothers, it descends from us to our daughters. We know that we have a great many things to suffer, from which our partners in the work of life are exempt, and we know also that neither for these extra pangs do we receive sympathy, nor for our work do we receive the credit which is our due. But whenever such questions are brought under public discussion we are bewildered to find how little these inequalities in our lot are comprehended, and how doubly injurious is the estimate formed of us by our hus-

bands, our brothers, and our sons. This has been all stirred up and made apparent by recent discussions, and for this generation at least it is no longer possible to hush it up and keep the feeling it produces to ourselves.

In what I have to say on this subject I do not wish to touch upon any actual wrong or cruelty to which women are by law subjected. As men seem to think that the laws which bear hardly on women are the bulwarks of their own existence, it is very unlikely that they will ever be entirely amended. It is curious that they should be so anxious to confine and limit the privileges of the companion who is avowedly the weaker vessel. The Liliputians bound down Gulliver by a million of little ligatures—but that was a proceeding full of sense and judgment, since he could have demolished a whole army of them. But, if it had been a Liliputian hero who had been bound down by a larger race, it would have been absurd; and it is very inconceivable how it could be dangerous to men to liberate a smaller and weaker competitor, whom they coerce every day of their lives, and whose strength, weak as it is, is burdened by many drawbacks to which they are not subject. So it is, however, and so it is likely to be for a long time at least. But it is the general sentiment which affects my mind more than individual wrong. The wrongs of the law are righted in a great many—in perhaps most individual cases—by contracts and compromises, by affection, by the natural force of character, even by family pride, which does not desire its private affairs to be made the talk of the world. But sentiment is universal and tells upon all. I allow (as has been already said—though not without some contempt for those who stand upon it) the superiority of sex. I may also say that I decline to build any plea upon those citations of famous women, with which even Mr. Mill was so weak as to back up his argument. It does not seem to me of the slightest importance that there existed various feminine professors in Italy, in the middle ages, or even that Mrs. Somerville was a person of the highest scientific attainments. I allow, frankly, that there has been no woman Shakespeare (and very few men of that caliber: not another one in England, so that it is scarcely worth taking him into account in the averages of the human race). If such fanciful arguments were permitted, it might be as sound a plea to say that, with a few exceptions, Shakespeare embodied all that was noblest in his genius, not in men but in women, giving us a score of noble and beautiful human creatures, daughters of the gods, as against his one Hamlet. All this is, however, entirely beyond and beside the question. I do not want even to prove that women are equal to men, or to discuss the points in which they differ. I do not pretend to understand either Man or Woman, in capitals. I only know individuals, of no two of whom could I say that I think they are entirely equal. But there are two, visibly standing before the world (which is made up of them) to be judged according to their works, and upon these works I wish to ask the reader his and her opinion.

This is mine to start with—that when God put two creatures into the world (I hope that persons of advanced intelligence will forgive the old-fashioned phraseology, which perhaps is behind the age) it was not that one should be the servant to the other, but because there was for each a certain evident and sufficient work to do. It is needless to inquire which work was the highest. Judgment has been universally given in favor of the man's work, which is that of the protector and food-producer—though even here one can not but feel that there is something to be said on the weaker side, and that it is possible that the rearing of children might seem in the eyes of the Maker, who is supposed to feel a special interest in the human race, as noble an occupation, in its way, as the other. To keep the world rolling on, as it has been doing for all these centuries, there have been needful two creatures, two types of creatures, the one an impossibility without the other. And it is a curious thought, when we come to consider it, that the man, who is such a fine fellow and thinks so much of himself, would after all be a complete nonentity without the woman whom he has hustled about and driven into a corner ever since she began to be. Now, it seems to me that the first, and largest, and most fundamental of all the grievances of women, is this: that they never have, since the world began, got the credit of that share of the work of the world which has fallen naturally to them, and which they have, on the whole, faithfully performed through all vicissitudes. It will be seen that I am not referring to the professions, which are the trades of men, according to universal acknowledgment, but to that common and general women's work, which is, without any grudging, acknowledged to be their sphere.

And I think it is one of the most astonishing things in the world to see how entirely all the honor and credit of this, all the importance of it, all its real value, is taken from the doers of it. That her children may "rise up and call her blessed" is allowed by Holy Writ, and there are vague and general permissions of praise given to those who take the woman's part in the conflict. It is allowed to be said that she is a ministering angel, a consoler, an encouragement to the exertions of the man, and a rewarder of his toil. She is given within due limitations a good deal of

praise; but very rarely any justice. I scarcely remember any writer who has ever ventured to say that the half of the work of the world is actually accomplished by women; and very few husbands who would be otherwise than greatly startled and amazed, if not indignant, if not derisive, at the suggestion of such an idea as that the work of their wives was equal to their own. And yet for my part I think it is. So far as I can see, the workingman's wife who has to cook and clean, and wash and mend, and do all the primitive services of life for her family, has harder and more constant work than her husband has; and, rising upward in the ranks of life, I think the same balance goes on, at least until that level of wealth and leisure is reached at which the favorites of fortune, like the lilies, toil not neither do they spin. But I am not concerned with those heights. What dukes and duchesses do, and which of them work the hardest, will scarcely tell upon the argument; nor am I deeply versed in the natural history of millionaires. But, so far as I am acquainted with the facts of existence, the woman's hands are everywhere as full of natural occupation as are those of the man. To talk of the great mass of working-women, the wives of the poorer and laboring classes, in a pretty and poetical way as the inspirers of toil, the consolers of care, by whose smiles a man is stimulated to industry, and rewarded for his exertions, would be too ridiculous for the most rigid theorist. Whatever powers of this passive kind may be possessed by the wife of the bricklayer or carpenter will stand her in little stead if she does not put her shoulder to the wheel. "A woman's work is never done," is the much more genuine expression of sentiment on that level, which is by far the largest, of society. The man's work lasts a certain number of hours, after which he has his well-earned leisure, his evening to himself, his hours of recreation, or of lounging; but his wife has no such privileged amount of exemption from toil. Her work is "never done." She has the evening meal, whatever it may be, to prepare, and to clear away, and the children to get to bed, and the mending to do, in the hours when he is altogether free, and considers himself with justice to have a right to his freedom. In very few cases does it occur to the woman to grumble at this, or to wonder why her lot should be harder than his. It is natural; it is her share. The whole compact of their married life is based upon this, that she should do her work while he does his; and hers is the share which is "never done." I do not say a word against this law of nature; but I object that, while this is the case, the poor woman who works so hard is considered as a passive object of her husband's bounty, indebted to him for her living, and with no standing-ground or position of her own. She is so considered in the eye of the law; and though the foolishness of the sentiment is too manifest in her individual case to be insisted upon, yet she is implied in the general sweeping assertion which includes all married women. "Men must work and women must weep," says the ballad. I would like to know what the fisherwomen of our seacoasts say to this lugubrious sentiment, or how much time they find to indulge in that luxury.

It is scarcely necessary to follow domestic history up through all its lines for the purpose of proving that everywhere this rule is the same. A poor woman with a house full of children has everywhere and in all circumstances her work cut out for her; and, when the element of gentility comes in and there are appearances to be kept up, that labor is indefinitely enlarged. Which of the two does the reader suppose has most to do: the merchant's clerk, for instance, who earns his salary by six or eight hours' work in his office, or his wife who has to pinch and scrape, and shape and sew, and sit late at nights and rise early in the mornings, in order to keep a neat and cheerful house and turn out the children in such a guise as to do no discredit to their father's black coat? If I had to choose between the two, I should choose the husband's share and not the wife's. The man is more exposed to outside risks and discomforts; but the moment he enters his home he is privileged to rest and be waited on as much as if he were a sultan. The same rule exists everywhere. Among shopkeepers of all but the highest class, the wife, in addition to her natural work, takes her share in the business, and such is the case in a great many other occupations. She keeps the books; she makes out the bills; in one way or another she overflows from her own share of the work into his. The poor clergyman's wife (I know one such with such hands of toil, scarred and honorable!—hands that have washed and scrubbed, and cooked and sewed, till all their lady softness is gone) is his curate as well. Where is there any class of life in which this is not the case? When we come to the higher levels of society the circumstances are changed a little. Usually wealth means a cessation more or less of labor. But a great lawyer, or a great doctor for instance, may have reached the very height of success without having his actual toil diminished; and his wife in that case may be carried high upon the tide of his success to a position of ease and luxury which bears little proportion to the labor with which he must still go on, keeping up the reputation and the career which he has made. Even in that case she will have a great establishment to manage, servants

to rule, and social duties to perform, and always, the first and most sacred duty of all, the children to care for, which makes her life anything but an unoccupied one. But the wife of a professional man who is struggling into work and celebrity has as tough a task as her humbler neighbor. In the present constitution of society, people upon a certain level of position are supposed to live pretty much alike whether their income is counted by hundreds or by thousands. A smaller and less costly house, a parlor-maid instead of a butler, are the only concessions which custom makes; but things must be as "nice" in the small house as in the great, and neither in their table nor in their apparel can the poorer pair afford to show any greatly perceptible difference between themselves and their wealthier friends. They must "go out" in much the same way. They must even entertain now and then in much the same way; they must take as much pains with the education of their children, and they must not even be very much behind in the decoration of their house. How is all this to be done upon an income so much inferior—upon the probably precarious earnings which this year are a little more and next year may be a great deal less? This dreadful problem, which can never be lost sight of day by day, if any satisfactory solution is to be given to it, is almost entirely the wife's share of the business. She it is who must take it in hand, to secure as much as can be had of comfort and modest luxury and beauty, out of the poor blank sum of money, which in itself is barren of all grace. She must watch over all the minutiæ of household living; she must keep a careful eye upon weekly bills, and invent daily dinners, and keep servants in order, and guide the whole complicated machinery so that nothing shall jar or creak, and no part of it get out of gear. Housekeeping is a fine science, and there are some women who show a real genius in it; but genius that makes everything easy is rare; and in general it is a hard struggle to carry on that smooth and seemingly easy routine of existence which seen outside appears to go of itself. Try to let it go by itself for ever so short a time and you will find the difference. This is the woman's share of the work, in addition to that perennial occupation, the nurture of her children, to whom she very likely gives their earliest lessons, as well as the foundation of moral training, which tells most upon their after-lives. Her day is full of a multiplicity of tasks, some greater, some smaller, but all indispensable; since without that guidance, and supervision, and regulation, life would be but a chaos of accidents, and society could not exist at all. I say nothing of those frequently recurring trials of maternity, common to all classes, interrupting yet intensifying that round of common toil, in which young married women are perpetually exposed to dangers as great as those of an army in active service; nor of all the heavy burdens, the illnesses and languors that accompany it. When it is necessary to find a word which shall express the last extreme of human exertion, we all know where old writers find it—in those throes of the whole being, that crisis of body and soul, which women alone have to go through.

Thus a woman has not only certain unparalleled labors in her life to which the man can produce no balance on his side, but she has her work cut out for her in all the varieties of existence. She is the drudge of humanity in its uncivilized state, and in the very highest artificial condition she carries with her natural burdens which no one else can bear.

But for this she gets absolutely no credit at all. I am not complaining of actual hardship. There are bad husbands in the world, as there are bad wives; but the number of these domestic tyrants is small, and, for every man who breaks his wife's heart and makes her life wretched, there are perhaps hundreds between whom and their wedded companions there exist the most perfect understanding and sympathy. I believe nothing can be more certain than the large predominance of happiness over unhappiness in married life. I am not speaking of tyrannical men, or women crushed under their sway, but of a great and general misconception, a sentimental grievance. Practically it may do no harm at all—theoretically it does the greatest harm. The position assigned to women is thus almost entirely a fictitious one. A man's wife is considered to be his dependent, fed and clothed by him of his free will and bounty, and all the work that she does in fulfillment of the natural conditions of their marriage is considered as of no account whatever in the matter. He works, but she does not; he toils to maintain her, while she sits at home in ease and leisure, and enjoys the fruits of his labor, and gives him an ornamental compensation in smiles and pleasantness. This is the representation of married life which is universally accepted. Servants have a right to their wages, and to have it understood that their work is honest and thorough—when it is so; but wives must allow it to be taken for granted that they do nothing; that their work is the merest trifle, not worth reckoning in the tale of human exertions. The cajoleries by which they extract bonnets and millinery in general out of their husband's purse, who owes nothing to them, while they owe everything to him, is the commonest of jokes—a joke tolerated and even repeated by many men who know better. I re-

peat I am not making a complaint of actual hardship. Bonnets, except in the pages of "Punch," are seldom such accidental circumstances, and still more seldom obtained by cajoleries. When the income is large enough to be divided the wife has generally her settled allowance, and the husband has as little to do immediately with the bonnets as with the legs of mutton on the table; and, in cases where the income is too small for such an arrangement, the spending of it is generally in the wife's hands. But these compromises of fact, which alone would make life livable, do not lessen the injury of the assumption which continues to exist in spite of them.

A very trifling incident directed my thoughts to this not very long ago. It was of no importance whatever, and yet it contained the whole question in it. I was making an insignificant journey in company with a married pair, between whom there was the most perfect understanding and good intelligence. The lady wore a pair of very shabby gloves, to which, by some accident or other, attention was called. The husband was shocked and ashamed. "One would think," he said, "that I could not afford to buy you gloves." Now here were the facts of this case: Both had a little money, the wife's share being, I think, about equal to her husband's. He had been a University Don, and was then a "Coach," taking pupils. Some six or eight young men were living in his house, and of course his wife had her cares of housekeeping so much enlarged as to make them an engrossing and constant occupation. She had besides a large family of small children. If she did not work as hard for her living as he did, then the words have no meaning; but so little did this good man suppose her exertions to be worth, so little share had she, according to his ideas, in the actual business of life, that he spoke of her want of gloves as a reflection upon him, as he might have spoken of the neglected appearance of a child. He had no wish to be illiberal—he was fond of his wife and proud of her, and very willing to keep her in gloves and anything else she wanted, but he had no feeling of right in the matter; no sense that her position ought to be anything else than that of absolute dependency. Had it been necessary to bring in a stranger to do the wife's work, that stranger would have been highly paid and a very independent person indeed. But the work of the wife represented nothing to her husband, and gave her, save by his grace and bounty, no right to anything, not even to her gloves and bonnets, her share of the living which she so largely helped to earn.

In this respect, however, the most liberal and the most generous men are often as much at fault as the coarsest. They will not allow the importance of the second part in the universal duet. They will give liberally, and praise freely, but they will not acknowledge "My wife has as much to do as I have. Without her work mine would not have half its value; we are partners in the toil of living, and she has earned the recompense of that toil as well as I." No one will say this, nor will the world acknowledge it. What the world does say when a woman outside of the bonds of marriage claims to be allowed to work for her bread as she best can is, that she ought to go back to her proper sphere, which is home. But in that proper sphere, and at her own individual work, all credit is taken from her, her exertions are denied, her labor is undervalued. The only chance for her to get her work acknowledged is to do it very badly, when there will be an outcry. But when it is well done it is ignored, it is taken as a matter of course, it is never thought upon at all.

Let this be contrasted with the reverse case —a case by no means unfrequent, though left out of account in all popular calculations. When it happens that the woman is the richest of the two partners in life, when the living comes from her side, or when she earns it, she is considered bound to assert no consciousness of the fact. It is a horror and shame to all spectators when she makes any stand upon her moneyed superiority. That she should let it be seen that she is the supporter of the household, or remind her husband that he is in any way indebted to her, is a piece of bad taste and bad feeling for which no blame is too severe. And the woman herself is the first to feel it so. But that which seems the depth of meanness and ungenerosity in a woman is the natural and every-day attitude of the man. It is a point of honor on her part to ignore to the length of falsehood her husband's inferiority to herself in this respect; whereas the fact of her dependence upon him is kept continually before her eyes, and insisted upon, both seriously and jocularly, at every point of her career.

In all this there has been no question of the comparative mental capacity of women and men. It is a question on which I can throw little light, and which I have no space to discuss. But with the injurious sentiment which I have tried to set forth the question of intellectual inferiority has nothing to do. Granting that the natural work of women is inferior to that of men, it is no less a distinct, complete, and personal work. When the question of professional labor comes in, and the claims of those women who desire to share the trades of men and compete with them have to be considered, the point becomes open to discussion. It may be said that a woman should not be permitted to be a doctor or a lawyer, be-

cause her abilities are inferior to those of men; but, as in every discussion of this kind she is bidden to go back to her natural trade, it is clear that upon the ground of domestic life and its occupations she is *dans son droit*, and entitled to have her claims allowed.

As to the other question of throwing open some professions, it is a much more difficult one. I think that here, too, there is a great deal of ungenerous sentiment on the part of men, so much as to be astonishing and incomprehensible *vu* the strong sense of superiority which exists in the male bosom from the age of two upward. It can not be fear of a new competitor, and yet it looks like it. The doctors, a most liberal and highly cultivated profession, have shown themselves in this particular not more enlightened than the watchmakers, who have also resisted the entrance of women into their trade with violence; though nobody can know better than medical men how heavily weighted a woman is, how much more energy she must require to carry her to actual success in a profession, and how certain it is accordingly that only a few exceptionally endowed individuals can ever enter into those lists which are so fiercely guarded. But why not let convenience and general utility be the rule here as in all other matters? Every new piece of machinery in the manufacturing districts has been mobbed and wrecked at its first introduction, just as the female students would have been on one occasion had the gentlemen of the profession had their way; but the machine, if it is a good one, always triumphs in the end. My own opinion is that the advantage to women of having a woman-doctor to refer to is incalculable. To discuss the peculiar ailments of their mysterious frames with a man is always a trial and pain to the young. Necessity hardens them as they go on in life, and prejudice, and the idea that women can not be properly educated, or that by expressing a preference for a female doctor they are exposing themselves to be ridiculed as supporters of women's rights, keeps many a woman silent on the subject; but Nature herself surely may be allowed to bear testimony on such a point. I can not imagine it to be desirable in any way that women should get over their sense of personal delicacy even with their doctor. But at all events the question whether women should be doctors or not is one, it might be supposed, to be argued quite dispassionately. They could not invade the profession all at once in such numbers as to swamp it, and, as their opponents have always indignantly maintained their want of capacity for its exercise, there could not surely be a doubt in their minds as to the failure of the experiment and their own eventual triumph. But here once more the sentiment involved is a greater injury than the fact. Not only were the gates of knowledge barred, but the vilest insinuations, utterly beyond possibility of proof, were launched against the few blameless women who did nothing worse than ask for the privilege of studying for an enlightened profession. One or more writers, supposedly English gentlemen, in a very well known and influential English paper, asserted boldly that the women-students in Edinburgh and elsewhere desired to study medicine from prurient curiosity and the foulest of motives. This was said in English print in full daylight of the nineteenth century, and nobody, so far as I can remember, objected to it. The journalist was not denounced by his brethren, and public opinion took it quite coolly, as a thing it was no shame to say.

I ask the reader, who will probably have heard similar insinuations made in society, what is his opinion on the subject? Such a shameful accusation could be susceptible of no kind of proof; the only thing that could be proved about it would be that it came out of a bad imagination. The women assailed could not come forward at whatever cost and establish their innocence. When a man utters a slander as to an actual fact, his accusation can be brought to the test, and its falsehood proved and himself punished; but the imputation of an odious motive is a far more dangerous offense, for no one can descend into the heart of the accused to bring forth proofs of its purity. Any vile fancy can in this way asperse its neighbors with impunity, and it is not an uncommon exercise. But the fact that nobody cared, that there was no protest, no objection, and that this was thought quite a permissible thing to say and publish of some half-dozen inoffensive women, is the extraordinary point in the matter. It is an injury by far more deadly and serious than a more definite offense.

I have no room to touch upon education, or other important points, but something must be said on the question of the Parliamentary franchise for women. My opinion on this point resolves itself into the very simple one that I think it is highly absurd that I should not have a vote, if I want one—a point upon which I am much more uncertain. To live for half a century, and not to have an opinion upon politics, as well as upon most other subjects, is next to an impossibility. In former days, when the franchise was a privilege supposed to be possessed only by persons of singular and superior qualifications, such as the freemen of a borough for instance, or the alderman of a corporation, women, being altogether out of the question for these dignities, might bear their deprivation

sweetly, as an effect of nature. Even the ten-pound franchise represented something—a solidity, a respectability—perhaps above the level of female attainment. But, now that the floodgates have been opened, and all who contribute their mites to the taxation have a right to a voice, the question is different. When every house is represented, why not my house as well as the others? and, indeed, I may ask, on what ground is my house, paying higher rates than a great many others, to be left out? Now that all the powers of education, judgment, knowledge, as well as property and place, are left out of the considerations, and this is the only qualification required, the stigma upon us that we are, in intelligence and trustworthiness, below the very lowest of the low, would be unbearable if it were not absurd. When even the franchise was a new thing in course of development, the stigma was not so great; but now that there remains only one further step to take, and the suffrage is about to become the right of every male individual with a thatch over his head, it is difficult to understand the grounds on which women householders are shut out. I do not comprehend the difficulty of separating, in this respect, the independent and self-supporting woman from the much larger number of those who are married. In every other case the law makes no difficulty whatever about such a separation, and in this I think it is very easy. If householding and rate-paying are the conditions of possessing the franchise, a man and his wife hold but one house and pay one set of rates. She has merged her public existence in his—for the convenience of the world it is quite necessary and desirable that there should be but one representative of the household. The two of them together support the state and its expenditure only as much as the female householder does who lives next door; they do not pay double taxes, nor undertake a double responsibility; and the married woman is by no means left out of the economy of the state. She is represented by her husband. She votes in her husband; her household has its due dignity and importance in the commonwealth. The persons who are altogether left out are those who have no husband to represent them, who pay their contributions to the funds of the country out of their own property or earnings, and have to transact for themselves all their business, whatever it may be. Some of them have never had husbands; in which case it is sometimes asked, with the graceful courtesy which characterizes the whole discussion, why such a privilege should be bestowed upon these rejected of all men, who have never been able to please or to attract what is called "the other sex." But this is illogical, I submit, with diffidence, since if these poor ladies have thus missed the way of salvation, their non-success should call forth the pity rather than the scorn of men who feel their own notice to be heaven for a woman, and who ought to be anxiously desirous to tender any such trifling compensation as a vote as some poor salve to the mortification of the unmarried. Some of us, on the other hand, have been put down from the eminence of married life summarily, and by no fault of ours. We have been obliged to bear all the burdens of a citizen upon our shoulders, to bring up children for the state, and make shift to perform alone almost all the duties which our married neighbors share between them. And to reward us for this unusual strain of exertion we are left out altogether in every calculation. We are the only individuals in the country (or will soon be) entirely unrepresented, left without any means of expressing our opinions on those measures which will shape, probably, the fate of our children. This seems to me ridiculous—not so much a wrong as an absurdity. I do not stand upon my reasoning or power of argument. Probably it is quite feeble, and capable of swift demolition. I can but come back to my original sense of the complete absurdity and falseness of the position.

Upon this homely ground, however, of tax-paying, a possibility occurs. I think that for my part I should not be unwilling to compound for the political privileges which are denied to me. The ladies at St. James's Hall will think it a terrible dereliction from principle; yet I feel it is a practical way out of the difficulty—out of the absurdity. It would be a great relief to many of us, and it would deliver us from the sting of inferiority to our neighbor next door. We should be able to feel, when the tax-gatherer came round, that for that moment at least we had the best of it. Let there be a measure brought in to exempt us from the payment of those rates which qualify every gaping clown to exercise the franchise. It will not be a dignified way of getting out of it, but it will be a way of getting out of it, and one which will be logical and convey some solace to our wounded pride. I for one am willing to compound.

In all these inequalities and injustices, however, the chief grievance to women is the perpetual contempt, the slur upon them in all respects, the injurious accusation, so entirely beyond all possibility of proof that denial means nothing. How it can have been that men have continued for all these ages to find their closest companions and friends among those whose every function they undervalue and despise, is one of the greatest problems of human nature. We are so wound and bound together, scarcely one man in the world who does not love some

woman better than he loves any other man, or one woman who does not love some man before all other mortal creatures, that the wonder grows as we look at it. For the sentiment of men toward women is thoroughly ungenerous from beginning to end, from the highest to the lowest. I have thought in my day that this was an old-fashioned notion belonging to earlier conditions of society, and that the hereditary consciousness of it which descended to me, as to all women, was to be disproved by experience. But experience does not disprove it. There are, of course, many individual exceptions, yet the general current of sentiment flows full in this way. Whatever women do, in the general, is undervalued by men in the general, because it is done by women. How this impairs the comfort of women, how it shakes the authority of mothers, injures the self-respect of wives, and gives a general soreness of feeling everywhere, I will not attempt to tell. It is too large a subject to be touched by any kind of legislation; but without this the occasional wrongs of legislation, the disabilities at which we grumble, would be but pin-pricks, and would lose all their force. They are mere evidences of a sentiment which is more inexplicable than any other by which the human race has been actuated, a sentiment against which the most of us, at one period or other of our lives, have to struggle blindly, not knowing whence it originates, or how it is to be overcome.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT (*Fraser's Magazine*).

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

[WE copy from the advance sheets of a work entitled "Memories of my Exile," by Louis Kossuth, just published in London, and soon to appear here, an account of a conference by the Hungarian patriot with Louis Napoleon, which occurred May 5, 1859, just previous to the declaration of war by France with Austria. In an interview with Prince Napoleon, preceding the conference with the Emperor, the Prince stated that the Emperor wished the Hungarian nation to avail itself of the opportunity of a war with Austria to regain its independence. Upon this, and the further assurance that the Emperor's intention was that Hungary should become an independent state, upon the sole condition that it should "adopt, not a republican form of government, but a constitutional monarchy," Kossuth accepted the invitation for a conference with Napoleon, which is here subjoined.]

AT about eleven o'clock at night the Prince came for me to the house of Colonel Kiss, and we drove together to the Tuileries. In the *salon* which is decorated with trophies, in the form of banners, and opens into the study of the Emperor, the Prince hurried forward a few steps to announce me. The Emperor at once came to the door to meet me, shook me cordially by the hand, and said the usual "charmé de faire votre connaissance." We all three sat down (the Emperor, the prince, and myself); the attendant was desired not to allow anybody to interrupt us; and we talked together for nearly two hours.

The Emperor commenced the conversation by saying that I perhaps still felt hurt that when I returned from Asia Minor he did not permit me to disembark at Marseilles, and to travel through France. He begged me to believe that it caused him pain, but that he was obliged to act as he had done; because there was just at that time a general agitation in the country, and perhaps hundreds of thousands might have come after me to Paris, and some of them might have used the opportunity to create unpleasant disturbances.

I assured the Emperor that I had long since forgotten that little unpleasantness. It did no damage to my country. Altogether it had no other effect than that of making me a little sea-sick. The sea-sickness was my own fault. Why was I such a bad sailor? As we talked of the past I asked to be permitted to say that greater than this was the pain caused to me by the frustration of the patriotic hopes which I had centered on the late Eastern war. This disappointment, however, belonged to the past, hope to the present. What did not happen then might come to pass now, in consequence of our apparent identity of interest; and the Emperor might deign to be assured that, if I should have the good fortune of beholding in him the deliverer of my poor, suffering country, he might always reckon on the most sincere and thankful devotion, not only of myself, but of every Hungarian.

The Emperor. I trust with all my heart that I may be able to realize your patriotic hopes. I have this intention, and assure you that I shall do everything in my power to bring about what you wish. But much depends upon circumstances. In politics we must take these into consideration. The Prince has reported to me what your views are. I understand that you

make the coöperation of Hungary in the war dependent on two conditions: One of them is, that I should extend the seat of war from the banks of the Po to those of the Danube and Tisza. The other is, that the appearance of my troops in Hungary should be heralded by a proclamation, in which (referring to the declaration of the independence of Hungary in 1849) I should, as friend and ally, call upon your nation to put into effect its declaration, by taking up arms against our common foe. Is that so?

Kossuth. Precisely, sire, and I am sure that his Imperial Highness was too conscientious an interpreter of the reasons which lead to these conditions to render it necessary that I should repeat them.

The Emperor. It is not necessary that you should repeat them. The Prince was a loyal interpreter; he was more, he was your advocate, "il a plaidé votre cause chaleureusement." I appreciate your motives. I have considered the matter. As regards the proclamation, there will not be much difficulty in that, if the other point, the sending of an army, is possible. The thing is not without a precedent in the history of my house. (He stepped to the table and took up a roll of parchment.) This is the original of the proclamation addressed by my uncle to the Hungarian nation in 1809. Do you know it?

Kossuth. Yes, indeed! Almost by heart. "L'Empereur d'Autriche, infidèle à ses traités, méconnaissant la générosité—"

The Emperor. That is right. You have a good memory. I, therefore, have a precedent to go by, and I shall not be perplexed because this proclamation had no success. Circumstances were different then. What happened in 1848–'49 has entirely changed the situation. Besides, I should have the support of Hungarian patriots who are trusted by their nation. My uncle did not enjoy this advantage. We could, therefore, consider this point as settled, if the other question, that of sending an army, were settled. Of course, the former is entirely dependent on the latter. And I must confess that this question of sending an army presents great difficulties. The greatest difficulty is England. The Tory Government now in power manifests a decidedly hostile attitude toward my enterprise even as regards Italy. They cling to the treaties of 1815, which have been violated by others, and not the least by myself. For, you see, those treaties proscribed the Napoleons, and I am here at this moment. However, they are good enough to serve as pretexts to cover displeasure. You may imagine what the Tories would do were I to extend the war to the Danube, if they behave in the way they do while there is a question of Italy only. To thus extend the war would mean to strike out the Austrian dynasty from among the great powers, and the English Government clings obstinately to that dynasty. The antiquated notion that the existence of the house of Hapsburg as a great power is essential to the maintenance of the European equilibrium is one of the traditional maxims of English policy. I have reason to believe that England would even go the length of intervening against me—and that I can not risk. Please take this into consideration.

The Prince (interrupting). But, sire, could we not win England over to our side? She has great interests in the East. Say, if we were to offer her the prospect of the possession of Constantinople?

The Emperor (holding his cigarette over a lamp). Il ne font jamais vouloir l'impossible.

Kossuth. And really that is "impossible" and more than that; I think it is needless, Excuse the question, sire, but what is it your Majesty desires of England? Do you wish that she should be your ally, as in the Crimean war, and actively participate in the war?

The Emperor. No, I do not dream of it; I only wish that her neutrality could be made sure of.

Kossuth. I suppose, sire, that as soon as matters had come to a crisis by the Austrian ultimatum (which reads like a declaration of war), your Majesty's Government took steps in London to ascertain what position England intends taking up, in case your Majesty takes part in the war. May I ask whether your Majesty has not yet received some reassuring official reply from England?

The Emperor. No; no answer has arrived yet to such a note of my Government as you refer to.

Kossuth. No doubt the present English Government would very much like to help Austria. Having regard to English public opinion, however, they can not well go so far as to lead England into war out of pure friendship to Austria; at least not until they can point to a violation of a direct interest of their country. For this reason I should not be at all surprised if the English Government in their reply were to hold out a prospect of neutrality.

The Emperor. I myself think that is likely to happen. But, considering the aims they pursue by their policy, that would not be sufficient for me, if the present administration remains in office.

Kossuth. Your majesty's distrust is well founded. The problem would therefore be, to put the ministry of Lord Derby in a minority, and to do so just on the question of foreign policy. The place of the Tories should be taken by the Whigs, on such an understanding as would

entirely secure the neutrality of England. As your Majesty wishes only this much from England, allow me to state that I take upon myself to bring it about.

The Emperor. What do you say? Do you really think that you can do this?

Kossuth. Yes, sire, I believe that I can. Pray do not regard it as an insolent boast. I am a poor exile, and certainly do not dream of being able to direct England's foreign policy, but I know the position of the two parties: I am on a friendly footing with the personages who can bring this about; and I hope I shall be able to persuade them to do it. With your Majesty's permission I shall say how I mean to go to work.

First of all, I would state that public opinion in England is very favorable to my country. Perhaps I myself have contributed a little to this. In any case, it is so. I can affirm as a fact that the late Eastern war was only popular in England because the people believed and hoped that the Poles and the Hungarians, especially the Hungarians, would profit thereby.

The Emperor (interrupting). That was so, I know.

Kossuth. It is no exaggeration on my part, sire, to say that if I could go and say to the English people: "Look! the powerful Emperor of the French has taken pity on my poor and unfortunate country, and has decided to assist Hungary to become free and independent; but we have also need of English help. This is an opportunity to give proof of the sympathy which you have so often and unmistakably expressed for us. Have compassion also upon my poor compatriots, and help them too!"—if I could say this, countless petitions to the Queen, the Government, and Parliament would be sent by the people, stating that they were ready for any sacrifice in this matter. And if I said: "I do not want you to spend a drop of English blood or a single shilling of English money—I even wish you to preserve both for your own benefit; I only want you not to stand in our way, but to remain neutral, for by this you would do a great service to Hungary"—if I could say this, there is no doubt that "neutrality" would be the general outcry from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Your Majesty knows that public opinion in England is a great power. Not because those who hold the reins of government would not dare to do anything against public opinion, if they considered it in their interest, but chiefly because it is a great support if the Government finds it in their interest to appeal to it.

I would therefore commence by inducing the Lord Mayor of London to preside over a great meeting. At this meeting I would ask the public to pronounce in favor of neutrality. I would continue to rouse public opinion in some other large towns, and I would do so in free—consequently well-attended—public meetings. There is no doubt that everywhere resolutions favorable to my wishes would be carried, and these would call forth an enthusiastic response from the press and from all parts of the country. Making use of this agitation in the public mind, the leaders of the Whigs, if they had a majority at their disposal, would be enabled to defeat the Tory ministry on this question of foreign policy. However, the Whigs have no majority. The problem therefore is, to procure a majority for them on condition that they will observe a benevolent neutrality. I think that I can manage this.

The two great parties—the Tories and the Whigs—are about evenly balanced in the Lower House. Measured accurately, the Tories have a majority of a few votes. It is true that the Tory ministry, at the beginning of April, was left in a minority of thirty-nine votes on the question of Parliamentary reform, but the majority on that occasion was not composed of Whigs alone, but of independent members, most of whom belonged to the so-called "Manchester School," under the leadership of Cobden and Bright. This party stands between the two great parties of the state, and the Whigs can not always depend upon them, though occasionally, as on the Parliamentary reform question, they vote together. Lord Derby believed his position so little compromised by that adverse vote that he did not resign, but appealed to the constituencies. I do not believe that the Whigs will win in the elections which are now progressing. On the contrary, the results, in so far as they are known, show a gain to the Tories of about twenty seats. This is sufficient to enable them to hold their own against the Whigs, unless these are enabled to command a majority by the support of independent members. The independent party commands about ninety votes in the Lower House, and is therefore not strong enough to form an administration, but nevertheless it was, and will remain, master of the situation. If only two thirds of their number vote one way, the majority of the House will be on that side with which these two thirds have thrown in their lot. The existence of every government depends upon their good will. They are masters of the situation in every question on which the Tories and Whigs are opposed to each other. One of the political doctrines of this party is that England, except perhaps so far as she is obliged to protect Belgium, should not mix in any Continental wars. Lord Palmerston knows this, and he also knows that, if he decides to observe neutrality on the question now pending—and he must decide on neutrality, or else he has no chance of coming into office—the independent

party will vote with him on principle, and that therefore, though his own party be in a decided minority, he could defeat the Tories at any moment. Lord Palmerston also knows, however, that, unless he comes to a preliminary understanding with the bulk of the independent members, he can not remain in power for a fortnight, for he was much disliked by the Manchester School, especially by Cobden, the powerful leader of the masses. I possess a most interesting letter from him on this subject. This explains why Lord Palmerston, though thoroughly tired of being the leader of "her Majesty's Opposition," did not propose a vote of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government; though the ministry were in a minority in a vote a few weeks ago. But the minority of the Tories on that occasion did not mean a majority of the Whigs.

Thus stands the situation.

Your Majesty may find it strange; nevertheless, it is a fact that I stand in the most intimate relation to Cobden's party, though this party wants peace at any price, and I sigh for war, because I believe the liberation of my country can be accomplished in no other way. I can say that the members of this party will readily do anything I may ask of them as a politician, as long as it is not opposed to their political convictions. Fortunately, in the question before us, after what your Majesty has been pleased to state, our interests entirely coincide with their principles; and I therefore think I can safely count upon their assistance.

If I should be fortunate enough to receive your Majesty's authority to do so, I would confidentially inform some of them—those who are my most trusted friends—as to how the situation really stands, and would ask them, as soon as the public opinion of the country had been sufficiently expressed in public meetings, etc., to go to Lord Palmerston, and assure him of the votes of the majority of their party on two conditions: one of them being that he, as well as the ministerial colleagues he should designate for a future Liberal administration, should engage in writing that the English Government shall ever remain neutral in this war, if your Majesty, with the object of establishing the independence of Hungary, should extend the seat of war to Hungary; the other being that, in order to insure that this policy is carried out, one or two members of the independent party should be members of the new administration, on the understanding that, in case his lordship should violate the neutrality, in spite of the engagement he gave to them, these two members would leave the Cabinet and overthrow his Government.

I shall think myself fortunate if I succeed in convincing your Majesty that this procedure seems to promise success. I feel so far sure of success that I would not mind promising that, shortly after the meeting of Parliament (which may be expected to take place early in June), the Whigs will come into power, and I may have the felicity of showing to your Majesty, in writing, the engagement of the new ministers to observe neutrality. And, as the change of ministry would take place on this understanding, I am of opinion that it will be easy for your Majesty's ambassador in London, in his conversation with the Prime Minister, to hint at the convenience of her Britannic Majesty assuring your Majesty of the benevolent neutrality of England, in an autograph letter.

The Emperor. What you have said is most interesting and most important. We beg you to put your scheme in train; and be convinced that, in securing the neutrality of Europe, you will have removed the greatest obstacle which stands in the way of the realization of your patriotic hopes.

After this I took occasion warmly to recommend the affairs of my country to the Emperor. Among other things also I said that the peace of Europe could only be put on a normal basis if the questions of historical necessity were solved. I spoke of the glory which history would award to that power which, by taking in hand the solving of these questions, would inaugurate a new illustrious epoch in the history of Europe. These are phrases, and I therefore do not repeat them in full, and only mention them because they furnished the Emperor an opportunity of making a remark which I think deserves to be noted. Hastily reviewing the state of Europe, I happened to mention the question of *German unity*, when the Emperor interrupted me and said, smiling: "Ah, quant à cela, ça ne me va pas, passe pour deux allemagnes, mais allemagne une, ça ne me va pas, millement." I replied by simply repeating those words of the Emperor, "Il ne font jamais vouloir l'impossible." The inevitable evolutions of history may be retarded, but not prevented, and to endeavor to suppress them may prove dangerous.

In our conversation I of course brought forward the question of foreign intervention, and said that this question was of the very greatest importance to us; that I did not receive a single letter or communication of any sort from home, in which the question was not put, whether we are quite sure that Russia would not interfere against us.

To this the Emperor replied, in the most positive manner, that we did not need to fear Russian intervention in the least. Russia would not only not interfere against us, but on the contrary was so much annoyed at Austria that she would be glad if Hungary were liberated; but of course she expected that we should not complicate the Hungarian with the Polish question. The Em-

peror recommended great caution in this respect. I instantly assured the Emperor that we would be cautious. As regarded Prussia, the Emperor remarked that so far he had no reason yet to fear that the Cabinet of Berlin intended, either directly or indirectly, to help Austria; that the appeals made by the Court of Vienna had been decidedly refused; that he (the Emperor) would do all in his power to confirm the Cabinet of Berlin in this resolution, and hoped to be assisted by Russia. "Besides," continued the Emperor, smiling, "if, contrary to my expectations, the Prussians were to interfere in the struggle, they certainly would not select Hungary as their seat of war. But I hope they will not interfere."

When I thought that the end of our conversation was drawing near, the Emperor made a remark which might have been meant as an inquiry or as a request, that "after all we might perhaps be able to organize at once a small insurrectionary movement in Transylvania, among the Saxons."

I decidedly refused to hear of it, and begged the Emperor to disabuse his mind of any such ideas. I impressed upon him that the Hungarian character was not suited for secret conspiracies; that before a small force could be organized among the Saxons the movement would be suppressed; that the small force which Austria left in Transylvania would be sufficient to secure this result, and, in consequence, we should also lose the assistance of the Saxons when we took up arms in earnest; that it might even happen that, if they saw no respectable force, but only a small movement, there might be such desperate characters among the Transylvanian Wallachians as would, by their robberies and other excesses, make it possible to Austria, in a measure, to repeat the atrocious deeds she perpetrated in 1849. "No, sire," I said, "this would be in strong contrast with the standpoint which I considered it a duty to my country to take up. I shall not play lightly with the lives of my countrymen."

The Emperor. Eh bien! let us change the subject, n'en parlon plus. Have you any knowledge of the number of Austrian troops garrisoned in Transylvania?

Kossuth. Yes, sire: there are forty-five hundred men along the Oet, where the chief points are Csikszereda, Brassó, and Szeben. Three thousand men in the valley of the Maros—chief points, Marosvásárhely Medgyes and Gyula-Fehérvár; fortified spot, Déva. Finally, forty-five hundred men scattered round about Besztercze, Deés, and Kolozsoár. In all twelve thousand men, with one fortress (Gyulafehévoár) and one fortified town (Nagyszeben).

I had to show the emperor the places named on a large map of Austro-Hungary, which was hanging up against the wall of his study.

The Emperor ended our long talk by saying: "C'est donc entendu. I assure you that I shall make use of the coöperation of Hungary in the war, on one condition only, namely, if I can give you the guarantees you require; not otherwise. It is my intention to leave nothing undone in order to give you these guarantees. Return to England and endeavor to secure England's neutrality. If you succeed in this, a great difficulty will be overcome. I authorize you to send word discreetly how matters stand. Meanwhile it will, of course, be advisable to think of making preparations. While you are occupied with your important and delicate enterprise in England, your colleagues may go to Italy, collect the Hungarian refugees who are able to carry arms, and look to the organization of the forces. The Government of Piedmont will be duly instructed, will provide money, arms, and the exchange of Hungarian prisoners of war. Senator Pietri will be intrusted with all details. You will have to confer with him."

(Turning to the Prince.) "Desire Senator Pietri to come to you to-morrow. Inform him of the nature of his trust, and put him in communication with these gentlemen, that the matter may be proceeded with at once."

(To me.) "Of course you will take care that public opinion in Hungary is duly prepared. I believe you will find it necessary to send trusted agents to Bucharest and Belgrade. Tell them to call upon our diplomatic envoys in those towns, who will receive the necessary instructions. When you have accomplished your enterprise in England, pray hurry to Italy. Inform us, through Pietri, of your arrival. We shall let you know where we can meet and—à revoir en Italie."

I thanked the Emperor for his affable reception and the hope which he held out to my country, and asked permission to be allowed to remind him that the Napoleons had a heavy account to settle with the Austrian dynasty, and that I thought, by my proposals in the name of my nation, to give him an opportunity of definitely settling the account. As an honest and unassuming man I begged the Emperor to be convinced that, if we should succeed in putting his name in the annals of our history as the liberator of the Italian and of the Hungarian nations, he would secure the devotion to his house of two grateful nations, upon whom he might depend under any circumstances; that he would prevent the possibility of those trials which may come sooner or later, when, with the regeneration of these two nations, the political equilibrium will not be reëstablished in face of the representatives of the doctrine of "divine right," between whom and the Napoleons there may be an armistice, but never a sincere and genuine peace.

With this we parted.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND EGYPTIAN FINANCES.

MY attention has been called to an article headed "The Suez Canal—a History," by P. H. M., published in "Appletons' Journal" for April.

I confess I was surprised to learn, from a letter in the May number of the same Journal, that the initials "P. H. M." are claimed by Judge Philip H. Morgan, who has resided in Egypt for several years.

I think the tone of the article is prejudiced and sentimental; the grasp of the writer on facts in engineering and finance is weak; the historical basis is erroneous; and the slips made in geography are pardonable only under the plea that the writer has never been on the ground.

Having visited Egypt in 1862, 1867, and 1873, and having given some time to an examination of the Suez Canal itself as well as to its history and progress, I shall venture to take exception to some of Judge Morgan's statements.

In the second paragraph of his article (p. 303) he says, "Twice before the waters of the Mediterranean had been connected with the waters of the Red Sea." This is incorrect. The ancient canal led *from the Nile* to the port of Arsinoë on the Red Sea, and dates back to 1700 B. C. It passed through alternate periods of neglect and repair for a thousand years. Herodotus gives a detailed account of his own passage through the canal about 450 B. C. Very little is known concerning it from this date until after the battle of Actium, 31 B. C., when Egypt came under the control of the Romans. The Emperor Trajan caused a new branch or feeder to be dug to the main body *of the Nile*, near to where Cairo now stands. So far as my reading extends, the canal has been in navigable order but once during the Christian era: the Caliph Omar having repaired it in 644. Certainly, nothing has been done to it since 1380.

In 1799 General Napoleon Bonaparte, then commanding the French army in Egypt, first gave prominence to the new idea of a canal *direct from sea to sea*, and ordered his engineer, M. Le Père, to run a line of surveys across the Isthmus to ascertain if the Mediterranean and the Red Seas were on the same level. The order was obeyed; but the work was done hurriedly with instruments of insufficient precision, and through a country swarming with hostile tribes; so, when it was announced that there was a difference of level of nearly thirty-three feet, no one placed any confidence in the report. The mathematicians Laplace and Fourier declared this result to be inconsistent with the laws governing the figure of the earth.

If the honorable Judge had ever heard of M. Bourdaloue, he would not have written the paragraph at the foot of the first column on page 304, where he enlarges on the "great disaster" of draining the Indian Ocean into the Mediterranean Sea.

In 1847 the eminent French engineer above named ran a double line of levels across the isthmus, and showed conclusively that there was no perceptible difference of elevation between the two seas. This question was therefore settled seven years before M. de Lesseps first took hold of the canal project; and the discussion of draining one sea into the other is to be found only in Judge Morgan's imagination.

At least, I think the Judge should explain why this overwhelming disaster had not already occurred when the two seas had been connected in the early days, as he states on page 303.

Failing to agree with the Judge's historical quotations, I pass to his geographical opinions, from which also I must dissent.

On page 305 he speaks of Egypt as "a distant quarter of the globe." Before he again writes that sentence for public perusal and instruction, I would suggest that he open an atlas and look at the position of Egypt relative to Europe, Asia, and Africa. He might also read a few pages in a most interesting volume entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," written by Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal at Edinburgh. This learned professor devotes some space to proving the proposition that Egypt occupies the exact geographical center of our earth. His arguments carry conviction to my mind, but I will leave Judge Morgan and Professor Smyth to settle the question whether Egypt stands at the center or circumference of this circle.

If Judge Morgan refers to the line of the canal as being remote from the centers of capital, I would remind him that of 400,000 shares, subscribed for in November, 1858, 358,000 were taken by countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea; adding 24,000 shares taken in Russia, we have 382,000, or more than nineteen twentieths of the whole amount.

On page 304 Judge Morgan tells us that the Canal Company were to be permitted to dig a fresh-water canal from a point midway on the marine canal northward to Port Saïd. This is incorrect; no such permission was ever asked

for or granted; the topographical features of the country render such a canal impossible; and a minimum of local knowledge would have saved Judge Morgan this slip. So, too, his perception of the difference between "up stream" and "down stream" might have led him correctly to locate the head of the fresh-water canal *below* Cairo and not incorrectly *above* Cairo, as he does on page 304.

Whenever possible I hasten to agree with Judge Morgan.

On page 308 he commences a paragraph with the words "Egyptians are not beavers"; this statement I know to be true—I know every other statement in this paragraph to be untrue. Passing over the inference that the beaver is a salt-water animal, able to work at considerable depths below the surface, I take issue with the assertion that "the water poured into the places from which the earth was removed." No Egyptian then working on the canal even wet his feet, for the simple reason that they were working *above water-level.* The edge of the salt-marsh was miles distant toward the north; the end of the fresh-water canal was miles distant toward the west; every drop of water for drinking and cooking was brought to the camps on the backs of donkeys and camels, thousands of animals being employed in this service at very heavy expense.

Judge Morgan's imagination runs away with his facts when he states that the dredging-machines were then invented and at work; and that the canal could not have been dug by hand-labor. I make the positive assertion, that at this date, 1862–1863, no other mode of digging a canal was known. To bring the question nearer home, I will ask how was it possible to dig the Erie Canal, with six feet of water, without drowning all the men engaged upon it? Simply by *preparing the channel before turning the water into it.* And this was the original plan for digging the Suez Canal. The salt-marshes extended southward from Port Saïd about thirty-eight miles, to the southern edge of Lake Ballah. From this point to the Red Sea, about sixty-two miles, was an arid, desolate waste, a part of the great desert extending to Syria and Arabia.

To the unaided eye, one mile of this vast, treeless plain looked like another; but the precise instrumental surveys of the engineers detected slight variations in the level of the surface. The highest point was on the ridge of El Guisr, sixty-six feet above the sea; this ridge, ten miles in width, separates Lake Ballah from the Timsah basin, and here the Egyptian laborers were concentrated. At the time of my first visit, March, 1862, there were about twenty-two thousand of them employed. The mode of doing their work was not precisely that described by Judge Morgan, on page 306, but was the same that has prevailed in Egypt for hundreds of years, and the same as is to be seen throughout that country to-day. The soil is loosened with a stick shod with an iron point, it is scooped up in the hands of women and children, put into shallow baskets and carried away on the shoulder. The Canal Company furnished tools and modern appliances for doing the work, but these half-civilized people would not use them. No one pretends to say that the lot of these poor fellows was other than heart-rending: they were driven to this work by the orders of the Khedive, and payment was made to his officers, and not to the laborers themselves. The interference of the English Government was purely a diplomatic move, under the guise of humanity. Lord Palmerston was determined to prevent the construction of the canal, and represented the labor of these Egyptians, to the Sultan and to the English people, as a form of slavery, which was only too true. But did he ever raise his finger to ameliorate the condition of these same laborers after they had left the canal and gone home? There must be some hundreds of travelers in the city of New York who have visited Judge Morgan's "distant quarter of the globe," called Egypt. I appeal to any one of these persons to sustain my statement, that the chief drawback to the pleasure of a winter on the Nile is the ever-present poverty and wretchedness of the native inhabitants, with the heartless oppression of their local magistrates and tax-gatherers. When the canal officers were allowed to deal directly with the Egyptian laborers, there was no trouble; these men dug a hundred miles of fresh-water canal, under the direction of M. Cazeau, without a murmur. At the time of my second visit to the Suez Canal I saw ten thousand of these laborers, Egyptians, Syrians, Arabs, working on the ridge of Chalouf, at the southern end of the basin of the Bitter Lakes. This number could have been doubled if it had been possible to give them employment. They were contented, they worked well, they gave satisfaction to their employers, they were *voluntary laborers.* Those sent to work on the canal under the concession were *involuntary laborers;* they were driven to the work by the orders of the Khedive, *he took their wages,* and at his door must lie the sin of this bargain, and not with the Canal Company, who were only too glad to be free from it. To the Canal Company this arrangement was unsatisfactory, because they could not get the laborers as they were needed, they could not control them when obtained, the Company were obliged to feed a man whether he worked much or little, and the amount of work done was much less than had been calculated upon; consequently the time of

digging the canal would be prolonged, and its cost increased.

Judge Morgan speaks, on page 308, of the injustice of men in high social station conspiring to defraud the poor laborer of his dues; and alludes to the sum of 4,500,000 francs being withheld from them.

I must again call his attention to the fact that the Canal Company had no dealings whatever with the Egyptian laborers in the matter of wages.

I do not pretend to say that the laborers ever received one tenth of the sums they earned, but the Canal Company were not to blame for this hardship. It mattered but little to one of these poor wretches whether he worked on the canal for his subsistence only, his wages going to the Khedive, or whether he cultivated his little piece of ground at home, and then had the last farthing of his earnings wrung from him, under the bastinado, in the form of taxes.

The discrepancy alluded to arose from the difference in the number of men ordered by the Khedive to go to work on the canal and the actual number who worked from day to day. If the Khedive ordered ten thousand men to go there, he multiplied the daily wages by ten thousand and presented his account to the company.

The engineers in charge of the canal counted the number of persons who really did anything, and sent their report to the canal office in Cairo. This item of 4,500,000 francs is to be accounted for in this way: The Egyptian laborers were withdrawn in May, 1863, and for two years the work on the canal was practically suspended; some new method of doing the work had to be devised.

At last the right man was found in M. Lavalley, and to him belongs the credit of inventing the new machines and appliances by which the canal was completed.

Judge Morgan is mistaken when he states (page 308) that "the dredging-machines had already been constructed and were at work" when the decision was made. This was in 1864. The machines then in existence were such as we are accustomed to see, calculated to move about 300 cubic yards of sand per day, without any provision for disposing of the sand when excavated. M. Lavalley brought out machines which actually dug *five thousand cubic yards* per day, and also disposed of this waste material. I can not say when the first of these giant excavators made its appearance; the last one came into use as late as December, 1868.

Thus far I do not think this writer has established a reputation for accuracy of statement in history, geography, or engineering. In finance, I consider his deductions erroneous also. I shall admit as correct the figures of the award made by the Emperor Napoleon III, acting as arbitrator between the Canal Company and the Khedive, viz.: For withdrawal of the laborers, 38,000,000 francs; for 100 miles of fresh-water canals, 10,000,000 francs; for loss of tolls on these canals, 6,000,000 francs; for re-ceding of waste land, 30,000,000 francs; for sale of the Ouady property, 10,000,000 francs; total, 94,000,000 francs.

This is a large sum for any individual or for even a nation to pay. I shall not attempt to prove it was wise or prudent for the Egyptian Government to invest so much money even in a safe and paying enterprise, my claim being that the Khedive was dealt with honorably and fairly; that he received value for every franc paid to the Canal Company, and that his own reckless extravagance brought him and his country to financial ruin, and not his investment in the only profitable concern he ever encouraged.

In reviewing the above-mentioned award, I shall dismiss the first item as having been a grave error by each of the contracting parties: the Khedive sought to gain money by the sale of the labor of his subjects; the Canal Company agreed to accept such forced labor, paying the contractor and not the individual. In extenuation it can only be said, that the sentiment in Europe and in this country is much stronger now, in condemnation of such forms of oppression, than it was in 1854, eight years before President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

One feature of the Canal Company, as first organized, took the form of a great land speculation, to render productive thousands of acres of desert by artificial irrigation, and sell at a high price what was originally of no value.

It was at once apparent also that a supply of fresh water near the line of the marine canal was a matter of prime necessity, and must be first provided. The ancient canal *from the Nile to the Red Sea* had long ago ceased to be of any value as a navigable channel; the upper part, between twenty and thirty miles in length, had been kept in repair to supply water for irrigation to the agricultural district known as the "Ouady." The plan of the Canal Company was to enlarge this part of the old canal, continue it eastward for about thirty miles to the Timsah basin, where it would meet the line of the marine or ship canal, about midway between Port Saïd and Suez. Two miles west of the Timsah basin the fresh-water canal turned southward and was continued through the desert fifty-eight miles to Suez; and here it was, along this line, that the company expected to make the desert blossom as the rose, by irrigation, and to add 150,000 acres to the area of cultivable land in Egypt.

In order to avoid any question as to their right to control the water, the company purchased all the lands then irrigated by the section of the ancient canal, paying about 10,000,000 francs therefor. The item of 1,800,000 francs mentioned by Judge Morgan on page 309 represents a single purchase from El Hamy Pasha, and not the aggregate of purchases from many smaller proprietors.

The Canal Company were prepared to offer their lands on liberal terms to actual settlers; and there is no doubt but a successful colony of European agriculturists would be found to-day on these desert wastes if Lord Palmerston had not again interfered and killed the whole project by his vigorous protests against having a large body of immigrants on the Isthmus of Suez, lest the communication of England with her Indian colonies should be endangered.

In his action as arbitrator between the Canal Company and the Khedive, I think the Emperor Napoleon III showed more fairness and common sense than Judge Morgan is willing to accord to him. In brief, his decision was this: Let the Canal Company give up all its land-speculating schemes, and confine itself solely to digging the ship-canal.

In compliance with this decision the Canal Company re-ceded to the Khedive everything not necessary to the prosecution of their work. The Khedive was at liberty to sell the waste lands or to cultivate them himself. The fresh-water canals were sixty-six feet wide and six feet deep, forming channels for a very profitable freighting business for more than five years before the ship-canal was opened to commerce. The one item of coal transported for the steamers navigating the Red Sea paid a large percentage of the sum allowed for tolls.

On page 307 Judge Morgan mentions the admiration of the Khedive for the Emperor of the French, and his desire to imitate him.

Æsop tells us of the Frog who admired the Ox, and endeavored to swell himself up to the size of the noble beast. The result was disastrous.

Ismaïl Pasha had made several visits to Paris before coming to power as the ruler of Egypt. He was just enough of a barbarian to be captivated, like a child, with the pomp and glitter of the French capital. He had not enough common sense to perceive that the basis of this display of wealth and power was to be found in the skilled industry of many millions of inhabitants; whereas his own country contained a mere handful of people, trained only to agriculture of the rudest kind.

Judge Morgan truly states the ambition of the Khedive to rival the Emperor in military glory; and millions and millions of dollars were expended on the expeditions sent into Africa. The records of Darfoor, Kordofan, Harrar, Soudan, and Abyssinia, would show a fearful loss of men and money—I venture to say, greater than the aggregate investment in the Suez Canal, with a greater loss of life, and with no compensating benefits. The report of General Gordon in August, 1879, indicates that Soudan must be abandoned, as the cost of governing the country for two years had been nearly $3,000,000 more than the revenue, and the Egyptian Treasury could not afford to bear this loss any longer.

The Egyptian navy has been a most expensive luxury. The steam-yacht Maroussa cost $400,000, and is a larger, more rapid, more elegantly appointed vessel than the royal yacht belonging to the English Government.

One of the attractions of Paris is the opera; so the Khedive built a fine opera-house, and Verdi was commissioned to write "Aïda" for it. Mademoiselle Schneider was induced to go to Cairo and sing "La Grande Duchesse" on the bank of the Nile. I presume Judge Morgan knows more about the opera there than I, for my knowledge covers one season only. The account for this season showed $500,000 paid to the *impressario* for opera troupe, corps de ballet, orchestra, complete; and $20,000 received for tickets sold.

I saw a letter written by a New York lady who was in Cairo at the time of the marriage of Tewfik Pasha, son of the Khedive. This lady received an invitation to visit the woman's section of the palace. She was not the sort of person to be easily astonished; she wrote, however, in perfect astonishment at the lavish, barbaric heaping up of diamonds, pearls, jewelry, silks, laces, and elegant furniture, which literally cumbered the ground.

The country-houses maintained by the Khedive in different parts of his territory could be shown to have been an immense drain on the public funds.

Perhaps no more easy and rapid method of getting rid of money can be found than "gentleman farming." The Khedive and his family owned about one fifth of all the cultivable land in Egypt. He tried his hand at raising cotton and making sugar, and his wretched subjects paid the bills.

According to Mohammedan law, Halim Pasha should have succeeded Ismaïl Pasha as Viceroy of Egypt; but, wishing to keep the succession in his own family, Ismaïl Pasha bought from the Sultan the right to name his successor, paying therefor millions of dollars of the public money.

When the English and French Governments began to look into the condition of Egyptian

finances, one of the first things done by the accountants sent to that country was to call the attention of the Khedive to the wholesale robbery, the unblushing corruption, and the systematic falsification of accounts going on in the office of his finance minister, Sadyk Pasha. The amount of these defalcations is known to have been enormous.

Judge Morgan says, on page 303, that the canal has been the principal cause of the financial ruin of Egypt. I do not think he has made good this assertion. To state this cause in a single sentence, I should say it was the despotic power of the Khedive to levy taxes, and his uncontrolled opportunity to spend the public funds according to his private whims and caprices.

The financial condition of Turkey is the same as Egypt, and is to be accounted for on the same hypothesis.

I do not think Judge Morgan deals fairly in stating the account as he does; he charges up everything on the debit side, and then closes the ledger.

I have looked, but in vain, for an item of 100,000,000 francs, which should appear on the credit side. I refer to the purchase of canal shares made by the English Government in November, 1875.

I say distinctly, the Khedive has received value for every franc paid to the Canal Company, and his holding of shares has increased with his payments; and, if he has now no interest in the canal, the simple answer is, *he has sold his interest.*

Ismaïl Pasha was deposed from his position of Khedive in 1879, ten years after the canal was finished, ten years after his payments thereon had ceased, during which period he had received an income from the canal. At the time of his deposition he had governed or misgoverned Egypt for sixteen and a half years. The annual revenue of the country had been about $55,000,000. The bonded debt was, and is, $450,000,000. Even admitting as true Judge Morgan's wildest statement that the canal cost Egypt $100,000,000, I would ask him what has become of *one thousand million dollars*, and what is there in that country to-day, besides the canal, to represent one tenth of this sum? The character and integrity of a public man like M. de Lesseps can not be damaged by a writer as loose, inaccurate, and prejudiced as Judge Morgan has shown himself to be.

CHARLES H. ROCKWELL.

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, *May*, 1880.

PROFESSOR WINCHELL'S "PREADAMITES."

ANOTHER step forward in the effort to effect a reconciliation between the conflicting claims of science and religion is taken by Dr. Winchell in his elaborate work on "Preadamites." * Finding that the whole tendency of archæological research is to discredit the current interpretation of those passages in Genesis which deal with Adam and his relation to the rest of the human race—that it is becoming more and more difficult to believe that the various races of mankind as we know them to-day have descended from Adam through Noah within the period defined by the Biblical chronology—Dr. Winchell addressed himself to the task of examining, "without prejudice" and with "judicial candor," the evidences bearing upon the question of preadamites; and speedily convinced himself that the doctrine that the Biblical Adam was the *first man* and the sole progenitor of the multitudinous generations of mankind is not only "unscientific" but "unscriptural." His own interpretation of the Genesiacal account is that "the Biblical Adam was not the first man, but only the first white man"; that "the Biblical Adam was a representative of the Mediterranean race, and was simply the remotest ancestor to whom the Jews could trace their descent"; and that the Noachian Deluge was a local incident and not a world-de stroying catastrophe.

The major premise of Dr. Winchell's argument is the wellnigh obvious truth that the interpretation placed upon any scriptural passage will inevitably be colored and shaped by the preconceptions and predilections of the interpreter; and he holds that the views regarding Adam to which the popular version of the Scriptures seems to have lent its sanction are simply the measure of the ignorance of the translators at the time that version was made. In one of his most striking passages he says:

* Preadamites; or a Demonstration of the Existence of Man before Adam; together with a Study of their Condition, Antiquity, Racial Affinities, and Progressive Dispersion over the Earth. With Charts and other Illustrations. By Alexander Winchell, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

"Had the language of the Pentateuch clearly stated the existence of nations which survived the Flood, collateral interpretations and current opinions would have adjusted themselves immediately to such an enunciation. I have no doubt a similar adjustment would have been effected had the world always known of the existence of nations unaffected by the Flood, even though the language of Scripture had been as it is. It does not appear that Biblical language excludes the existence of such nations, though many passages seem to imply their existence. There is, however, some ground to suppose that the compiler of Genesis had no intention to make mention of postdiluvian peoples not belonging to the line of the Noachidæ, if indeed he had actual information of the existence of such peoples. At any rate, it is generally understood that the Pentateuch formally restricts itself to the Adamic ancestry of Noah and the nations descended from him, among whom its specialty is the Semitic family. In the purview of Genesis, 'all the world' is the region over which the Semitic people were dispersed; or, in the widest sense, it stretched no farther than the tribes of Gomer on the north, Madai on the east, Seaba on the south, and the posterity of Mizraim on the west. With such a purpose, and the silence which such a purpose imposed, the later Jews undoubtedly came to believe literally that all the races of men had descended from Noah. They fixed upon the Scriptures an interpretation accordant with such a belief, and their interpretation and belief have come into our possession. But it is always legitimate to reëxamine any matter of opinion and judgment. Whenever new light dawns upon any subject, it is our solemn duty to scrutinize the grounds of old opinions, and cheerfully to abandon them if not in harmony with new facts, or the inductions logically based on new facts."

The pertinence of this argument lies in the fact that Dr. Winchell holds that the same considerations which apply to Noah apply also to Adam; since the current story of the Flood makes Noah not less than Adam the progenitor of the entire human race. In regard to Adam, much linguistic ingenuity is expended upon the attempt to show that the name itself is quite as often used as a generic as it is as a personal name; and in many other features the common version of the Scriptures is shown to deviate widely from what would now be regarded as an exact or adequate translation. But the pith of the Biblical argument lies in such passages as that in which the story of Cain is discussed:

"When Cain, according to the Biblical account, was convicted before Jehovah of the murder of his brother, he was banished as 'a fugitive and a vagabond' from the land of his parents. The culprit, reflecting on the condition to which he had been doomed, exclaimed: 'My punishment is greater than I can bear. . . . *Every one that findeth me* shall slay me.' And Jehovah said unto him, 'Therefore, *whosoever slayeth Cain*, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.' And Jehovah set a mark upon Cain, lest *any finding him* should kill him. And Cain departed and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. It is next mentioned, in the continuation of the narrative, that Cain had *married a wife*, and a son had been born whose name was Enoch. Cain is next reported to have *built a city*, which he named after his son. From Enoch descended generations represented by Irad, Mehujael, Methusael, and Lamech, who *married two wives*. . . .

"Following out, in another place, the line of the Adamites and their contemporary annals, the sacred account informs us that, 'when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all which they chose,' and the children of such unions [became] mighty men which [were] of old men of renown.

"Now, I think that a natural and unsophisticated interpretation of the foregoing Biblical statements demonstrates that they imply the existence of preadamites.

"1. Cain recognizes the existence of some people in the regions remote from Eden, from whom he might apprehend bodily danger. He does not anticipate this because they would recognize him as an offender, but because he would be a foreigner and a stranger.

"2. Jehovah recognizes the existence of a foreign people, and the danger to which Cain would be exposed, and provides some means by which he would be protected from the effects of intertribal or interracial antagonism.

"3. Cain went toward the east, into the region which I suppose to have been peopled, at this time, either by one of the black races then still spread over the earth, or, much more likely, by the primitive Mongoloids, who still maintain, in their descendants, a powerful foothold in all the contiguous regions. . . .

"4. Cain found his wife in the region to which he removed. On the current pseudo-orthodox interpretation we are deprived of this decent alternative. Cain must have married his sister or his niece, and the married woman must have followed him into banishment for some unnamed offense. I say 'followed him,' for at the date of his banishment Adam's daughters are not stated to have been born. Why, unless we gratuitously assume that some near kinswoman of Cain was also banished, should a woman leave her father's family and join herself, in a foreign land, to a convicted and sentenced murderer of her brother? The motive did not exist. No such woman followed Cain. His wife was a woman of the country to which he fled. She was a daughter of the preadamite race. . . .

"5. Cain built a city. How did Cain build a city with only a wife and a baby? Or did the populating of the city await the natural increase of the family? How many citizens is it probable that Cain himself furnished during his lifetime? It will be suggested

that Enoch probably assisted him; but where did Enoch obtain a wife? Did he marry one of his aunts, or one of his possible sisters? . . . I would reply that Enoch intermarried with the people among whom his father had settled. I would reply that these people entered into the population of the Cainite city. . . .

"6. 'And Irad begat Mehujael.' Who was Mehujael's mother? Was she his aunt, a sister of Irad? Or was she his great-aunt, a sister of Enoch? . . .

"7. Lamech married two wives, Adah and Zillah. Who were these two ladies? And why was Lamech permitted to appropriate both of them in such a time of scarcity? . . . And Lamech made confession to both his wives that he had slain a man. But who was this man? Did Lamech slay his father Methusael, or his grandfather Mehujael? Neither is presumable; for these persons, having been named when they came into being, would probably have been honored by mention when they went out of existence. Whom did Lamech violently remove from the population of the city of Enoch? The answer is suggested by the whole context: it was the son of a preadamite.

"8. The 'sons of God' married the 'daughters of men.' What is the meaning of this antithesis? The 'sons of God' plainly belonged to a different people from the 'daughters of men.' Who, then, were the 'men'? . . . The 'sons of men' were the sons of Adam. . . . The 'men' in all these passages were the Adamites. . . . The 'sons of God' are mentioned in antithesis to these; they were *not* Adamites. Nothing is plainer than that they were preadamites. All conceivable humanity must have been Adamic or preadamic. Why called 'sons of God'? Because they were 'sons,' but not the sons of 'men' (or Adamites), and the anthropomorphic conceptions of the Hebrews, who traced all things to God, led them to ascribe young men, whose ultimate ancestry was unknown, to the parentage of the all-producing Jehovah.

"I know of no other rational interpretation of these passages. They imply, with remarkable clearness, that nonadamites were contemporaries of the immediate posterity of Adam. The succession of Biblical statements which I have cited and commented upon all concur in the clear implication of the existence of nonadamites; and this seems to have been a fact so well known and notorious as not to require a formal enunciation by the Hebrew writers."

It will be seen that, even when confined within the strict limits of the Scriptural text, Dr. Winchell's argument is very strong; but, not contenting himself with this, he summons to the sanction and support of his conclusion "the facts of race-histories, and the discovered laws of animal life, past and present." Indeed, the author extends the range of his inquiries far beyond the limits required by his argument, and his book covers nearly all the topics that would naturally be dealt with in a popular treatise on anthropology and ethnology. "I have not contented myself," he says, "with the employment of the direct argument, but have attempted to show that the old hypothesis of the descent of the black races from Ham is equally unscriptural and unscientific. Finally, assuming the thesis proved, I have endeavored to gratify the natural and intelligent curiosity which expresses itself in the questions: Who, then, were the first men? Where did they appear, and how long since? How have the races come into existence, and what has been the method of their dispersion over the earth?"

To each of these questions he presents an answer as precise and complete as the present state of archæological and historical science will permit. He thinks that the most plausible inference from acknowledged facts is that the first men approximated more nearly to the type of the present Australian aborigines than to any other now in existence; that they first appeared in the ancient Continent of Lemuria, which occupied the site of what is now the Indian Ocean, and connected Asia and Africa; that one branch of this primeval race developed through the Bushmen and Hottentots into the present negro races, and there stopped; and that from the other branch came the Mongoloid race and the Adamites or White races. He argues very strongly against the idea that the negroes are degraded descendants of Adam through Noah and Ham, maintaining that the divergence is far too wide to have taken place within the period allowed by the current chronologies, particularly as the negro of the very oldest Egyptian monuments is in every respect identical with the negro of to-day. In regard to the theory that race distinctions are due to the influence of surrounding conditions, and especially to climate, he says:

"Color is the character observed to yield most readily to the impression of climate. But, when we attend carefully to the climatic distribution of colors, we find the correlation between color and climate to be very far from exact. . . . The yellow-tawny Hottentots live side by side with the black Caffres. The ancient Indians of California, in the latitude of 42°, were as black as the negroes of Guinea; while in Mexico were tribes of an olive or reddish complexion, relatively light. So in Africa, the darkest negroes are at 12° or 15° north latitude, while their color becomes lighter the nearer they approach the equator. 'The Yoloffs,' says Goldberry, 'are a proof that the black color does not depend entirely on solar heat, nor on the fact that they are more exposed to a vertical sun, but arises from other causes; for, the farther we go from the influence of its rays, the more the black color is increased in intensity.' So we may contrast the dark-skinned Esquimaux with the fair Kelts of temperate Europe. If it be thought that extreme cold exerts upon color an influence similar to that of extreme heat, we may compare the dark Esquimaux with the fair Finns of similar latitudes. Among the black races of tropical regions we

find, generally, some light-colored tribes interspersed. These sometimes have light hair and blue eyes. This is the case with the Tuareg of the Sahara, the Afghans of India, and the aborigines of the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon. The Abyssinians of the plains are lighter colored than those of the heights; and, upon the low plains of Peru, the Antisians are of fairer complexion than the Aymaras and Quichuas of the high table-lands. Humboldt says: 'The Indians of the torrid zone, who inhabit the most elevated plains of the Cordillera of the Andes, and those who are engaged in fishing, in the forty-fifth degree of south latitude, in the islands of the Chonos Archipelago, have the same copper color as those who, under a scorching climate, cultivate the banana in the deepest and narrowest valleys of the equinoctial region.'

"The condition of the hair is found to sustain relations to climate no more exact than the complexion. The Tasmanians, in latitude 45°, had hair as woolly as that of the negroes under the equator. On the contrary, smooth hair is found extensively in tropical latitudes, as among the Australians, the blacks of the Deccan (India), and the Himyarites of the Yemen, in Arabia. Here are cases where, if heat is the cause of racial distinctions, it must have exerted its influence on the skin and not on the hair.

"Similar absence of correlation between stature and the environment has been ascertained. On the whole, it appears that race-characters have been conferred under conditions and through influences different from those which surround the various tribes of men in our own times. While we can not deny that organism has been coadapted to environment in the progress of ages, it is true that characters finally acquired persist with a wonderful degree of changelessness from age to age, and under the broadest diversity of physical conditions. From the date of the earliest records the Jew has been a recognizable Jew, the negro has been distinctly a negro, and the Egyptian and the Aryan and the Abyssinian have stood forth as completely differentiated as they appear to be at present."

A chapter each is devoted to the genealogy of the black races, the brown races, and the white race, and four more tracing out the method and sequence of their dispersion over the earth; and then the author comes to the crucial question as to the Antiquity of Man, the chapter on which is one of the most interesting in the book. Though an enthusiastic geologist himself, he is decidedly skeptical regarding the geological evidence of man's vast antiquity, and thinks "our imaginations have been excited."

"The mystery and the magnitude of geological changes seem to relegate them to the remote ages of convulsion and cataclysm. Let us not be frightened. We are in the midst of great changes, and are scarcely conscious of it. We have seen worlds in flames, and have felt a comet strike the earth. We have seen the whole coast of South America lifted up bodily ten or fifteen feet and let down again in an hour. We have seen the Andes sink two hundred and twenty feet in seventy years. The Chinese possess authentic records of changes in the location of great rivers—especially the Hoang-ho. This river has changed its mouth two or three times. Sometimes it discharges its waters into the Gulf of Pechili, and sometimes into the Yellow Sea. . . . Vast transpositions have also taken place in the coast-line of China. The ancient capital, located, in all probability, in an accessible position near the center of the empire, has now become nearly surrounded by water, and its site is on the peninsula of Corea. We have seen the glaciers make progress in their retreat and disappearance. An ice-peak of the Tyrolese Alps has lowered eighteen and a half feet in a few years. The Mer de Glace is a hundred feet lower or thinner than it was thirty years ago. At Chamounix I conversed with the chief of the guides, an old man who had recorded the phases of the glaciers for more than fifty years. He pointed out the limits of the Mer de Glace and Glacier des Bossons in 1818, 1819, and 1820. He showed me huge bowlders which had formerly been deposited in the valleys near the termini of these glaciers. He pointed out the striations made on the bounding walls of the glacier valleys. From these records I perceived that these two great glaciers have receded, in fifty years, not less than half a mile, and the volume of ice is lowered at least two hundred feet. From the foot of the Mer de Glace I traced the footsteps of the receding glacier down the valley of the Arveiron—down the valley of the Arve—down the Arve all the way to Geneva. Then I felt that I also had gazed on the ancient glaciers. I had seen how their stupendous work had been done. I had come upon the earth in time to see the continental glaciers of Europe on their retreat up the gorges of the Alps. I felt the Stone Folk drawn down in time toward our own times. I could look *over* the abyss of years, and seize its span in my comprehension. *We* are the witnesses of the retreat of the glaciers. When the Stone Folk came to Europe the southern border of the continental ice-field was, perhaps, on the Rhine; now it is in Russia and Siberia and Greenland. . . . Nor have the veritable glaciers become extinct from the United States. In the deep gulches of the Sierra Nevada are sundry remnants of a glacier once continent-wide. On these repositories of ancient ice has accumulated the 'dust of ages,' to which the cosmical dust which comes to us out of the depths of space has made contributions not inconsiderable. But they lie there in their senescence, to proclaim a chapter of past events in American history—fossil glaciers, as eloquent as a fossil world. The truth is, we are not so far out of the dust and smoke of antiquity as we had supposed. Antiquity is at our doors. The rubbish of geological revolution is strewed about our feet. We are in the midst of geological history. The Indian saw Lake Michigan spread its waters over Illinois. We have seen cities grow up where our childhood knew only a swamp; and our children will see the swamp usurp

the site of the lake which nourishes it. It is not a remote epoch which witnessed the laying down of the site of New Orleans. The land grows seaward three hundred and thirty-eight feet annually. Humphreys and Abbot estimate that the whole delta of the Mississippi had been laid down in five thousand years. De Lanoye makes the delta of the Nile but six thousand three hundred and fifty years old. The Sea of Azof once extended farther east than the Euxine, and the Volga emptied into it. The Greeks retained a tradition of great hydrographic changes about the Black Sea. The Symplegades, or floating islands, were only landmarks which changed their positions relatively to the changing shore-line. There was a time when the rocky barriers of the Thracian Bosporus gave way and the Black Sea subsided. It had covered a vast area to the north and east; now this area became drained, and was known as the ancient Sectonia. . . . now the prairie region of Russia and the granary of Europe. Bergsträsser has shown that during its former high level it was confluent with the Caspian and Aral Seas; and thus another Mediterranean stretched eastward beyond the Dardanelles. An American engineer has proposed to reunite them. Such events have taken place in historic times and before our eyes."

The manner in which Dr. Winchell carries on the discussion is eminently appropriate to the significance of the subject with which it deals. Occasionally he falls into the controversial or disputatious tone, but in general he conducts his argument with a praiseworthy attempt at the calmness of temper and impartiality of judgment which should distinguish the unprejudiced seeker after truth. It will be admitted, too, that his arguments are the more effective, because in most respects he is a conservative. He holds that to assert that man has advanced from the lowest human condition is not to assert that this condition was reached by advance from the brute. He evidently shrinks from the application of the doctrine of evolution to man; and in such matters as the chronology of ancient Egypt and China, the date of the Stone age in Europe, etc., he is distinctly conservative. His book will be influential with a certain large class of readers, chiefly because it accords careful and respectful treatment to beliefs and prejudices which are too often dismissed with contempt by those who approach these subjects from the scientific side.

The pictorial illustrations to the volume are excellent from the artistic point of view, and are at once fresher and more helpful than those usually found in books of this character. Many of the "ethnic portraits" with which it is enriched appear for the first time, and constitute a highly valuable as well as interesting feature.

THE CHANNING CENTENNIAL LITERATURE.

IT is a conclusive testimony to the extent and permanence of Dr. Channing's influence that the centenary of his birth has met with such general observance and called forth so many tributes to his memory. The character of the tributes, moreover, shows that his influence is still a vital and living one. In most of them the conventional rhetoric of memorial occasions has been entirely dispensed with; and the large accessions to the Channing literature which the centenary has produced do not merely multiply words, but will really aid the inquirer in obtaining an accurate conception of the life, character, and work of Channing. Allowances will have to be made, of course, for the enthusiasm of disciples and friends, and it may be said that a really impartial and dispassionate estimate of Dr. Channing yet remains to be made—if, indeed, so distinctively spiritual an influence can be weighed or estimated; but the writers seem to have been conscious that this was a case in which interpretation rather than adulation would be appropriate and acceptable.

Before proceeding to deal with the newer literature of the subject, it may be well to observe that no one of the later books pretends to be in any sense a substitute for Mr. W. H. Channing's "Memoirs of William Ellery Channing," which must be read by every one who would obtain a clear idea of Dr. Channing's ideas and work, and an approximately adequate record of his life. The centenary literature presupposes an acquaintance with this, and also with Channing's published writings; and without such an acquaintance the reader will hardly obtain from the later books anything more than very vague and indefinite impressions. Speaking of these "Memoirs," Dr. Bellows truly says: "No later work of that sort can supersede the precious autobiography which his nephew has skillfully extracted from his journals, letters, and sermons. It is too serious, too spiritual, too much in essence and too little in detail, too bulky and yet too monotonous, to be easy or popular reading, though a dozen American and perhaps as many English editions of it have been circulated. But it is immortal in its substance, and can never cease to be new and

fresh in its influence, as human souls rise to the level where its sublime simplicity and searching spirituality become visible. It is a work to be put upon the shelf or table of the private closet, in the small class of permanent devotional helps, into no page of which can any docile heart dip without finding a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Would it were read and studied more! I can name no work which ministers of religion, and especially our own, could consult and feed upon with more profit to their souls and the souls of those they reach." The American Unitarian Association have rendered an excellent service to the public in issuing a new edition of the "Memoirs" (slightly abridged) at a price but little above the cost of paper and binding.*

Of the newer tributes, the one with which the reader can, perhaps, most profitably begin, is Dr. Henry W. Bellows's "Discourse,"† delivered at Newport, on the occasion of the centenary celebration in honor of Dr. Channing's birth, April 7, 1880. The "Discourse" contains a compact and authoritative summary of Channing's more important opinions, and a strikingly appreciative estimate of his genius and character; and, what is more important, it places one at the proper view-point for a right understanding of the man and his work. Its effectiveness would have been increased if the author had prefaced his account of Channing's own theological opinions with a summary of those which were current in New England during his youth, and from which he revolted; but of Channing himself as theologian, minister, and man, a better account could hardly have been given in the limited space at command. Here is a passage which is as finely discriminating as it is true:

"It is easy to see why, with these views, Channing should be claimed by conservatives and by radicals in the liberal ranks; and why even enlightened and spiritual believers of the so-called orthodox faiths should be able to cull from his writings passages which savor of the old system. He was no destructive, no despiser of the past; and he retained and breathed all that was sacred and divine in the piety that had been associated with the old opinions. Now and then, it is true, as in his famous Baltimore sermon, and in his equally great New York sermon, he made the strongest, most direct, and most damaging assaults upon the Trinitarian and Calvinistic systems of opinion—assaults which, for courage, explicitness, and even for offensiveness to the feelings and prejudices of the Christian world, have never been exceeded. But controversy of a textual or ecclesiastical kind was his strange work. He dreaded its effects upon himself and others, and only engaged in it when driven by the stress of his position, or by his noble necessity to vindicate the freedom of opinion and the claims to respect of his own beleaguered company of fellow-believers. Controversy bears no greater proportion to the affirmative part of his writings than Jesus's own contradiction of Jewish and Pharisaic errors does to his positive teaching of religious truth. And, therefore, as Jesus has continued to be honored, loved, and quoted by rationalists and supernaturalists, by Catholics and Protestants, by churchmen and anti-churchmen, by Calvinists and Arminians and Pelagians, because the bulk of his teaching is universal, uncontroversial, and of that spirit and temper which time does not stale, nor place color, nor other differences affect; so Channing has been placed by a wide consent in the calendar of the Universal Church—the orthodox Christian world condoning his denial of several of its most generally received opinions, in recollection of the glorious testimony he bore in his writings and his life to the beauty of holiness, the might of divine truth, and the transcendent importance of the Christian life. None have been able to escape the power of his spirituality, the earnestness of his faith, the purity and elevation of his character. It has deodorized his dogmatic offenses, and made his controversial writings forgotten or forgiven by all except those who have nothing to forgive or forget, still thinking them the necessary and invaluable expression of theological conviction, on which his own vital faith and his lofty personal character rested, and in which the Christian world will finally unite and agree."

Less satisfactory, though much more detailed and elaborate, is the Rev. Charles T. Brooks's "William Ellery Channing: A Centennial Memory."* The idea of preparing "a popular life of Channing in one handy volume" was an excellent one, and must some day be carried out, if Channing is to attain his due influence upon the masses; but such a work must be complete in itself and on the scale adopted, and must not raise questions which it does not answer as far as they can be answered. It is his failure to appreciate and act upon this simple principle that has spoiled Mr. Brooks's book, which, far from being itself an adequate biography, presupposes on the reader's part a familiarity with Channing's writings and memoirs, or at least the having them at hand for ready reference. Moreover, the method of treatment is as defective as the plan. There is no gradual unfolding of Channing's character and opinions, but a desul-

* The Life of William Ellery Channing, D. D. By his Nephew, Rev. William H. Channing. Centenary Memorial Edition. American Unitarian Association.

† William Ellery Channing: His Opinions, Genius, and Character. A Discourse given at Newport, Rhode Island, on the Celebration of the Centenary of his Birth, April 7, 1880. By Henry W. Bellows. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* William Ellery Channing: A Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tory emphasizing of certain points as they may happen to be suggested; the style is a curious compromise between that proper to a narrative and that which belongs to the sermon; and the newspaper device of breaking up the text into paragraphs, each of which has its separate title or "side-head," accentuates and aggravates the lack of continuity and coherence in the narrative. Mr. Brooks knew Dr. Channing during the last years of his life, and some of his reminiscences are new and interesting; but the most valuable feature of his book is the illustrations. These comprise an excellent heliotype portrait of Dr. Channing, a reproduction of Malbone's sketch of "Channing, the Young Student," a portrait of Channing's mother after a painting by Washington Allston, and representations of the old Channing homestead at Newport, of the old Redwood Library which Channing frequented, of the old Federal Street meeting-house in Boston where Channing was ordained, of the old Stone Mill (or Round Tower) at Newport, of Channing's summer residence at Oakland, Rhode Island, and of a coast view near Newport.

Not quite so comprehensive in design as Mr. Brooks's memoir and more familiar in treatment than Dr. Bellows's stately discourse—as becomes its character of a "portrait"—is the essay on "Channing, the Preacher" which the Rev. C. A. Bartol has contributed to his recently published volume of "Principles and Portraits."* In it will be found perhaps the most vivid description we have of Channing's personal appearance, of his mode of reading and speaking, of the impression which he made upon an audience or a visitor; and, the passage containing it being brief, we can not forbear quoting it entire:

"Channing was insignificant in figure. Short, slender, thin, as I knew him, scarce more than a hundred pounds of flesh clothed and served in him the informing soul. One introduced to him exclaimed in amazement at the slight stature of the mighty preacher, 'I thought you were six feet tall.' Certainly in the desk he was of a commanding height. But he had to wrap his weak chest in many a covering when he went out, against the damp and cold, and was very often only able to pace up and down on the sidewalk before his dwelling in the sun, till his slowly moving form became one of the sights in Boston. But he might have said to any one, as Napoleon to the marshal who reached to the Emperor a book from an upper shelf remarking, 'I am higher than you, sire'—'Longer, not higher!' His eyes were so communicative that his friends disputed about the color, which was lost in the expression. Where was the hiding of the power of that marvelous voice—one of the three most eloquent, says Emerson, he has heard; and surely like none beside, having more in it of the violin than the flute, yet with liquid notes such as Wilhelmj or Joiachim can fetch from the strings, and with an habitual rising inflection, rather than cadence, at the end of the sentence, which seemed to raise every hearer to the skies! It melted and resounded, was clear when it whispered, and a clarion when it rang. He told me that with speaking for many years new tones had been developed in his voice. Very peculiar in its charm was his reading of the Scripture and of the hymns, of which Emerson says again, 'He read into them more than I could afterward find.' . . . He had a theory about public speaking which he expounded for my edification, that it was simply a matter of light and shade in the sentence. But I fancy that only with the particular artist, as with Titian or Tintoretto, the effect would ever come. However sensitive to just expression of his thought, he was more concerned with what he said, and to whom, than how he said it. An unbeliever at his house complaining of Christ's severity to the Pharisees, Channing turned to the passage, and recited the Woe upon Woe, until the unbeliever cried out, 'I withdraw my objection if he spoke in that tone!' . . . Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music; Webster's was a trumpet, Channing's a harp."

In it, too, will be found a remarkably appreciative and discriminating analysis of Channing's character—his elevation of mind, his simplicity, his sincerity and veracity, his sensibility, his serenity of spirit, his inflexible moral courage, his generosity, and his complete freedom from anything like dogmatism or bigotry. A fair though brief account is also given of his moral and religious ideas, and there is an admirable estimate of his literary work, all within the compass of a few pages. On the whole, nothing that has yet been written about Dr. Channing is better worth reading than this essay of Mr. Bartol's.

We are inclined to think, however, that the only product of the centenary literature that is likely to be regarded as a permanently valuable contribution to our knowledge of Dr. Channing is the "Reminiscences of William Ellery Channing"* by Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Miss Peabody was a cousin of Dr. Channing's wife, was admitted to terms of the closest intimacy in his family, and for several years acted in a measure as his secretary or copyist—reading to him from books and periodicals, and copying his sermons and articles. No one could have enjoyed better opportunities for learning what Dr. Channing really was in the interior life of his thoughts and affections; and what she learned

* Principles and Portraits. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

so aroused her interest and enthusiasm as to induce her to write her impressions down while they were yet fresh and vivid. The "Reminiscences" consist partly of abstracts of some of the more important of Dr. Channing's hitherto unpublished sermons, partly of records of his conversation and sayings, partly of accounts of his home-life and habits, and partly of letters written by Dr. Channing to Miss Peabody. They are curiously impersonal in character—that is, they aim rather at revealing Dr. Channing's thoughts and feelings than at portraying his personal characteristics; but they would have been false to the original if they had been otherwise, and they really assist the inquirer who would find out what were Dr. Channing's firmest and most sacred convictions, sentiments, and affections, and what was the dominant tone of his mind. We are not sure, indeed, but that they bring us closer to Channing the *man* than anything else that has been published about him. Channing himself was so reticent, so absorbed in ideas, so indisposed to consider the petty events of personal experience as worth talking about, that even in the most private correspondence printed in the "Memoirs" he reveals scarcely anything about himself, his daily life, or his surroundings. It is this that makes the "Memoirs" seem chilly and austere to the ordinary reader; and Miss Peabody has acted wisely in trying to bring "the living, breathing, suffering, and rejoicing *man* whom I knew to the common heart, so that my readers shall go to his own printed pages with minds awakened to the practical meaning with which every sentence is loaded."

As well worth reproducing, perhaps, as any passage in the "Reminiscences" is an anecdote of Dr. Channing's childhood which has been told before, indeed, but not in so authentic and explicit a form:

"'When I was quite young,' he [Dr. Channing] said, 'I heard a sermon from an itinerant preacher, which roused in me the first doubt of human veracity. I was taken by my father in a chaise to a meeting, to which he went to hear a famous preacher of the revival kind. My father, I think, took me rather to give me the drive, and relieve my mother of the care of me, than with any expectation of my attending to the sermon. But I could not choose but attend; for the preacher made such a terrific picture of the lost condition of the human race rushing into hell, and of hell and the strength of the devil in his efforts to snatch from God the creatures He had made, that it filled my imagination with horror. It must have been done with some artistic skill, I think, for it vanquished the preacher's own imagination, so that in very moving tones he besought his hearers to flee from the wrath to come into the arms of Jesus, who was described as wounded and bleeding at the hand of the inexorable God, who exacted from him the uttermost penalty due to a world of sinners.'

"Dr. Channing said he thought there must have been some skeptical protest in his heart, though his imagination had been completely mastered by the terrible picture; for when, as they were getting ready to go home, his father replied in the affirmative to a neighbor's remark, 'Sound doctrine that! Leaves no rag of self-righteousness to wrap the sinner in!' he remembered that a new weight of certainty that the case was a real one fell on his soul. 'All were sinners—all were under the condemnation,' as the preacher had said.

"Supposing in his childish simplicity that this terrible state of things was just discovered, he expected his father would say something to him on their drive home about 'fleeing from the wrath to come,' which was the never-to-be-forgotten burden of the sermon. But he did not. On the contrary, to his astonishment, after riding a little way he began to whistle! Yet on arriving at home, when his mother asked him if he had been disappointed in the preacher, he replied: 'No; he is a strong man.' They sat down to supper, and it was eaten as if nothing extraordinary had transpired. After supper his father took his pipe and a newspaper, and sat down before the fire, putting his feet upon the mantel-piece in his usual careless way. The child looked on with astonishment; but the relief to his mind, as he decided on the spot that *it was all false*, was replaced with strongest sense of indignation that his feelings had been so wantonly trifled with—and there followed a permanent or ever-recurring doubt as to the truth of human speech. From that time he constantly neglected what people *said*, in the endeavor to divine by their actions what they really *meant*—a habit of mind that had clung to him, and only in his later years been surmounted so far as to dissipate his early gloom."

The precise attitude of Dr. Channing toward religious creeds is not easily discovered, even by careful study of his published writings. The following passage contributes something toward making it plain:

"What *we* see in the Gospels [he said], we are bound to believe; and it will be blessed to us according as we are sincere, single, and steady-minded. Some persons are not capable of entering into views which are necessary to the salvation of others. *I* may see a doctrine in the Scriptures which is a perfect dead-letter to another man; his mind, at least at present, does not need that doctrine. It would be criminal, however, for *me* to reject it; I should be punished by being of less use to others, and by feeling my character weaker than it would have been if fortified by that truth. It is impossible for any one of us to judge for another as to what quantity of truth would save him from sinning. We may judge a man by the effects of his actions, but not by a per-

ception of *his ideas*, still less by hearing the words of his creed. Many words mean nothing to him which mean a good deal to you or me. I apprehend that little approximation of mind is brought about by written creeds and confessions. There are varieties of interpretation which make these amount to very little; and where there is not freedom of mind from fear, for the words to have a variety of interpretation, many of them become mere technics to most of those who use them. The very frequency with which they are conned over takes from their power of affecting the mind in any way whatever that edifies. But there is a great evil arising from the idea that there are certain things which it is necessary to believe in the Gospels; for, when this quantity of faith is supposed to be attained, there is a stop"

Elsewhere, Miss Peabody says: "I largely owe to Dr. Channing the salutary conviction that nobody believes what is false because it is false, but because it seems to be true; and that we can best set guards against our own narrowness, and prevent the spirit of the Pharisee in our own hearts, by tenderly inquiring into the history of our opponent, to learn how what appears false to us can seem true to him."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN an article in the last "Atlantic," on the text of "King Lear," Mr. Grant White makes a good hit at those persons who indulge in sneers and laughter at the editors and commentators of Shakespeare. Mr. White admits that the Shakespearean editors and commentators have not infrequently laid themselves open to contempt on account of the feeble triviality of their criticisms, but he thinks that "not a little of the scoffing to which they, as a class, have been subjected is the mere effervescence of the ignorance of the scoffers, which with some folk is a very sparkling quality. Many even," he says, "of those who read and enjoy Shakespeare, talk of being content with the text itself, without note or comment. But what text?" In this question Mr. White catches the scoffer on the hip. For the text of Shakespeare that we are all in the habit of reading is the result of long and painful labors on the part of the very editors these persons speak of so slightingly. The text of the first editions was full of errors, and in many places so obscure as to be unreadable. "If," says Mr. White, "the text of Shakespeare were put before these captious amateur critics uncorrected by editorial labor, and without comment, they would not recognize it in numberless places," while in many passages they would not be able to understand it at all. "Shakespeare did not publish his plays himself, and read the proofs with the assistance of a good corrector of the press. They were, some of them, obtained by the first publishers surreptitiously; they were printed from imperfect manuscripts or from mutilated stage copies," and hence it has followed that the text, as it now stands, is the result, in many particulars, of patient scholarship and long, critical study.

But self-sufficiency in regard to the Shakespearean text is not confined to sneers at editors and commentators. Actors and professional readers are continually depreciated by certain persons, who are accustomed to affirm their ability to comprehend the lines of Shakespeare much better in their own closets than when uttered in the theatre. To any one acquainted with what the actor's art has done and does toward making clear and impressive the language, the characters, and the incidents of Shakespeare's plays, assertions of this kind seem the height of arrogance. It is perhaps quite impossible to put the physical ideal of Hamlet or Lear or Rosalind on the stage, but these and other Shakespearean characters embody in their stage representations nearly three centuries of traditions—they are the cumulative products of many actors of genius; and hence they express not simply the conceptions of one but of many minds. An actor brings to the study of a Shakespearean character not only the knowledge of what other accomplished performers before him have done, but he strenuously endeavors, on his own part, to find if possible a more effective mode of portraying it than has hitherto been known. He adopts what is best in the past, and is happy if he can succeed in any fresh or better elucidation. It is his art to express the passions in the most effective manner possible. It is his business to discover the full meaning of every line he utters. It is his purpose to make voice and gesture give every shade of feeling and every turn of thought. The amateur can no more, unaided, express or realize all the possibilities of a speech, than one unacquainted with music can sing a song or play on an instrument. Actors often spend weeks and even months in studying a single speech, and even then they find it impossible to utter it with all the effect they desire, until after long practice. They crowd sometimes into a single line or word a force and meaning that only art combined with genius can attain. We may be certain that the persons who boast of their capacity to read Shakespeare better than the actors do are either wholly ignorant of what our actors do or are utterly insensible to what really constitutes the art of the stage. Portia's Plea for Mercy is a revelation when delivered by a truly accomplished actor; so are many other passages in Shakespeare; and just as

without editors and commentators the text of Shakespeare would in many places be incomprehensible, so, without the art and skill of actors, much of its beauty and force would be only vaguely and imperfectly felt. No one can understand music without cultivation, and he must have the aid of musicians, of other minds, and of all the traditions of the art; no one can understand painting without the cultivation of the color-sense, and herein he needs the aid of the experts; and it is equally certain that the effect and comprehension of dramatic poetry are greatly aided by the art of those persons who make it the study of their lives.

Mr. White cites, in the article to which we have referred, a number of passages, the obscurity of which the editors have not been able to clear up. "Tender hefted nature," for instance, is one phrase which has greatly puzzled Shakespearean students. The folios have it "tender hefted," the quartos "tender hested." Which is right, and what does either mean? Some editors have jumped the question by boldly substituting "tender hearted." Mr. White thinks that "tender hested," meaning tenderly commanded, tenderly ruled, is the probable meaning, and we do not see how he can be disputed. But our purpose is not to discuss this reading, but one in which we confess we do not see the difficulty or the obscurity that troubles the editors. When Regan urges Lear to return to Goneril and live with her with half his stipulated train, he exclaims:

> "Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?
> No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
> To wage against the enmity o' the air,
> To be a comrade with the wolf and the owl,
> Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her!"

What does Lear mean here by "necessity's sharp pinch"? the editors ask. What is its connection? Some of the editors, Mr. Collier and Mr. Furness, suggest "and howl necessity's sharp pinch," which Mr. White, rightly enough, we think, denounces. His own interpretation is as follows:

> "The first line of Regan's speech, to which this of Lear is a reply, seems to make the passage clear. She says to him:
>
> "'I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;'
>
> that is, submit to the hard necessity of your condition. To this Lear, choleric, proud, and kingly, replies [Shall I yield to] necessity's sharp pinch [and] return with her! The phrase is merely an elliptical interrogative exclamation. It seems that, to a reader who is in sympathy with the scene, it hardly needs explanation, and that the Collier folio reading is insufferable."

This explanation is objectionable, or at least unnecessary, as it seems to us, for the meaning is really obvious in the lines as they stand, without supplying an imaginary ellipsis. We are puzzled, indeed, to understand why there should be any difficulty in comprehending them. Lear simply declares that it is "necessity's sharp pinch" to consort "with the wolf and the owl"—that is, he would, rather than return to Goneril, be "a comrade with the wolf and the owl," which so often is "necessity's sharp pinch." Why is this not clear? Insert a dash after *owl*, and we have the abrupt change which expresses the thought.

If we have here an instance in which the reader succeeds in comprehending his author without the aid of the editor, do not let him presume upon it. It is often the careless rather than the careful reader who reads independently of an editor, for he gallops over lines heedless whether their meaning is clear or not. Every reader who really desires to master the meaning of Shakespeare must consult, if he does not always accept, the annotations of a competent editor.

It has been asserted a good many times that American life does not readily respond to the purposes of the novelist or the dramatist. The conditions of that life are so new, and its atmosphere, so to speak, so raw and crude, that it is fairly impossible—many critics have affirmed—to secure the perspective and the tones and contrasts so indispensable in artistic work. We confess that we have sometimes taken this view of the matter, not doubting, however, that art, if wholly capable, could overcome the difficulty, but feeling that it was almost hopeless to look for it. But, whatever distrust may have been felt in times past, there is now no good reason for it. Bret Harte has shown us how the wild life of the far West admits of the highest artistic treatment; Howells and Aldrich have succeeded in giving to pictures of New England life all the tone and mellowness that the keenest artistic sense requires; and Constance Woolson, in her Western and Southern stories, has made a succession of pictures the most noteworthy characteristic of which is their artistic handling. A recently published volume by Miss Woolson, bearing the title of "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," must be separated from nearly all our recent literature on account of its masterly methods, for the reason that the sketches illustrate the possibilities of American life for artistic treatment with a fullness and success scarcely attained in our literature otherwise. These sketches have been commented upon by some critics as prose poems, but it will be found that their poetic quality does not arise from an exaltation of their theme, or from any unrealistic or strictly imaginative treatment, but simply because of the artistic blending of tints and the harmonious adjustment of parts; because a semi-veil, as it were, is thrown over the scenes depicted just sufficient to soften outlines without in the least affecting their fidelity to nature or removing them from the sympathies of the most matter-of-fact readers. There is a great deal of sentiment in these sketches, and a great deal of pathos; there are strong passions and earnest feeling, and no lack of color; but these things are found in other productions without in any way affecting the reader as they do here: just as there may be an equal amount of color in two paintings with very different results. It is because sentiment and pathos, passion and

character, fall in Miss Woolson's hands under that indescribable thing called *art* that they produce an impression which they utterly fail to do under less skillful treatment. Our writers are often insensible to artistic quality, and sometimes openly express a contempt for it, and both critics and readers are frequently of the same mind; but fortunately such exquisite workmanship as that Miss Woolson gives us does a great deal toward cultivating deficient tastes in this matter, and opens many minds to what is meant by literary art. For this reason Miss Woolson's book ought to be extensively read. It deserves a very high place, not only because it sensibly advances the reputation of our literature, but on account of its fresh and admirable portraits of national character, and for pictures of places and life that have a distinct flavor of their own.

Now and then, at rare intervals, amid what Carlyle calls "the wide weltering waste of imitative literature," there appears a book which shows unmistakably that the author has a message of his own to deliver, and that he knows how to deliver it in such a manner as to secure recognition and attention. Such a book is that containing the article on "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," and other papers by the same author, which aroused much interest as they appeared from time to time in the "Atlantic Monthly," and which richly deserved to be presented in a collected and permanent form. These articles grapple directly with some of the most vital social questions of the time in America; and almost for the first time we are made to perceive the real nature of those questions, and the features in which they vary from the somewhat similar problems that have arisen under the different social conditions of Europe. The effect of the war and its profuse expenditure upon the national character; the reasons for that "disintegration of religion" whose signs we see all around us; the causes of the declining efficiency of the theological system of morals as one of the police forces of society; the origin and nature of that widespread discontent of the so-called "lower classes" which finds vent now in Grangerism, again in Nationalism, and still again in attacks upon the currency, the banks, and the "money-power"; the increasing influence upon this lower class of demagogy and political and industrial quackery; the actual condition of workingmen and their families, and the way in which their condition could be improved—all these vitally important topics are discussed in a way that have aroused attention and will compel reflection and a deeper study of the problems discussed.

In regard to the literary quality of the essays it should be said that they attract less by the novelty of the facts which they contain than by the manner in which the author deals with them. The author is evidently one who has not only seen much but has observed; who has not only heard but listened; who has not only meditated but actually *thought*. When a thing seems to him worth attention he strips it of all the conventions and commonplaces in which it is usually swathed, and tries "to see it as in itself it really is." For this reason the facts and phenomena of ordinary observation to which he appeals have in many cases a freshness which is far greater than if they were really new—the freshness of impression produced by old facts to which we have become indifferent through our familiarity with them when seen under a new light or from a new point of view which reveals their unsuspected significance. It is the novel presentation of familiar facts, indeed, which constitutes the peculiar effectiveness of the essays. If the facts were really new and unusual, we might doubt their fidelity or authenticity; but the author contents himself for the most part with citing those which every reader at once recognizes, though he may never have seen them under quite such an aspect.

Another noteworthy feature of the essays, viewed from the literary standpoint, is their calmness of tone and temperateness of statement. Accustomed as we are to having arguments presented in their extremest paradoxical form, and with the utmost energy and emphasis of language, it is refreshing to encounter an author who is so firmly convinced of the essential interest and importance of what he has to say that he is content with a plain and simple statement of it, without straining after "effects" of any kind. A better example of what we may call the power of *under*-statement could hardly be commended to the beginner in literature. One sees repeatedly that the author consciously refrains from expressing himself as strongly and emphatically as the facts would justify; and a quite curious conviction of the seriousness and sincerity of what he is saying is brought home to us by this simple fact.

The book is certainly one that should be read with attention by every thoughtful American. It may not furnish an adequate solution of any of the problems considered, but it at least points out the spirit and the method in which alone they can be fruitfully investigated.

THE reader is not to suppose, from the omission of the department "Books of the Day," that we intend to give less attention to literature than formerly. We shall, on the contrary, probably give more; but we shall be able to do so with greater freedom and freshness by treating the more important books in separate articles, by grouping volumes of a class in special essays, and by other methods less formal than the plan hitherto pursued. At no time has the general interest in literature been greater than it is to-day, and we intend to survey the whole field in the "Journal" with all the fullness which the character and the importance of the subject demand.

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EDGE-TOOLS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

"Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle."—RASSELAS.

CHAPTER I.

ON a warm and breezy afternoon in late June, some years ago, three young men, between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty, sat on the shaded veranda outside the rooms occupied by one of them in the "Forest House," at Cape Ransom, engaged in the discussion of three notes of invitation, cool drinks, and cigars. All at this time idle, all well-looking, and all well off in the world, they formed a good example of the class that sometimes finds the murder of time so necessary and at the same time so difficult a crime. Their names were Theo Morris, Philip Randolph, and Alison Weir.

None of the three appeared discontented with either his position, his companions, or himself; but on the face and bearing of Philip Randolph there sat an expression of peculiar satisfaction as he twisted his note in his fingers for a minute or two, and then scanned again the delicate writing of the few words it contained before he folded it up and put it out of sight.

"You'll go, I suppose, Randolph?" It was Mr. Weir who spoke.

"I—think—so," replied Mr. Randolph, with a scarcely perceptible smile. "Who was right, Weir, you or I?"

"I confess you have gained your point. I shall fall back, for explanation of your having done so, on the supposition that you are favored as my friend."

"That's no matter. All I said was that I should be asked to Mrs. Burns's reception without a formal introduction beforehand; and, as here is the invitation, under the hand and seal of Emmeline Burns, my presence may be looked upon as a matter of certainty when the appointed time arrives."

"Who are these people over whom such a fuss is made?" quietly asked the man who had not yet spoken. "As I only arrived last night, I trust that my ignorance may be forgiven."

"What occasion is there to ask who a man is who possesses such a daughter as Miss Burns?" said Mr. Randolph. "When you see her you will be quite content to keep discreet silence as to awkward questions, and accept her as her father's credentials of social position."

"A position of which he is well assured on his own account," said Mr. Weir. "Morris, it argues yourself unknown not to know the name of Thomas Burns."

"If it be Thomas Burns, of ——, of course I know him—as well as, or better than, I know either of you."

"And the ladies?" asked Mr. Randolph, glancing up.

"I saw the daughter some years ago," replied Morris, slightly hesitating; "I have never seen *Mrs. Burns.*" The emphasis was very slight, but it did not go unremarked by the listener's keen ear.

"I must say it is a relief to one coming from the Heaven-forsaken hole that I inhabit, where there is no decent resident, and where scarcely a presentable visitor ever comes, to see such a girl as Miss Burns," said Mr. Weir.

"Is there nothing to be said about the wife?" asked Morris.

"Not much, I believe," Randolph said, carelessly. "She's forty years or so younger than old Burns, who, unless I am mistaken, will never see sixty-five again; and the sort of woman she

must be you may judge from her having married him to please his daughter, between whom and herself there existed some romantic school attachments."

"Did she tell you so?" asked Morris, with a decided frown.

"My dear fellow, I have little or no acquaintance with them; but the people at Cape Ransom are as communicative as in most other places, and I have not yet lost my sense of hearing."

"Are they here alone—Mrs. and Miss Burns?"

"Yes; old Burns comes down occasionally, but in general he prefers Nassau Street to Cape Ransom, and his family seem quite content."

"Randolph is quite mistaken with regard to Mrs. Burns," quietly put in Mr. Weir. "She has not the beauty of her step-daughter, but in society with her you are conscious of a singular charm."

Mr. Randolph smiled again, but he did not say, as he might have done, that, though he had never yet been *in society* with Mrs. Burns, he had already felt the charm. He did not consider himself under any obligation to betray the fact of his informal introduction to that lady, consequent on the recovery and restoration by him of her hat, which had been carried away by the wind on one of the breezy slopes of the hill that rose behind and above the hotel.

"Yes, she's very charming, more's the pity," continued Mr. Weir. "If she had been unattractive, there might have been a chance of Randolph's thinking it worth while to make legitimate love to the daughter, instead of—as he is most likely to do—paying useless attentions to the wife."

"I should think there was little room for hesitation," said Morris, with a gravity that the subject scarcely seemed to demand. "Miss Burns must be very handsome, unless she has strangely broken the promise of five years ago; she's the only child, and there's no man in the city whose name stands higher than does that of Thomas Burns."

"And, unless Randolph is even more perverse than usual, he will surely prefer dower to damages."

"You are very obliging, both of you," said Mr. Randolph, in a languid voice, though there was nothing languid in the expression of his dark eyes—"very obliging; but suppose you legislate for yourselves. If by legitimate love you mean matrimony, I assure you I have no desire to become 'house-bound' just yet for all the securities on old Burns's books, and, though Weir appears to take it for granted that I have a through ticket for perdition, I don't feel quite certain myself that I am on that line at all."

There was a tone of annoyance, as he ended, so plainly perceptible as to warn his hearers that for the present they had said enough. Although not in the least degree prone to play the Pharisee with his intimates, Philip Randolph now showed visibly that for some reason or other he did not care to pursue this theme—that the limit of his willingness to discuss it had been reached. The conversation, therefore, changed, though in all probability that which succeeded was no whit more profitable. If the personage commonly accredited therewith experiences no difficulty in finding employment for idle hands, he is assuredly no less ready in providing occupation for idle tongues.

If Mr. Randolph had known all the truth, it may be doubted whether he would have been more or less satisfied, for his desire had not been accomplished so easily as he supposed. Whether or not he should receive the coveted invitation, had been the subject of considerable debate between Mrs. Burns and the young lady to whom she stood in the double relation—not always compatible—of step-mother and friend. Miss Burns knew exactly how the acquaintance had originated; every detail of the little adventure had been related to her with scrupulous fidelity, and she would much have preferred that it had never happened. Younger by some three years or so than her father's wife, she was yet far more worldly-wise; one or two chance allusions, and some imperfect recollection of words once accidentally spoken by her father, kept a place in her mind, and she felt that he would be unwilling that their chance introduction to Mr. Randolph should ripen into intimacy. This she had hinted—scarcely more than hinted—to Mrs. Burns; and on so doing she found (for almost the first time) that Mrs. Burns could have opinions of her own and hold to them.

"Of course you can do as you like, Aimée; it is not my place to choose or reject your guests: but if you care to know what I think—I think papa would rather you did not invite Mr. Randolph."

"I don't think your father would be so unreasonable, Honor."

"Papa never speaks without reason, and I remember hearing him say that Mr. Livingston was wrong in allowing Mr. Randolph to be so intimate at Faircourt as he was."

"But Mr. Randolph goes everywhere here: why should we be different from others and refuse to receive him?"

"I don't know whether—" Honor paused. She would have said more, but something tied her tongue.

"Besides," said Mrs. Burns, suddenly shifting her ground, "I think you are very ungrateful, Honor. He is evidently struck with you, and

why should you reject the chance of an admirer so handsome and so well off?"

"If it be of me you are thinking, dear," said Honor, with a smile, but a smile perhaps rather forced, "do not give yourself any more anxiety about it. I do not admire Mr. Randolph very much, and a little bird has told me that he is not quite so rich as he would be thought to be; but, were he without peer in both respects, he would never win my heart."

"I sometimes doubt, Honor, whether you have a heart to be won."

"Perhaps not," said Honor, quietly; "but I don't see what my heart has to do with your party for Friday night, which is the subject now under discussion."

"If you can tell me anything you *know*, anything to which your father would certainly and reasonably object, of course I should give way at once," said Mrs. Burns. "But hints and innuendoes mean nothing."

She was right. Nine times out of ten they mean nothing, though the tenth time they may mean so terribly much, and Honor had scarcely even hints to go upon. She could not put her undefined feelings into words, and had she been able would perhaps have hesitated to do so; so the debate ended as such debates usually do. No woman likes to give up a pleasant acquaintance, with whom she has just become friendly and familiar, without sufficient reason, and in this case Mrs. Burns could see no reason at all; so the affirmative side carried the day, and Mr. Randolph received the coveted note of invitation.

It is perhaps difficult to say how far a man is to be blamed for vanity and self-seeking who has all his life been accustomed to read the admission of his superiority in the admiration of women and the envy of men; but it may be safe to grant that some share, at all events, of the blame lies with those who pay the court. That Philip Randolph had been thus spoiled by society in general and his friends in particular, had been his misfortune; his own readiness to imbibe the flattery and accept the adulation had been his fault. The story of the "Two Locks of Hair" had been his story in the time gone by. Eight years before, when he himself had been little more than a boy, were hidden away from him the wife and child who would probably have proved the redeeming influence of his life. True, it was whispered that material considerations more than any romantic attachment had led to his marriage; and there was no need to whisper, for the fact was sufficiently plain that, instead of "wishing himself dead," Mr. Randolph enjoyed life as well as any one; but, if out of the brief struggle of domestic tribulation he had emerged "light-hearted and content," so much the better for the society of which he formed a part. The world takes no cognizance of anything below the surface; on the surface, Philip Randolph was all that is admirable and amiable; and if he had sometimes inspired masculine minds with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness—if he had sometimes drawn heavy sighs and bitter tears from feminine hearts and eyes, what did it matter so long as no complaint was made? And in either case the sufferers were just those who were the least likely to proclaim their wrongs.

He had been attracted, as most men were at first sight, by the rare and delicate beauty of Honor Burns; and it was for her sake that, knowing the estimation in which he was held by some strait-laced people, he had chosen to achieve an acquaintance with the two ladies by his own unaided effort rather than trust to the chance of an introduction sanctioned by Mr. Burns, whom he knew well by reputation and of whom he stood somewhat in awe. He knew that to most natures a slight dash of romance is attractive, and a little deviation from the weary, beaten track of commonplace and every-day life sometimes very welcome; and he also knew that it is far more difficult to pause in what is once begun than to pause before beginning, and the result of his little stratagem had quite answered his expectations. Time had hung rather heavy on his hands of late; he had thought Cape Ransom dull this summer, and was glad of the new interest infused into the tedious days by these new faces and the amusement that new friends promised; this was all—at first—and, this being all, he would have laughed to scorn any one who suggested the possibility of more. True, even in the first interview he had found himself repelled as others had been repelled before him, by the atmosphere of calm and impenetrable serenity that seemed always to surround Miss Burns, and had discovered in the soft and winning simplicity and gentle grace of her young step-mother a more powerful charm; but what matter? He had no intention of falling in love with either lady; he did not suppose that either lady would, without some encouragement on his part, fall in love with him; and that while they remained together he should bestow and they should receive his attentions was too natural a sequence of events to excite a moment's remark. So he had continued to think for the first three occasions on which he had seen them, but that some change had lately taken place in his ideas was clearly shown by his annoyance at his friends' jests on the subject, and his unwillingness to enlarge on a theme on which he had seldom been known, among his intimates, to display much reticence before.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY afternoon is not a time when, even among devoutly disposed people, there is commonly supposed to be much obligation to exertion of either body or mind; and, such being the case, it is easy to imagine how the interval is regarded by those whose business in life is to get rid of it as pleasantly as may be. The fatigue of assuming their airiest bonnets and most becoming costumes and of holding a gilt-edged prayer-book through morning service having been gone through by the ladies, and the penance of a decorous demeanor and a suppression of yawns for a corresponding period having been undergone by the men, there comes a common reaction, and a relapse into undress gossip and cigars. People unsociable doze in solitude; people inclined to believe in the adage that "two are company" lounge in cool corners; while people gregarious congregate in groups according to their several tastes and inclinations, and discuss the perfections of themselves and the demerits of the rest of mankind, for "*les absens ont toujours tort.*" It is much to be feared that Sunday afternoon will have to answer for a large proportion of those "idle words" of which so strict an account is to be exacted by and by.

Such a group as the latter was assembled on one of the verandas of the Forest House at Cape Ransom on the Sunday succeeding the reception given by Mrs. Burns. The result which might have been anticipated from that lady's course of action had come to pass, and Mr. Randolph was established on terms of intimacy as open as they were familiar. Why should he not be? any one might have asked who had seen him, handsome, agreeable, and in the highest degree deferential, exerting himself to please —and pleasing.

"I hear you created quite a sensation yesterday, Mrs. Burns," he was saying to that lady. "I am sincerely glad I was not by to share in it."

"How so? Oh! by swimming so far out to sea? I assure you there was no danger. I am accustomed to sea-bathing and an experienced swimmer."

"Still, is it not better to be careful? A lady is never quite safe alone."

"Why don't you offer at once to be Mrs. Burns's escort, Randolph?" said Mr. Weir, who was as usual one of the party.

Mrs. Burns laughed. "I require no escort—I am not at all afraid. If you ever hear of my being drowned you may be sure it is *not* "accidental death," and you may bury me for a suicide—at the cross-roads, with a stake through my heart."

"How can you say anything so horrible, Aimée?" said Miss Burns, with a shudder. "It is not a subject to jest on; and you know the people were all frightened out of their senses yesterday."

"I hope you don't expect me to lower my courage to the level of their sense? They will know better than to be frightened next time."

"And perhaps something to talk about was a godsend," said Mr. Weir, "as nothing fatal occurred, after all."

"Perhaps it would have been more agreeably exciting still if it *had* been fatal," said Mrs. Burns. "What a pity I did not think of it in time!"

"We shall know on whom to call to break the monotony when existence here becomes too dull for endurance," remarked Mr. Randolph.—"How do you manage to amuse yourself, Miss Burns?" He turned to the younger lady as he spoke.

"I never seek amusement," she answered, quietly. "If it comes I take it, if not—I do without it."

"But what else has a young lady like you to spend her time in?"

"Not much, I confess; at least I have not found much yet. But I sometimes think we must have been made for something else and something better."

"Heresy, Miss Burns! What can be better than to enjoy all we can while we have the time and the ability?"

"You men are better off than we are. You can earn by work the right to play."

"If I enjoyed no play until I had earned it, I am afraid I should have but little. Besides—if you are so virtuously inclined—many women work; but I don't want to believe you one of those uncomfortable beings who have a 'mission.'"

"I don't say that I have any vocation that way, you know. I only *think* that I should feel less useless and more worthy of all I have and enjoy if I had something to do in the world."

"Perhaps," he said, with a slight sneer, "you would have liked your lot cast among those who inhabit the farmhouse down yonder, and to have been 'content and clever in tending of cattle and growing of grain'?"

"No; I am afraid I am not very consistent, for I can not honestly say that I wish my lot other than it is. Besides, do you suppose they are more 'content' than we because they are 'clever' in a different way?"

"They are at least exempt from most of our temptations to discontent and dissatisfaction."

"Never think so. I am no believer in the theory which would make human nature differ

from itself under different conditions ; I can not agree with the author you have quoted. And did he himself find his belief hold good? Were not human emotions and passions the same in the lonely Arizonian cañon as here in Cape Ransom? And doubtless they were the same among the Squire's 'red-tipped clover,' even while he told his tale."

"I see your ideas are fixed," said Randolph, looking at the pure, calm face, and wondering, as he listened to the equable tones of the passionless voice, how much she knew of those emotions of which she talked so glibly. "I shall not try to convert you, but you must allow me to hold my own opinion still."

Then his eyes strayed from her to Mrs. Burns, who was engaged in an animated discussion with his friend Morris. There was nothing impassive there. In her dark, clear cheek the "cloynent blood" rose and died with every thought and passing feeling; in her speaking eyes and expressive mouth were to be read her emotions almost before she herself was conscious of them. Far less beautiful than her statuesque step-daughter, she possessed an infinitely greater charm. There are natures which reflect the influences of others as the waters of a smooth, clear lake give back the sunshine; others which stand firm and self-contained as the rocks by which its waves are bounded: in fear of tempest we may seek the rocks for shelter, but when the heavens are fair above us we prefer to float on the shining tide.

"If I had met her four or five years ago—" thought Philip Randolph. "Pshaw! if I had met her four years ago, I should have felt—and things would have stood — precisely as now. Better for both of us that I did not. Mrs. Burns is—Mrs. Burns; and attentions are pleasant and permissible: but attentions would have been dangerous, and marriage quite as impossible, with the penniless pupil-teacher, Emmeline Gray."

"You seem," he said quietly after this pause, again bringing his regard to bear upon his companion—"excuse me if I have no right to make the remark—but you seem on more affectionate terms with Mrs. Burns than ladies in your respective positions often are."

Miss Burns certainly looked as if she thought he had no right to say it, but she answered calmly: "Yes, I am very fond of Mrs. Burns. She and I were schoolfellows and old friends before—before we became to each other what we are now. I owe perhaps my life to her, from her care of me in an illness when others failed me; and there is little that I would not do or sacrifice for her sake, if I know myself at all."

"Are you given to self-sacrifice as well as to missions? What a very humiliating confession of weakness! I had formed a different opinion of you, Miss Burns."

She glanced at him with an expression of languid scorn. "I do not know yet how weak I may be. I have never been tried."

"Supposing you were tried, wouldn't it bore you? It is so much easier to remain passive in simple acquiescence with things as they are than to rise to those heights of heroism requiring great effort of the will."

"There is usually more exertion needed for heroism than that of will."

"So much the worse. And so much the more correct is my theory, with which I intend my practice always to agree."

"But I think," she said, less as if to him than as if uttering her thought, careless if she had a listener or not, "that one great act must be far easier than a continuance of small self-denials. Knowing nothing of either, I would rather choose to win self-approval at one stroke and rest on my laurels, than perform daily penance and yet never be sure of obtaining absolution."

She had gone beyond his wish to follow her. He did not answer; but the time was to come—and not so far in the future—when he was to remember her words and read their meaning by the glare of a lurid light.

CHAPTER III.

"MAMMA *mia*," said Honor Burns, lifting her head from her paper, and holding her pen suspended in her fingers, "how much longer do you think we shall stay here in Cape Ransom?"

"I don't know, dear," replied her step-mother, looking up from her book with an air of abstraction, "It depends on your father, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am writing to Sophia, and I should like to be able to tell her that we will join their party for the Southern tour."

"Why? Are you not happy here? I find it pleasant enough."

"I don't think, Aimée, we shall ever have such happy days again as those when you and I were at school together—before we knew the world."

"Perhaps not. But, as we can not go back to school again, and those days are gone, we must only make the best of what remain."

"Philosophical, Aimée? That speech is more in my style than yours."

"They *were* happy times," said Mrs. Burns; "though I suppose our evil consciences ought to have made them otherwise. Ah! when I think of all the tricks I used to abet you in when I

should have scolded you so well! How we used to watch at the corner for—" She stopped. Some of Honor's writing-material fell to the ground with a crash, and its owner stooped to recover it.

"Do you know, Honor," Emmeline persevered in spite of the interruption, "I never thought it anything but nonsense at the time, but I have sometimes imagined since, that, if Theo Morris had had then what he has now, he would have asked me to share it! Strange we should meet again after so long—when I am an old married woman, and he has so completely forgotten his first fancy!"

Honor made no answer. If she had any suspicion that Mr. Morris had not so completely overlived his "first fancy" as its object appeared to suppose, she was too wise to give it words.

Slightingly as Philip Randolph had alluded to the attachment subsisting between these two, he was not far wrong in his estimate; a link not common between women, that of mutual gratitude, bound them fast. On one side was the firm belief that life itself was owing to the unwearied care and attention which no other than the teacher would or could have given to the pupil; on the other was the certainty that life had been shielded and brightened to the desolate orphan teacher by the firm protection and tender love which the spirited and wealthy pupil had thrown round her. That their relative positions were reversed, that the younger took the lead and the elder sought and found support, only seemed to make the bond the stronger. Through the years they shared together their love had grown, and when the time of separation drew near the idea was insupportable to one, full of dread and desolation to the other. It never came. How the marriage was brought about which gave Honor a mother in her friend it might not have been quite easy to say; like other events, the fruit probably grew from small seed. The delicate, sensitive girl had won the approval of Honor's father as his daughter's friend; her departure, after a lengthened visit, left a blank in his home; the companion provided for Honor did not please her, and she begged to be allowed the society in which alone she was happy. Her father, though he did not say so to her, knew that this could be accomplished in only one way, but in that direction lay also his own inclinations; so after some consideration, and with some misgivings, both as to the wisdom of the question and the reply he should receive, he asked Miss Gray to marry him—and she consented.

If she did wrong she is not the first who has so erred, and erred without after-blame or evil consequence. She is not the first who has in ignorance brewed a cup that has proved to be bitter drinking, and drained it to the dregs in silence and without complaint.

True, she knew that the mature years of Mr. Burns precluded the likelihood of his feeling for her much of the passion of youth; she knew that what she felt for him was not what she had read of, described in the romance and poetry she loved so well. But is every woman in this our common work-a-day life to sit down and weigh and measure her feelings by the balance of fiction, and to reject happiness, peace, security, and honor, because those feelings fall short of an imaginary standard which it may not be either in her nature or her power ever to attain? I doubt that but few of the marriages, in the making of which time runs on so smoothly, would ever come to pass were this rule observed; and of the many in whose formation it is "honored in the breach," and whose course glides gently on through years of prosaic peace, we never hear a word of disparagement.

In this case the experiment appeared to have succeeded perfectly. Absolute confidence, and pride in his young wife's gentle beauty and winning manners, on the part of Mr. Burns; sincere gratitude and the deepest respect and esteem on that of Emmeline; and on Honor's side affection for and devotion to them both, made them a happy and united family, among whom there had never been, until lately, a thought concealed or a shade of doubt.

Was there such now? Both would have *said*, Honor as honestly as her step-mother, that there was between them the same single-mindedness that had always hitherto existed, and yet each had one unconscious reservation. On the mind of Honor was a vague distrust, to which she could herself have given no definite shape, and yet was half impatient with her friend for not perceiving; and Emmeline, in her calm content and quiet enjoyment, was almost vexed with her step-daughter for not being equally contented and serene.

"And in the mean time," added Mrs. Burns, "here he comes."

"Who is coming?" asked Honor, with the least possible shake in her voice.

"Mr. Morris. Coming up from the beach with Mr. Randolph."

"*Mamma mia*" (Honor always made use of that name when she wished to be specially affectionate), "don't you think Mr. Randolph comes here very often?"

"Suppose he does, dear? We all know whom he comes to see."

"Don't joke about it, please, Aimée. I am sure papa won't quite like it."

"If *you* like it, my love, I will undertake to settle the matter with your father."

"Besides, Aimée, you know, or you ought to know—" She stopped suddenly, for the person under discussion here knocked at the door and walked in.

"What ought Mrs. Burns to know?" he asked, charitably ignoring the obvious confusion of the two women. "Those things which we ought to know are too often, I am afraid, in the same category with those that the prayer-book tells us we ought to have done."

"Does it hold good both ways?" said Honor. "What about our knowledge of those things that we ought not to know?"

Such a conscious expression passed over his face that she would gladly have had the words unsaid; but it was only like breath upon a mirror, gone as soon as seen.

"I suppose we must all plead guilty to all the sins set down for us," he answered, lightly. "We were going for a walk, Morris and I, but the clouds came up so threateningly that we thought we were better at home, and turned back." He was quick enough to read aright the thought that curved Honor's lip with a half smile—that the clouds had appeared just when desired.

"You are right," he said, gravely. "I was very much obliged to them."

"Why, do you suppose you know what I was thinking of?" she asked.

"You *know* that I do. I can read thoughts sometimes, and yours are very legible."

"Perhaps you can read a letter beforehand? What do you think I was just going to set down here when you came in?"

"You must tell me that. My art does not reach quite so far."

"That we thought of leaving Cape Ransom next week—for the South."

Honor was surprised at the effect of her words—at the consternation visible in Mr. Randolph's face, and the relief and satisfaction in that of his friend.

"Don't think of it, Miss Burns, at this season," said the former; "just imagine the heat, and—but you never could imagine—the mosquitoes and flies!"

"On the contrary, you would find it very pleasant, according to my experience," said Mr. Morris. "It is always cool in the mountains, and the plagues are very much exaggerated. You would not mind them in the least."

"I shall appeal to Mrs. Burns. It can not be true that you are going to banish yourselves and condemn us to the desolation of your departure?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Burns, laughing. "We certainly can not go until we hear from Mr. Burns, and perhaps he will not give permission."

"I breathe again," said Randolph, seating himself on the couch beside Mrs. Burns; while Mr. Morris's brow wore a very perceptible frown.

"I see you have nearly finished it," said Randolph, taking up the book she had laid down on his entrance. "How do you like it?"

"So much that I thank you sincerely for the pleasure you have given me in letting me read it; and I am not to be shaken in my opinion or my admiration, even though Honor does not agree with me."

"I only said I thought it overdrawn," Honor said, smiling. "I think the self-abnegation of the hero is carried too far for humanity."

"But I thought you were a believer in the sacrificial theory, Miss Burns?"

"So I am—in theory; but practically to that extent, and in a masculine nature, no."

"Do you, then, arrogate to your own sex all the power and virtue?"

"Is it 'arrogating a power' to claim the more frequent indulgence of what you called the other day an 'humiliating weakness?'"

"I am afraid your talent for definitions and your dangerous memory together will overthrow my argument, Miss Burns."

"Please don't go off into definitions or anything else so unprofitable and uninteresting," said Mrs. Burns. "Look, the sun is coming out; and what a magnificent rainbow! There must be a heavy shower over there." She rose as she spoke, and throwing open the low window stepped out upon the balcony. Randolph followed her, and Morris left his seat and approached Honor.

"Were you in earnest just now about wishing to go South?" he asked. He glanced to see if the others were out of hearing, and spoke in a very subdued tone.

If the remark were not too stale I would here notice on what slight threads hang our destinies, and how unconscious are we when the turning-point of our life comes; of that "tide in our affairs" how few ever take advantage, how many are drifted out on the returning ebb! A word, a look, may make or mar an existence, and not even on looking back can we tell where the path diverged, or put our finger on the map of the past and say "Here I took the turn to fortune," or "Here I went astray." But for that glance, that lowered tone of Theo Morris, Honor might have answered "Yes," have followed out the plan, and what happened afterward might never have come to pass; but the marked change in his manner brought a new idea into her mind. She saw there was a meaning intended, but she unfortunately misunderstood it, and placed a far different interpretation than the right one on what she could not fail to perceive. There was

a little hesitation, a momentary flush unlike Honor Burns, as she answered: "I am not sure; we sometimes say rather more than we mean, you know. Mrs. Burns likes being here, and so, I suppose, shall I. At all events, the decision will lie with papa—we expect him next week."

"You expect your father?" said Morris. "I am so glad! I mean—" But what he meant was never said, for at that moment Mrs. Burns called Honor, and the opportunity, like so many others, passed away.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASANTLY beguiling are long summer days passed in rides and rambles through the cool green shade; softly hazardous are water-parties when the river is freckled with the sunbeams that come slanting through the dancing shadow of arching branches, when the ripples kiss the boat-side, and desire for speech is lost in listening to the music of the lazy, dipping oars; bewitching is the moonlight stroll along the sandy sea-beach, when low tones are accompanied by the sleepy murmur of the waves and the silent song of the stars. On the bright hours of joy comes down the darkness—below the shining ripples and the lovely lilies glides the snake among the slime—the queen of night goes down into the ocean, and there succeeds to our soft dream the dim, cold hour that must precede the dawn of our soul's day: but who heeds? While our delights endure, we each in turn sing our pæan, and exclaim, "I live!"

Such idle occupations, such lazy delights, made up the life of the party at Cape Ransom. The soft summer days came, one by one, from the unfeared future, and dropped gently, one by one, laden with pleasant memories, into the golden past. The time slipped by like the smooth and lily-decked river—it was an idyl of which no one remembered the beginning, of which no one looked forward to the end. There was no more mention of a Southern tour. Mr. Burns could not, or thought he could not, leave the cares and attractions of stocks and quotations, of bills and bonds; and while he was unable to accompany them his wife and daughter were better where they were than traveling about with chance escorts, or alone. Of whom their escort consisted now he did not seem to trouble himself to think; he had heard they were well attended to and taken care of; therefore it was not probable they would see him until he came to fetch them home.

To this fiat was rendered unquestioning submission: none were likely to quarrel with an edict so exactly in accordance with their own inclinations. Even Honor seemed to have lost the wish she had once expressed, to leave Cape Ransom, and to enjoy the sojourn like the rest. Some new influence seemed to be at work in her; she was calm as ever, but to an observant eye, had such been there to watch her, there would have appeared a change.

We all know how sometimes, when two or more persons show a particular *penchant* for each other's society, others drop away and leave them to indulge it. In accordance with this seemingly inevitable law, our five friends were thrown much together, and in some degree separated from the rest, who were, besides, a more floating population than themselves—here to-day and vanishing to-morrow. The presence of the fifth, however, prevented that breaking into pairs which might have been dangerous, or have looked suspicious; and, according to the theory that lookers-on see most of the game, Mr. Weir derived considerable amusement from his position as spectator.

Mr. Weir at home, engaged in the details of his profession, was a sensible, hard-working man. Mr. Weir abroad, under the outward semblance of a mere butterfly of fashion, carried the keen insight and the concealed satire, the deep knowledge, never confessed, and the sharp wit, rarely used, of a thorough man of the world. Living in his place of abode (he never called it *home*), but not of it, he had never yet loved a woman or made a friend of a man, but the instinct was in him to do both if opportunity offered. He was greatly interested in the present aspect of the little drama in which all the actors were yet so unconscious of the parts they played: character and motive were far clearer to him than to those who felt and possessed them—so clear, that he was not at all times quite satisfied with what he saw. Entirely unmoved by either woman, he was able to discern how their spell worked with regard to other men; and he thought he could perceive, as the web of fate was woven, that warp and weft were tangled, and their threads malignly crossed.

"'By passion's gaudy candle-lights I sat
And watched the world's brave play.
Blown out, how poor—'

"I beg your pardon, Miss Burns; you are not fond of poetry, so I will not finish the quotation. Perhaps you have not even heard it?"

He knew she had not, for the words had been spoken under his breath; but the question had the desired effect of arousing her flagging interest and recalling her wandering eyes. They were at a picnic (a small party of themselves and three or four others dignified by that name), and by

some accident—or was it not altogether by accident?—Mr. Weir and Honor had strayed across the little running stream on whose edge they had made their camp, and were seated apart and together in sight of the rest of the party, but beyond speech.

"You despise me for the confession, I know, but I do not care for much of it. It is too like the novel Mrs. Burns was reading the other day—exaggerated."

"But are there not some things you can not exaggerate? For example, the loveliness of a scene like this—look at those trembling lights and shadows, those floating clouds—"

"You know I don't mean that," she said, laughingly breaking in on his mock-sentimental declamation. "That is all well enough, though even then, if I wanted the beauties of nature, I would go to the forest or the prairie for them and get them at first hand. I mean the human part—the actions, feelings, and passions that are so out of drawing and so falsely colored."

"If they so seem to you, Miss Burns, I think you can know but little of the inner lives of your acquaintances; and you certainly can not read the newspapers."

"Exceptions prove the rule, you know. Of course, I am aware there are crime and insanity—too much of them—in the world; but in the main life is a very commonplace affair, and goes on sensibly enough. Whatever the poets may say, you may depend there is not one man in a thousand who goes mad for love, nor one woman in five thousand who dies of despair. We don't think in high-flown words, nor are we called on to die for others' lives; and, if we were, we probably shouldn't do it."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, looking over where Mrs. Burns sat, with Morris beside her, "as regards our capacity for action. It is something the same argument you had with Randolph once, but I am not quite so great an unbeliever as he. But don't you think the poets know something of our minds—hearts, if you will accept the hackneyed word? What about the little items of jealousy, anger, ambition, pride, hate?"

"Reasoning by analogy, I should say not. How can we trust those who are careless of the very facts of nature to faithfully portray what is intangible even to ourselves? There is not one writer in ten who will not make a 'young crescent moon' rise in the evening, or will not speak of the 'cold and stiff remains' of some one whose last breath has been an hour drawn."

"Rather a ghastly instance, Miss Burns. You are a severely practical critic. I only hope you may not some day find your comfortable belief a delusion, and be called upon to play a more passionate part than you seem to expect."

"I scarcely know whether to echo the wish or not," she answered, with a smile, a smile so placid and a voice so calm that the man looking at and listening to her thought to himself: "Good God! how little she knows what is in her! Will it ever waken? and, if so, which will conquer? Will the rock quench the fire, or the fire consume the rock?"

He glanced again across the brook; the rest of the company were gathering preparatory to departure. Mr. Morris was coming toward them, and Mrs. Burns had been joined by Randolph and the young lady, a Miss Furniss, with whom he had been for a quarter of an hour's stroll in the wood.

People sometimes called Alison Weir a man without a purpose, though if asked the reason for their opinion they might have found it difficult to give one; and they were quite mistaken, for no man was less likely to leave unaccomplished that which he had once set his mind on doing or to leave undiscovered that which he had once determined to find out.

"Were you very well acquainted with Morris formerly?" he asked, as they watched him seeking for a spot narrow enough to leap the brook.

"Yes—no—not very," she answered. "It was while I was at school, before he went to Europe to complete his studies."

"People have told me he was something of an admirer of Mrs. Burns in those old days."

She did not look at him as she said rather contemptuously, "Are *people* always right, or are they generally wrong?" but it did not escape him that she impatiently broke in two, and threw from her, the flower she held in her hand as she spoke.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," said Weir, carelessly, but at the same time watching her keenly. "In this case all the better they were wrong."

"*I* don't say they were wrong," she said, hurriedly; then she added: "It is too long ago for me to remember much about it; but, if it had been so, I should think Mr. Morris was one to be in earnest."

"Why should he be more in earnest than other men?"

"Are men never in earnest, then?" This time she looked up at him, and, in the depths of the clear, brilliant, gray eyes, the question was asked more distinctly than by the words. He doubted whether it were fair to go further—to pry deeper into the transparent nature—to read more of the story she had no idea of concealing, and was so unconscious of betraying; but, "After all," he thought, "why not? It may do some good if I know it; it can do no harm while I never tell."

"What do you mean exactly by *in earnest*, Miss Burns?"

For the first time in his acquaintance with her he saw her blush. A deep tinge crept over cheek and forehead, and, though it faded as suddenly as it had risen, it was in its short duration more eloquent than speech.

"I mean—I don't know—I suppose it means *constant*, does it not?"

"I should say *not*. I know I am often very much in earnest about things with which constancy has nothing whatever to do. Besides, we shall have next to define what constancy is."

"There can be little difficulty in that, I fancy."

"Are you sure of that? Let us see. Let us admit constancy, as it is usually admitted, to be faithfulness through change. Is it so? In love, for instance (that being the standard to which we commonly bring everything), which is the constant man—or woman, it matters not which—that one so true to first impressions and a first ideal that, if time or absence changes the object of affection, the affection must be sacrificed rather than the faith; or that one whose love alters with the one to whom it is given and under altered circumstances, and while still devoted gives devotion in the end to what is perhaps the exact opposite of what won it in the beginning?"

"I never heard anything so heterodox!" exclaimed Honor, "or so utterly subversive of all received ideas!" but there came—Heaven knows why—a strange light into her face and eyes.

"Perhaps not; but there may be reason in it for all that."

"But, according to your theory, the most inconstant among us might lay claim to the highest fidelity—might be, like Lancelot, 'falsely true'?"

"Certainly—and might do so with perfect justice. But then those of the other belief would never allow the claim, so we end where we began. We can not come to a positive definition, after all."

"You bewilder me; but there must be a positive truth, if we could find it."

"If we can not find it, might it not as well be non-existent?"

"I won't talk to you any more; I won't run the risk of having my faith and principles upset," said Honor with a bright smile. "Here is Mr. Morris to tell us that Mrs. Burns is ready to go."

"I will follow you," said Weir, as Theo gave his arm to Honor, and they went off together through the fluttering light and shadow of the trees. "It's an ugly complication, I'm afraid," he thought, as he looked after them while he lit the cigar which Honor's presence had forbidden him—"ugly enough, and incomprehensible. I should have imagined her the last woman in the world to give a thought unsought. Constancy! Morris's constancy is patent to the meanest capacity, though he's so thoroughly good a fellow that no harm can come of it; besides, she don't care a breath for *him*. I wish I were as sure about the other. I wonder what they see in her? To me the girl would be incomparably the more attractive of the two, if I were not proof against women altogether. Well, *qui vivra verra*. Thank Heaven, no grand passion has ever overtaken me!"

CHAPTER V.

NATURE had dismissed Honor Burns from her workshop physically faultless, mentally and morally strong. An English education and a French *modiste* had done the rest, and sent her out into the world about as perfect a specimen of young womanhood as could be found in Fifth Avenue, or at any summer resort. Her protection against any dangerous vanity or any evil consequences that might thence have resulted had been granted to her in a calm, not to say impassive, temperament, on which all excitement had as yet struck harmless, and from which all outside influence fell off. Never hitherto had any fervent happiness exalted her; no grief (her mother's death had occurred while she was too young to know her loss) had greatly afflicted her; her father's marriage—to her own teacher and companion, but little her senior and in no respect her superior—had not offended her; it seemed as if she were destined to pass through life exempt from the struggles and passions that at once bless and curse humanity. If she were ever to writhe under insult, if she were ever to thrill under lover's look or caress, if she were ever to know the height to which joy can attain, or to sound the depth of despair, the time was yet to come.

She was not clever in the commonly received acceptation of the word; her mind was more receptive than creative, and reflection formed a far larger part of her mental system than imagination. She was not given to the utterance of brilliant sayings or smart repartee, though she could be caustic when occasion appeared to demand it. She never drifted on the sea of speculation, having thrown out anchors which held fast in the shape of firm opinions formed as soon as she deemed herself capable of forming them, so that argument with her was wasted unless her antagonist were himself prepared to be converted. A strong and solid sense, a capacity for seeing things as they are, and a disposition to call them by their right names irre-

spective of conventionalities, were her distinguishing characteristics, veiled by a calmness of exterior manner which was by many believed to betoken a corresponding coldness of heart. Together they produced an impression of repressed power which was not generally agreeable—to men at least, to whom it seemed to trench too much upon their own domain and privileges. A woman's wrath counts for as little and may be as lightly ventured as the foam and chatter that mark the shallow rapid; a woman's self-contained and silent strength of will is to be shunned as religiously as the resistless glassy torrent that sweeps down to the cascade, and carries all before it in the last noiseless plunge.

Nevertheless, she was "marvelous fair"; and as the lust of the eye still rules to some extent, and to some extent will for ever rule this world, it would have been strange had she been permitted to reach the age of twenty-two without the choice of marriage. Would-be suitors had not been wanting, but none had ever yet succeeded in touching her affections, or (which she believed would have been to her the same thing) in satisfying her calm reason and clear judgment. She lay under some disadvantages; she knew—how could she help knowing?—the fascination of her beauty; she knew the strong attraction of her father's wealth; and rated at their true value, either sensuous or material, most of the attentions she received. And, as she was not one of those women who detect a probable lover and possible husband in every man who looks at them twice or addresses to them a second word, it was not for some time after she had become familiar with Mr. Randolph that she began to think he was a candidate for *her* favor and to consider whether she would make an exception in *his* favor to the rule she had hitherto observed.

It was no wonder that she and others so believed. For the month succeeding the acknowledged admission of Mr. Randolph to the society of Mrs. and Miss Burns, there was no day in which he was not in their company for the greater part of it, seeking them and accommodating his movements to theirs in a way to attract universal remark. True, his two friends shared with him and them every walk and drive, every occupation and every hour of amusement; but for some occult reason and by general consent their claims to notice were set aside. Morris was an old friend of both ladies; Weir's character, as a man whose attentions to women always just stopped short of compromising himself, was too well known for him to be an object of suspicion. But, as society must take some cognizance of what is enacted before its eyes, and would be dull indeed if no comments were allowed thereon—and as people will persist in believing that it is impossible for men and women to associate without thoughts of love and marriage — speculation grew rife as to Mr. Randolph's conduct and meaning, and, in spite of all that had been said and known of him, all who interested themselves in their neighbors' affairs, in other words the whole of Cape Ransom, began to believe that he was engaged in something more serious than a flirtation at last, and that the future Mrs. Randolph was to be seen in Honor Burns.

Strange to say, gossip for once was right. Mr. Randolph was engaged in what might prove to be far more serious than a flirtation; and, further, he had made up his mind that Miss Burns would be in all respects a fit and suitable wife for him when the time came for him to marry again, a time that he began to think should not be much longer deferred. That he thought her incapable of passion was immaterial; he felt none for her, and had no desire that he or any one else should inspire it. She would make a perfect mistress of his house, a safe mother for his heir if Fate should vouchsafe him one; she would do credit to his choice, and be an ornament to his home; and, besides all this, though to do him justice he did not place too high a value on it, he could not be insensible to the advantages of the fortune she must bring to her husband. Yes, he was resolved that, if it lay within his choice at some future day, Miss Burns should be his wife. I said if it lay within his choice; but he scarcely took into account the possibility, though he knew she had refused others, that she might decline the offered honor of his hand.

Some future day, he thought. At present he had other occupations and amusements on his hands. Whatever others believed, he himself knew very well that he did not seek Honor Burns's society for the gratification he felt in it alone, but for that which he could not otherwise enjoy. No flush ever stained the marble cheek of Honor at his coming, and the smile she gave him was the same she bestowed on any one who turned the leaves of her music, or handed her a chair; but, into the cheek of another the timid color crept and faded, and lips curved with a sweetness all the sweeter for being instantly subdued. Honor was often inattentive to his words, nay, unconscious of his very presence; another not only drank in every word, but recognized step and shadow before his presence was proclaimed. He knew that in the mind of one who could be less than nothing to him he was creating unconsciously to herself a strong interest; while on the heart of the woman he meant to marry he had never tried to make the least

impression. The situation was piquant, even for him; and, dangerous as he felt the game might be, the excitement and the charm were too great to be resisted by one who had never yet learned the meaning of the word "self-denial."

Whether the greater iniquity consist in evil intentions never carried into fulfillment, or in the commission of evil never deliberately intended, is a question which has caused the casuists some debate, and may give them yet further trouble before brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Theory may be left to the theorists: in *fact*, we see obviously enough the self-gratulations of those who, in spite of black hatred cherished, murderous longings indulged, and curses breathed, hug themselves and say, "We have *done* no harm." While, if not so evident, probably quite as self-deceiving and as satisfactory to the conscience, are the reflections of those who can say, in presence of blighted lives and broken hearts, "I am sorry, but I *meant* no wrong." While moralists are endeavoring to decide on which side the guilt lies heaviest, both are equally striving to cast off the imputation of any guilt at all.

Philip Randolph would most certainly have denied the existence of any guilty intentions at the present time, or indeed at any other. He had always flattered his soul with the belief that, whatever wrong he had done, or whatever harm he had occasioned, had arisen from fate, from impulse, from the actions or omissions of others, from anything, in short, but his own will. Was it his fault if, while he was devoutly minded to tread firmly, the ground turned slippery beneath his feet? If, while he really desired to resist temptation, temptation became too strong to be resisted, was he to blame? And temptation, in a form he chose to think needless of resistance, had assailed him now. It can hurt neither ourselves nor any one else to conjecture what would have been the consequences of an entirely different train of causes, nor to think what we would have done had we possessed what is altogether beyond our reach. He intended presently to woo and win the daughter of Mr. Burns; it must be an advantage to secure beforehand a friend and advocate in the wife. He was sensible, though he would never have admitted it, that his life would be the better for some saving influence, and what influence could be better or purer than this? It would be surprising, were it not a matter of such every-day occurrence, with what readiness, when we are determined to swallow, we can find a bait to cover Satan's hook.

CHAPTER VI.

"THAT which he gave, and they received, as love, was but the careless distribution of his superfluous time."

It would perhaps be well if this most humiliating definition of that passion, declared by some to be the mainspring of the works of the world, were more pondered by ourselves, being probably quite as appropriate to our own time and nation as to the place and period where and when it was first spoken. But, in these days of rapid living and high-spiced literature, we have neither time nor inclination for such reading as the "History of the Happy Valley"; and the wise utterance of the Lady Peknah has been relegated to oblivion, together with much still better worth remembering.

Certainly no description could have better applied to Mr. Randolph's feelings and proceedings at Cape Ransom, unless it were the definition of metaphysics given by the Scotchman to his friend: "When I dinna ken what I say, Sandie, and ye canna understand what I mean, that's metapheesics." Philip Randolph seldom stopped to consider if he knew what he said; and most assuredly neither the women who shared his attentions, nor the friends who looked on, comprehended what he meant.

He had not the most distant idea of interfering with the domestic peace of Mrs. Burns, and yet, day by day, he watched with more and more satisfaction the growth of those feelings which could bring her but misery, whether he requited them or not; he was very quick to note the symptoms of devotion to himself. He looked forward to the time when he should truly and in earnest pay suit to Honor, and could not perceive that his chances of ever being permitted to do so grew daily fainter; to the signs of a woman's attachment to another he was as blind as any mole.

If he had not been so he must have seen that, ever since the day passed by the brook, under the beech-trees, any hesitation that might have been in existence in Honor's mind had come to an end, any question that might have been in debate had been resolved, that what had before been carelessness of his presence had now become almost avoidance, what had once been only indifference was now almost open dislike. It is not probable that Honor confessed plainly to herself that she cherished a warmer regard than that of friendship for one who had as yet shown no distinct preference for her; but she could not but be sensible that she found a pleasure in the society of Morris which was utterly absent from her intercourse with Randolph, that the presence of one was delightful to her while that of the other was irksome, that an hour's conversation

with one possessed for her a charm which the other could never in a lifetime have attained. She knew, in spite of her half denial to Weir, the estimation in which Theo Morris had once held her step-mother, but her appreciation of his character forbade her to imagine that he could so regard her now. She had adopted as her own Weir's welcome theory as to the nature of constancy, and unconsciously hoped that kindness and courtesy toward her on the part of Morris foretold a yet dearer regard to come. Words are too coarse a medium to interpret justly so unacknowledged an impression, so unconscious a feeling, as that of Honor at this time; but the fact, could it have been plainly stated, was that she liked better the man who had not yet sought her than the man whom the predetermination of others and her own incapability of suspecting the truth seemed inclined to force upon her as her destined mate; and, this being so, and it being as impossible for Honor to pretend what she did not feel as to say what she did not mean, it was not likely that Mr. Randolph would receive much encouragement at her hands.

But, if he were thus blind, if he were unable to discern the truth and to read aright the meaning of the acts and words of those round him, the eyes of another were not less securely closed.

If any wonder that the wife of Thomas Burns had not yet realized her own sentiments or found the necessity of probing her own heart; if any are incredulous of the fact that she was as ignorant of the nature of her own feelings as the child who would play with an adder is ignorant of the death lurking in its bite; if any doubt that fire can smolder unknown and unsuspected till roused by some chance sudden breath into flaming fury —they must continue in their astonishment and unbelief. It is the business of the historian to relate facts, not to account for them.

In the first place, Emmeline possessed one attribute by no means common either in man or woman—rare in its reality, I mean, for the counterfeit article is common enough—humility; and this feeling, fostered by all the circumstances and surroundings of her young life, when Honor was the only one who had not made little of both her person and her mind, would alone have been sufficient to prevent her from believing herself one to attract the love of men, as other women more favored than she were able to do. She had not, of course, been four years in the world without learning something of its words and ways; but learning goes for little without personal application of the lesson, and during those four years she had been safe in her husband's constant presence, in her own utter indifference to any one of the many round her, and in witnessing the court paid to Honor. Great beauty and prospective wealth were, she supposed, the necessary magnets to draw the admiration of mankind in real life, whatever poets and romancers might endeavor to make us think to the contrary; and her placid and matter-of-fact marriage had not disturbed the belief. She had, in a word, never been loved, and there is no more prevalent delusion in human nature than that of imagining that what has not happened hitherto can not happen at all.

Again, she sincerely believed that Mr. Randolph was, like all the rest, Honor's lover, and that as such alone he accorded her any share of his attention and kindness—a share so slight as to arouse no comment, and no doubt in her mind as to her right to accept it. The little cares and compliments given by men to women wear a very different complexion when offered to the matron from that which they bear when bestowed upon the maid; the especial meaning they may possess when the recipient is free is lost when she is one who can have nothing to grant in return; and the reticence proper to one is not binding on her to whom, as a great modern writer has said, "Marriage has thrown wide the gates of mystery."

Lastly—perhaps wholly—and, alas for her! she did not recognize that, though she had never known, she might yet at some time know—what it was to love.

"There are some emotions which, by the ignorant, may be mistaken for love, but it is impossible for the most ignorant to mistake love for any other emotion." So said one who knew; so many have found it, and so now another victim was to find. Hitherto the first part only of the saying had applied to her; the esteem, the gratitude, the veneration, that she felt for him to whom she owed them all, had passed unquestioned as her husband's only due, as all that he need wish to claim; she never imagined that love is something apart and self-existent, independent of every quality of the beloved or other feeling of the lover; she had no idea that she did not love her husband as all should love, and as some are blessed enough to love, those to whom they make surrender of self and soul, and she had been happy in her mistaken creed. But if to her should come some day the revelation of her self-deception—if a sudden waking of the passion that *can* fill a woman's soul should show her, by a light that shone too late, the heights never to be scaled and the abyss wide-yawning — what then? The spell was still unbroken; but it needs only a light touch sometimes to break a spell.

CHAPTER VII.

THE last days of July had melted away, and the hush of a hot August hung heavy over land and sea. Cape Ransom, though a favored place, felt the oppression of weather when every leaf hung listless, when the sea glittered mercilessly, and the sand glared white under the cloudless sky. In the gardens the delicate-tinted summer flowers had been supplanted by the flaunting glories of early autumn, while here and there, among the dense, dark foliage, a yellow leaf uttered the first whisper of coming decay.

Mr. Randolph, with the passing days, began to think it time to come to a decision. If he meant seriously to woo Miss Burns, it would be needful soon to begin: no place could be more fitting, no after-opportunity would be so fair. While a fear more felt than confessed that it might be better for one if he showed decided preference for the other, an undefined dread that he had perhaps won more than he cared to hold, and a belief that the time had arrived when expediency must carry the day over present enjoyment, all combined to force him to the conclusion that he had better wait no longer if he intended to act at all.

If? Even at this last moment could he not make up his mind? Was he drifting, as he had too often allowed himself to drift, before the idle breeze of inclination? And if the ruder blasts of passion or of interest ever struck the sail, would his hand then firmly grasp the rudder and right the vessel, or would the tempest have its way?

He sat by the window smoking, an open letter in his hand, at which he occasionally glanced with a look of gloom and anger. "Those infernal mines!" he muttered once. "They're playing the mischief with me. I never thought money would have had to influence me in a matter like this. I suppose it need not now; but—"

"There's not much choice," he pursued, after a pause; but this time the thoughts were unspoken. "I must either do it or go. That it's expected of me would not much matter, but if I staid—I wonder if she'll care much. But that's just what I shall never know. Shall I toss up for a decision? or go down to the hammocks, and, if she's there, see how the land lies? That will leave it in doubt the longest. That's best."

In this earnest and ardent frame of mind he rose to go. As he bent forward to throw his cigar from the window, he caught sight of two figures on the beach, and leaned out, with an eagerness strangely at variance with his former languor, to distinguish who they were. They were, however, too far distant for recognition, and as he looked a projection of rock hid them from view.

He took his way down to the green glade in the grounds where the feminine inmates of the hotel were generally to be found, if out of their own rooms at all, during the hot part of the afternoon, and, though he would have said that he came expressly to find Honor, he yet felt somewhat disappointed when he *did* find her there, and (as was very seldom the case) without Mrs. Burns. She was swinging in one of the hammocks which, under the shade of some massive lime-trees, formed the favorite amusement of those who were too indolent for any other; but the action which was the embodiment of the idea of idleness in others lost its distinctive mark when Miss Burns was the actor. Her white dress and the crimson lining of the netting in which she lay made vivid color against the dark background of the grass and trees; there was nothing languid in the movement of the hand that swayed her fan, or in the expression of the brilliant gray eyes which glanced now up, now down, according as he to whom she spoke stood above or sat below her. All about her breathed of rich vitality, of firmness, and of strength.

There was a plentiful sprinkling of people round and about among the shrubberies, but Miss Burns's only immediate companions were Mr. Weir and a Mr. Torrie, a friend of his who had been but a few days at Cape Ransom.

Randolph threw himself down upon the grass. Contemplating as he lay the lovely picture Honor made, he fell to questioning himself whether he really wished that the time were come that she should be more than a picture to him. Had he asked the question quite honestly, he might have found the answer in the relief he felt that his wooing was still further postponed by Honor's not being alone.

In spite of his relief, however, he did not forget or abandon the purpose for which he had come; and his compliments and pretty speeches to Honor assumed so much warmer a complexion than usual as somewhat to puzzle the young lady to whom they were addressed. Weir's cynicism and Mr. Torrie's light nothings he put aside, and was more inclined to take things "*au grand sérieux*," and to indulge in a sentimental vein than for some time past. Honor began to doubt whether he had understood her late coldness, and he made her thoroughly comprehend that to her was addressed a second meaning in every brilliant speech he made, and that he regretted the presence of others prevented his speaking more plainly. She became a little interested, and showed the interest; Weir began to show surprise, and Mr. Torrie looked on, and smiled a little.

This was all very pretty—it was only a pity it could not last; that as usual there lay close

beneath the cool thin crust the hot lava ready to break forth in eruption. Randolph had intended to outstay the others, but they gave no signs of moving, and the conversation had been general, now on safe topics and now grazing dangerous ones for more than half an hour. Then he began to grow restless, and his attention to wander; he seemed to be on the watch, to listen for some step or voice; and at last he asked the question he would willingly have ventured some time before:

"Where is Mrs. Burns? Was she so tired with the ride this morning as to be unable to come out this afternoon?"

"Not at all. Mr. Morris leaves this evening, and she is gone down with him to sketch the cave before he goes."

There is a moment which by all in any degree observant must have been observed when, on the edge of the evening, our medium of sight undergoes a sudden transition, an instantaneous change. The gradual fading of the day has been unnoticed, a universal gray has crept over the landscape and every familiar thing, light and shadow are blended each in each; when in an instant, inappreciable in point of time, but distinct to our consciousness, the doubtful daylight gives place to the moon-rays and we see anew. A new shape and meaning are given to every object on which the white beams fall, and the dark shadows come out sharp and clearly defined.

Such was the light that broke on Honor's mind as, while she spoke the few foregoing words, she looked at Philip Randolph's face. She had meant nothing—she had no idea that anything she could say would produce on him the least effect; and yet in a moment the truth became clear to her. When the devil writes on human faces he does so with a broad pen, and there is none of his characters more easily legible than jealousy; and, in view of the handwriting now so plainly visible, all the perplexity that had clouded Honor's mind as with the fading of summer daylight was at once resolved. In the expression of Randolph's face, whose passion of jealous anger he for a short space failed to govern—in the momentary savage gesture of his hand, and in his transient inability to recover his calmness or to answer—lay the explanation of much that had needed to be explained.

The moonlight of her new consciousness threw broad light and cast black shade. He was nothing to her — thank Heaven, she had known that, had dismissed all thought of regard for him long before this revelation! But he had dared to— *She* dared not follow out the thought. And then her breath stopped: was there, could it be possible there was, anything of which she dared think less still? Could it be that, where she had never dreamed of suspecting, there had been reason not only for suspicion but for fear?

She looked back, she remembered. It is said those dying suddenly pass their whole lives in review in a moment, and short space is sufficient for vast thought. Words spoken, pauses made, a blush whose cause had not at the time been understood; cessation of confidences and of gay jests once frequent; silence where speech had once been free — all came back to her. She knew but little of such things, but she knew enough to read this riddle plainly; and, as degree after degree conviction grew upon her, and her thoughts gnawed her like that Spartan fox of whom we are all so tired of hearing, she, being no Spartan, could not conceal her perturbation; and, slipping from the hammock with slight excuse, and leaving her friends to place what interpretation they pleased upon her sudden disaffection, she retired to take counsel with Solitude as to what was to be done.

Poor Honor!—done indeed! Had she been a little younger, she would not have reflected on the subject at all; had she been a little older, she would probably have viewed it by that more subdued light in which, as time goes on and we learn the inevitable, we come to regard such things; but she would also have known that, when once reflection is necessary, there is nothing to be done. She would have known that while cures avail, or can at least be attempted, for almost every human malady, cure is hopeless here. Wrongs are sometimes righted by the strong power of law; disease is laid bare to the physician, and aid assured; crime is confessed to the dispenser of pardon, who will at all events promise healing to the whitest leprosy of the soul; but, with *this* evil, to recognize it is to create it, and he who seeks a remedy grasps a sword with the point to his own breast.

But, Honor did not know all this, and her strong nature could not remain in passive inactivity while the sudden horror of such a danger menaced those she loved. Our eyes once opened, we are apt to forget how long we have been blind, and to think every one endowed with the same clearness of vision as ourselves. What if others became aware of what was no longer any secret to her? Little as she dreamed how well the truth was guessed by more than one, she could not yet believe that what was so plain to her could long remain undiscovered, and while there was still time something must be done.

CHAPTER VIII.

"INCONSISTENCIES can not both be right, but imputed to man they may both be true." Solomon himself might have penned these

words, though they owe their origin to a less inspired author.

If, when Philip Randolph followed Emmeline Burns down to the cave, he had been asked his motive and purpose in so doing, he would have found it very difficult to give an intelligible reply. Why he should be suddenly and wildly angered because what he would have said an hour before he desired had come to pass—why the demon of jealousy should have been all at once let loose within him because a woman who could be nothing to him had been for a few minutes in the company of another man—are mysteries such as may one day receive solution, but are at present among undiscovered things. In his own chamber he had said, "I shall never know"; he had meant, "I will never try to find out, for I am already sure." Now, when Honor's words and his own thoughts suggested doubt, it became necessary to assure assurance; what had seemed in possession of slight account grew precious under possibility of loss. Passion slipped the bridle and took the bit between her teeth; and Resolution muttered, "I must know, and I *will*."

The cave where Mrs. Burns sat sketching was, in reality, although so named, no cave at all. It was a deep recess in the shore where the rocks rose high on either hand, floored with white and yellow sand, and with sides draped here and there with luxuriant verdure where streams from above trickled over the edge of the chasm, while in other places the purple rock stood out desolate and bare. Huge masses of gray stone which had fallen from the cliff lay at the entrance, uncovered at low water, and made a bold feature in the foreground, while beyond lay the smooth and glittering sea with its gleaming sails and dark trails of smoke. It was a scene at once beautiful and picturesque, and well worth the time spent upon its preservation in a slight water-color sketch.

But when Emmeline Burns went down that soft and shiny August afternoon into the cool green shadow, armed only with the peaceful implements of pencil and crayon, she closed behind her the gates of life. The Fates who spin our thread of destiny do not let us see the process, and whether the flax still overflow the distaff or run to its last issue on the spindle's point is all one so far as our knowledge is concerned. When the storm has long been gathering, when the clouds have gradually overspread the heavens, and thunderous mutterings have long been audible in the distance, the lightning when it strikes is no surprise; but for the sudden upheaval of the solid ground beneath our feet in summer earthquake we have no preparation and no warning.

Heedless of the fatal Sisters' spinning, all unconscious of the near-completed weaving of her shroud, Emmeline Burns traced her lines and blended her colors, and transferred to her paper the varied beauty of earth and sea and sky. She felt the soothing influence of the soft hour and the lonely place, and was happy. To the man who now looked on her with new eyes and an awakened mind, she formed in her gentle pensiveness, her fair pallor, and her slender figure in its white raiment, not the least fair portion of the fair and peaceful scene.

She had given but an occasional look or word to her companion, who alone at Cape Ransom shared or sympathized in her favorite pursuit, and had ostensibly for that reason accompanied her to-day. He was no more than a companion to her; it was all one whether he spoke or were silent, were with her or away; and when, quite aware of her carelessness and yielding to his own thoughts which were sometimes of the bitterest, he had strayed from her side, it was not until she needed to ask his advice upon her work that she discovered he was no longer near.

"Don't you think, Mr. Morris, that to introduce another sail would be an improvement here?"

There was no answer, and she looked up. The person she addressed was not to be seen, but in his place beside her stood Philip Randolph.

What was it that she felt? What need to ask? Not more quickly broke the web of the hapless Lady of Shalott when she brought upon herself the threatened curse by lawless looking than snapped the thread of Emmeline's unconsciousness, never to be reunited more: and not more surely descended the penance upon her who left the safety of the shadow for the fatal living truth, than fell the punishment on her who woke to perilous reality from the false security of her dream. Children and dumb brutes recognize death though never seen before, and the heart knows its master passion in its first vital throes. In the sickening pulsation of that heart, which after one wild bound stood still—in the surging of the treacherous blood, that reddened her for shame and left her white for fear—in the moment of delight and exultation, and the instantaneous remembrance and abasement—she learned (how could she fail to learn?) the truth!

Her hand fell heedless and made a heavy blot; her voice, when she tried to speak, was changed and shaken; her breath came quick over her trembling lip, and her eyes drooped and turned away. Was he slow to read the signs and to divine their meaning? They would

have been written in scarlet to one far less versed in such lore than he.

But he was far from intending to betray his knowledge. He thrilled with triumph that at last the charm was broken, that her quiet was stirred, her heart's secret revealed to her, and her self-delusion ended; but with this feeling mingled a dash of consternation at the strength of the emotion he had roused. There is sometimes no curse so great as a granted prayer, and, brought face to face with that for which we have striven, we often shrink back appalled at our success. Randolph had taken Aimée's gentleness for weakness—had thought that light sentiments on his own part would evoke but the same on hers. What if he had been mistaken? What if they sank so deep and swelled so high that they escaped control? And—an old saying came back to his mind about fire and edge-tools—if their strength awoke a corresponding passion in himself, a passion he had never dreamed of giving, what must be the consequence to himself and to her?

Thoughts like these succeeded each other thick and fast; but he gave no sign of them as he stood quietly and reverently by, saying little and scarcely looking at her while she regained composure; she imagining that her agitation had been unnoticed and her victory over it gained unseen.

"Honor did not come with me to-day," she said, as soon as she could speak calmly, a time short in reality, though it seemed an age to her. "Have you missed her? She told me she was going to the glade."

"I have just left her there. It was she who told me where to find you."

"Indeed!" She glanced up; his face was impassive, but she felt that her own was not. "How did you get here?" she asked, hurriedly; "I never saw you come round the rocks."

"I suppose not. There is a path down the cliff behind you."

Mrs. Burns turned quickly. "Is there? I never knew that. Is that where Mr. Morris is gone? Did you meet or see him?"

The question and the name on her lips roused afresh Randolph's jealous anger. "Yes, he is gone over yonder," said he, signaling the opposite direction from that which Morris had really taken. "He is a faithful squire of dames. I saw him leave you, and constituted myself your protector—till he chose to return."

She could not but perceive the sneer in his words. She hesitated: she did not like to return without her original companion, but she liked less to wait and risk the chance—why did she feel that there might be the chance?—of a collision between the two men. She thought a moment, and decided that to go back at once was the lesser evil of the two.

"I do not think we need wait; the shadow is too deep for my drawing already, and the tide will soon be coming in."

He smiled. "I don't think you quite know the time for the tide. Besides, if it did we could go back by the cliff."

"Is it possible for me? If so, it might be a way of escape if I were ever trapped here. Show it me, please."

"There is no hurry. It is very pleasant here."

"But I have already overstaid my time. I had no idea it was so late."

"Do you often come here?"

"Very seldom. It is at most times too gloomy for me."

"It looks beautiful by moonlight."

"I suppose so. No, I should have thought it must look very *eerie* then."

"How consistent you are! Will you come down to-night and see?"

"Not for the world! There must be a ghost here, I am sure."

"Ghost of what? There may be one hereafter, perhaps—for me."

"Show me the path, please. Honor will expect me, and I must really go." She gathered her drawing together as she spoke.

He saw that she was in earnest. He saw that, whatever her self-knowledge, no word or sign would betray it to him further. It piqued him; he began to think he should like to win her to confession. But if he ever made up his mind that he really wished to do so—if he were ever to make the avowal that must precede and plead for hers—he must wait. Well, he had not now to learn to do that; he had been perfect in that lesson long ago.

No *preux chevalier* could have been more deferential in demeanor than was Mr. Randolph, as he escorted Mrs. Burns upon her homeward way. He spoke but little, and no look alarmed the mind which was now awake to self-distrust, and watchful. Emmeline was herself again when they had surmounted the steep path that led to the top of the cliff; the exertion had quickened her breathing and flushed her cheek; she looked brighter and more radiant than usual, and when she turned on the summit and looked back, and thanked him for his assistance with a smile, Mr. Randolph thought he had quite made up his mind. He was rapid in conception and firm in execution: during the few minutes of their ascent he had had time to think, and he had not thought in vain.

Nothing could have been less lover-like than the tone in which he said, as they parted: "I

shall see you to-night? Even if you feel the fatigue, you will come down with Miss Burns?"

"Honor would not come without me." A blush belied the quiet words.

"Is it true that you are expecting Mr. Burns to arrive soon?" Watching her, as the disciple of vivisection may watch his living victim's agonies, he saw the slight contraction of her throat, and the fading of her color to a mortal paleness.

"I believe so—yes."

"You have heard the rumor that I may possibly have a question to ask him when he comes?" She bent her head.

"May I ask if you believe that report?" Again she did not answer, but she endeavored to smile.

"If I ask, do you think I may hope for a favorable reply?"

This time she found words. "You must excuse my answering that. Even were I less ignorant on the subject than I am, I should have no right to speak on it first with you."

"A just rebuke. We will speak of it no more, but leave the mysteries of the future to the development of time."

He left her with a careless bow, that in spite of herself brought an angry flush into her cheek at the seeming indifference. Had she known the difficulty he already felt in self-restraint, could she have counted his quickened pulses, and guessed the thoughts of his brain, would she have been less incensed with him, or more?

(*Conclusion next month.*)

*HEALTH AT HOME.**

PART THIRD.

IN speaking of beds and bedding in my last paper, I neglected to state one fact, which it is of moment to remember, namely, that, in the cleansing of the feathers which are used to fill pillows and bolsters, the utmost care ought to be taken never to put the feathers back into the tick until they are thoroughly dried. If only a little moisture attach to the feathers they decompose; they give out ammoniacal and sulphuretted compounds, and they become in this manner not only offensive to the sense of smell, but sometimes an insidious source of danger to health.

A few years ago I went with my family to a well-known seaside place, where during the season we were obliged to take what we could get in the way of house accommodation. I was myself located in a small bedroom, which was scrupulously clean and comfortable, and, as bedrooms go, well ventilated. The first night after going to bed I awoke in early morning with the most oppressive of headaches, with a sense of nausea, and with coldness of the body. The thought that these unpleasant symptoms arose from smallness of the room and close air led me to open the window. I was soon somewhat relieved, but could sleep no more that morning, so I dressed, took a walk, and after a few hours felt fairly well, and as wanting nothing more than a few hours of extra sleep. The next night I took the precaution to set the window open, but again in early morning I woke as before, and even in worse condition. I now canvassed all possible causes for the phenomena. Had I contracted some contagious disease? Was this bedroom recently tenanted by a person suffering from a contagious malady? Had I taken some kind of food or drink which had disagreed with me? The answer to each of these queries was entirely negative. All I could get at was that I had a sense of an odor of a very peculiar kind, which came and went, and which seemed to have some connection with the temporary derangement. On the third night I went to bed once more, but rather more restless and alert than before; and an hour or two after I had been in bed I woke with a singular dream. I was a boy again, and I was reading the story, so I dreamed, of Philip Quarles, who, like Robinson Crusoe, was lost on a desolate island, and who could not sleep on a pillow stuffed with the feathers of certain birds which he had killed, and the feathers of which he had used for a pillow. The dream led me to examine the pillow on which my own head reclined. It was a soft, large, downy cushion, with a fine white case and a perfectly clean tick; but, when I turned my face for a moment on the pillow and inhaled through it, I detected the most distinct sulphur-ammoniacal odor, which was so sickening I had no difficulty in discovering mine enemy. The bolster I found to be the same. I put both away, made a temporary pillow out of a railway rug, went to sleep again, and woke in the morning quite well. It turned out that the pillow and bolster had been recently made up with imperfectly dried feathers, and some of these were undergoing decomposition.

* Continued from June number.

This experience of mine is a good illustration detected, as it happened, on the spot. It is by no means singular. Little children are often made sleepless, dreamful, and restless in their cots from a similar cause.

VII.

BED-VENTILATION.

In treating of bed and bedding I have dwelt on the importance of allowing the clothes so to lie on the sleeper that they shall not too closely wrap him up in his own cutaneous exhalations. What I wished to convey by this teaching was, that the bed should be ventilated not less than the room. Benjamin Franklin used to take what he called an air-bath, which consisted in walking about in an open room, sharply, for a short time in a loose dress, so that the air might come well and briskly on to the surface of his skin and exert its purifying and cleansing influence on the cutaneous envelope. The good and refreshing effect of this simple measure of cleanliness is well experienced by those who resort to it, and part of the value of the Turkish bath is due to Franklin's method, which is there of necessity carried out. But there is no doubt that an improvement might be made in beds themselves by a process of ventilation of them, and I am glad to say that this principle has been introduced lately by a clever and simple invention, called O'Brien's Bed-ventilating Tube. The late Dr. Chowne showed that the ordinary motion of the air through tubes vertically placed and open at each end is in one continued upward direction, the air inclosed within the tubes being always of slightly higher temperature than that outside. I saw many of Dr. Chowne's experiments on this subject, and, although I could never see what he called the siphon principle which he supposed to be in action, I am bound to admit that he could in the most equable and even atmosphere cause a current of air to circulate down a short arm of a vertical tube, and up a longer arm of another tube connected with the shorter by a joint or bend. Mr. O'Brien, taking advantage of this fact, has, then, invented a tube which ventilates the bed while the sleeper is in it. A tube of two inches diameter at the foot of the bed opens just under the bedclothes; it passes beneath the frame of the bed to the bed's head, and runs up at the bed's head until it nearly reaches the ceiling, or when convenient passes into a flue. Through this tube a current of air, entering the bed at the upper part and passing over the sleeper, is made to circulate out of the bed by the ventilating tube, carrying with it the watery matter that is exhaled by the skin, and keeping up, in fact, a perfectly ventilated space, in which the body for so many hours reposes. The quantity of fluid from the skin which condenses in this tube in the course of a night is, to common observation, quite remarkable, consisting of several ounces. I consider the O'Brien tube to be a marked hygienic improvement in the construction of bedsteads and bedding. It ought to be fitted to every bedstead, and in the beds of all sick-rooms and wards of hospitals it should have an immediate and settled introduction.

There is much difference of opinion on the question of window-curtains and window-blinds in the bedroom. Some persons who have been unhealthily educated are unable to sleep except when the room is entirely dark, the faintest ray of light being sufficient to break their repose. Others can sleep when light enters into the room in the fullest degree. I have no doubt those are most healthy who can sleep without any window-shade whatsoever, and I am sure that every one can be trained so as to sleep without blinds if the training do but commence early enough in life. Light purifies and invigorates; and children that sleep in darkness, by their blanched faces alone, may be distinguished from those who sleep in a well-lighted room. More than this, the admission of daylight early in the morning tends to create a habit of early rising, which is so conducive to health. He who hails the sun instead of letting the sun hail him is the wise man. Those who sleep like moles in a hole, though they may grow sleek and fat, are not sun-healthy; they are feeble, subject to headaches, excitable, pale, and nervous. For these reasons I would, therefore, teach that the half-blind of muslin is all that is sufficient for the bedroom window, and that the roller-blind should only be used to prevent the actual glare of the sun, or to shut out the view into a room that is exposed to other houses that overlook it. Heavy curtains for bedroom windows, or curtains of any kind, are altogether out of place, except as mere ornamental appendages, and they, when present for appearance' sake, should never be drawn except on emergency, in seasons of extreme cold or heat.

A light-green color is best for the muslin blind and the roller-blind.

ANSWERS TO SOME INQUIRIES.

Before I leave the bedroom it is well for me to take the opportunity of replying to one or two of a great number of inquiries that have been sent to me respecting the various points that have been mooted in these papers:

1. For daylight reflectors Chapuis's are, I think, up to this time, without a rival.

2. For the floors of bedrooms, in cases where the wooden flooring is bad, an oil-cloth covering

is in all particulars good. The oil-cloth can be cleaned by the dry method perfectly well.

3. A portion of stove-piping carried from the calorigen stove to the outer air for the purpose of admitting fresh air answers fairly well; but no plan is so good as to clear away all rubbish from beneath the floor of the room, make plenty of opening from the outer air to beneath the floor, and then let the tube for feeding the fresh air to the stove perforate the flooring into the space beneath.

4. The open gas-fireplace in the bedroom is perfectly safe so long as there is a good chimney-draught, but, if there is anything like a down draught the stove is very dangerous to health. The product which injures most from the gas-fire is not carbonic acid, but carbonic oxide. On the whole, I think the chimney-cowl called the "Empress," made by Messrs. Ewart, of the Euston Road, is the best for preventing down draught in the chimney-shaft. The gas-fire in good action, and planned on a proper principle, such as Verity's, has great advantages over a coal-stove. It causes no dust, which is a considerable advantage of itself, and it saves much labor. But the great advantage of the gas-fire is that it maintains an equal temperature. With the coal-fire, unless it be under almost impossible observation, there is no equality of warmth in the apartment it vivifies. It goes nearly out, leaving the room chilly and uncomfortable; it burns up, making an undue warmth, and hurrying in draughts; and then it cools, temporarily, to what may be considered the proper temperature. The gas-fire, on the other hand, is entirely manageable. With a little practice the temperature of a room, in every part, may be set for the night, and the variation need not exceed five degrees Fahrenheit. The only objection I know of in the open gas-fire is its cost. It is, with all care, at least double the expense of a coal-fire. That, at all events, is my experience.

5. The mean temperature of the bedroom should be from 60° to 65° Fahr. This is easily maintained by the calorigen stove, and at a very moderate expense. The calorigen that burns with coal is perhaps the steadiest of the varieties of coal-stoves which warm and ventilate at the same time.

6. A paper, for walls, which "will wash like linen," as one of my correspondents suggests, is not at all out of the question. Indeed, since these essays have been in progress, Dr. Scoffern has sent me a small specimen of his cupri-ammonium prepared paper which can even be boiled or steamed without being destroyed. A little improvement in a paper of this construction, so as to make it more artistic, would give a basis for a perfectly healthy wall-paper, which could be put up, in panel, without paste, on a glazed wall, and permit of being taken down, at any time, for cleansing, as easily as a picture.

7. There is, it must be acknowledged, a great difficulty in admitting air into the bedroom from the outside, and at the same time excluding damp. In foggy weather, in such seasons as the one we have just passed through, this difficulty is almost insurmountable, and we are unfortunately placed between Scylla and Charybdis in relation to it. I have tried several plans for drying air in its course from the outside into the room, but only with partial success. When the air of the room is well and equally warmed, the injury arising from moisture is greatly lessened, and it is therefore of moment, in foggy seasons, to keep up a considerable temperature in the room by which the water-vapor will be removed, if there be at the same time free exit ventilation. But all plans of artificial drying are partial or mischievous. To stretch a layer of porous and dry woolen stuff over the opening that lets air into the room is the only mechanical plan I can suggest that is of real value. This, at all events, filters the air. It might be supplemented by introducing into the ventilating tube some loosely packed charcoal in good-sized pieces, over which the air would pass on its entrance into the chamber. Dr. Stenhouse has suggested this plan as a means of purification of air, and it is a good suggestion in that particular.

THE STAIRCASE LANDING.

We may leave the bedroom now, and pass to the landing of the staircase outside. This space, or landing, is, as a rule, a terrible trouble to the sanitary mind. It is a rialto on which varied kinds of sanitary difficulties combine. It often is deficient in light. On it are placed the receptacle, necessary but fearful, of the housemaid's cupboard or closet. On it is placed the sink and water-butt. Worst of all, in nearly every London house, it is the place for the water-closet. When there are two landing-floors in the house these convenient inconveniences are usually divided; but frequently, in houses less fortunately placed, they are all in conjunction.

It is essential on the landing of the bedroom floor first of all to have abundance of light. The window should be made as large as is consistently possible, and it should be kept specially clean. When light is deficient here, the reflector ought to be brought into immediate use. In a large and newly built house in this metropolis, into which I was lately led by a professional summons, an artificial light had actually to be kept for a portion of the day, and for the whole day when the sky was clouded, in order that the passage could be sufficiently illuminated for or-

dinary purposes. A great blank of dead wall opposite the window kept up a perpetual eclipse. I suggested a reflector, and as soon as it was in position the passage became actually brilliant with light, to the immense comfort of the occupiers of the house.

After light on the landing of the staircase comes the admission of air by the window, and here I can have no hesitation what to recommend. The costless system of ventilation introduced by Dr. Peter Hinckes Bird is for all intents the best. Dr. Bird's plan is simplicity itself. The lower sash of the window is lifted up about three inches, and in the space between the sill and the sash a piece of wood is introduced to fill up the space. The lower sash at its upper part is thus brought a few inches above the lower part of the upper sash, which it by so much overlaps. In this manner there is left in the middle between the two sashes an open space, up which the air is constantly passing from the outside into the house. At all times the air is finding its way, and, as the current is directed in an upward course, draught is not felt even when the air blows in freely. At the same time the sashes can be opened or closed as may be desired without altering the arrangement for ventilation.

I have recommended and employed Dr. Bird's costless ventilation so many years with such excellent practical results, I hardly like to venture on a shade of suggestion for its modification. There is, however, one change in it which, while it adheres entirely to the principle, is, I venture to think, an improvement in detail. This consists simply in letting the lower sash remain unchanged, and in bringing down the upper sash three inches, so as to let it by that distance overlap the lower. The space above on the upper part of the top sash has then to be filled up, and I recommend for this purpose a permanent bar of wood, against which the upper sash can close. The advantages of this detail are, that the window looks better; that light at the lower part is saved; that lower blinds are not interfered with; that the interposed piece of wood is out of the reach of the servants, so that it can not be taken away without great trouble; and, that if there be a draught at the space where the sash touches the interposed portion of wood, it is at the top instead of the bottom sash, and is not felt by those who are passing the window on ascending the stairs.

The costless ventilation once effected, it should be in operation all the year round. It is true that in cold weather it causes a lower temperature on the landing than would exist if the window were absolutely closed; but this must be met by increasing the warmth within the house, not by the process of excluding the outer air.

It will be soon detected, in windows in which the costless ventilation is set up, how large a quantity of dust there is in the air which finds its way into the dwelling-house of the great city. The space through which the air passes is very quickly charged with dust, some of which settles on the panes of the window and the framework, and requires removal at short regular intervals. It is raised by some as an objection to the system of costless ventilation that the dust enters so freely through the permanent opening as to become, in its turn, a nuisance. Hence, we often find the opening partly filled up with a sand-bag, or else with a plate of perforated zinc, the openings of which are quite closed up with dust. Both these practices are bad; the open space should never be closed. In spite of the acknowledged inconvenience of dust, it is far better to have a free admission of air than to exclude the air. In practice, moreover, the dust nuisance is less than would be expected. It is only occasionally present, while bad air, if outer air be kept out, is always present.

The floor of the landing should be treated precisely in the same manner as the floor of the bedroom. In the course of the tread in the center of the landing, for a width, say, of from eighteen inches to two feet, a line of carpet may be laid down, but the floor space on either side of the carpet should be uncovered, and if it be of wood it should be dry scrubbed and treated with wax and turpentine, when the boards will allow of it. Where the staircase and landing are of stone, nothing is more healthful than the stone itself duly cleaned and whitened. When the floor surface is of indifferent wood or stone, it may, with advantage, be covered with oil-cloth, with the center carpet. In no case should the whole of a landing be carpet-covered so as to make the carpet hug the wall. A floor covered in that manner holds the dust, and keeps the air charged with dust, every step and every gust of air that moves the carpet from beneath tending to waft some particles of dust into the air above.

Of oil-cloth as a covering for landings, passages, and outer parts of bedroom floors, nothing can be said that is unfavorable, granting always that it is laid down with skill and care. As a rule it should be closely fitted to the floor, and well glued and nailed down at the edges, so that it can not become a coating for a thick layer of dust beneath it. Fixed firmly in its place in such a way as to form part of the floor itself, oil-cloth can be cleaned with as much facility as can a boarded floor, and can be waxed as perfectly. It does not retain dust; it shows the presence of dust and dirt, and it is a good non-conductor of heat. The substance called linoleum is, in some particulars, an improvement on oil-cloth, be-

cause it is a better non-conductor. Kamptulicon is more enduring than either, but it does not admit of such perfect cleaning; it catches the dust more, and it never looks so bright and cheery as the others do. We are told that it is so much more serviceable, and that is true; but then it is not good to have for ever in view a structure that is unchangeable and practically indestructible. An occasional change of structure is a positive relief, and when it can be obtained at slight cost is a useful luxury.

The walls of the landing, like those of the bedroom, should be covered with a paint or paper that will readily admit of being washed. Failing this, they should be distempered.

It is always good practice, wherever it is possible, to make an opening from the stair-landing into, and out of, the roof of the house, or into the stack of the chimney. If the landing be just under the roof, then it is good to get a direct opening through the roof, or the cock-loft leading to it, so that there may be an immediate communication with the outer air above. In most houses this upper landing-place is connected by the staircase with the whole of the lower part of the house. The house from below ventilates into it, and if upon it there be no efficient outlet it is in a bad position indeed. Should there be an intervening floor between the floor and the roof of the house a small shaft should be carried up, and beneath that shaft a gas-burner may with much advantage be suspended, so as to make the shaft a chimney for the conveyance of the products of the gas and of air, away from the interior of the house.

In the houses of crowded cities the worst sanitary difficulty of all lies in the arrangement of the water-closet on the landings of the staircases. Some sanitarians propose to meet these difficulties by introducing the dry earth-closet system, or by some other special system distinct from what is in general use. I do not object to such suggestions where they are practicable; but my business, at this time, is to indicate the safest mode of meeting the present objectionable system, and, until a better mode of construction is effected, to improve to the utmost the water-closet as it now exists. I will deal with the earth-closet in the next paper.

It can not be denied that great danger attends the water-closet system in many houses. The closet itself is placed so as to be in the center of the sleeping part of the domicile. It is most imperfectly ventilated and lighted. The flow from it is often exceedingly bad; the leverage and the water-supply are apt to get out of order; the pans soon become unclean, and, whatever care the housekeeper may exercise, there is an odor from the closet which will pervade the floor of the house in which the closet is placed, and will declare the unwholesomeness of the arrangement. To meet these unfortunate conditions, the first care should be to secure an absolutely free course from the pan of the closet into the soil-pipe, and from the soil-pipe into the sewer, in such a manner that at some point before it reaches the trap leading to the sewer the pipe shall be open to the air. I shall explain in a future paper how this may be done; but for the present I point it out as a necessity. The second care is to secure a good and steady supply of water, so that the pan of the closet can always be thoroughly flushed and charged with water. The third care is to have a closet apparatus that shall let the water completely empty the pan, and shall afterward leave a good supply of water there. Underhay's plan is one of the best for securing this advantage; it gives a free fall of water when the trap is raised, and it fills, if it may so be said, as it empties, thereby rendering the return of air from the soil-pipe all but impossible.

These plans secured, the next step consists in arranging for the purification of the closet itself; for the free ventilation of it specially.

When there is a ready means of making a window or direct shaft from the closet into the open air the difficulty of finding an exit opening is fairly solved, and I need only to say of such an opening that it can hardly be too large or too free. The great obstacles are found when the closet is in the center of the floor, and there is no means of direct communication with out-door air. In many of our London houses so circumstanced, it is actually not uncommon to see a window from the water-closet opening into the staircase, a plan as bad as can possibly be imagined. To avoid that, I would offer the following arrangement, which I have carried out with very satisfactory results.

To ventilate freely under the conditions named it is requisite to make an opening through the ceiling of the closet, and to secure an outlet, so as to allow the air of the closet to find free exit. This is best done, when the closet is under the roof of the house, by carrying a three or four inch tube into the space under the roof, and either running it from there into a chimney-shaft, or direct out on to the roof by a chimney of its own. In cases where there is an intervening floor, it is necessary to carry the opening through the ceiling of the closet into the space between the ceiling and the floor above, and from that, by a tube laid between floor and ceiling, to the side-wall, and through that wall into the open air by an exit-shaft; or else to carry a tube through the ceiling and floor direct up to and through the roof, or into a chimney-shaft. If gas be at hand it is

well to have a burner put into the closet, and to allow the light to be suspended immediately beneath the ascending exit air-tube. By this method the escape of air from the closet is always well secured and part of the difficulties are overcome.

Following, however, upon this it is necessary to let air freely into the closet, so that there may always be a free current of air circulating through it. To effect this object one step more must be taken. Through the floor of the closet in front of the seat, at either or at both ends, there must be cut a free opening into the space between the floor and the ceiling of the room below. From this opening another free communication must be made to the outer air by an opening made through the wall of the house. It may be necessary here to carry a tube from the opening in the outer wall to the closet, but, as a rule, it is only requisite to insert a few perforated bricks in the wall on the level of the space between the floors and the ceilings of the rooms beneath. This space then becomes an air-chamber, which feeds the closet with air in the freest manner. The air introduced should pass also freely under the seat of the closet.

By the simple plan now detailed I have seen a closet in the center of a floor rendered free of all odor, and so flushed with air that it was purer than some closets are which are placed out of doors.

Recently a very ingenious invention has been brought out by the Deodorizing Water-Closet Company, in the Harrow Road, by which the pan of the closet is kept free of odor. Under the seat of the closet, but quite concealed by the front of the seat, there is placed an apparatus which contains a large supply of permanganate deodorizing solution. A tube from this apparatus enters from above into the basin of the closet, and after water has been allowed to flow through the pan, just as the lever descends to shut off the water, a portion of the deodorizing solution is pumped into the water that remains in the basin, and is left there. The water is colored red by the solution, and not only deodorizes, but becomes a test of the cleanliness of the closet itself. If the pan of the closet be very unclean, the water is almost immediately decolorized; if, on the other hand, the closet be in a wholesome state, the water retains the color of the solution for several hours. I have had this apparatus set up in my own house, and find it to answer excellently. It will, I suspect, become a necessity in hotels, convalescent homes, and hospitals.

The walls of the water-closet should either be painted so that they may be washed frequently, or they should be coated with distemper often renewed. All porous coverings for the walls are particularly objectionable.

The closet should be frequently cleansed throughout, and once in a twelvemonth, at least, the pan should be taken out, and it and all the parts and tubes beneath should be systematically cleansed and purified. Once every week the closet should be thoroughly flushed with water; and through the seat, over the handle of the lever that lifts the plug to let in the water, an opening should be cut so that the handle can be raised during the flushing, while the lid of the closet is closed down.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D. (*Good Words*).

(*To be continued.*)

SOME THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY.

WHEN the sea gave up its dead, all of Shelley's body that was rescued from flood and fire was laid where the rise of the ground ends in a dark nook of the Aurelian wall. So deep is that resting-place in shadow that the violets blossom later there than on "the slope of green access" where, seen from Shelley's grave, the flowers grow over the dust of Adonais. It is well that both were buried in Italy rather than in England, for, though no Italian could have written their poetry, yet it was—in all things else different—of that spirit which Italy awakens in Englishmen who love her, rather than of the purely English spirit. The Italian air, the sentiment of Italy, fled and dreamed through their poems, but most through those of Shelley. It was but fitting, then, that Shelley, whose fame was England's, should be buried in the city which is the heart of Italy. But he was born far away from this peaceful and melancholy spot, and grew up to manhood under the gray skies of England, until its universities, its church, its society, its law, and its dominant policy became inhospitable to him, nay, even his own father cast him out. They all had, in the opinion of sober men of that time, good cause to make him a stranger, for he attacked them all, and it would be neither wise nor true, nor grateful to Shelley himself, were he to be put forward as a genius unjustly treated, or as one who deserved or asked for

pity. Those who separate themselves from society, and war against its dearest maxims, if they are as resolute in their choice and as firm in their beliefs as Shelley, count the cost, and do not, or rarely, complain when the penalty is exacted. He was exiled, and it was no wonder. The opinion of the world did not trouble him, nor was that a wonder. But, as this exile is the most prominent fact of his life, its influence is sure to underlie his work. One of the questions that any one who writes of Shelley has to ask is, How did this exile from the education, law, religion, and society of his country, and from the soil of his country itself, affect his poetry?

It had a very great influence, partly for good and partly for evil. The good it did is clear. It deepened his individuality and the power which issued from that source. It set him free from the poetic conventions to which his art might have yielded too much obedience in England—a good which the obscurity of Keats also procured for him—it prevented him from being worried too much by the blind worms of criticism, it enabled him to develop himself more freely, and it placed him in contact with a natural scenery, fuller and sunnier than he could ever have had in England, in which his love of beauty found so happy and healthy a food that it came to perfect flower. In Italy also, where impulse even more than reason urges intelligence and inspires genius, lyrical poetry, which is born of impulse, is more natural and easy, though not better, than elsewhere, and the very inmost spirit of Shelley, deeper than his metaphysics or his love of man and inspiring both, deeper even than any personal passion was the lyrical longing of his whole body, soul, and spirit—"O that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But the good this exile did his art was largely counterbalanced by its harm. Shelley's individuality, unchecked by that of others, grew too great, and tended not only to isolate him from men, but to prevent his art from becoming conversant enough with human life. The absence of critical sympathy of a good kind, such as that which flows from one poet to another in a large society, left some of his work as it left some of Keats's, more formless, more intemperate, more impalpable, more careless, more apart from the realities of life, than it ought to have been in the most poetical of poets since the days of Elizabeth. Even in his lyric work, the impassioned impulse would have failed less often to fulfill its form perfectly; there would not have been so many fragments thrown aside for want of patience or power to complete them, had he been less personal, less subject to individual freakishness, more subject to the unexpressed criticism which floats, as it were, in the air of a large literary society, and constrains the art of the poet into measured act and power. And as to Nature, we should perhaps have had, with his genius, a much wider and less ideal representation of her, had he not been so enthralled by the vastness and homelessness of Swiss and by the ideality of Italian scenery. Even when he did write in England itself, the recollected love of Switzerland and the Rhine mingled with the impressions he received from the Thames, and produced a scenery, as in certain passages in "Alastor" and "The Revolt of Islam," which is not directly studied from anything in heaven or earth. It is none the worse for that, but it is not nature, it is art.

These are general considerations, but there were some more particular results, partly good and partly evil, of this separation of Shelley from the ordinary religious and political views of English society.

A good deal of his poetry became polemical, and polemical, like satiric poetry, is apart from pure art. It attacks evil directly, and the poet, his mind being then fixed not on the beautiful but on the base, writes prosaically. Or it embodies a creed in verse, and, being concerned with doctrine, becomes dull. In both cases the poet misses, as Shelley did, that inspiration of the beautiful which arises from the seeing of truth, not from the seeing of a lie; from the love of true ideas, not from their intellectual perception. The verses, for example, in the "Ode to Liberty," which directly attack kingcraft and priestcraft, however gladly one would see their sentiments in prose, are inferior as poetry to all the rest; and it is the same throughout all Shelley's poetry of direct attack on evil. This polemical element in "The Revolt of Islam" and the endeavor to lay down in it his revolutionary creed are additional causes of the wastes of prosaic poetry which make it so unreadable. The very splendor and passion of the passages devoted to Nature and Love contrast so sharply, like burning spaces of sunlight on a gray sea, with the wearisome whole, that they lose half their value, and disturb, like so much else, the unity of the poem. The same things seem true of "Rosalind and Helen," and of those political poems which are direct attacks on abuses in England. On the other hand, when Shelley wrote on these evils indirectly, inspired by the opposing truths concerned with their beauty, and borne upward by delight in them, his work entered the realm of art, and his poetry became magnificent. These is no finer example of this than "Prometheus Unbound." The subject is at root the same as that of the "Revolt of Islam," the things opposed are the same, the

doctrine is the same, but the whole method of approaching his idea and fulfilling its form is changed, and all the questions are brought into that artistic representation which stirs around them inspiring and enduring emotion.

The good Shelley did in this way was very great. At a time when England, still influenced by its abhorrence of the Reign of Terror, by its fear of France and Napoleon, was most dead to the political ideas that had taken form in 1789, Shelley gave voice, through art, to these ideas, and encouraged that hope of a golden age which, however vague, does so much for human progress. He threw around these things imaginative emotion, and added all its power to the struggle for freedom.

Still greater is the unrecognized work he did in the same way for theology in England. That theology was no better than all theology had become under the influence of the imperial and feudal ideas of Europe. Its notion of God, and of man in relation to God, partly Hebraic, and therefore sacerdotal and sacrificial, partly deeply dyed with asceticism and other elements derived from the Oriental notion of the evil of matter, was further modified by the political views of the Roman Empire, transferred to God by the Roman Church. And, when the universal ideas regarding mankind and a return to nature were put forth by France, they clashed instantly with this limited, sacerdotal, ascetic, aristocratic, and feudal theology. The sovereign right of God, because he was omnipotent, to destroy the greater part of his subjects, the right of a caste of priests to impose their doctrines on all, and to exile from religion all who did not agree with them; the view that whatever God was represented to do was right, though it might directly contradict the nature, the conscience, and the heart of man—these, and other related views had been brought to the bar of humanity, and condemned from the intellectual point of view by a whole tribe of thinkers. But, if a veteran theology is to be disarmed and slain, it needs to be brought not only into the arena of thought and argument, but into the arena of poetic emotion. A great part of that latter work was done in England by Shelley. He indirectly made, as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning man, that his character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny he willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as himself. There are more clergymen, and more religious laymen than we imagine, who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young their wider and better views of God. Many men, also, who were quite careless of religion, yet cared for poetry, were led, and are still led, to think concerning the grounds of a true worship, by the moral enthusiasm which Shelley applied to theology. He made emotion burn around it, and we owe to him a great deal of its nearer advance to the teaching of Christ. But, we owe it not to those portions of his poetry which denounced what was false and evil, but to those which represented and revealed, in delight in its beauty, what was good and true. Had he remained in England I do not think he would have worked on this matter in the ideal way of "Prometheus Unbound," because continual contact with the reigning theology would have driven his easily wrought anger into direct violence. In Italy, in exile, it was different. The polemical temper in which he wrote "The Revolt of Islam" changed into the poetical temper in which he wrote "Prometheus Unbound."

Connected with this, but not with his exile, is the question, in what way his belief as to a Source of Nature influenced his art. He was not an atheist or a materialist. If he may be said to have occupied any theoretical position, it was that of an ideal pantheist; the position which, with regard to nature, a modern poet, who cares for the subject, naturally—whatever may be his personal view—adopts in the realm of his art. Wordsworth, a plain Christian at home, wrote about nature as a pantheist: the artist loves to conceive of the universe, not as dead, but as alive. Into that belief Shelley, in hours of inspiration, continually rose, and his work is seldom more impassioned and beautiful than in the passages where he feels and believes in this manner. The finest example is toward the close of the "Adonais." In his mind, however, the living spirit which, in its living, made the universe, was not conceived of as Thought, as Wordsworth conceived it, but as Love operating into Beauty; and there is a passage on this idea in the fragment of "The Coliseum," which is as beautiful in prose as that in "Adonais" is is verse. But it is only in higher poetic hours that Shelley seems or cares to realize this belief. In the quieter realms of poetry, in daily life, he confessed no such creed plainly; he had little or no belief in a thinking or loving existence behind the phenomenal universe. It is infinitely improbable, he says, that the cause of mind is similar to mind. Nothing can be more characteristic of him—and he has the same temper in other matters—than that he should have a faith with regard to a Source of Nature, into which he could soar when he pleased, in which he could live for a time, but which he did not choose to live in, to define, or to realize, continuously. When, in the "Prometheus Unbound," he is

forced, as it were, to realize a central cause, he creates Demogorgon, the dullest of all his impersonations. It is scarcely an impersonation. Once he calls it a "living spirit," but it has neither form nor outline in his mind. He keeps it before him as an "awful Shape."

The truth is, the indefinite was a beloved element of his life. "Lift not the painted veil," he cries, "which those who live call Life." His worst pain was when he thought he had lifted it, and seemed to know the reality. But he did not always believe that he had done so, or he preferred to deny his conclusion. Not as a thinker in prose, but as a poet, he frequently loved the vague with an intensity which raised it almost into an object of worship. The speech of the Third Spirit, in the "Ode to Heaven," is a wonderful instance of what I may call the rapture in indefiniteness. But this rapture had its other side, and, when he was depressed by ill-health, the sense of a voiceless, boundless abyss, which for ever held its secret, and in which he floated, deepened his depression. The horror of a homeless and centerless heart which then beset him is passionately expressed in "The Cenci." Beatrice is speaking—

"'Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts, if there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth, in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world."

But, on the whole, whether it brought him pain or joy, he preferred to be without a fixed belief with regard to a Source of Nature. Could he have done otherwise, could he have given continuous substance in his thoughts to the great conception of ideal pantheism in which Wordsworth rested, Shelley's whole work on Nature and his description of her would have been more direct, palpable, and homely. He would have loved Nature more, and made us love it more.

The result of all this is that a great deal of his poetry of Nature has no ground in thought, and consequently wants power. It is not that he could not have had this foundation and its strength. Both are his when he chooses. But, for the most part, he did not choose. Such was his temperament that he liked better to live with Nature and be without a center for her. He would be

"Dizzy, lost—but unbewailing."

But I am not sure whether the love of the undefined did not, in the first instance, arise out of his love of the constantly changing, and that itself out of the very character of his intellect and the temper of his heart. His intellect, incessantly shaken into movement by his imagination, continually threw into new shapes the constant ideas he possessed. His heart, out of which are the issues of imagination, loved deeply a few great conceptions, but wearied almost immediately of any special form in which he embodied them, and changed it for another. In the matter of human love, he was uncontent with all the earthly images he formed of the ideal he had loved and continued to love in his own soul, and he could not but tend to change the images. In the ordinary life of feeling, the moment any emotion arose in his heart, a hundred others came rushing from every quarter into the original feeling, and mingled with it, and changed its outward expression. Sometimes they all clamored for expression, and we see that Shelley often tried to answer their call. It is when he does this that he is most obscure—obscure through abundance of feelings and their forms. His intellect, heart, and imagination were in a kind of Heraclitean flux, perpetually evolving fresh images, and the new, in swift succession, clouding the old; and then, impatient weariness of rest or of any one thing whatever, driving forward within him this incessant movement, he sank, at last and for the time, exhausted—"As summer clouds disburdened of their rain."

There is no need to illustrate this from his poetry. The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakespeare; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, those which Shakespeare possessed—the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to coördinate his images. Yet, at his highest, when the full force of genius is urged by full and dominant emotion, what poetry it is! How magnificent is the impassioned unity of the whole in spite of the diversity of the parts! But this lofty height is reached in only a few of Shelley's lyrics, and in a few passages in his longer poems.

At almost every point, the scenery of the sky he drew so fondly images this temper of Shelley's mind, this incessant building and unbuilding, this cloud-changefulness of his imagination.

"I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

That is a picture of Shelley himself at work on a feeling or on a thought. "I change, but I can not die."

I might illustrate this love of "the changing" from the history of his life, of his affections, of his theories; from his varied nature, and way of work, as the prose thinker and the poet; from the variety of the subjects on which he wrote, and which he half attempted—for he naturally fell into the fragmentary—from the eagerness with which he searched for new thought, new experiences of feeling, new literatures, even from his love of the strange and sometimes of the horrible; from that uncontent he had in the doctrines of others, until he had added to them, as he did to Plato's doctrine of Love, something of his own in order to make them new—were there any necessity to enlarge on that which stands so clear. In all these things, what was said of Shelley's movements to and fro in the house at Lerici is true of his movement through the house of thought or of feeling. "Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." But it remains to be said that, all through this secondary changefulness, he held fast to certain primary ideas of life, of morality, and of his art, which no one who cares for him can fail to discover.

There were, then, in Shelley this love of indefiniteness and this love of changefulness. Which of the two was the cause of the other I can not tell, but I am inclined to think that the latter was the first. It is better, however, to keep them both equally in view in the study of Shelley's art, and they are both well illustrated in his poetry of Nature.

I have said that his love of the indefinite with regard to a Source of Nature weakened his work on Nature. His love of changefulness also weakened it by luring the imagination away from a direct sight of the thing into the sight of a multitude of images suggested by the thing.

But, in the case of those who have great genius, that which enfeebles one part of their work often gives strength to another, and in three several ways these elements in Shelley's mind made his work on Nature of great value:

1. His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant forming and unforming of the vapors which he describes in the last verse of "The Cloud" is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice with great elaboration in "The Excursion"; but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters, and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of color which resemble the subtile imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human nature, and to which he gave form in poetry.

In his very first poem, in "Queen Mab" (Part II), there is one of these studies of sunset. It is splendidly eclipsed by that in the beginning of "Julian and Maddalo," where the Euganean Hills are lifted away from the earth and made a portion of the scenery of the sky. A special moment of sunset, with the moon and the evening star in a sky reddened with tempest, is given in "Hellas," but here, being in a drama, it is mingled with the fate of an empire. The dawns are drawn with the same care as the sunsets, but with less passion. There are many of them, but the most beautiful, perhaps, is that in the beginnig of the second act of the "Prometheus." The changes of color, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky and in the clouds, are watched and described with precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind." Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapors rise and melt before the morn.

The storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. The finest is at the beginning of "The Revolt of Islam." It might be a description of one of Turner's storm-skies. The long trains of tremulous mist that precede the tempest, the cleft in the storm-clouds, and seen through it, high above, the space of blue sky fretted with fair clouds, the pallid semicircle of the moon with mist on its upper horn, the flying rack of clouds below the serene spot—all are as Turner saw them; but painting can not give what Shelley gives—the growth and changes of the storm.

There is another description at the beginning

of the eleventh canto of the same poem, in which the vast wall of blue cloud before which gray mists are flying is cloven by the wind, and the sunbeams, like a river of fire flowing between lofty banks, pour through the chasm across the sea, while the shattered vapors which the coming storm has driven forth to make the opening are tossed, all crimson, into the sky. This is a favorite picture of Shelley's. In the "Vision of the Sea" it is transferred from sunset to sunrise. The fierce wind coming from the west rushes like a flooded river upon the dense clouds which are piled in the east, and rends them asunder, and through the gorge thus cleft

> ". . . . the beams of the sunrise flow in,
> Unimpeded, keen, golden and crystalline,
> Banded armies of light and air."

The description is a little overwrought, but criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, we see Nature alone with herself. Still greater, more poetic, less sensational, is the approach of the gale in the "Ode to the West Wind," where the wind itself is the river on which the forest of the sky shakes down its foliage of clouds, and these are tossed upward like a Mænad's "uplifted hair," or trail downward, like the "locks" of Typhon, the vanguard of the tempest. In gathered mass behind, the congregated might of vapors is rising to vault the heaven like a sepulchral dome. Nothing can be closer than the absolute truth to the working of the clouds that fly before the main body of a storm, which is here kept in the midst of these daring comparisons of the imagination.

The same delight in the indefinite and changeful aspects of Nature appears in Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes, such as that seen at noontide from the Euganean Hills, or that which the poet in "Alastor" looks upon from the edge of the mountain precipice. Both swim in the kind of light that makes all objects undefined, deep noon, and sunset light.

Kindred to this is Shelley's pleasure in the intricate, changeful, and incessant weaving and unweaving of Nature's life in a great forest. In the "Recollection" it is the Pisan Pineta he describes, and that is a painting directly after Nature. But he has his own ideal forest, of which he tells in "Alastor," in "Rosalind and Helen," in "The Triumph of Life," and again and again in the "Prometheus." It is no narrow wood, but a universe of forest; full of all trees and flowers, in which are streams, and pools, and lakes, and lawny glades, and hills, and caverns; and in whose multitudinous scenery Shelley's imagination could lose and find itself without an end. The special love of caverns, with their dim recesses, adds another characteristic touch. These, then—the scenery of the sky, of the forest, of the vast plain—are the aspects of Nature Shelley loved the most, and out of the weakness that elsewhere made him too indefinite, and too uncertain through desire of change, for Wordsworth's special kind of descriptive power, arose the force with which he realized them.

2. Again, just because Shelley had no wish to conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the moon, or of the earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realize pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, is quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the universe; pantheism, with its "one spirit's plastic stress"; science, with its one energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He can not, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the air from that of the earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek, and this is the cause why, even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature-myth:

> "The pale stars are gone!
> For the sun, their swift shepherd,
> To their folds them compelling,
> In the depths of the dawn,
> Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
> Beyond his blue dwelling
> As fawns flee the leopard."

But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They described the work of Nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the earth and moon are utterly apart from our

world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems "The Cloud" is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The "sanguine Sunrise" and the "orbed Maiden," the moon, who are the playmates of the Cloud, are pure elemental beings.

The same observation is true if we take a poem on a living thing in Nature, like "The Skylark," into which human sentiment is introduced. The sentiment belongs to Shelley, not to the lark. The bird has joy, but it is not our joy. It is "unbodied joy," nor "can we come near it." Wordsworth's "Skylark" is truer, perhaps, to the every-day life of the bird, and the poet remembers, because he loves his own home, that the singer will return to its nest; but Shelley sees and hears the bird who, in its hour of inspired singing, will not recollect that it has a home. Wordsworth humanizes the whole spirit of "the pilgrim of the sky"—"True to the kindred points of heaven and home." Shelley never brings the bird into contact with us at all. It is left in the sky singing; it will never leave the sky. It is the archetype of the lark we seem to listen to, and yet we can not conceive it, we have no power—"What thou art we know not." The flowers in "The Sensitive Plant" have the same apartness from humanity, and are wholly different beings and in a different world from "The Daisy" or "The Celandine" of Wordsworth. It is only the Sensitive Plant, and that is Shelley himself, which has an inner sympathy with the Lady of the garden.

Shelley, then, could isolate and perceive distinct existences in Nature as if he were himself one of these existences. It was a strange power, and we naturally can not love with a human love things so represented. In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's we touch "Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses." Yet it is quite possible, though we can not feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both truer to the actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds. Strip off the imaginative clothing from "The Cloud," and science will support every word of it. Let the skylark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has Nature with man? We may not like to think of Nature in this way; we are left quite cold by "The Cloud," and by the spirits of the Earth and Moon in the "Prometheus"; and, if we are not left as cold by "The Skylark," it is because we are made to think of our own sorrow, not because we care for the bird. But, whether we like or no to see Nature in this fashion, we should be grateful for these unique representations, and to the poet who was able to make them. In this matter also Shelley's want of a central and uniting thought in Nature made his strength.

The other side of Shelley's relation to Nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he made Nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood. In his "life alone doth Nature live." This was the natural result, at these times, of his intellectual rejection of such pantheism as enabled Wordsworth always to distinguish between himself and the Nature he perceived. The Nature Wordsworth saw we can love well, because it is not ourselves —never a reflection of ourselves. The Nature such as Shelley saw in "Alastor" is not easy to love, because it is ourselves in other form. For this reason also we are not able to love Nature, when thus represented by Shelley, so well as we love her in Wordsworth.

Shelley's love of the undefined and changing is still further illustrated by the fact that we see Nature in his poetry in these three ways—on all of which I have dwelt. We sometimes look on her as the ideal pantheist beholds her; we look on her again as the mere reflection of the poet's moods; we look on her often as she may be in herself, apart from theories about her, apart from man.

3. Lastly, on this subject, the vagueness and changefulness of Shelley's feeling and view of Nature, except in the instances mentioned, the dreams and shadows of it in his poetry that incessantly form and dissolve like the upper clouds of the sky, each fleeting while its successor is being born, and few living long enough to be outlined, are the only images we possess in art, save perhaps in music, of the many hours we ourselves pass with Nature when we neither think nor feel, but drift and dream incessantly from one impression to another, enjoying, but never defining our enjoyment, receiving moment by moment, but never caring to say to any single impression, "Stay and keep me company." In this thing also, Shelley's weakness made his power.

This want of definite belief and of its force belongs also to his conception of the ideal state of mankind. He does not see quite clearly what he desires for man, and describes the golden age chiefly by negatives of wrong. At times he rises into a passionate realization of his Utopia, as he rises into pantheism, but he can not long remain in it. The high-wrought prophecy, too weak to keep the height it has gained, sinks down again and again into an abyss of seeming

hopelessness. The last stanza of the "Ode to Liberty" is the type of many an hour of his life, and of the close of many a poem. But he never let hopelessness or depression master him. Shelley is full of resurrection power, and the fall from the peak of prophecy is more the result of reaction after impassioned excitement than the result of any unbelief in his hopes for men, or in that on which they were grounded.

These hopes, that belief, had their strong foundation. There was one thing at least that Shelley grasped and realized with force in poetry —the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth as the results of love; the sovereign right of Love to be the ruler of the universe, and the certainty of its victory—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only center in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole race, he speaks of them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from them, strength is then instinctive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity.

But, he could not combine with this large view and this large sympathy with the interests of man, personal sympathy with personal human life. That is absent from his poetry, and his want of it was confirmed by his exile. Confined to a small circle of which he was the center, among foreigners, feeling himself repudiated by the society of his own country, and incapable of such quiet association with the lives of men and women as Wordsworth loved and enjoyed, it is no wonder that large spaces of human life are entirely unreflected and unidealized in his poetry. The common human heart was not his theme, nor did he care to write of it. And, so far he is less universal than Wordsworth, and less the great poet. But, on the other hand, he did two things in his work on human nature that Wordsworth could not do: First, he realized in song, so far as it was possible, the impalpable dreams of the poetic temperament, those which, when they arise in happiness, he expresses in the little poem, "On a Poet's Lips I slept," and others also less joyous—the lonely wanderings of regretful thought, the imagination in its hours of childlike play with images, the moments when we are on the edge where emotion and thought incessantly change into one another, the visions of Nature which we compose but which are not Nature, the sorrows and depressions which have no name and to which we allot no cause, the depths of passionate fancy when we have not only no relation to mankind, but hate to feel that relation. Of all this Wordsworth gives us nothing; and though what he does give us is of more use and worth to us as men who have to do with men, yet Shelley's work in this is dear to our personal life, and has in fact as much to do with one realm of humanity as the sorrow of Michael or the daily life of the dalesmen have with another. English poetry needed the expression of these things; Shelley's expression of them is unique, but I doubt whether he would ever have expressed them in so complete a way had he not been thrown into isolation.

Secondly, there is an element almost altogether wanting in Wordsworth, the absence of which forbids us to class him as a poet who has touched all the important sides of human life—the element of passionate love. A few of his poems, such as "Barbara," or, in another kind, "Laodameia," solemnly glide into it and retreat, but, on the whole, this, the most universal subject of lyric poetry, was not felt by Wordsworth. It was felt by Shelley, but not quite naturally—not as Burns, or even Byron, felt it. Love, in his poetry, sometimes dies into dreams, sometimes likes its imagery better than itself. It is troubled with a philosophy; it seems now and again to be even bored, if I may be allowed the word, by its own ideality. As Shelley soared but rarely into definite pantheism, so he rose but rarely into definite passion, nor does he often care to realize it. It was frequently his deliberate choice to celebrate the love which did not "deal with flesh and blood," and as frequently, when he writes directly of love, he prefers to touch the lip of the cup, but not to drink, lest in the reality he should lose the charm of indefiniteness, of ignorance, of pursuit. Of course, he was therefore fickle.

For this very reason, however, two realms in this aspect of his art belong to him. Neither of them is the realm of joyous passion, but one is the realm of its ideal approaches, and the other the realm of its ideal regret. No one has expressed so well the hopes, and fears, and fancies, and dreams which the heart creates for its own pleasure and sorrow, when it plays with love which it realizes within itself, but which it never means to realize without; and this is a realm which is so much lived in by many that they ought to be grateful to Shelley for his expression of it. No one else has done it, and it is perfectly done.

But still more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any other work of his, are the poems written in the realm of ideal regret. Whenever he came close to earthly love, touched it, and then of his own will passed it by, it became, as he looked back upon it, ideal, and a

part of that indefinite world he loved. The ineffable regret of having lost that which one did not choose to take is most marvelously, most passionately expressed by Shelley. Song after song records it. The music changes from air to air, but the theme is the same, and so is the character of the music. And, like all the rest of his work, it is unique.

But, in this matter a change passed over Shelley before he died. It is impossible not to feel that the poems written for Mrs. Williams, a whole chain of which exist, are different from the other love-poems. They have the same imaginative qualities as the previous songs, and they belong also to the two realms of which I have written above, but there is a new note in them, the beginning of the unmistakable directness of passion. It is, of course, modified by the circumstances, but there it is. And it is from the threshold of this actual world that he looks back on "Epipsychidion" and feels that it belonged to "a part of him that was already dead." The philosophy which made Emilia the shadow of a spiritual beauty is conspicuous by its total absence from all these later love-poems. Moreover, they are not, like the others, all written in the same atmosphere. The atmosphere of ideal love, however varied its cloud-imagery, is always the same thin ether. But these poems breathe in the changing atmosphere of the earth, and they one and all possess reality. Every one feels that "Ariel to Miranda," "The Invitation," "The Recollection," have the variety of true passion. But none of them reach the natural joy of Burns in passionate love. Two exceptions, however, exist, both dating from this time, and both written away from his own life—the "Bridal Song," and the song "To Night." These seem to prove that, had Shelley lived, we might have had from him vivid, fresh, and natural songs of passion.

Had he lived! Had not the sea been too envious, what might we not have possessed and loved! It were too curious, perhaps, to speculate, but Shelley seems to have been recovering the power of working on subjects beyond himself, in the quiet of those last days at Lerici. He was always capable of rising again, and the extreme clearness and positive element of his intellect acted, like a sharp physician, on his passion-haunted heart and freed it, when it was out-wearied with its own feeling, from self-slavery.

While still at Pisa, at the beginning of 1822, Shelley set to work on a drama, "Charles I," the motive of which was to be the ruin of the King through pride and its weakness, the same motive as "Coriolanus." It was to be "the birth of severe and high feelings," but severe feeling was not then the temper of his mind, nor could he at that time lose himself enough to create an external world. He laid the play aside, saying that he had not sufficient interest in English history to continue it. Yet it is plain, even from the fragments we possess, how great was the effort Shelley then made to realize, even more than in "The Cenci," other characters than his own. There is not a trace in it of his own self. It is full of steady power, power more at its ease than in "The Cenci," and it is quite plain that it can not be said of the artist who did this piece of work that he had exhausted his vein.

It becomes still more clear that Shelley would have done far more for us, when we consider "The Triumph of Life," to write which he threw aside "Charles I." It is the gravest poem he ever wrote, and it has a deep interest for this generation. Its personal value as a revelation of his view of life, of the change of some of his views on moral matters and of his retention of youthful theories, can scarcely be overestimated, but to analyze it here would take up too much space. It is enough to say here that its interest for humanity is as great as its personal interest. Had he lived, then, he would have once more appeared as the Singer of Man and in the cause of men. But the swift wind and the mysterious sea, the things he loved, slew their lover—a common fate—and we hear no more his singing. His work was done, and its twofold nature, as the Poet of Man, and the poet of his own lonely heart, may well be imaged by the sea that received him into its breast, for, while its central depths know only solitude, over its surface are always passing to and fro the life and fortunes of humanity.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

I. INTRODUCTION.

I PROPOSE in these papers to show in how many ways the arts serve for pleasure and profit, how they embellish the house and bring joy to the home, how they refine daily life and add grace and finish to individual character. The inquiry has naturally a twofold bearing: the one outward, the other inward; the one dealing with houses and tenements, with furniture, dress, decoration, pictures, and other visible and tangible objects of beauty. This is the concrete, the actual branch of the subject, while the converse side concerns conditions of mind, desires of imagination, taste, and the sense of the beautiful. This is the abstract, the mental, and what may be called the æsthetic phase. To picture one side exclusively would be to present only one half of the subject; while to combine the two into a whole brings into view the arts as they exist in the world bodily, and as they affect man mentally. Cause and effect here move in a circle: the inborn love of beauty begets art, and then again art, when brought into daily life, feeds the finer faculties of the mind. Art is a pervading atmosphere which colors common things, giving, as Lord Bacon says of poesy, "some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul." The end to strive for is to raise life to the level of art, not to sink art to the level of the common world.

A man's home is something more than a protection against the elements: in fact, his house in relation to his life may be compared in some sort to the connection between body and soul. The analogies are many; indeed, the windows of a dwelling have been sometimes likened to the outlooking senses, the eyes being as the windows of the mind. And next in import to the health and comeliness of the fleshly tabernacles we inhabit are the houses we make our homes—their light, air, and beauty; the colors, forms, and ornaments that, growing into daily life, percolate the thoughts, and flow into the current of the domestic affections. One reason why a man is seldom quite comfortable in lodgings is, that the surroundings are foreign to himself: hence the endeavor to make his house in some good degree an integral part of his life.

It has been aptly said that "a house is in a certain sense an outer garment, which should bear the impress of the owner's peculiarities"; and, it may be further observed that, as a single dwelling represents an individual, so does a collective style, or concerted mode of construction and decoration, correspond to a race, a nation, or a period. An historic style, whether it be exemplified by a temple, church, palace, or ordinary private house, is an accumulative growth. In domestic architecture the first germ may be said to be a chamber or room, a shelter from the elements, which, as barbarism passes into civilization, gradually grows; and so in the course of time have been matured the Greek and Roman house, the Italian villa, the French château, the German schloss, the English castle and manor-house. Each type in turn was molded on the actual life, and, having served its end, was succeeded by a new form accommodated to changed circumstances. Moreover, these historic styles and architectural structures have risen in the presence of nature—that nature which in its beauty colors the mind of man; they reflect conditions of climate, they make provision for summer's heat and winter's cold, they respond to the daily wants of great families of mankind, they embody an idea, and satisfy a desire. And thus these forms and decorations become more living than inanimate stone; they are vital as organic tissues, they share a growth with nature and a grace with the human figure and flowing draperies. I deem it rather important here, at starting, to indicate how the manifold phases of art, which in these latter days have grown complex and perplexing, had at first a simple origin in the forms of nature and in the wants of man; how they stand as tangible effects of more or less ascertainable causes, and accordingly are appreciable to reason and common sense. This line of thought invites to further study.

Domestic architecture in England sprang out of the social state of the people. The arrangements were once feudal and servile, but at length the local arts, like the national laws, wrested, as it were, a Magna Charta of liberty. In mediæval times the distinctive domestic feature was the dining-hall, but after the fifteenth century expanded into importance dormitories and other chambers, including the ladies' "withdrawing-room." These structural changes were made to meet the advance in the social and moral condition of the English nation, the object being to minister to the convenience, comfort, and privacy of domestic life. Mr. Parker sums up the case clearly; he shows that the English house in the middle ages, as well as in subsequent times, was not the individual contrivance of any one builder,

but the continuous accretion of centuries. "Side by side with the gradual development of the civilization, wealth, and power of England, grew the domestic habitations of the country, in each age reflecting not only the manners and customs of the people, but the position and prosperity of the English as a nation; each progressive step in the gradual development of the style and plan being but an illustration to a page of history."

Whether the British Islands possess any one style that can be called expressly national is doubtful, and yet, beyond question, our structural and decorative arts have grown out of and respond to our national life. Our laws are said to be the perfection of reason, and our arts, though not very ideal, are little short of perfect in their adaptation to practical ends. Like our liberties, they are the heritage of our people. Of the Englishman's house the boast has been made that, though the winds of heaven may blow through it, the king can not enter. Against our political constitution the fault has been found, that it holds so loosely together that a carriage and six can be driven between its clauses, and yet it works well. And so with the domestic economy of our art: it may be wanting in symmetry and consistency, and yet it keeps out weather and insures comfort. The Englishman's house, as the race inhabiting these islands, is compounded of divers constituent elements; like the spoken language, it is composed of many roots, and yet it has shaken into goodly shape, and reconciles in great degree variety with unity. An Englishman true to his birthright might, as a motto, inscribe over his door, "Liberty with order, Heaven's first law"; the corner-stone might serve as the symbol of stability, the key-stone as the bond of a union insuring repose.

Architecture is the parent art whence all the auxiliary arts spring; and the reason of this is obvious, not only because a structure must be raised before it can be decorated, but also because the conditions of man and the surroundings of nature which mold the architecture act with equivalent forces on all subsidiary creations. Hence sculpture and painting, born as twin-sisters, acknowledge architecture as a parent entitled to govern and to guide. Cognate, if not identical, principles of construction, composition, and ornament prescribe the style of a building, of a statue and wall decoration; like laws regulate the fashion of a stone façade, of a wood cabinet, of a wall-painting, and a woolen carpet. I do not wish to underrate the difficulty an unprofessional person may find in mastering these principles with their practical applications. But it may be well to recognize that, without some knowledge, a householder's judgment must be all but worthless; that wanting the first rudiments he will fall a victim to blind caprice and unreasoning fashion. Such misadventures, which have brought upon the arts in all their aspects incalculable evils, may, I think, in great part be averted even by the most elementary tuition. Art-education, fortunately, becomes day by day more widely extended; and, casting aside what is false, florid, and meaningless, people are taught to revert to a simplicity akin to nature and appreciable to clear reason and common sense. Nor is it hard to gain a sound groundwork by aid of the plain and practical books which treat of the orders of architecture and the principles of design and decoration; and such teachings may receive pleasant illustration by visits to public museums and schools wherein national styles and chronological developments are exemplified by leading historic examples. The mind, thus recipient of light, will crave for clearer vision, difficulties will vanish, and soon, if I mistake not, the learner will readily accept as helps to further advancement some such propositions as Owen Jones, in his "Grammar of Ornament," lays down to the following effect:

"Architecture is the material expression of the wants, the faculties, and the sentiments of the age in which it is created. Style in architecture is the peculiar form that expression takes under the influence of climate and with the materials at command. The decorative arts arise from, and should properly be attendant upon, architecture. All the decorative arts must possess, like architecture, fitness, proportion, harmony; the result of all which is repose. As in every perfect work of architecture a true proportion will be found to reign between all the members which compose it, so throughout the decorative arts every assemblage of forms must be arranged on certain definite proportions; the whole of each particular member should be a multiple of some simple unit. Those proportions are usually the most beautiful which the eye detects with most difficulty. Thus, the proportion of a double square, or 4 to 8, is less pleasing than the more subtile ratios of 3 to 5, 3 to 7, 5 to 8."

What is the style, Italian, Gothic, or otherwise, which an Englishman may best select for his dwelling? In the majority of cases this is decided for him, and not by him. In a city, at all events, the chances are that he will have to content himself with "the common square house," which he must make the best of. But, of course, the ideal condition is that a man possessed of some modest independence shall begin at the beginning, and first construct the house which he will afterward proceed to decorate and furnish. Thus, in due course, the inside grows in harmony with the outside, all is of one type and pattern, and will turn out a consistent and complete work of art. This I have known done successfully—of course, under professional advice,

for I need scarcely say that the man who acts as his own architect has a fool for his client. Happily it is not difficult in the present day to find a well-trained and trusty adviser. Now, as in the best epochs, the divisions are broken down between high and low, great and small; the artist is not above industries, while the artisan is raised by legitimate aspirations. Our modern architects, treading without servility in the footprints of Giotto, Orcagna, and other masters of the revival, deign to decorate, at least by proxy, the structures they design, and thus, as by a guild or brotherhood of art, the home is brought into harmony. Art, as Thomas Carlyle says of poetry, "is the attempt which man makes to render his life harmonious." Very salutary is the close fellowship that has sprung up among skilled laborers. We may possess no "Gardens of the Medici," but we have at least the Schools of South Kensington. And throughout the country in the same Government institutions are seen studying together the architect, the sculptor, the painter, and the art-workman. And it is no slight gain that among the pupils may be counted the sons of capitalists and of private gentlemen. Nothing, it is well known, tended more in the immediate past to the degradation of the arts than the ignorance and false taste of the middle and the higher classes; but now, when art-culture, at least in its rudiments, is possessed by all conditions in life, professional men may, with advantage, take counsel with patrons and connoisseurs. Such relations between employers and employed have in the best epochs led to salutary results. The dilettant is the man of ideas, of imaginings, sometimes over-visionary, it may be, and the artist comes with skilled hand to fashion the conceptions into form and color. And the hope would seem not unreasonable that the architect and decorator may be incited to rarer beauty and subtiler utility by the well-to-do, well-read, and widely-traveled Englishman who not unreasonably requires that his house in its plan and appointments shall minister to his highly-wrought sensibilities. It is through such reciprocities that the domestic arts have ever blended with the habit and complexion of the times, and it is yet possible that new and improved adaptations may follow, when the artist shall find equivalent expression for the better thought of man and the higher phases of life.

Never were the facilities greater for bringing domestic surroundings into keeping with the mind's imaginings. The sage advice has, indeed, been given to "leave the goodly fabrics of houses meant for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets who build them with small cost." To count the cost were certainly wise before any one should venture to realize Tennyson's description of the "Palace of Art":

> "Full of great rooms and small the palace stood
> All various, each a perfect whole
> From living Nature, fit for every mood
> And change of my still soul."

But fortunately "the thing of beauty" is not costly in proportion to the joy it brings, and while the necessaries of life have grown year by year dearer, elegances, and even luxuries, have come within the reach of moderate means. Therefore the solecism is less than ever inevitable, that a poet should write in a garret, an artist paint in a barn, or a man stricken with the love of beauty live in an ugly tenement. Sometimes, nevertheless, strange incongruities subsist, as when a certain literary man, hypercritical to a fault, was known to tolerate within his own house whatever might seem expressly to refute the principles he propounded. It may be observed that there are typical characters which appear to fit typical houses; on the other hand, incongruities arise between tenants and tenements, as signified by the supposititious blunder of putting a square man into a round hole. It may be readily conjectured that there exist certain angular, crochety, serrated individuals to whom gable-ends, barge-boards, and cork-screw chimneys prove most congenial; while there are others of symmetric proportion, balanced thought, and finished manner, who might feel most at home within a geometric and ideal villa as designed by Palladio and Sansovino. What is greatly to be desired is, that art shall express character of some sort, for in these days, especially in city life, the bane has been that houses, like their inhabitants, are characterless. Artists, however, of late years, both at home and abroad, have set a good example; they have raised habitations which, breaking aloof from dull routine, are picturesque as their own manners are unconventional. It may be invidious to single out examples, and yet, among many others, recur to mind the houses of Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. William Burgess, and Mr. G. H. Boughton. Studios are naturally built and adorned in response to the arts they shelter. I have known many in England and on the Continent, some in London and its suburbs, others in Munich and in Düsseldorf, quiet retreats secluded from the busy world in gardens among shadowy trees, or shut off from noisy city life by tapestries, and otherwise far removed from senseless fashion by old treasures—painted glass, cabinets, carvings, costumes, and embroideries, which transport the fancy to periods historic and picturesque. A studio fitly reflects the style of an artist's compositions; a library, in like manner, echoes an author's thoughts, and each will generally be found to yield material for a picture. Indeed, scarcely any better test can be made of

the felicity, or otherwise, of any structure or decoration than by asking the simple question, Will it compose well; will it add beauty to the landscape; will the whole arrangement make a pleasing picture? Many such paintings live within the memory. Take as examples Lord Lytton and Charles Dickens, each seated among books in his library; or, again, the studios of great artists surrounded by the works their genius has called into being. Each man, though but a small unit in a large world, impresses his mind indelibly on his home, and something more than idle curiosity leads a traveler to search out the haunts and habitations of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shakespeare—of Goethe and Schiller. Matter impressed by mind becomes art.

The reverence for antiquity, the love for what is old, has made our century a period of revivals. And there is a reason under the law of reaction why men, suffering from the pressure, the turmoil, and perpetual motion of modern civilization, should seek refuge in the tranquil and poetic past. Young men rush to the city, while older men have retired to the country, only too happy if amid the beauties of nature could be found repose in—

> ". . . . an English home—where twilight poured
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
> A haunt of ancient peace."

The country-seats of old England gave place to palladian villas, not of native growth, but exotics transplanted from abroad. Then ended for a time, at any rate, the national type, and houses were raised for pride and ostentation. The successive architectural styles, often named from the reigning sovereign, which took root in British soil were, it must be confessed, far from legitimate in descent; the Elizabethan was followed by the Jacobean, and in due course came Queen Anne and the Georges. Nothing can be more melancholy than the degradation and corruption into which the arts had fallen, when at last the notion happily seems to have occurred that it might be well to revive the old styles in their purity. Hence the resuscitation of the Gothic, not only for ecclesiastical, but for secular uses; a revival which, notwithstanding some extravagances and follies, brings to our English homes manifold forms of phantasy and beauty. Since have followed other phases, and one of the latest and most favored of ideas is that the Queen Anne style, though somewhat mongrel, bids best for the art of the future. These several revivals have the advantage of being sustained by research. Archæology, a study which has done good service in correcting "modernism," is a rich mine wherein our artists have dug sufficiently deeply to bring again to the light of day forms which, though decked as the newest, are virtually the oldest. And so critical has been the study of historic masterpieces that the care-taking revivals of Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance types reproduce the style, purged from late corruptions, in the chastity of the best period. Thus there is good ground to hope that shams have had their day; indeed, there can not be a doubt but that the domestic arts have gained greatly in purity, simplicity, and truth. In fine, the time has come when art permeates all conditions of society, ministering to the luxuries of the rich as well as to the necessities of the poor. The aim should be in all our works to approach the completeness and fitness which mark the more perfect ways of creation, making our homes, the furniture of our houses, the clothes of our bodies, part of that large economy in which uses intermingle with beauties.

II.—INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.

NOTHING can be more fatal than the notion that a man, in the decoration of his house, has only to know what he likes, and to do with his own as he chooses. Without some guiding principles the further he goes the more wide will be his departure from true standards. In the present day the mere diversity of doctrines and multiplicity of appliances, each with some show of truth and beauty in its favor, become perplexing. The conflict between styles, the rivalry among fashions, old and new, the impatience as to methods handed down from time immemorial, the effort to throw off all bondage to traditional arrangements, and the not unlaudable desire to strike out something original and to assert private judgment within the dwelling, have in these latter times too often divided the house against itself and brought upon the domestic arts confusion, not to say anarchy. I shall be glad if the simple suggestions made in the sequel may serve to restore order.

The first thing in the art-treatment of the interior of a house to decide on is a well-considered scheme of decoration. And, of course, must be taken into account all the conditions—such as the use, size, and number of the rooms; the several requirements of hall, library, breakfast, dining, and drawing rooms, of boudoirs and bedrooms; their aspects as regards the sun; the distribution of windows and doors, with the means of approach and intercommunication. Certain characteristics all rooms possess in common: they are interiors, and are bounded by walls, floors, and ceilings. These, then, are the surfaces calling for decoration. "The scheme" should primarily provide for "the general effect," whether grave or gay, quiescent, animated, or

festive. It should also secure an agreeable sequence among the varied members of the house, so that one room may lead on pleasantly to its next-door neighbor, and the whole suite, whether large or small, combine in harmonious variety. This scheme of the whole and the altogether, which may be called the decorative idea or motive, is of vital import; if happily conceived, the interior is an assured success.

Next to be considered is the means that may best conduce to the required effect; and herein it should be borne in mind that the decorator can employ but three agents or instruments of expression—form, color, and material. The form is the design or pattern; the color is the harmony of tone; the material, whether stone or wood, paint or paper, woolen, cotton, or silk, gives quality or texture of surface, involves cost or economy, and concerns utility, durability, richness, or plainness of decorative effect. Among these three means of ornament, material is of least moment; it is comparatively an accident, while higher and subtiler elements subsist in form and color—form lying close upon thought, and color being in correspondence with emotion. Thus, by the play and interchange of the one with the other over walls, floors, and ceilings, the interior of the house is made responsive to the mind's desires. In the use of these appliances the decorator's purpose, stated in the general, should be to exclude all that is ugly and to embrace every attainable beauty; the one removes all that is disagreeable, the other brings into the house the colors and the forms that give most pleasure. As to color, let gravity be free from gloom, and let cheerfulness not degenerate into levity or garish gayety. Domestic decorations should come as genial accompaniments to domestic affections; they are scarcely required, like ecclesiastical decorations, to move to solemn emotion. They need not, as works of high art, convey definite ideas to the intellect; they attain for the most part their end sufficiently well when, by pleasing impressions, they conduce to tranquil tones of feeling and states of mental felicity.

The principle can hardly be too often insisted upon that decoration is the obedient, though not the servile, handmaid to the master art of architecture, and therefore like that art must conform to symmetry, proportion, order. The geometric construction of an arch, whether round or pointed, the flat lintel of a door or the horizontal line of a cornice, will severally impose accordant compositions in ornament. The decoration must likewise in its scale be apportioned to the size of the rooms and to the wall-spaces to be filled: the ornament should be evenly balanced and disposed over the entire surface, conveying the impression of intention and method. The decoration of a dwelling is indeed little else than the application to flat surfaces of the laws of ornament. And the style of any ornament may be compared to and has the significance of handwriting; ornament is handiwork, and like writing gives expression to thoughts and sentiments; it takes from nature what is most lovely in form and color, it responds to the craving in the human mind for beauty, it thus brings to our homes in a thousand ways pleasures for the eye and the fancy. Ornament is a language, and its varied styles are as divers tongues spoken from age to age by the great human families. And ornament is no less a history: its developments mark the transition from states of barbarism to civilization; it is an index to culture; and thus it becomes of all the more import what decorative modes, whether Greek, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, or Renaissant, we admit within our dwellings. The fundamental rules which regulate all ornament, whether of walls, floors, or ceilings, of paper-hangings, carpets, curtains, or furniture, have been epitomized by the Government Department of Science and Art in substance as follows:

The true office of ornament is the decoration of utility. Ornament should arise out of and be subservient to construction; it requires a specific adaptation to material, and therefore the decoration suited to one fabric needs readjustment to another. True ornament does not consist in the mere imitation of natural objects, but rather in the adaptation of the essential or generic beauties of form or color found in nature to decorative uses, and such adaptation must be in conformity with the material, the laws of art, and the necessities of manufacture.

The decoration of an ordinary dwelling is a comparatively simple affair, provided only a few elementary principles be borne in mind. Domestic decoration, unlike the monumental painting formerly in the service of the state or of princely families, is not usually prompted by patriotism, poetry, or other phases of lofty thought. The cases are rare in which an Englishman can follow the example of the Roman banker who called to his aid Raphael, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine to adorn the Palazzo Farnesina with poetic scenes from the Greek Parnassus. Still, within recent years private houses have with happy results been intrusted to the decorative skill of many of our English artists, such as G. F. Watts, R. A., E. J. Poynter, R. A., E. Armitage, R. A., H. S. Marks, R. A., W. B. Richmond, Burne Jones, Albert Moore, W. B. Scott, Walter Crane, and H. Holiday. These are among the best signs of our times, and there seems reason to hope that, emulating the example of the great art epochs, the decorative works of our

painters may, like the poetry of our best authors, become as household words the near companions of our daily lives. And it may not be amiss just to mention that money can hardly be laid out more profitably. The wall decorations of Italy are simply priceless, and there can be no doubt that the contemporary works ventured upon in England are year by year gaining a value in excess of the first outlay.

The themes for such decorations can not be better suggested than by our English poets and writers of romance. And I have long had a favorite idea that the poetic and graceful designs of Flaxman, such as he made for Wedgwood, might with suitable modification work effectively as friezes or panels for our rooms. The designs can be got for nothing, and the execution by hand or by a printing process need not cost much. It has also been with some a cherished idea that our English classics might be turned to good decorative account by furnishing quotations to be illumined on friezes or borders. One advantage accruing from such inscriptions is that decorations which give delight primarily to the senses might be made to appeal also to the understanding and to convey positive truths. Mere ornament may be compared to pantomime or dumb show, but such intermingling of choice quotations from our best authors might seem to break the silence by speech. It may be fitly left to individual taste to determine what literary extracts can best give verbal expression to the art motive; but perhaps a library or a studio might echo the latent thought within by some such extracts, treated decoratively, as the following:

"Reading maketh a full man, Conference a ready man, and Writing an exact man."

"In Reading we hold converse with the wise; in the business of life generally with the foolish."

"Calm let me live, and every care beguile,
Hold converse with the great of every time,
The learned of every class, the good of every clime."

"Order is Heaven's first law, and the way to Order is by Rules that Art hath found."

"The course of Nature is the Art of God."

Many are the methods and materials used in past and present days for the decoration of dwellings. In bygone ages rooms were not only painted and colored, but were hung with tapestries, damasks, silks, and embossed leathers. But now, for many reasons, for economy, cleanliness, and convenience, most other modes have given place to paper-hangings. And in point of taste there is no great loss, inasmuch as some of our chief artists have designed patterns which fulfill the true conditions of surface decoration. But the difficulty constantly arises as to a wise choice among the perplexing multiplicity of styles and patterns. In former days wall designs were made for some actual locality or room, and became part and parcel of the freehold and inheritance; but paper-hangings, the reverse of mural paintings, belong to no spot in particular, and are in their habits as itinerant as easel-pictures. Yet the principles which underlie all wall decorations alike remain for ever unchangeable, and therefore in the selection of a paper-hanging it is not sufficient to look to the beauty of the design in the abstract, but to its suitability to the uses, scale, and proportions of the actual apartment. Opinions differ as to the rules which should guide the choice, and indeed considerable latitude is permissible; the following laws, though not to be insisted upon too dogmatically, may be of service:

Paper-hangings bear the same relation to the furniture in a room that a background does to the objects in a picture. The decoration, therefore, should not invite attention to itself, but be subdued in effect, without strong contrasts either of form, color, or light and dark. The decorative details should be arranged on symmetric bases, and nothing should be introduced to disturb the sense of flatness. Color is not to be in positive masses, but should be broken over the whole surface, so as to give a general negative hue and an impression of retiring quietude.

In direct dissonance with such placidities are the eminently pictorial paper-hangings which come conspicuously from Paris. A peacock disporting the attractions of his tail on a terrace is just one of those mural placards which the French love to put up in corridors. Neapolitan peasants dancing the tarantella in the foreground, with the blue Bay of Naples and Vesuvius flaming in the distance, are likewise chosen to give to interiors a festive and out-door aspect. In Venice I have seen rooms painted free-hand, with fancy figures in masks, or revealing gay costumes as they peep out from the ambush of columns. Perhaps it may not be easy quite to justify such vagaries even in decoration, which avowedly is a field for fancy and frolic. But at least these extravaganzas meet the popular taste, and when all is in keeping it were hard to prohibit what pleases. Indeed, almost everything may be permitted that is beautiful in itself and is rightly placed. Yet war needs to be waged perpetually against the follies of fashion and the eccentricities and conceits which pass for strokes of genius.

What is chiefly to be desired is that each decorative system shall be clearly understood in its character and its conditions, and that then it shall be consistently carried out to its legitimate consequences. In the present day the public are divided into opposing parties, and the utmost

diversity of opinion can indeed be tolerated, the golden rule in art ever being, liberty free from license. Some authorities, as just seen, lay down the law that wall decorations shall be retiring and comparatively insignificant, while others would make them conspicuous and self-asserting. Which of the two alternatives may be preferable will greatly depend upon whether the wall relies on its own surface decoration, or whether it will receive additional adorning from easel-pictures, drawings, or engravings. The general substitution, in modern times, of movable pictures in frames for mural paintings attached to the structure has brought about a radical revolution in the ornamentation of our rooms. Large, obtrusive paper patterns are of course destructive of the delicate tones of pictures. On the whole, small, quiet designs are obviously the safest. Color is yet another perplexed problem. With some authorities color has assumed the certitude of a creed, with others it is still subject to controversy. This complex question will in the sequel call for special consideration; in the mean while, let it be premised that here likewise stand face to face two opposing schools. The one favors strong positive pigments applied boldly, though of course in balance; the other beats a timid retreat behind quiet, retiring tones. Each party claims specific successes: the adventurous course has most to gain, the cautious line has least to lose. It needs scarcely be added that the treatment of the furniture will have to be reversed with each revolution in the wall decoration. It may further be observed that paper-hangings or other mural adornings can either be in monochrome or polychrome; if of one color, then the pattern will have to be thrown up from the ground by either a lighter or a darker tone of that color. Or if the decoration be of two or more colors, then a simple and favorite arrangement is to use some complementary hues, such as green for the ground, and red for the patterns, an harmonious contrast exemplified by nature in the red flower of the geranium rising out of a green mass of leaves. It is well that a room should be so decorated that the walls, when looked at near, offer forms of simple beauty pleasingly varied, and when viewed at a distance present as a whole, both in design and color, a composition which falls into prevailing unity and repose.

Floor-coverings, whatever be their material, should be made to accord with the general rules already laid down for wall-clothings. Indeed, the difference in position and use between a floor and a wall would seem to demand that these laws be here enforced with all the greater rigor. Floors are for walking on, therefore they should seldom be embellished with objects that it is outrageous to trample under foot. They, moreover, serve as the resting-place and support of furniture, and therefore, whatever be the materials or fabrics employed, whether mosaics, tiles, marquetry, or carpets, the impression conveyed should be that of a stable and sustaining surface. A floor likewise, being the lowest member in a room and the nearest to the ground, should not advance upon the eye, and even when serving as a foreground should appear in shade rather than in sunshine. These considerations incline to somber coloring and to unostentatious designs. But here, again, there are no rules without occasional exceptions, and I am not one of those stern critics who would prohibit, for instance, such freedoms as the strewing of floors with flowers. Fra Angelico, in his pictures, scatters flowers on paths leading to paradise, and, if our homes can in any wise be made heaven-like, art will in good degree fulfill its mission. But, as to the placing or misplacing of flowers, I remember that, at the imperial *fête* given by the Düsseldorf artists in Jacobi's Garden, now the Malkasten Club, the Empress of Germany started from her seat, exclaiming, "I am trampling lovely flowers under my feet—remove the chair on one side!" We may recall, however, on the other hand, how at a certain sacred triumph on the road leading from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." Enthusiasm and love, which in religion inspire to acts of devotion, need not be denied humble service in arts of decoration. Yet, in our times a cold and barren rationalism would restrain Fancy in her innocent sport with things of beauty. But, to return to plain matter of fact, it may be of use to sum up the general rules for floor-coverings; they are briefly these:

The surface of a carpet serving as a ground to support all objects, should be quiet and negative, without strong contrast of either form or color. The decorative designs must be flat, without shadow or relief; flowers and foliage from nature must be conventionalized to meet the exigencies of art, and the pattern should be distributed evenly over the whole floor. The entire composition must be brought into balance of lines and masses, and into harmony of color.

Ceilings, which have been strangely neglected or defaced, claim more than a moment's consideration, did space permit. They have sometimes been surrendered to a negative, sanatory, and undecorative coating of whitewash, and then again they have been heavily weighted with constructional beams serving to give stability to ponderous ornament. As to whitewash, the

remedy is easy and inexpensive. Let some color be added to the wash which shall harmonize with the tone of the upper walls. One purpose in the preceding remarks has been to show that the disposition of light, shade, and color within a house may be reduced to certain elementary principles. And a rudimentary axiom is that dark should gravitate downward, while light ascends upward. Hence, in part, the reason why floors should be dusk and shadowy. And, while the floor or ground represents the earth, the ceiling or vault leads up into air and space. Some persons, indeed, have pushed the comparison so far as to maintain that ceilings are best dealt with when, after the practice of the ancient Egyptians, they are colored as the blue sky, spangled with golden stars. Others again have pushed the atmospheric idea to the extreme of covering the expanse of the ceiling with floating clouds; and a member of the Royal Society has not inappropriately employed a well-known artist to compose an astronomical ceiling, with the sun in the center and the seasons and signs of the zodiac around. Other householders, inclining to botany and floriculture, train over their heads flowering creepers and climbing roses, making the ceiling a bowery canopy, attractive to butterflies and winged birds of bright plumage. At this point the transition becomes easy to Italian-like compositions wherein Cupids and genii float in mid-heaven; but, it is well to stop somewhere ere the sublime runs into the ridiculous. However, suffice it to say that ceilings present spheres for diversions of fancy inviting to minds cherishing the laudable ambition of redeeming a dwelling from ordinary commonplace by some pretty spurts of poetry.

When the floor, walls, and ceiling are brought into harmony the decorations of a room are complete. Each part, I repeat, must be in studied relation of design and color to the rest; the floor must sustain the walls, and they in turn must lead up to and support the ceiling. Yet, while all are brought into unity, it is well when each is kept distinct. Accordingly, fitting divisions and boundary lines are usually provided structurally in the skirting-board, the dado, the frieze, and cornice. These several members it is wise to pronounce more or less decisively, such points of demarkation in the decorative arts being comparable to punctuation in written compositions, serving, like commas, dashes, or full-stops, as pauses and spaces for rest. In the decoration of a room the crowning victory is in the successful coming of the whole together. And, although simplicity is, for ease and economy, to be commended, yet, on the other hand, the greater the complexity and the difficulty challenged and overcome, the more signal will be the triumph gained, and the more subtile the pleasure imparted to the mind. Tyros in any art are timid; experts daring. Elementary forms and negative colors may be safe; but designs highly developed and colors lustrous as light will, in a master hand, secure decorative evolutions and effects comparable to the harmonies evoked by a full orchestra.

One or two general considerations may be added. It is not unworthy of remark that the house of the north necessarily differs from the house of the south. In the south protection is sought from heat, from the tyranny of the sun and the blaze of day; accordingly, the classic house and the Italian villa provided open courts, cool corridors, and balconies of free outlook, while the walls and floors were clothed with plaster, marbles, or mosaics. But in the north the conditions are reversed: comfort and coziness are desired, and thus the northern house secures closed rooms safe from the assaults of the elements, and provides snug curtains, warm carpets, and tight casements. In northern cities, too, a crying need is for more light within the dwelling. "The dark ages" were dark in more senses than one, and dirty into the bargain, and, when modernism swept away the cobwebs of mediævalism, light entered as the herald of truth. Architecture, in its onward and upward growth, has been seeking to secure more light. Early structures are shadowy and cavernous; but at length buildings learned to spring from the earth into the heavens, and courted companionship with the day. And light seeks association with the bright sisterhood of color, and all in concert strive to compensate for the darkness and dullness of our northern clime, in the absence or shyness of the sun.

A like current of thought is suggested by the contrasted conditions of a town-house and a country-house. In England a country-seat may be fitly designed for the summer and the sun. It is often in close proximity to nature; the windows possibly command a pleasing landscape; the daily life comes in hourly contact with gardens, trees, meadows; and in proportion as it thus shares in the simplicity of nature can the helps and allurements of art be dispensed with. But the town-house is surrounded by opposite conditions. To shut out the external world, the noise of the street, and the gaze of the neighbor, is an end to be gained. And, to make the home-life within all the more self-sustaining and satisfying, the mind seeks, as a substitute for converse with nature, the companionship of literature and art. The complexities of modern society oust the artlessness of more primitive life, and the converse of cultured intellects, the contact of minds highly wrought, the compan-

ionship of books and music, demand that the dwelling shall be decorated to like concert-pitch. In fine, in towns and northern latitudes, where the sky is overcast and the life of man sad, it peculiarly behooves us to make our homes light-some and cheerful, so that in dark days witness shall not be wanting to the promise that, though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

GERMAN DIALECT-POETS.

GOETHE calls dialects "the element in which the soul breathes freely." His own works and those of his master in literature, Herder, show how much they both honored the dialectic ballads and legends of their native land. So far from being ashamed of their indebtedness to such humble sources, both these great poets were proud to own that in those long-neglected mines of wealth they had greatly enriched their minds and purified their poetic taste. Herder's German version of the beautiful old Semlandish poem, "Anka van Tharaw" (well known in America and England through Longfellow's admirable translation), forms one of his greatest claims to fame. Many of Goethe's most powerful poems were based upon old ballads or prose stories which had long been extant in the popular dialects of Germany, and in some cases he reconstructed the ballads without depriving them of their dialectic form.

But there are some other German authors who have published whole volumes of strictly original poems in the different German dialects. These may be properly considered "dialect-poets." A few of them are comparatively well known throughout Europe and in America, and the works of one or two have been partly translated into various languages. This is especially true with regard to Hebel, whom Bayard Taylor called "the German Burns." Nearly all of these writers, however, are still strangers to a vast majority of the reading public outside of Germany. Yet they are, as a class, true poets, expressing the thoughts and feelings of the common people around them with great power and beauty, and admirable truth to life. With very few exceptions they have been highly cultured men. Some of them have belonged to the nobility, while others have obtained a more honorable rank by their labors in the field of philosophy and science. One of their number, Karl von Holtei, has just died at Breslau, after a long life, during which he was brought into contact with some of the most famous public men of his day in Germany, and the universal expressions of sorrow that followed his death show that it was considered a national loss. But they have all acquired a true and thorough insight into the poetry of every-day life among their neighbors in the lower ranks of society, just as Burns and Jasmin did in Scotland and Provence. And, like those of the two last-named poets, their works derive an additional charm, as well as the great advantage of general congruity, from being clothed in the homely, hearty words of the peasants and artisans to whom they relate.

It is important to remember that these dialects are not mere corrupt and inelegant forms of the orthodox speech of Germany. On the contrary, they are true surviving branches of that widespread German language which forms an important subdivision of the great Teutonic stock, and which is properly divided into High and Low German. Since Luther's day the form of High German into which he translated the Bible has become the German language *par excellence*, but the other forms of the two divisions have continued to be the popular means of communication in their proper localities. And in reality this orthodox modern German is less pure than they, for it has greatly developed and has undergone many changes, while they have all moved at a much slower pace. The relationship between the Lowland-Scotch dialect and modern English affords a strikingly similar instance, and just as a glossary to Burns may be a great help in reading "The Vision of Piers Plowman," so any one familiar with Hebel's "Allemannische Gedichte," or with Groth's "Quickborn," would have many advantages in studying the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, or the old Low German "Heliand."

It would be impossible to translate the poems that have been written in the German dialects into any other language without the loss of the greater part of that freshness and *naïveté* upon which their charm mainly depends. But some specimens of the works of those dialect-poets before mentioned, however imperfectly rendered into English, may serve to give a general idea of

their style and character for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the poems themselves.

These poems are chiefly interesting because they present so graphically to our view the lives, characters, and feelings of the German lower classes. Like Auerbach's "Dorfgeschichten," they show us the people just as they are. But instead of being confined to one section, or even to one class, they relate to every part of Germany, and to nearly all the lower grades of society. The feelings that have led so many German peasants and artisans to forsake their beloved Fatherland and cross the ocean find expression in a number of cases. A poem in the Palatine dialect, by K. G. Nadler, a magistrate of Heidelberg, is one of this class. It is called "Leb wohl, mein Haamethland," or, "Farewell, my Homeland." Part of it may be translated as follows:

"Only some cuttings from the vineyard yonder
I take, to plant far off, beyond the sea;
And father's flint-lock, and our dear old Bible—
These things are all of home I take with me.

"In that book stand the names of all us children,
And all our ages, written side by side;
With father's own song of 'The Captive Rider'—
And that dark day, too, when our mother died.

"I know sad thoughts should grieve my soul no longer,
But all that passes seems to me a dream.
Oh, when I'm far off, there across the ocean,
Then swiftly backward all my thoughts will stream!

"There once again the old home must be builded;
Still the old home, but stanch and strong and new,
Where all the wrongs we've borne can no more reach us:
Proudly to stand, the coming time all through.

"When through the night the fierce storm-winds are roaring,
And the black clouds are flying, wild and free,
Then think of us as we are forward faring,
Out there so far, across the dreary sea.

"And winter evenings, when you're all together,
Think of us then, on that strange, distant shore,
As we shall surely still of you be thinking
In weal and woe, in joy and heart-ache sore.

"Once more together let us drink at parting;
My brothers all, my friends each one, your hand!
Farewell, and God in heaven be your helper!
Farewell for ever, mine own Fatherland!"

At the same time, some other poems indicate the existence among the German peasantry of very different feelings; namely, a deep-seated national pride, an ardent enthusiasm about the military glories of their country, and a thoroughly filial love and reverence for their great war-heroes. These pieces are very much like the old soldier-song, "Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter." But, though fully as forcible and true to life as that famous war-lyric, they are much smoother and far more skillfully constructed. Among the most noticeable of this class are some of those by Wilhelm Bornemann, a Prussian, who was born in 1767. Bornemann wrote in the Platt-deutsch dialect, as it is spoken in his native country, and his productions are supposed to be the utterances of Prussian peasants. One of his poems is called "De olle Blücher"—"Old Blücher." After setting forth the glories of the old hero's career in glowing language, it ends with this verse:

"Bi böse Tieden—joa, doa kann
Mehr loat ick mi nich in—
En trü beglöwter Buersmann
Woll ok moal nüttlich sin."

This may be translated as follows:

"In evil times—sure, nothing can
My heart's strong faith undo—
A true and loyal peasant-man
Can help the good cause too."

In another poem Bornemann eulogizes Frederick II, under the name of "De olle Fritz." He says:

"Old Fritz a king was, on my word,
Like no one else who ever stirred.
His greatness was not shown by size;
He had the sort that inward lies.
. . . .

"Just as a household father might,
He kept his statecraft true and right.
And so, no matter what he planned,
His party was the whole wide land.

"His faith it is not hard to tell—
'Who keeps the ten commandments well,
He surely will, with justice mete,
Find mercy at the judgment-seat.'
.

"And, true and sure, in fiercest fight,
With powder-smoke to left and right,
All round him crashed the shot and shell,
But God's good angel watched him well.

"Once to the camp came famine dread.
The last full cup and loaf of bread
Fritz dealt around to great and small
As though they'd been good comrades all.
.

" My work in this world now is done ;
Soon I shall pass beyond the sun ;
And, when I see old Fritz up there,
Once more I'll fling my cap in air ! "

Much the same spirit appears in one of the poems in the Austrian dialect, written by J. G. Seidl, who was born at Vienna in 1804. This piece, " Das letzti Fensterln," is a very attractive little story in verse about an Austrian mountaineer, who is called upon to leave his home and his sweetheart and serve in the army. Seeing the girl afterward, he begs her not to grieve for him, but to remember always that he is doing his duty and bringing no disgrace upon her. He shows her his medal, ornamented with the face of his leader, " Father Max," and tells her how he and his comrades love to follow when Father Max is in the front. He says :

" When we see how a chief
Whom our father we call
With us goes, each one knows,
And is comrade to all ;
With a word from his mouth
With his form in our sight—
Yes, we follow him gladly
Right into the fight."

Professor von Kobell, of the University of Munich, has also written poems about the lives and feelings of the south German mountaineers. The following bright little piece (called " Die oa die i moa ") will serve as a specimen of the learned Professor's success in composing love-songs in the dialect of the Bavarian Highlands :

" Not a star I can see
Is so lovely to me
As a girl that I know—
As my darling, my darling !

" The mountain-heights glow
With the fresh-fallen snow ;
But no snow is so pure
As my darling, my darling !

" Full fair is the day
When the clouds float away ;
Yet it's never so fair
As my darling, my darling !

" The roses may flush
And the peach-blossoms blush ;
But no blossom's so fresh
As my darling, my darling !
. . . .

" So, as no one can be
Half as charming as she,
Why, I love none, you see,
Like my darling, my darling ! "

It would be hard to find more truly charming pictures of German peasant-life than those contained in a volume of poems in the Westrich dialect, by Ludwig Schandein. One, describing the dancing at a village festival, is so full of natural grace and beauty that even the following very inadequate part-translation can hardly fail to convey some idea of its spirit :

" The music swells, loud booms the drum,
The brass and strings are vying ;
All swiftly in a circle come,
And soon their feet are flying.
And, not more slow,
The old folks go
To take their places in the row.

" Loud booms the drum, the music rings,
And ever rises higher ;
Each wood-bird from its cover springs
As though it felt the fire.
Why don't they stay ?
There's naught to say ;
They're free to rest by night or day.
.

" Now Piper George his passion strong
No longer can keep hidden ;
Amid the waltz a freedom-song
He smuggles in, unbidden.
Then, all around,
Their glad hearts bound,
And ringing voices swell the sound.

" The fun is free, and maid and lad
Each in the dance rejoices.
They're all so happy, all so glad !
They talk with lowered voices.
There's naught to say ;
It's holiday !—
Why shouldn't they throw care away ?

" The night comes down ; the fiddle's din,
The pipe's clear notes, sound lower.
Now slips ' the sandman ' softly in.
The dancers' feet are slower.
The old, at last,
Have homeward passed ;
The hanging lights are dying fast.

" Good night, good-night ! The day is done ;
And who can blame its spending ?
There'll come, some time, a darker one.
Soon may we see its ending !
Such joy to win
Is, sure, no sin,
While heart and soul are clear within."

Perhaps the most justly celebrated of these dialect-poets is Klaus Groth, a native of Holstein, and a professor in the university at Bonn. His poems in that pure form of the Lower Saxon (or *Plattdeutsch*) dialect spoken in Holstein have become extremely popular. While they are not less faithful and realistic than those of the other dialect-poets, they are marked by a greater delicacy of touch and a more finished style. One

called "Dat Dorp in Snee" ("The Village in the Snow") is a thoroughly artistic picture in words of a winter scene on the North Sea shore. The following is an attempt at a translation:

"White and peaceful, as I look,
Lies the village in the snow.
'Mid the alders sleeps the brook;
Under ice the lake below.

"Snow-clad willows, far and near,
Like a host of spirits stand.
All is restful, cold, and clear;
Still as death on sea and land.

"Wide, as wide as sight can go,
Naught of life to meet the eye.
Only there, above the snow,
Blue smoke seeks the bluer sky.

"I would sleep, like tree and stream,
With no care, no wish to roam.
But the smoke, as in a dream,
Softly draws me nearer home."

Others among Groth's poems, such as "Min Jehann" and "De junge Wetfru," are full of a pure, tender pathos, expressed in simple words which appeal strongly to our deepest sympathies. It would probably be useless, however, to try to preserve the delicate aroma of these beautiful little pieces in the form of a translation. Equally vain would it be to attempt to translate effectively the best of Hebel's Allemannish poems—such, for example, as "Die Müetter am Christoben" ("The Mother at Christmas-Eve"). This tells of a poor old laboring-woman placing, on the small bough which does duty for a Christmas-tree, the few poor presents she has been able to get for her sleeping child. As she looks at him and thinks of her own long life, full of pain and heart-weariness, she cries out in her great love and pity, "O my little child, God keep you from bitter tears!" It is a very humble subject for a poem, but it is made noble by the poor mother's pure and perfect love.

Among the dialect-poets whose works are chiefly or altogether of a light, humorous character, the most noted are Von Holtei and Grübel. Karl von Holtei, whose death has been already referred to, is the author of some very popular comedies in the German language, but his most original works are his poems in the dialect of his native province, Silesia. One of these, called "Ock a Wing," or "Just a Bit," may be partly translated about as follows:

"He who my sweetheart sees
Finds her right comely.
Lively is she, and light;
Coaxing from morn till night—
Just a bit homely.

"While she goes in and out,
Liesa, my darling,
She is as good as gold;
But she *does* like to scold—
Just a bit snarling.

"I can tell at a glance
How things are running.
Sometimes (in fun, you know)
She gives me such a blow!—
Just a bit stunning.

"Her plates are Buntzlau-ware—
Cheap and unhandy.
That's all the same to me;
Her floors from dust are free—
Just a bit sandy.

.

"Well, I'm right fond of her,
This little gosling!
Money she scatters far;
My thoughts on marriage are—
Just a bit puzzling!"

J. K. Grübel was one of the earliest of the modern German dialect-poets, having been born at Nuremberg in 1736. He aimed at imitating the famous cobbler-poet of old Nuremberg, Hans Sachs. Although he never wrote anything equal to the "Schlauraffenland" of the great Meistersinger whom he took for his model, yet the genuine, homely humor of some of his pieces in the Franconian dialect has made them great favorites. One of them, "Der Schlosser und sein Gsell," contains the following colloquy between a locksmith and his apprentice:

"'Boy,' said the master once, to him,
'I've often heard folks say
That as we work so we should eat;
And that's the proper way.
But as for you, it seems to me
That's not the way you do:
Not one of us so slowly files,
Or eats so fast as you.'

"'Yes,' said the 'prentice, 'that's all so;
And everything's just right:
The time for eating soon goes by,
But work keeps on till night.
If eating-time began at dawn
And lasted all the while,
Why then, you see, I'd always eat
As slowly as I file!'"

It is not very likely that the German dialects will long continue to be spoken to any appreciable extent. Since the practical attainment of German unity old things have been giving way to new, even in the most provincial localities. And, just as the currencies of the different German states have been superseded by the uniform

monetary system of the empire, so the various dialects will, it is probable, at last be replaced by the German language, even among the lower classes. The more thorough educational system and the greater degreee of intercourse which form part of the new order of things will have a great deal to do with producing this effect, but many other influences are tending to bring it about. In fact, the old provincial German life in all its phases is fast dying out before the advance of modern habits, ideas, and feelings. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that the works of the modern German dialect-poets will, before long, become monumental relics of a bygone time. For the historian and the linguist they will then possess a deep interest, apart from their intrinsic merit as poems. But at present their interest is of a far more active kind, for it is certain that no other form of literature furnishes such a thorough and general portrayal of life among the lower orders of the Germans, as it exists at this day, as do these poetic utterances in their popular dialects.

W. W. CRANE.

MICHAEL AND I.

I.

MY belief in Michael Horatio Belbin has been the theme of ridicule. I know that in our set at Oxford we were sometimes called the lion and the jackal. Of course the jest was playful, and I was never foolish enough to resent it. It was one of Motherwell's jokes, and, like himself, was heavy. But our set was a good set, and I was wise enough to pay any price for the privilege of belonging to a society of which Michael was the center. I saw in Michael all those qualities which combine to make a successful man—an accurate appreciation of men and circumstances, clear foresight, consummate prudence, and inflexible purpose. I looked forward to a time when I should be the friend of a great man. His air of authority, which was perhaps excessive, his warm feelings and quick temper, seemed trifles in comparison with his clear vision and good sense. Perhaps I shut my eyes to his weaknesses; perhaps I might have seen more clearly had I chosen to see. I think that I may say, without boasting, that I am not slow to detect the weak places in my friends. I delight in the exercise of my critical faculty. In Michael, alone, I believed without reserve. Michael, I felt sure, would live to be pointed out by the common finger, as the keen-sighted, practical, successful man. How far my faith was justified let my story show.

In the autumn of last year Michael and I, with three other men, occupied a cottage by the sea. We were a reading party, and we all read more or less. We all, to some extent, were stimulated by the extraordinary energy of my friend. He was so full—full even to overflowing—of life that I sometimes doubted if he ever slept. I knew that he slept but little. I knew that at early hours, when I was fain to enjoy my soundest sleep, Michael was more wide awake than the village cock. In spring he was up before the cuckoo, and would help that telltale bird to call the feathered choir, who for his ears alone began their morning charm. Even in the darkness of a winter morning I had often heard him declaiming in his room, or stumbling, with sharp exclamation, over the coal-scuttle in the passage. I, who confess that I am made of stuff less stern, had often started wide awake from dream of ghost or burglar, and, recognizing the familiar tread, had smiled to think that I had such a friend, and so had gone to sleep again. It seemed, however, that sea air and devotion to study diminished even my powers of slumber. One morning, soon after our arrival on the coast, I found myself wide awake while it was yet dark. I tried to lose myself, but in vain. Then a happy thought struck me. For once I would astonish Michael; I would be up and abroad before him: as usual, I was foiled by the superior vigor of my friend. Michael had long since found the cottage too small to hold him. He had rushed out into the darkness and mist, had climbed the steep with winged feet, and stood like the herald Mercury to stare across the pathless sea. There I found him, and hailed him with what breath my climb had left me.

He turned sharply at the sound of my voice. "Hang it!" he cried fiercely, "what do *you* want?"

It was his way with me, and I understood him. "All right, Mike, old man," I answered, "I want nothing. I only came to look you up."

He looked at me for a full minute, peering in the dim light and frowning; then he burst out laughing, as I knew he would. "You are inevitable as death," he said, and turned again toward the sea.

I sat down behind his back and waited. I

felt sure that he would address me in time, and I was not disappointed. He still looked away from me; but he spoke. "Pecker has asked Geordie to come here," he said.

In a moment I knew the cause of my friend's abrupt manner. "What cheek of Pecker!" I cried, with keen sympathy.

"He has a perfect right to ask whom he likes," retorted Michael, "without asking you."

"But how about you?" I asked; "if it hadn't been for you, Pecker wouldn't be of the party at all; you would have him; he ought to have consulted *you*."

"Not at all," said Michael, throwing up his chin, as he always did when he intended to end a discussion.

In spite of this well-known sign, I was beginning another remark, when he strode down the steep before him to the shore. I was left alone to commune with the unresponsive sea. It was strangely early; and the air was sharpened by that peculiar chill which precedes and ushers in the dawn. I am especially sensitive to atmospheric influences. I knew that to follow Michael would be to lash him to frenzy. I wrapped myself in my virtue and my pilot-coat, and endeavored to enjoy the scene. Beneath my feet were low flat rocks, and sea-weed both green and yellowish brown; beyond the rocks the sea lay rippling and gray under a light haze, which was mist away in the east, and softened the low level link of pink, which promised the rising sun. The sky was of most delicate pale blue, and straight above my head a waning moon, like a strayed reveler, seemed ready to faint into a long line of fleecy cloud. Suddenly on the level sea was a flame (it seemed not a thousand yards away), then an arch of red fire. Higher and higher it rose, until there was the full circle of the sun, like a great flame-colored ball on the cool floor of ocean, while in the misty east the pale rose deepened into violet. Brown birds darted on sea and shore, and swept upward by my head. There was a brisk tumult of life. As the sun climbed into the sky, a halo of yellow light was about him in the melted haze, and flat beneath him on his blue-gray plain a wide path shimmering golden-bronze spread to my feet. I am peculiarly sensitive to the beauties of Nature. I was thrilled by this new birth of day, this daily miracle of Aphrodite; I forgot to shiver. I enjoyed; and then I noted the causes of my enjoyment, the details of the scene. When I had fixed these in my mind, I turned my eyes to where on the green slope, dewy and sparkling responsive to the sun, Michael strode away to the southwest. He was going with long strides like Achilles in the Shades. Truly, it was better to be alive and on the goodly earth than a king among the squeaking ghosts. Not for Michael was idle noting of the beauties of dawn, nor tissue-wasting sentimentalisms. Enough for him to sniff the keen clear air of morning; to prance eager for the battle of life; to cry ha-ha with the war-horse. He had seen the fiery sun; he had gazed unflinching as an eagle. In his every movement, as he went farther and farther away, was the promise of splendid success. What careers had I not imagined for this triumphant person! Now, as I strained my eyes after his vanishing back, I felt that he must carve his way to success, that Fortune was his fool, that my friend would be a great man. Ah, how little can the most thoughtful observer prophesy the future! A few days—but a very few days—would pass, and— But I will invoke no shadow to mar this stainless dawn.

II.

WHY had Michael insisted that Pecker should be of our party? It is a problem which we others had often discussed. The lad, whom I take to be almost mindless, would laugh at the question, and declare that there was no reason. Motherwell, who in his rare moments of depression becomes weakly sentimental, maintained with a sigh that it was an instance of Belbin's benevolence. I waited for the solution of the enigma, and I did not wait in vain. When that wonderfully successful schoolmaster, Mr. Trickett, became head of our college, poor little Pecker, who is known to the university authorities as the Rev. Stanley Betel, melted like a mist before the rising sun. The old man seemed twice as weak by the side of his young chief; the old school was seen in its full absurdity when contrasted with the new; the cobweb which had fluttered for generations on the lecturer's chair fell to the first sweep of the new broom. The Rev. Stanley Betel was treated with courtesy; attendance at his lectures was made voluntary: there was no attendance at his lectures. He vanished behind his oak, and was seen but little of men. Michael Horatio Belbin was the last man who sat at his feet. At this time my friend would blaze into fury at ridicule of the old don, though nobody had spoken of him with more magnificent scorn in the days of his authority. This puzzled me very much. To ridicule Pecker had become a college custom. Freshmen scarcely felt themselves members of the place till they had cracked their early joke at his expense. It was a tradition that, ages ago, the Rev. Stanley Betel had been called the woodpecker on account of a certain bird-like air and tricks of manner. Sometimes he darted at us his sharp nose and screwed-up eyes; in more emphatic mood he darted at us from the neighborhood of his right ear a forefinger and thumb

lightly joined together; in moments of great excitement he darted at us altogether—long, thin coat, sharp nose, little eyes, and finger and thumb simulating a goose-beak. Enough of description. Let it be sufficient to say that this respectable fossil had been disinterred by my friend and added to our reading party. I hoped, and even suggested, that Motherwell and the lad would raise some objections; but they (I can not wholly acquit them of servility) accepted the addition with an appearance of pleasure. The lad declared that Pecker would be rare fun; Motherwell bluntly observed (I remember that the joke struck me as clumsy and ill-timed) that, if I thought the party too big, I could easily reduce it by one. Thus it happened that, as I on principle never oppose Michael, Mr. Betel was admitted to our cottage without a protest. Slowly, as we five dwelt together and pursued our studies, I became certain of the cause of my friend's action. No young don of the new school, however brilliant and however broad, was more than a match in breadth and brilliancy for Michael Horatio Belbin. For width of vision and knowledge of theories he stood almost alone. In minute details, on the other hand, in exact dates, in the precise force of particles, Michael Horatio was liable to err, and, with his accurate self-knowledge, was of course well aware of his own weakness. In securing the companionship of Pecker he had, with his usual sagacity, taken the very best means of strengthening himself where he was weakest. Mr. Betel is a lumber-room of unimportant facts, disconnected fragments, trifles which the bold generalizer has swept aside to the dust-heap. In that dusty twilight my friend groped daily, and every day acquired some morsel useful for his coming examinations. When I was sure of the reason of his action my mind was at rest. I could not bear the shadow of a doubt of Michael's practical wisdom. So we five lived happily together till that fair autumn morning when I heard the news of Pecker's extraordinary audacity. It was an almost incredible instance of ingratitude to Michael, and I was not surprised at my friend's annoyance. Moreover, Mr. Betel's choice of a new companion was singularly unfortunate. I had observed long since that the society of George Effingham (we called him Gentle Geordie) was peculiarly irritating to Michael. George and he had been friends from childhood. They had been schoolfellows, and had come up on the same day to the same college. Throughout their career at school and at the university, in every examination which the two had passed together, George Effingham had invariably beaten Michael Horatio Belbin. It is an astounding fact, Effingham was always first; Belbin was always second. It is a fact, and must be accepted as such. Of course, I knew well enough that the gentle one's appearance of idleness and indifference was affected. I knew that he had worked in secret with wearing concentration. Again and again had I taken pleasure in noting his wearied eyes in the morning. I had made it my business more than once to smell out the midnight oil. Nevertheless, though this elegant and fop-like youth had worked like a horse, it seemed impossible that he should ever surpass the wonderful power of Michael, who delighted in the conflict, who told wonderful tales of his prodigious labors, his wrestling with ancient authors, his endless hours of vigil. And now this haughty spirit, which had been soothed by an atmosphere of affection and consideration, was to be chafed by the presence of this triumphant and indifferent rival. The peace essential for the labors of the fervid soul was to be changed into restlessness by a soft voice and quiet manner, and changed at a most critical time. Michael and Geordie were on the eve of taking their degrees. Both were certain to be in the first class. Both, as I at least knew very well, would compete for our vacant fellowship. Of course, it was only too likely that Geordie would enjoy his usual luck; but, whether he were fated to succeed or no, it was certain that his appearance at this time would be most prejudicial to Michael's work.

Whatever the degree of Michael's annoyance, he seemed on that day, whose dawning we had watched together, to have shaken it off with ease. He came back to breakfast flushed, hungry, and with his rebellious hair on end. He addressed Mr. Betel as usual, with a manner half respectful half patronizing. He declared that the day was the most glorious of days. He proclaimed a holiday. The lad gave a shout of gladness; Motherwell shook his fat sides, his expansive countenance beamed, and his high-pitched laughter rippled musically, as he looked inquiringly at Pecker. The Rev. Stanley Betel was quite ready. "A day of air and—well—exercise—well—will do us all good," he said, "yes—of exercise, in fact—and air"; and he pointed his sharp nose at each of us in turn as if he would collect our votes.

Under the invigorating influence of Michael Horatio this most peaceful of elderly dons had been rapidly acquiring an enthusiasm for air and exercise. He rushed about with his long coat open to the breeze and his coat-tails flying; he pushed out his little breastbone, which resembled a half-starved pigeon's; he puckered his lips, rose on his toes, and drew in such breaths that we expected to see him borne upward, and swept like a draggled rook among the lofty trees. Nay, I myself happening to be in his neighborhood when he thought himself alone, had found

him engaged in most mysterious rites. Standing as erect as his formation would allow, without his long coat, large of head and thin of person, he bore a strange resemblance to a well-colored clay pipe erect on the smaller end. He stood opposite the glass, and followed with his eyes the upturned palm of his left hand, which at arm's length swung slowly backward till the good gentleman's nose was straight above his heels. In this position he resembled a crow about to prune his tail-feathers. Then the left hand returned and lay upon the right breast, while the right arm swung backward, followed by the earnest, peering eyes. I stood amazed, and watched the alternate movement of those skinny arms and the long nose turning above the high white collars. Here was a tremendous example of muscular Christianity. For this determined athlete to collect the votes of the party was, of course, a mere form. Michael had spoken; and it was certain that they would all acquiesce in his whim.

"To-morrow," said Pecker, "Effingham will be here, and we must set to—well—work again; in fact—yes—to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," cried Michael, looking up from his ham and eggs.

At the sound of Effingham's name I had glanced at my friend with inquiry in my eye. You would not have supposed that he was aware of my existence. He is a man of extraordinary character, of inexhaustible power.

III.

THAT shore to which fate and the desire of knowledge had brought us is a rare shore for walkers. Above the flat rocks, which are covered at high tide, is a low wall of loosely piled stones; within the wall is a strip of green, more or less level, which a little farther back rises steeply into green slope; and the slope is clothed above with trees, and the trees on the crest stand out against the sky. Here and there the long strip of level green is broken by a bold rock of old red sandstone, and here and there the slope has been hollowed into deep, cool caves. On this exquisite morning of a day, which, alas! was big with fate, the green turf, the red rock, the trees above us now growing to new beauty of gold, ruddy or pale—all these beautiful things were aglow in the light of a warm, fertile sun. The mists of dawn had melted away; and, save where in the shadow of some rock the grass was sparkling and drenched with dew, we walked in full light and warmth. We were a strange procession. Belbin, dressed in a blue guernsey and flannel trousers, rolled up to his knees, wore his coat on one shoulder, while on the other was one end of a pole, which swayed behind him as he strode along; the other end of this pole we supported in turn; slung upon it was the lordly hamper, which held towels and luncheon. In the pride of life and the heat of young imagination I fancied that Michael and I, when it was my turn to help him with the burden, were, like Joshua and Caleb, in a land of milk and honey.

Here let me pause a moment that I may make a confession. If, in the course of this little narrative, I show myself clear-sighted as to the faults of others, let me at least enjoy the credit of not ignoring my own. Let me confess then that, as my appreciation of the beauties of nature verges on weakness, so also my wayward fancy too often leads me into superfluous comparisons. My imagination is the source of my weakness. I can guard against it when I am studying a human being; but it runs away with me in the presence of natural phenomena, and it too often betrays me into picturesque simile and misleading metaphor. I know my faults and I confess them. In this story, which I am bound to tell, I will do my best to preserve my descriptions of natural objects from those wearisome details which have a charm for me, and to avoid those fanciful comparisons which occur to me so frequently. After all, the resemblance of Joshua and Caleb to myself and my friend may be dismissed as superficial.

"It is a great morning; come, away!" cried Michael more than once, and he leaped till the pole on my shoulder jumped painfully. The lad, all white flannel from head to heel, was busy slipping stones into Motherwell's capacious pocket. Motherwell, silent, possessed wholly by intense delight, was trying to force his unwieldy bulk to imitate the uncertain motions of the Rev. Stanley Betel. The reverend gentleman was drifting along like a withered leaf; it seemed as if he were driven forward by the book in his coat-tail pocket, which was banging against his calves, if calves they may be called. Truly we had seemed a strange party, had there been any one to see us. But, save for a tramp or two, all that shore with its southern aspect was for us alone. The sun grew warmer and warmer; the air was fresh, but sweet and still; there was a bountiful quiet, a promise of plenty over all the land.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," chanted Michael, and ever and anon he flung forth other fragments of that rich ode of Keats, seeming, as his habit is, careless whether there were fifty listeners or none.

So my comrades journeyed onward, glad of their strength, and of the bountiful morning, until they came where was a broad gap in the low rocks, and shelving sand ran down into the sea. There a fisherman's boat had been drawn

clear of the brine, and the heavy oars lay in her. Then Michael shouted aloud like an Homeric warrior, tossed the pole from his shoulder, and leaped down the sand. "Aboard!" he cried, and laid hold of the boat. Pecker opened and shut his mouth, meditating expostulation. Meanwhile, the lad, with the reckless enthusiasm of his character, sprang to the farther side of the craft; and Motherwell, after a nervous look at the sea, where was a ripple as on a girl's hair and no more, turned his broad back, and stern to stern made ready to heave portentously, while his expansive, ruddy face seemed to rival the countless laughings of ocean. Altogether they bent their strength and weight to the task. There was nobody in sight; I, too, lent myself to this wild project; even Pecker, catching the prevailing recklessness, attached himself to the boat. Another heave, and she moved—moved with such suddenness that she brought our reverend companion to his knees. A little more, and she was in the shallow water; boots and socks were thrown into her, and, barefoot all, we pushed her till she floated free. Then, as we were all in her and were getting out the oars, a shout came from the trees above the slope, and then a figure flying.

"Hullo! hi! you come back!" cried the boatman.

"Yes—well—yes, my good man," piped the Rev. Betel; "we will bring it back quite safe—well—at once; in fact, yes, at once—almost."

Michael rose in the stern of the boat, and flung ashore a sovereign; of which coin he has not too many specimens.

"We will return no more," he chanted with portentous barytone; and the local mariner stood open-mouthed and staring on the shore.

Then Michael descending seized the stroke-oar, and Motherwell attached his monstrous weight to the other. I handed the rudder-lines to Pecker, who, peering earnestly ahead like a stage pilot, pulled them alternately: the boat's nose pointed now hither now thither, but always out into the sunlight. The sun seemed twice as hot upon the sea, and the light was dazzling. Motherwell began to blow like a grampus, and presently let go his oar with his left hand that he might draw an arm across his brow.

"A bath before luncheon," cried Michael.

Before we have time to consider the proposition, the lad is out of his clothes; he stands in the bows, in no hurry to take himself out of the warm sun: as he pauses tremulous on the edge, Motherwell looks round upon us with a face full of intense but silent joy, draws his oar noiselessly aboard, lifts it, poises it, and lightly swings the blade; there is a sound as of a flapping sail, or of hands clapped smartly, and the lad disappears into the water, and comes up vowing vengeance.

Next, Motherwell, with frequent bursts of laughter, bares his majestic curves, goes in with a splash, and sets us rocking in the boat.

Michael leaps like a stag, and flashes far into the water.

Our Betel declines, with broken excuses, to bathe. I wonder how much of the Rev. Stanley Betel is really coat.

I feel the sea with one foot, and, finding it less cold than I expected, slip in forthwith. It is quite warm; surely the Gulf Stream must take a turn hereabouts. The sunlight sparkles on the rippling surface where my companions roll and play; the lad leaps on Motherwell's shoulders, and has his revenge; Michael with imperial partiality ducks them both. I remain near the boat an amused spectator. There are endless laughter and splashing. The Rev. Stanley Betel prostrates himself in his efforts to strike our playful friends with the oar; he has grown as playful as they; I don't think that he was ever young till now.

When we were dry and dressed, and in turn had rowed ourselves into a glow, we fell upon the food, and, lying motionless on that bright watery floor, feasted like kings. And, when we had made an end of eating and drinking, we were motionless, basking like lizards in the sun. Perhaps Motherwell was more like a turtle, as he lay on his comfortable back, placidly regarding the blue vault of heaven. The air was full of soft wooing. As I looked round on my companions, a society of reading men formed for the acquisition of knowledge, I could see that every one of them, even Pecker himself, had almost reached that beatific state in which man is, and thinks not. Like ruminating kine, they were content and torpid; I alone kept my wits about me. One can learn so much when people are off their guard.

Of course, Michael was the first to rebel against repose. He raised his tumbled head, shook himself, shouted, and laid hold of an oar. The lad awoke at the shout, and sat up, rubbing his eyes, in the bottom of the boat. Motherwell awoke from his profound contemplation of the void. I arranged the strings in which our reverend friend had hopelessly involved himself. So we started shoreward, silent and yawning. Was that silence ominous of evil to come?

As we drew near to that narrow sandy bay, whence we had stolen our gallant bark, we became aware of more people than one upon the beach. There was the boatman, who was the richer by Michael's sovereign, but he was no longer alone. A tribe of little girls were with him—of little girls all dressed alike in scarlet

cloaks, and with hats of rough straw tied over their ears with dark-blue ribbons; and with the tribe was a young woman in command. I can hardly write of her with patience. She was tall and strong, lithe and fair, and a mass of light hair was tied loosely at the back of her long neck. So much we could see as we drew near. I don't know why it was obvious that she belonged to a higher stratum of society than the children. She wore a blue guernsey no better than Michael's, a short skirt of some strong stuff, and stout shoes. I suppose that it was some trick of the carriage of the head, or the manner of her looking at us, which made us aware that this was what is called a lady. Her manner of looking at us may be briefly described: she regarded us as if we were dirt. An awful presentiment fell upon us. Michael muttered something inaudible between his teeth, and rowed with redoubled vigor; Motherwell whistled, with a countenance most woebegone, and answered Michael's spurt. In a few moments the boat was driven through the shallow water, and up into dry sand. Then we scrambled out. The young lady stepped down to meet us, and addressed herself with a perfect air of politeness to Pecker.

"May I ask," she said, "why you took away my boat?"

Her boat!

Pecker seemed to fall together like a card house; he opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came.

"It was unfortunate," she said, "because I had promised the little girls of my Orphanage to take them for a row."

Here Michael, who alone seemed capable of speech, cried out and asked if it was too late, and if we might not be allowed to row the little girls.

She hardly looked at him as she answered that she was much obliged, but that it was impossible now.

"Can't I do anything?" cried Michael, who was chafing under a sense of humiliation. "Of course we had no idea that the boat was yours; we thought it belonged to this man, here, and that we could pay for its use. It is most unlucky."

To this speech the young lady paid no attention whatever. She was looking with a puzzled expression at Pecker, who was twisting himself strangely in his efforts to arrange a few sentences of apology.

"Surely," she said, with a complete change of manner, "surely, I can't be mistaken. You are Mr. Stanley Betel? I am sure you are."

"Yes, yes — in fact — certainly, of course — yes," answered Pecker.

"Oh, my father will be so glad to see you!" she said, shaking his hand vigorously, while her face beamed with a smile. She seemed a different creature when she smiled; and we all stared in amazement. "He will be so pleased," she repeated. "My father is General Falconhurst; that is our house up there, above the trees."

"Harold Falconhurst," said the old don to himself; and I detected a faint flush on his dry old cheek. "Yes; your father was a—well—very great friend of mine," he said, darting forward toward the young lady.

"Come up and see him," she said, cordially.

He darted back again, and looked to us for help.

"I am afraid we have a—well—friend," he began; "that is, a friend—yes, a friend joins our —well—party, to-day; I am afraid he is waiting for us now—in fact—George Effingham—I am afraid he is — well — waiting for us already — well."

The little gentleman was apparently confused, and the girl—for she was no more than a girl—looked at him with a kindly superiority. "To-morrow, then," she said; "you must promise to come to-morrow. Come to luncheon at two. And I am sure"—here she seemed to become aware of our existence—"my father will be delighted if you will bring any of your pupils."

This was indeed condescension.

I happened to be looking at Michael, and I saw him start at the word "pupils" as at the flick of a whip.

This lady's manner seemed to place us on a level with her tribe of little girls with grins and red cloaks. These children were not country-born, nor offspring of fisher-folk, but orphans brought young from London to be reared in country air. From the shrewdness of the eyes in their sharp little faces, I should have fancied that they read us like a book, and enjoyed our discomfiture. I am always embarrassed by children. One can never tell how much they perceive. Their instinct defies calculation. Strangely enough, I can never persuade them to make friends with me. I don't like children.

Pecker, darting forward with cordiality, and backward with shyness, finally succeeded in accepting the invitation for the next day; and Miss Falconhurst shook him again by the hand as she thanked him. Her little flock and his little flock stood and stared at each other. In the eyes of those London orphans I discerned a supernatural penetration. Michael was the first to free himself from the spell. He raised his hat to the lady, who was now half-way up the slope, swung round, and marched off in silence. Motherwell and the lad (the lad certainly did look unjustifiably young) shouldered the pole and the basket. We went home with solemnity and long strides.

IV.

THE next morning we were all at work, and all very solemn. That double portion of gloom, which is apt to follow a holiday, was on the party. Moreover, George Effingham had arrived. He was reclining on the sofa with a history of philosophy in his hand; he had the air of dallying with the lightest work of fiction. It is the fashion to talk of Gentle Geordie's charm, of his sweet temper, his modesty, his unselfishness. I see little beneath his affectation; and, as I have said before, his presence acts as a lively irritant to Michael Horatio Belbin. I fancy that a presentiment hung over us all. Even Motherwell wore that harassed look which is caused in him by the thought of examinations; he rubbed his face till it glowed like a furnace, and twisted the lock of hair above his forehead till it stood straight on end like a magnetized corkscrew. The lad's eyes were wandering; I suspected him of counting the dead leaves which, fluttering and pausing in the still air, fell one by one along the window-pane. I could not but notice the tricks of my fellows, for it has become a habit with me, though for the most part my attention was fixed on Michael. He had said nothing more to me about Geordie. He seemed absorbed in his work. His elbows were as firmly planted on the table as his feet on the floor; his head was held tight between his fists; his eyes were fixed unwinking on his book.

Now, as the morning hours slipped away, I could see that Pecker grew more and more nervous. He hopped on his chair; he noiselessly got up to peer at the clock; he tapped the barometer with his skinny little claw. At last, when he had regarded us all in turn many times, and had opened and shut his mouth as often, he rushed into the question:

"Which of you are coming with me?"

We all looked up; and Motherwell, glad of an interruption, shoved all his front hair straight on end with one gigantic hand, rolled on his seat, and favored us with his silvery laughter.

"Not one of us dares go with you," he said, and laughed again.

I was looking at Michael, and I saw him start at the word "dares."

"I shall go," he said, briefly.

Motherwell opened his eyes wide, and whistled.

"Shall you come?" asked Michael of me across the table.

I jumped at the invitation. In truth, I was eager to go, though I had been unwilling to make myself conspicuous by volunteering. I was determined to study Miss Falconhurst. She had such an air of power that I could not rest till I had stalked her weaknesses. She interested me, though I did not like her. I longed to analyze the littlenesses of this grand-seeming lady.

"Three are enough, if not too many," said Michael.

The lad's face fell; he had, as usual, caught the infection.

"I need a day of complete repose," said Geordie, smiling lazily upon us from the sofa; "give her my love, and to Mr. the General, her father. Adieu."

We were made welcome at the castle with the utmost friendliness. It is a strange pile of building, and I took pleasure in noting its peculiarities. It was once no more than a little fort, built high above the sea for the sake of an outlook, a watch-tower whence the rude vessels of primitive marauders were descried. To this tower rooms have been added at different dates, till at last it was lengthened westward in the form of a French château, with high slate roof. This strange pile, with the ancient fort still standing at its east end, stretches low and long on the top of the slope. Before it the wide terrace is all day full of sun, and up to its low parapet thick trees climb the steep slope from the shore below. At the western end of the house the terrace stretches backward, with smooth turf; and a steep bank and dense mass of yew shelter the warm green from the north. The whole place, with its glorious sea-view, has, I must confess, an extraordinary charm. To this pleasant dwelling we were cordially welcomed by its owner. The General had a high color and pale-blue eyes, a figure now rather stiff, but slim as a boy's. Even in the loose gray clothes which he wore as landed proprietor, he had a distinctly military air. He talked a great deal, and smiled when he was not talking. He asked numberless questions of our reverend friend. He was full of disorganized information on all sorts of subjects, and was childishly eager to increase his store. Anybody could read him like an open book: his satisfaction with the world and with himself, his information, his possessions, and, above all, his daughter. Indeed, the young lady had a most charming air with him. She seemed to take charge of him with a constant apology for so doing. She waited on him and his old friend at luncheon, and pretended great delight in their anecdotes of former days. Of Michael and myself she took as little notice as was consistent with politeness. She seemed to consider us, so far as she considered us at all, as unimportant appendages of Pecker—two little boys at his coat-tails. That she should really so consider Michael Horatio Belbin was impossible. I was not deceived for a moment. For all her frank air, I was sure that she calculated the effect of her free attitudes as she hovered over the two

elderly gentlemen, of the turn of the long white throat as she listened to their stories. I felt that she challenged our admiration, or at least that of my friend. Her indifference to me was possibly genuine. Possibly she was as wholly unaware of my presence as she seemed, until I had studied her with perhaps too great persistence, when at last she slowly turned her head in my direction, and looked on me as if she looked on vacancy. I dropped my eyes in some confusion. She certainly looked imperial. She might have posed for a young Artemis. I felt a strange dread of her power, even while I was analyzing her weakness.

After luncheon the General carried off his old friend, that he might show him all the ingenious dodges which he had introduced into his houses and gardens, and doubtless also that he might pump him undisturbed. Miss Falconhurst remained with us on the terrace above the sea. She could no longer pretend to ignore us, nor did she try. On the contrary, she passed with one step from a manner of the most chilling indifference to one as frank and friendly as if she had known us for years. I could see that this abrupt transition astonished Michael; it was almost conceivable that she would chaff him before they parted. She was standing in a grand, negligent attitude, and pointing out the various objects which could be seen on the coast between us and the little fishing village, which was far away below us on the right, when Michael broke in with a question.

"Are you any relation," he asked, "to the Captain Falconhurst who went back under fire to fetch the little drummer?"

"That was my father!" and she turned to him with a great flush flooding her face and neck, and her eyes shining. It must be confessed that she looked superbly handsome.

Michael, obedient to one of his fine impulses, pulled his hat off, and stood bareheaded.

"It's worth while living to do a thing like that," he said, after a pause.

She looked at him, laughing a little, but critical withal.

"It is not given to every man to be a hero like my father."

"We have no chance," cried Belbin, hotly.

"You young gentlemen at college must mind your books."

Michael chose not to hear this remark. He rushed off on a familiar track. He inveighed against the enervating influence of our modern England, occupations cut and dried, progress on safe, smooth roads, life in clover, in cotton-wool, in glass houses. When he stopped, he was still staring far away to sea, and I knew that he was hot with his old longing for adventure.

"And do you think you would really like danger?"

She looked at him with a sidelong glance under her drooped eyelids. There was something in her look or tone which hinted doubt, and set his pride ablaze.

"Why not I as well as another?" he cried, hotly.

There was a passionate ring in his voice. I looked at him with amazement. I knew the force of his passion; but I knew also his power of controlling that force. It was impossible that he was to be shaken from his self-control by a girl. I thought that I was sure of his judgment, of his good sense. Yet he was strangely moved. She had stung him with her hints.

"I am not utterly a coward," he went on with growing heat. "Even in these days—even here—even a civilian may show himself a man. It was only last year—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Last year!" she repeated, with an appearance of lively interest; "what happened last year?"

"Oh, I saved a girl's life; that's all."

She laughed with low, sweet laughter. "That's all," she said, echoing his words; then she added: "How did it happen? Do tell me."

I could not believe that my wise friend was deceived by her arts. I cast about in my mind for his motive in allowing himself to be drawn out. He told her how he had stopped a young lady's runaway ponies in London. From this story he was cunningly led to other adventures of himself and of his friends. He seemed to abandon himself to mere delight in past heroic deeds, as if he spoke to a hearer sympathetic as Desdemona. He spoke with enthusiasm, and he never spoke better. Nor were his looks less heroic than his speech. The wide brow, above which the hair was tumultuous as usual, was turned square to the sea; the brown eyes were full of fire; the wide nostrils seemed to long for the brine; the firm and rather prominent lips were parted with quick words. Standing straight as a wand, with his firm chin upraised, and a flush on his clear, sallow skin, he looked fit to conquer the world.

> ". . . . I am ashamed
> To look upon the holy sun, to have
> The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
> So long a poor unknown."

As he spoke the lines, he seemed to have forgotten the girl's presence. She was looking at him with arched brows and evident curiosity. To a superficial observer they would have made a great picture of simple heroic man and maid.

I sometimes wonder if superior insight be an unmixed blessing.

"What's that, what's that?" cried the General, bustling up with his thirst for information. "You were quoting poetry, eh?"

The young people turned at the sound of his voice, and both started to find me at their elbow. It seemed that they had entirely forgotten my presence.

"What are you doing here?" asked Michael, with his quaint, rough manner.

"Nothing," I answered.

He turned away to say "good-by" to the General, who was most pressing in his invitations to us to come again.

"To-morrow," he said; "every day; all of you, all your party; we need enlivening, my girl and I. I rely on you, Stanley; you must come and bring all your party."

On the way home I ventured to congratulate Michael Horatio on his eloquence. He snorted like a war-horse. "Oh, that's what you like, is it?" he said; "I bragged like a fool."

V.

AND now was the complexion of our reading-party changed. Heretofore we had prided ourselves on combining the acquisition of knowledge with a life robust, barbaric, free. We had got our heads out of the collar, and forgotten the feeling of starch. Pilot-coats and woolen guernseys, flannel trousers and patched breeches, stalking-caps, sombreros, sou'westers—such were the coverings in which my comrades had taken delight. I shall never forget the appearance of the Rev. Stanley Betel as he went forth one day in Motherwell's gigantic fishing-boots. And yet Pecker had looked upon us sometimes with a strangely puzzled expression, as if he had woke to find himself mate of a gang of smugglers or captain of poachers; he had regarded us as a hen at the pond's verge regards the ducklings of her hatching. Such had been the effect on cultured youth of sea-air and a wild coast. Now all was changed. Michael and I had donned linen for our first visit to the Falconhursts; and since that event shirts with collars became the rule among us. Of course, we did not rush at once into our most elegant clothes. In the first place, acquaintance with a lady of the neighborhood made necessary a few modifications of costume. Then quickly growing came thought of the picturesque, invading, modifying, adorning our roughness. We were rough, but rough like tame bears—with hair combed and ribbons round the necks. We were beasts with Beauty in the neighborhood. Motherwell's flannels went to the wash, and returned a little tight, but decorous. At about the same time he became very unwilling to sing those humorous ditties for which we were wont to call after dinner; while, on the other hand, he was always found warbling to himself scraps of sentimental song; trying things, as he would say with a high, nervous laugh, at the jingling piano, while the music-stool groaned beneath him. The lad, save for a certain demureness, which appeared in the presence of Miss Falconhurst, and of which he had been previously held incapable, was unchanged. George Effingham was always well dressed, though he pretended to think only of comfort. It was a time of change; but the novelty which was most important in my eyes was the appearance on Michael of a loose neckerchief, of which the color was subdued crimson. In men like Michael Horatio Belbin even trifles like these have a meaning. They never escape me. The color was most becoming to him. Its appearance was the one touch which completed my certainty of his intentions. I was now sure that he desired to make himself agreeable to Miss Falconhurst. Since our first visit to the castle Michael had been there daily. Indeed, this is true of most of us. The General's hospitality grew more and more pressing; and we responded heartily to his pressure. We were all quite at home in his house. We played many games of tennis. Some shot our host's rabbits, others rode his horses. We took the grave young orphans out to sea; we listened to their hymns, we treated them to buns; we no longer quailed before their solemn glances. Day after day I was in the society of Miss Falconhurst; and day after day I watched Michael Horatio Belbin. Nor did I confine myself to observation. I found means to draw from Pecker, without undue appearance of eagerness, a good deal of information about the Falconhursts. The General had not long since inherited this property; it was a good property and not entailed; Miss Falconhurst was the General's only child. Now, I had always held that no man estimated money more justly than Michael; that while on the one hand he had no greed, on the other he knew well that money is a necessary part of a great career. He had always intended to have a great career; we all expected it of him. When I had convinced myself (and, indeed, I thought from the first that I could trust my knowledge of my friend so far) that Michael was not led away by mere fancy for a handsome head and a royal air, I breathed again. I could not bear that my idol should for a moment totter on his pedestal. When I was reassured, I could look on at the game with a tranquil spirit. Ah! what pleasure is there to equal the quiet observation of one's neighbors? I ask little from society, from the world. Let other and stronger men fight the great battle of life! I do not demand the contest. I am content to be left at peace, a

humble watcher, an observer unobserved. Now, though my friend's conduct had, as I thought, become wholly intelligible to me, that of Miss Falconhurst still puzzled me. I had the key to his action, but not to her caprice. It seemed to me that she demanded a whole bunch of keys. She was astoundingly frank with us all, and yet, for all her frankness, she never ceased to suggest to me a real self in reserve. Daily with us was the cheerful companion, frank as a boy and yet charmingly feminine; every day I was more certain that this character was played to us as audience, that we, or some of us (for I can't say that she valued the opinion of all), were to be influenced by the representation, that she was playing a game. What game was she playing? I spared no pains to discover; I gave myself to the minutest observations; I lay in wait to surprise her in an unguarded moment. The study of her nature became a passion; I began to feel that my happiness depended on finding her out.

Miss Falconhurst, though she occupied so great a share of my thoughts, nevertheless managed to preserve toward me an air of sublime indifference. She seemed wholly careless of my observation, and indeed for the most part of my existence. She was polite to me, and no more. And one of the puzzling facts about this lady at this time was that she seemed a different person to each one of us. Not only did the wily woman, whom I detected within her, differ from our frank, pleasant comrade as darkness from light, but this charming comrade herself had a peculiar charm for each of my fellows. She seemed outspoken, simple, honest, while with consummate art she adapted herself to each, and won them all. With Mr. Betel she was like a humorous daughter, a child full of little attentions, and loving the peculiarities at which she laughed openly, as if she could not help it. She laughed at Motherwell too, especially when he was in the sentimental vein, as he often was at this time. He was apt to sigh about the sea or the color of the autumn trees, and to make general observations about beauty interrupted by little, high-pitched coughs; he smiled almost as much as usual, but pensively, and he sang, with a tenor which was wonderfully small for his bulk, little songs about loyalty to ladies, and comfort in dreams and such things. It required no great penetration to see that Motherwell had been made a fool of by Honoria Falconhurst. She used to look at him sideways when he sighed, and turn down the corners of her mouth; then she would probably summon the lad and go away to the stables or the tennis-ground. The lad followed her like a dog, and when she did not notice him, as was generally the case, he would stand and stare at her with big eyes. I think that it was slowly dawning on him that there were women in the world. He said nothing, or very little, but he attended the lady's steps; he was eager to fetch or carry; instead of laughing all day, he only laughed when she laughed; he was lost in amazement. In conversation with Michael Miss Falconhurst was more grave; though she treated even him with so much ease and apparent lightness of heart, that she would have seemed to the casual observer to see no more in him than in any other young man. Luckily, I am never a casual observer. Yet, though she jested and laughed, she was careful to show interest in his thoughts and a desire to share his knowledge. She asked almost as many questions as her father, and laughingly expressed indignant surprise that he knew more than she of the rocks and birds and flowers of her own coast. For, indeed, Michael is inexhaustible, and is as much at home in the field as in the library. Moreover, no man can talk so well as when, as in this case, he has good reasons for talking well. Thus it happened that he and Miss Falconhurst were often together. When their talk was very earnest, we others generally kept our distance; the lad would stare from afar as if he awaited a summons; Motherwell would become restless and roll himself about and sigh. I sometimes managed to approach the talkers without exciting their observation, for luckily neither of them appeared to notice me much. I found that the young lady very often brought the conversation back to their first subject. She seemed greedy of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. There could be no more delicate flattery of Michael, whose mind was stored with tales of daring more or less true. His voice would tremble as he spoke of the Elizabethan sailors, who after all must have been very wild and rough, and little better than pirates; then she would call into her face an expression of the keenest sympathy; I have seen more than once the tears stand in her eyes. So wonderful are the arts of woman! He lent her books too, and she led him through her father's library, asking advice about her reading, and with a pretty air of deference bringing her favorite romances up for judgment. So they read together and talked together, and together rode or walked by the sea. All looked well. It looked as if Michael Horatio Belbin would win this lady, and win with her a great start in life. And yet I dared not be sure. I knew that I had not plumbed the depths of this exasperating character. This girl in her brave beauty (and her beauty is wonderful at times—a mighty power) was still mysterious to me. She went forth from a secret chamber, armed for conquest, with woven spells for Michael. But did she care for him? The problem perplexed me to the verge of dis-

traction. I watched and listened, but the question remained unanswered.

VI.

HONORIA FALCONHURST puzzled and perplexed me as nobody had ever before puzzled and perplexed me. I have always found it harder to understand women than men. I have ofter mentally constructed a man from a single trait which has come under my observation; and subsequent experience has shown me that my constructed creature corresponded with the real being. I early learned that in the case of a woman this bold method is useless. If I have observed a quality in her, who can assure me that it has a right to be her quality—that it is not wholly inconsistent with her character? She may be a bundle of discordant attributes, and yet herself sublimely unconscious of her illogical state—of her impossibility. She may be wholly pleased with herself, though she have no more right to be than a close combination of centrifugal forces. It is this which makes woman eternally interesting to man. She is a riddle which it is impossible to give up. All women are hard to read, and of all women Miss Falconhurst was the hardest. Whenever I could free my mind even for a moment from the eager investigation of her feeling for my friend Michael, there was another question waiting for me—another question which I could not answer. What was the secret cause of her strange treatment of George Effingham?

During the first days of his visit to us, Gentle Geordie had declined with his usual air of laziness to go to the castle or to know its inmates. At first he said, as he generally said, that it was too much trouble; he maintained languidly that his constitution required complete repose after his journey. When he had reposed for eight-and-forty hours he passed easily to a new excuse. He complained that he was already tired to death of both the General and his daughter. He laughed at the picture of General Falconhurst, with military decision and cheerful aspect, cross-questioning the Rev. Stanley Betel about the merits of the Latin Grammar now in use at Oxford; he sighed over the soldier's passion for useless information, as if, forsooth, useful information were not fatiguing enough; he sighed yet more over the General's daughter, whom he pronounced a hoyden, much too familiar in manner—in short, uncomfortably modern. But it was the tale of heroism—of the rescue of the drummer-boy by the gallant young officer—which Effingham treated with the greatest show of disrespect. He even caricatured the incident, drawing the young Falconhurst with the drum very big under one arm, and the boy very small under the other, hero and guardsman with his bearskin knocked over his nose and the child's drum-sticks in his mouth. He argued with a show of gravity against the wisdom of the act, saying that there were by far too many boys about, and that, for his part, he hated drums. Of course, there were champions enough to break lances in defense of our neighbors; but I observed that Michael said nothing, and, save for a certain grimness in his face, might have been held not to hear the flippant remarks of our gentle companion.

For a full week George Effingham declined to accompany us on our daily walk. He smiled on our start; said that he asked nothing but to be let alone—to be left on the sofa, and to the labors necessary for his schools. At the end of a week he arose and stretched himself.

"I find," he said, smiling sweetly, "that I am not yet quite good enough for the hermit's life. As you fellows keep all your conversation for the people on the hill, I must go thither too, or consent to forego the voice of man."

We thought that this was intended for a jest, for we had long ceased to urge him to accompany us; but when we climbed to the terrace on the afternoon of that day, we found him in close conversation with General Falconhurst. The General held him by the button, and Gentle Geordie, with amiable nods and brief speeches, was confirming his new acquaintance in all his false ideas of university life. It was annoying to some of us to find that Geordie immediately became the General's favorite. He smiled pleasantly when the elderly gentleman talked; it was never any trouble to him to smile. As usual, he smiled himself into favor.

But, though George Effingham with his usual luck delighted the father, his smiling and his soft, lazy speech seemed to produce a precisely opposite effect in the daughter. Miss Falconhurst had the air of being irritated by the very first word which George Effingham spoke in her presence. She was talking to Michael at the moment. At the sound of the unknown voice she stopped short, and looked at the stranger with a curious, sidelong look. There was something which seemed almost aversion in her glance. So far as I could judge, Geordie irritated her, as he often irritated Michael, by his assumption of indifference and ease. But Michael and Miss Falconhurst showed their irritation in very different ways. When my friend was annoyed by Effingham, I inferred his annoyance from his silence. Miss Falconhurst, on the contrary, was stung to speech, and eager to sting in return. Before their acquaintance was an hour old she had begun to throw darts at Geordie. Each time they met, the darts were sharper and more frequent. She seemed bent on rousing him from his invincible good temper. It

was wellnigh impossible. The more energetic her attack, the more languid his defense. He surrendered every position with a light heart; and with a light heart he reoccupied them when the engagement was over. The sharper her tongue, the more pleasure appeared in his smile. He seemed to take a gentle interest in his own wounds, in wondering when the next dart was coming, and where it would strike him. So were all his powers concentrated into pure exasperation. Every day he carried to her home a small offering of sentiments which were calculated to annoy the lady. He not only shaped his speech, but also his life, to the same good end. He delighted to come lounging in the character which would most surely irritate her. He discovered at once her love of heroism and self-sacrifice; therefore he plumed himself ostentatiously on selfishness and cowardice. He would do nothing but sit in the sun when it was warm enough on the terrace, or by the fire when the mists crept up from the sea. He refused a mount, on the ground that he was afraid of horses; he said that his nerves could not bear the sound of a gun; he lisped forth the remark that "it was too much trouble to play games." Now, none of these reasons were true, as I very well knew. They are reasons which I might have urged in my own case with far more truth; since I confess that I join in the sports and pastimes of young men less from any natural inclination than from a strong desire to be with the young men themselves—to see what they are doing, to find out what they are thinking. But George Effingham is not like me. He is a very pretty horseman, and was one of the best tennis-players in our time at Oxford. Indeed, he is one of those men who do most things well, and with the crowning grace of apparent ease. He seems to sit well on a horse, because it would be an effort to him to sit otherwise; to place a ball in the right place, because his racket so willed it, and he would not balk his racket. In short, there seemed to be but one true reason for Gentle Geordie's conduct at the castle—the desire to irritate Honoria Falconhurst. He was very polite in manner, always sweet-tempered as a cherub; but when he begged that his attendance might be excused, he would plead with a childlike look the meanest motives. It was too much trouble; or he was frightened; or he didn't see what good *he* could get out of it. Such were his excuses, and so the young lady was moved to looks of scorn and to hasty speech. She shot arrows into him, whereat he smiled as if tickled; she threw caps in his way which, though to her eye they fitted him to a nicety, he would by no means wear. It was a very pretty game for the spectators; and yet I could see that it afforded no pleasure to Michael Horatio Belbin.

VII.

By degrees we had been lulled into a pleasant belief that on that coast autumn was always fair. Day followed day in beauty. Every morning the white mist lay close on sea and shore; every evening the soft haze grew dense again to mist, and the rich grass was drenched with dew; but all the midday hours between mist and mist were bright and warm with sun, and the sunlit air was still. The leaves were yet thick on inland copse and thicket, and on the trees that crowned the grassy sea-banks; but the beeches were showing a richer and deeper red, and the pale gold of slim birches was ever brighter about the silver stems.

How happy am I that I am not too great to be delighted by little things; that for me Nature renews again and again her endless enchantments, and never appeals to me in vain! This wonderful autumn will be for me a life-long possession, "a joy for ever." Even my companions were not insensible to the extraordinary charm. Each in his degree is capable of feeling. All seemed to have forgotten that English weather is changeable.

Of course a change came. One morning, as we sat over our books, I observed that most of us were idle, and some of us irritable. At last Motherwell, who had been twisting his handkerchief, shoving his hair round and round his head with a large hand, fidgeting and yawning, burst out into abuse of the heat. Our room was small, and the sun stared sullenly in at the window.

"I am going out," said Michael; and he rose to put away his work.

Mr. Betel looked up to expostulate, and saw that we were all putting away our books. "I confess," he said, "well—that there is a—well—something oppressive, in fact electrical, in the day."

We were quite willing to accept electricity as an excuse for leisure.

Out of doors the air was but little fresher. Even the lad was in a measure subdued. But the strangest phenomenon was to be observed in Effingham. I had not seen a single smile on the face of Gentle Geordie since we met that morning. He said very little; there was even a faint crease between his eyebrows. If I had ever known him ill, even in the least degree, I should have guessed that he had a headache. Nobody suggested that we should go up to the castle, perhaps because it was too early, perhaps because it was easier to remain on level ground; it was certainly easier to offer no suggestion. There was a peculiar silence about us; to break it required an effort; in it was safety; in the most commonplace speech there was possible offense

and quarrel. Sea and shore looked different to our eyes. We could see much farther across the water, for there was no haze on its surface; but the clearer air was far less pleasant. So we marched on in silence till we came to that small, sandy cove, where we had first beheld Honoria Falconhurst, terrible as an avenging Artemis with her little orphan nymphs about her feet. This little bay is one of the very few places on that coast where a boat can be beached. The flat rocks, which are bare at low tide, lie in unbroken line between that bay and the point, which farther to the west runs out into the sea. Beyond the point is the little harbor, and the village full of fisher-folk, among whom Miss Falconhurst loves to play the Lady Bountiful.

When we came in sight of the well-known sandy cove, we saw that the boat was not there; we turned seaward to look for her: there she was on the water; she was being driven toward us by a pair of strong sculls, and impatient, high on the bows, was Honoria Falconhurst once more. Truly Fortune was very kind to this young lady; by happy accident she was again and again found in a magnificent attitude. I stared at her open-mouthed, and so doubtless did the others. The onward motion of the boat stirred the sluggish air; the girl's clear, pale cheek was flushed; she seemed to bring life with her; she looked a goddess—a goddess riding shoreward with blown hair. I was enchanted by the picture. As I gazed, I heard a deep breath at my elbow; looking out of the corner of my eye, I took note of George Effingham's face; there was no smile on it, and the line had deepened between his brows. On came the boat and ran into shallow water; the boatman shipped his sculls; the girl leaped ashore with a laugh. She seemed full of excitement; and, as if the sight of our dullness stung her anew, she gave the rein to her excitement with a sudden defiance. She was audacious, almost reckless, full of talk. She rushed into an explanation of her rough dress and loose locks. She had been to the village to see a poor fellow whose arm had been broken; he was young Robin, son of old Robin; old Robin had come to fetch her; she had made old Robin row her there and back in her boat; she was glad to get out of the house, which had been stifling all the morning; and young Robin was so glad to see her, and he had been so badly hurt, and he was so brave. "Ah, it is great to see his patience!" she cried; "night after night he dares death as a matter of course, and thinks nothing of it; and now he doesn't think of his pain, but only about getting out again to work for his wife and his little baby; and he is as quiet and patient as man can be, just that he may go out and risk his life again."

"I suppose that they are not in danger every night," said Effingham, slowly.

"Oh, you needn't believe in the danger," she said, sharply; "of course you wouldn't; it's easy not to believe. Ask old Robin here; he'll tell you if this coast is dangerous; and young Robin isn't a bit better than the others—is he, old Robin? They are all brave and simple, and—"

When she stopped for breath, Gentle Geordie, who seemed to me to make an effort to recover his lazy, mocking manner, said shortly, "A whole village of heroes!"

She was very angry. She was herself. She showed the bad temper which I had suspected. "And why not?" she cried; "there are still men in the world, though you may not know it, Mr. Effingham."

He bowed and smiled, but, I thought, with an effort. Michael, who had stood by silent, turned on his heel, and I heard him grind an oath between his teeth.

Perhaps Mr. Stanley Betel was right, and the air was full of electricity. Miss Falconhurst turned from Geordie to her old friend and henchman. "Of course you go out to-night, Robin?" she said, with her most imperial air.

The old man looked to each point of the compass, with one eye screwed up in a knowing manner; then he regarded each of us in turn with the same expression; finally, he allowed his gaze to rest upon the young lady. "I'm thinking it'll be a coarse night," he said.

"But you will go," she cried, impatiently; "you always go, always."

"I can not say that, Miss Falconhurst," said old Robin, regarding her with his clear, shrewd eye.

"But you will go to-night. Here is a fine gentleman come to laugh at us; he thinks we are afraid, Robin. You must promise me to go out to-night, promise me whatever the weather."

"I am no saying I won't go."

Miss Falconhurst seemed to accept this speech as satisfactory. I know nothing of dialects and but little of fishermen; but there was something about old Robin which convinced me that he was a north-countryman both by birth and breeding.

"Perhaps, if you go, you will take me with you," said George Effingham, with his most lazy manner.

We all laughed, though not very heartily; it seemed an ill-timed joke. It certainly failed to amuse Miss Falconhurst: she turned angrily away.

VIII.

WHEN the fair Honoria had gone away homeward, we debated if we should follow her. Motherwell thought that the General would be

disappointed if a whole day passed without a talk with Mr. Betel: he said that, if Mr. Betel would go, he did not mind going with him. Pecker was inclined to agree with Motherwell. I looked for Michael, and saw him striding up the path which leads to the castle. I decided to go.

Geordie, with a light laugh, said that he thought he would give the Falconhursts a holiday. "Good-by," he added, "and take great care of yourselves; don't be persuaded to do anything rash." He waved his hand to us with that grace which he generally affected, and sauntered away along the shore.

That afternoon Miss Falconhurst was unusually agreeable. I fancied that she was somewhat ashamed of having betrayed herself, and was taking pains to erase the impression. She insisted on tennis till she had roused us from our lethargy; she instructed the lad in a variety of ingenious knots; she filled the capacious Motherwell with delight by ordering him to try duets with her; she was almost deferential to Michael, who was still somewhat glum. Finally, when her father pressed us to dine with him, she seconded the invitation with a most agreeable air of friendliness. Something was said of Geordie's loneliness, but we decided that he liked to be alone sometimes; we accepted the invitation.

Meanwhile it had become evident that old Robin was no false prophet. The night promised to be coarse indeed. The sun set fiercely red among broken clouds, and out of the wild west the wind began to blow. As we dined we heard it in the pauses of our talk and laughter, moaning round the old wall, and now and again the dead flying leaves pattered on the window. We staid rather late in the warm, pleasant rooms; and when we were ready to go we found that a gale was blowing. When the Rev. Stanley Betel with excessive daring ventured to open the big hall-door, he was blown backward and caught in the strong arms of Michael. It taxed all our strength to close the door behind us, and no little care and skill to keep the narrow path. The lad sent wild cries into the darkness; Motherwell, whom music, and dinner, and tender thoughts had borne to the very height of geniality, laughed high as he was hustled along by the blast; Michael gave his arm to Pecker, and I followed.

When we were near our home we saw that there was no light burning. "Ho, ho! the lazy one has gone to bed," cried Motherwell, running like a collier's tub before the breeze.

"Do you think I might go and hustle Geordie?" asked the lad, shouting the question into Michael's ear.

"No; let him alone," said Michael; "he is not in the mood."

So we opened and closed our door as quietly as the gale would allow, and quietly went to our beds. I could not sleep. The wind came whistling round the corner close to my head, rattled the window with handfuls of dry leaves, grumbled in the chimney, shrieked in the keyhole. If I dozed for a few minutes, I awoke with a start. If I believed in such things, I should say that I was under the influence of a presentiment. Fortunately, no man is so wholly free from superstition as myself. And yet I confess that I felt no surprise when I leaped up wide awake with Miss Falconhurst's voice in my ear. She was speaking in the passage, and, mixed with the riot of the gale, I could distinguish the passionate pain in her tone. Presently I heard Michael speaking in answer.

"Hush!" he said; "don't wake the others; they'll be no good; we must get some men from the village."

Meanwhile I had noiselessly got into my clothes. I was in a fever of curiosity. I opened the door and crept into the dark passage. They stood just inside the front door. Michael held a candle, and its light shone on the girl's face. She was leaning against the wall, pale as one dead, and her hand was pressed against her side.

"You must be brave," he said. "You are sure that Geordie went in the boat?" Was it possible? and I had never suspected his intention.

"My maid saw him in the village, and heard him persuade old Robin; he offered him money, and then he said that I should be angry if he didn't go for the honor of the village. It's my fault, all my fault—two lives, two lives!"

I was much moved by her anguish, which was real enough. As I came down the passage, Michael turned upon me.

"Oh, it's you," he said; "don't wake the others. Geordie is not in the house; Miss Falconhurst thinks that he has gone to sea with old Robin; she came to ask if he was here; she has done exactly the right thing."

Then he turned to her again, and tenderly, as if he were speaking to a child, he asked her:

"Are you strong enough now? Are you ready to go back with us?"

She stood up and pushed the heavy hair from her temples.

"Yes," she said, "I am ready; but don't take me home; let me go with you to the shore."

He looked down on her with infinite pity.

"It will be all right," he said; "the wind is falling already."

Then he opened the door, and she seized his arm as the strong wind met her on the thresh-

old. He chose the low path along the coast. Once out of doors, I found that the worst of the gale was over and that another day had dawned. The wind was still blustering strong and free from the west; but I could judge how much more violent it had been when I saw the sea. Great waves were rolling in, hurrying to dash themselves with thunderous roar on the low rocks, while spray came driving thick over the greensward and the path where we were traveling with what speed we might. Miss Falconhurst had gained new strength; I found it hard to keep up with her. We passed the little sandy bay and struggled on.

"Look!" cried Michael with a great shout; "they are safe; yonder she rides."

I looked and saw a single-masted fishing-boat off the long point which runs out into the sea. She was evidently trying to round this spit of land, beyond which is the harbor. In my ignorance of nautical matters I concluded that she was safe.

"She will not do it," said Miss Falconhurst in a tone of despair. It was certain that the boat made no way. She was barely holding her own. We stared, trying to see that she moved. Suddenly she turned; she rolled in the trough; a great wave smote her in the side; then round she went with an effort and ran before the breeze.

"Run to the village for men!" cried Michael, giving me a push, and in a moment he was flying back along the shore. I turned in the opposite direction, but even in turning saw that my mission was useless; two young fishermen were hurrying with cork about their waists and ropes in their hands; we joined them and hastened in pursuit of Michael.

Meanwhile the boat was leaping shoreward; if she missed that one narrow sandy cove, which we knew so well, she would be smashed like a nutshell on the rocks. Even I, ignorant as I confess myself of things nautical, could see this. Luckily, there was a steady and skillful hand on board; hustled and buffeted, the boat still held her course, and, coming with a wide curve, was driven plump into the sand. I tried to shout as I hurried along, but the next moment I thought that her danger was as great as ever. She could not, like Miss Falconhurst's smaller craft, run into shallow water. She was stuck fast in sand, and the great waves following leaped on her and shook her like hounds. It seemed impossible to me that she could hold together for many minutes, and that the crew, after a long night's battle with storm, would have strength to reach the shore. We were not more than a hundred yards from the boat when she struck, and Michael was already on the beach. I remember that even in that whirl of thoughts and emotions I had faith that all would be well, since Michael Horatio Belbin was there. All the men in the boat were clustered in the bows; and now the youngest of them, a mere boy, crept out upon the bowsprit, and, as a great wave drew back, dropped into the shallow water; as he dropped Michael sprang to him, caught him in his arms, and half led, half carried him to dry land. Then a man crawled out in his turn, watched for his chance, and dropped; he could scarcely stand, but by this time our two cork-jacketed mates were ready, and between them supported him to shore. Then I recognized the shrewd face of old Robin, as he crept out on the bowsprit. He seemed as calm as ever, but when he stood among us he could not speak above a whisper. He tried to say something, but only a hoarse croaking was heard as he pointed back to his craft. While the fishermen were trying to understand him, Michael had grasped his meaning. As the next wave shrank back he followed it, and before we could see his purpose he had clambered up the side of the boat and disappeared.

I felt a grasp like iron on my wrist; Miss Falconhurst was by my side with parted lips and wide-staring eyes. She was looking at the place where Michael had vanished, and I think did not know that she was touching me. Presently my friend appeared again, holding somebody close against him with his left arm; he glanced seaward, then in a moment he lowered his burden from the bows, sprang after him, and caught him as he reeled; quick as he was, a great wave was almost on him; he caught Geordie up in his two arms and staggered toward us; the wave crashed on the boat with baffled fury, dashed on, and hurled my friend from his foothold; obeying some blind impulse, I rushed forward, and the two fishermen with me; some of us got hold of Michael, who never for an instant had loosened hold of his charge; as the spent wave recoiled, we dragged them up to safety, and Michael, without a word, laid George Effingham softly on the sand at the feet of Honoria Falconhurst.

There was clapping of hands and cheering, for by this time had gathered a motley crowd of fisher-folk and castle-servants. Then I heard the General's voice giving quick, peremptory orders. His daughter went to him and leaned on his arm. She was still very pale, and kept her eyes fixed on poor Effingham, as if she had no thought in the world but of the chances of his life.

Gentle Geordie was a pitiful sight. I could not help thinking how far from pleased he would be if he fully realized this wretched appearance in public. As four men carried him through the crowd he looked neither to right nor left; his eyes were wide open, but had an idly wondering look;

his face was more yellow than pale, except for a long, ugly scratch on his left temple.

"Gently, gently!" cried General Falconhurst; "and take him straight to the castle. I have sent to the housekeeper, and she will have everything ready."

Then he tucked his daughter's arm tight under his own, and stepped up the path after the wounded man with an unusual air of military authority.

"I'm thinking she is done for," said old Robin, who had found his voice again.

"Who?" I asked, turning in a flutter of anxiety.

"Who should it be but the boat?"

"Can naught be done for her?" asked one of the younger men.

"Naught." So saying, old Robin shook himself, and slouched off toward the village. The waves broke fiercely over his stranded bark, but he gave her not another look. Some show emotion in one way, some in another. I fancied that old Robin frowned overmuch at his tobacco, and that his sturdy thumb shoved it down into his pipe with unnecessary severity.

IX.

ALL day my mind was busy with the events of that exciting morning. I was feverish and restless, and ever and anon I fell into uneasy slumber; but even in sleep I saw the doomed boat, and the big waves breaking, or listened again and again to those discussions on heroism which had been so common of late. Again and again I heard the tales which Miss Falconhurst had told us with a most effective *tremolo* in her voice; the books, all eloquent of gallant deeds, which Michael had lent to her, crowded on my memory, and dinned their swelling contents in my ears. My mind was in a whirl. I could scarce distinguish fact from fiction. This heroism was no more a thing of printer's ink, an erection of foolscap; it had come close to us, and touched our common life with fire; we—we were heroes—all heroes more or less. Was I a hero? Had I, too, done a deed of daring? It was easy to place my conduct in such a light that it assumed heroic proportions, vast and vague. As I grew calmer I placed my conduct in such a light, and considered it. My friend was tottering shoreward under a lifeless weight; the strong wave swept him from his feet; in an instant I had sprung forward into the seething water; Michael was safe. Was that description false? I hoped not. But, if I placed my conduct in another light, it seemed different. My friend was knocked down by a great wave; at this sight I was seized with a kind of vertigo. I stumbled blindly forward; I clutched my friend; I clung to him as I had often clung in difficulties; Michael and Geordie and I were lugged ashore together. I could not be quite sure that this description was less true than the other. After all, are not most of these heroic actions due to impulse? Perhaps to be subject to heroic vertigo is to be a hero. Perhaps I was a hero. I was inclined to give myself the benefit of the doubt. It is a strange fact that this question, which seemed and, indeed, still seems to me a question of great interest, has never for one moment occupied any one of my companions. Never, from that moment to this, have I heard, or heard of, a single comment, favorable or unfavorable, on my share in the actions of that eventful morning.

When I turned from the review of my conduct to that of George Effingham, I found it far easier to decide upon its merits. He had been very much to blame. Pierced in spite of all his seeming imperviousness by the darts of a girl, he had determined to prove his courage. Anxious to be perfectly just to him, I put myself in his place. I asked myself what possible advantage he could gain by his conduct; I confess that I could see none. For this end, which seemed to me useless, what had he not suffered, and made us suffer? He had passed an awful night; he had given us the greatest anxiety; he had imperiled our valuable lives; he had appeared to less advantage than at any other moment in his life; he had been carried to the feet of her whose admiration he had striven to compel, dirty, yellow, made hideous by a ragged scratch. He had only accomplished one thing, a thing which he had been far from purposing. He had given an opportunity for heroic action to Michael Horatio Belbin. One fact was now beyond dispute: Michael was a hero. His action had been as deliberate as it was wise and bold. With the glance of an eagle he had discerned his course; with the courage of a mother he had saved the man who vexed his soul. He had done a gallant deed under the very eyes of the lady who was to be won by gallantry, and whom he sought to win. He had had a great chance, and had used it. He had been practical, as he always was.

With perfect confidence I looked to Michael to improve his advantage. How strangely was I deceived! The day made memorable by my friend's great action was a Tuesday. All that day he was locked in his room; his door was twice opened so far that he could take in food; for the rest it remained closed—closed even against me. I could hear nothing when I listened at the crack. He gave me no answer when I called through the keyhole; I was content, for I thought that he was maturing his plans. On Wednesday, at breakfast, I learned that he had

gone early to the castle for news of Geordie. I rubbed my hands secretly under the table. I thought that he was taking time by the forelock. Motherwell, who had been Michael's companion, came back alone; I glowed with the delightful certainty that all was going well. There were good news of George Effingham, who, needing nothing but care and rest, was in full enjoyment of both. Motherwell spoke less confidently of Miss Falconhurst; but then I knew that this messenger, our supersolid Hermes, was suffering from an attack of sentiment. He said that the young lady had been a little delirious, and was still nervous and excitable. A little later I saw him draw Mr. Betel aside and confide something to him, which I could not overhear; I fancied, however, that as he spoke he glanced at me with an embarrassed, almost irritated expression; Mr. Betel listened with a score of sharp nods and pecks, and was plainly troubled. At that time I could form no conception of the nature of this confidence.

As the day wore on, I grew more and more eager to see what was going on at the castle. I could not bear to miss a sight of the game. Yet I did not speak; for I wished my eagerness to be unobserved, my watchfulness to be unsuspected. Much to my surprise, there was no suggestion of a visit to the castle. I lingered over my books, and looked askance at my companions. Their conduct puzzled me. Motherwell was flushed and irritable; but I thought little of that, for I had long since penetrated his secret, and I now suspected him of a tardy foresight of Michael's immediate success. The Rev. Stanley Betel was more than usually restless; but that was nothing. It is true that on this occasion he outdid himself. He darted first at one book, then at another; he assiduously consulted a Bible under the impression that he hunted a word in his Greek Lexicon; he began sentences which he never finished; and, whenever he opened his mouth, he dropped his little "well" twenty times in a minute. Mr. Betel was unquiet, and Motherwell was fidgety; but neither of these phenomena surprised me. The strange fact which puzzled me was that on this day, of all days, there came neither from Motherwell nor from Mr. Betel the usual suggestion that we should all go up to the castle. At last I could await their initiative no longer. I closed my book and proposed with a sufficiently careless air that Mr. Betel should go with me to the Falconhursts. The little gentleman jumped and gasped. "No," he ejaculated, after a few moments. "That is—in fact, no, no; that is—well—no; I think—well—that—that it is better—well—that none of us—in fact, none—should go—well—to-day to the castle—well. Miss Falconhurst is—well—in fact, well."

Thus did the little tricks of our reverend friend become multiplied under a disquieting influence. I wondered what that influence could be.

"I think," I said, "that it can't do any harm to Miss Falconhurst if I just walk up and look after Michael; perhaps he'll come home with me."

I was rising as if to go, when Motherwell spoke testily, with his voice pitched higher than usual. "It's no good your going for Michael," he said, "for he ain't there."

"He isn't there?" I exclaimed.

"No. Of course not. We neither of us went in; we asked about Geordie at the door, and about—about Miss Falconhurst."

"Then where has Michael been all this time?" My inferences were falling like a card-house.

"He walked on to Dronemouth."

"To Dronemouth!"

"Yes. He said he wanted a long walk. He'll be back this evening."

"He'll stop at the castle on his way back?"

"Certainly not," said Motherwell, crossly: "we both met the General, and we all agreed that nobody should go there to-day—nobody." He repeated the word "nobody" with some tartness. I sat down again, astonished at my mistake, a Marius amid the ruins of a house of cards.

X.

"WHAT time shall you go to the castle?" I asked Michael, with apparent carelessness.

"I sha'n't go there to-day," he answered, calmly. "The lad and I are going to walk to Dronemouth."

The lad laughed; but I saw nothing to laugh at. It was Thursday; Michael had not begun to improve his advantage. For what was he waiting? What was his plan? I still believed that his action must be in accordance with consummate sagacity; but I was almost distracted by my inability to comprehend it. Why was he letting slip this magnificent opportunity? Motherwell had told us with what fervor the General had greeted Michael, how the old hero had crowed at the prowess of the young hero. Surely now was the time for mounting the triumphal car, for wearing the becoming wreath of laurel, for winning the young lady. The father was already won; the daughter was awaiting a conqueror. Surely now, when she was nervous and unstrung, was the moment for action. If she recovered her wonted equanimity, her wonted subtilty, who could tell what long series of games might not be played before the final victory? Now, when the girl was all disarmed, when in her exhaustion and excitement she was possessed by a vision of Michael saving her conscience from

the awful burden of a human life, surely now was the moment to wring from her some words of fervent gratitude or admiration of a golden deed, which on some future day, when she was calm and strong again, might be so twisted as to bind her like a promise. I was utterly unable to understand my friend's delay; but yet I could not abandon my belief in the foresight and prudence of Michael Horatio Belbin.

When Michael had stalked away with the lad chattering at his ear, we others made a show of study. I don't think we deceived each other. Books were of small importance at that time. For my part, I was thinking how I could slip away from my companions and make a visit of inspection to the castle. If Michael saw fit to absent himself, I could do no harm by satisfying my curiosity, by seeing for myself the mental condition of Miss Falconhurst—a matter so important to my friend. If I suggested a visit, I felt a presentiment that one or both of my companions would raise objections. I kept silence and watched them. At last Motherwell banged his big book on the table, stretched himself till his chair groaned under him, yawned vastly, and with a sort of roar hoisted himself on to his legs. Then he smiled in a propitiatory manner, and declared his intention of visiting old Robin. He would go and talk to the Robins, father and son, about their new boat, for which we were raising a subscription. "One of them is out of the way," I thought to myself. The Rev. Stanley Betel, left alone with me, exhibited signs of uneasiness, which I was not slow to encourage by fixing my eyes on him suddenly, by dazzling him with my silver pencil-case twirled carelessly in the sunlight, and by other similar methods. At last he too tripped to his feet, and after some broken remarks assured me with unnecessary earnestness that he had seen a flower, "a—well—in fact, flower," somewhere at some time, and that if he did not secure it now, he "might—well—never, in fact—well—never—" And so saying, he hastily quitted the apartment. Luck comes to those who know how to wait. I had waited. I waited yet a little longer. Then I stole cautiously out. I avoided the path which led along the shore to the village, whither Motherwell had gone. I kept a sharp lookout on banks and in copses for the bent and botanizing form of Mr. Betel, for the flutter of his long coat-tails. I saw nobody. I drew near to my destination. Now, as an observer, I have found it a good rule to approach a place from an unusual quarter. It is astonishing how often one sees something which one is not meant to see, when one enters by a back door or runs up a private staircase. I am convinced that to the neglect of such little rules of conduct—rules which seem to the careless unimportant, but which are so obviously sensible—many a failure of able and worthy men may be attributed. It is good to approach the place where observations are to be made from an unusual quarter. On this occasion I did not forget my principle: the result gave me one more proof of its value.

When I was near the castle I passed round and below it, and made my way, by a path half overgrown with brambles, to the foot of a steep flight of mossy steps, which climb to the terrace above the sea. I knew that by this route I should appear suddenly at the end of the terrace farthest from the house; that in a minute I could reach a little side-door, which was never locked; that I could be among my friends before they knew that I was within a mile of them. It was a capital plan. Even now I am thrilled by its success, though the fact which it revealed to me was unpalatable enough. I had completed only the first part of my programme when I made the great discovery. When I was within a few steps of the top of the old staircase, I found that I was close under the parapet, and that, by standing on tiptoe, I could command a view of the terrace. I cautiously raised my head in a slanting direction, till my right eye peeped over the edge. Then I ducked like a flash, while I felt the blood rush to my face. I had seen enough. Yet I could not resist the desire of peeping again. I was even more cautious than before, although I felt that there was small chance of these two young people seeing anything but each other. It was a pretty picture. Shocked as I was, I admitted its artistic value. In the temperate sunshine of a still autumn noon Gentle Geordie was walking slowly toward me; he was pale, and the pallor was made more effective by the strip of black plaster on his temple; but his lips had recovered that sweet, insinuating smile which is so often theirs, and his eyes seemed darker and larger for the wan hue of his cheek; those eyes, full of devotion and eloquent of sweet thoughts, were turned upon Honoria Falconhurst. One glance at the girl's face was enough. Where was now that air of maidenly defiance with which she was wont to confront the world? Where the proud raising of the head and sidelong look of scorn with which she had so often listened to George Effingham's smiling confessions of selfishness and cowardice? Her face was like a child's now, full of sweet trouble; the defiant lips were trembling, the proud eyes veiled; yet she bore herself bravely, and the arm on which he leaned, as he moved slowly, was strong to aid. She had never been half so beautiful before. I stared in wonder; but, even in the first glow of admiration, I was struck cold by the thought of Michael, my friend. What a loss was his! What had he not lost by his folly! In the bitterness of

the moment I, for the first time in my life, boldly accused of folly Michael Horatio Belbin. Every link in the chain was mine, but too late. It was all natural, inevitable. She had driven George Effingham into danger by her taunts; she had felt, with an agony of feeling, that if he died she would be guilty of his death; she had watched and prayed for his safety with all the intensity of a strong woman; if he died, she was sure that she would never be happy again; he was well, and she was overwhelmed with gratitude to him (oh, the perverse irrationality of woman!) for consenting to live. The next step was no step at all: the happiness of her life had depended on him for hours; it continued to depend on him—she loved him. This had been the course; and when the real hero, in all the pride and glory of heroic action, should have appeared overwhelming, irresistible, he had been walking to Dronemouth; he was walking to Dronemouth once more. What malign power had paralyzed the practical wisdom of my friend, that he might not foresee that combination which was now before my eyes?

As George and Honoria drew near to the end of the terrace, I stooped, and turning sped noiselessly down the old stairs. When I had ceased to behold the actual youth and maiden, doubts of my own eyesight thronged perplexing me. I would make assurance doubly sure. I hurried along the path by which I had come; I reached the main entrance of the castle; I mattered my excitement, and with the air of a casual visitor rang the bell.

A new surprise awaited me. Ushered into the library, I found, besides my host, Motherwell and the Rev. Stanley Betel. All turned with a start at the sound of my name; and I saw that the General looked at Mr. Betel with raised eyebrows before he came forward to meet me. General Falconhurst was polite, but I felt that his manner lacked the usual friendliness. There was an awkward silence.

"I didn't expect to see you here," I said, looking from Motherwell to Mr. Betel, and back again.

"No," said Mr. Betel, "that is—well—no. And I think—well—that perhaps we had better both be going now. Miss Falconhurst—well—"

"The fact is," said the General, breaking in with his high voice and decisive manner, "that my daughter is hardly yet strong enough" (I thought of her appearance on the terrace) "to receive visitors. I am sure you will excuse me if I suggest to you that some other day—"

He stopped, but there was no mistaking his meaning. I bowed, expressed my hope that Miss Falconhurst would soon be better, and retired. Mr. Betel followed me.

"Where's Motherwell?" I asked, when we were outside the castle.

"Motherwell?—well—well—; perhaps he—possibly, that is—; well, in fact, I don't think that Motherwell is coming."

"Then why did he send away *me?*"

Our reverend friend seemed to struggle with infinite perplexities. He opened his mouth; he began to speak; he stopped; he darted his head at me; he raised his finger and thumb to his ear and then pecked with them again and again at my chest. At last he spoke, and in despair spoke plainly:

"The fact is that Miss Falconhurst is not well—well—well; she is nervous, and has taken a strange fancy; she thinks that you, ever since you first came, have been watching—in fact (it's a most extraordinary fancy), in fact—well—have been playing the—in fact—spy. She begged that you might be kept away for a few days—on some pretense—without rudeness—till she was less nervous. We tried to keep you away, but—"

I could have laughed aloud. It was a clever move of this very clever young woman. She had dreaded my power of observation. She had feared that I should detect her game in the hour of her weakness. As to a nervous dislike of my society, that explanation was too far-fetched, too little probable. What is there to dislike in *me?*

XI.

FRIENDSHIP required but one thing more of me. I must tell everything to Michael Horatio Belbin. For weeks I had observed in silence, till my burden of observations had become intolerable; I had locked my thoughts in my bosom till the weight lay heavy on my chest. I must go to Michael and tell him all—all that I had seen, all that I had thought. I longed to support him in the hour of his great disappointment; and I was curious to see how he took it. Perhaps I might meet him on the Dronemouth road. The inland road was shorter than the path on the shore; he had gone by the latter, and was the more likely to come back by the former. I broke from Mr. Betel at the cross-roads, and turned toward Dronemouth. The air was crisp and invigorating; I walked swiftly in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. In a time which seemed incredibly short, I reached the place where the road rises gradually through a wood of beeches, which almost meet above it. The frost of the night before had robbed the trees of many leaves, which, lit by the slanting sunlight of the afternoon, lay richly red and deep upon the path. Down this triumphal way came Michael with springy step and head in air. Fortune favored me—he was alone. He had dropped the lad somewhere, and was enjoying

one of those lonely walks which he loved. Would he forgive my intrusion? How would this proud and vigorous youth bear my crushing news? I was possessed by eager curiosity, and yet for a moment I was tempted to scramble over the oak paling and to hide myself in the dry brown fern; but it was too late. He saw me, and stood still. How grand he looked, erect and glorified by slanting rays, a hero crowned! I was on fire with eagerness to see how he would bear himself when he knew that once again the prize had been wrested from him by George Effingham. Michael came down the road with a half smile on his mouth, and nodded as he passed. I turned and hurried to his side. Then all that I had to say burst from me in a flood. He strode on, staring before him, and I, from time to time forced to a trot and talking without end, was at a loss for breath. Nevertheless, gasping, perhaps now and then incoherent, I told him everything, all that I had seen, all that I had thought for weeks past, all my hopes of his success. I peered up into his face, but I could not read his expression. He was calm and inscrutable. At last, after a pause for breathing, I brought before him, as suddenly as I could, the picture which I had seen on the terrace that day. He stopped short and stood still. Now I looked for the breaking forth of pent feelings; I half feared, half longed for the explosion. There was another surprise for me. Michael turned to me with a strange smile on his face, and laid a strong hand on my shoulder. He faced the sun; and yet I could not read his looks. Nor could I understand the tone in which he spoke; there was something like pity in his voice—pity for *me*.

"And so," said he, "you think that I would marry a girl for a big house, and stables, and tennis-courts, and rabbits?"

"O Michael," I cried, "I didn't blame you; I think you were so right. Money is the only thing you need; with money you can do anything and be anywhere."

"You were mistaken," said Michael.

"Mistaken! You did not wish to marry Miss Falconhurst?"

"Yes, I did," he answered. Now there came a new ring in his voice, a new flush in his cheek, and I thought that we were on the eve of the explosion. "I hoped to marry her," he said; "I will make no secret of it to you or to any man; there is nothing in my life, so far as I have lived, of which I am so proud as that I love Honoria Falconhurst."

"O Michael," I cried out again; "you have had so much to be proud of!"

"Have I?" he said, quietly; "you've told me so often enough, but I don't see it. Perhaps if I'd lived more with my betters, and cared less for flattery—but no matter."

What did he mean? I rapidly ran over in my mind the men of our set; they all looked up to Michael more or less; but to no one of them, I think, could the term "flatterer" be applied. Perhaps my friend's excitement made him a little unjust.

"You may win Miss Falconhurst yet," I suggested timidly.

"No." There was such certainty in his tone, that my last hope vanished.

"Oh, why did you neglect your opportunity?" I said, almost blaming him in my vexation. "Why didn't you go to her fresh from saving George Effingham—from your heroic action? Then you would have won the whole thing."

"It was too late."

"Too late!"

"The second time that Geordie went to the castle, I knew what would be."

"They did nothing but quarrel."

Michael looked at me, and even smiled as he said, "I have eyes."

I knew that he had eyes. But have I not eyes, too? Had I not made it my business to observe this matter? Here Michael must have been mistaken; the fact that he loved the girl accounted for any errors; his clear sight had been obscured by vehement feeling; love is blind. How is it possible that I had failed to see that he was really in love? I must confess that I too had made a mistake.

"Effingham's luck is something which defies calculation," I said, crossly; for I was annoyed.

"He deserves it," said Michael; "and no man could take it better; he has the sweetest temper in the world, and yet she may trust him; he will make her happy." His voice had dropped, and he seemed to be speaking to himself. Then he looked at me again and smiled. "The ever-victorious Geordie," he said, softly.

"He won't go in for the fellowship," I cried, as a new and consolatory thought struck me.

"Nor shall I," said Michael, coolly; "I shall take my degree and go to Texas."

"To Texas!" I exclaimed in dismay. What was to be my fate? Must I choose between my friend, my one familiar friend, and the blessings of civilization? "Oh!" I cried out in my vexation, "who can measure the mischief of women?"

"Stop!" said my friend, sternly. He put both hands upon my shoulders, and turned me till I faced the setting sun; I was a child in his hands. "Now," he said, "I want to say a word to you. I can forgive you—perhaps too easily—for undervaluing gentle Geordie. I can forgive you for believing me to be that base thing — a cold-

blooded, intriguing fortune-hunter. Though you have known me a long time, and called me friend, I can forgive you your low opinion of me. But I shall find it very hard to forgive you for breathing, day after day, the same air as one of the best and noblest women in the world, and all the time being blind as a mole to her great goodness and nobility."

He still held me, and looked sternly in my face. Then he let me go.

I would as soon have crossed a hungry lion as dared to differ at that moment from Michael Horatio Belbin. He was not himself. The influence of passion is wonderful. Here was the most sagacious and prudent of men, blinded—made almost ridiculous in my eyes—by love.

I did not venture to say anything; but, of course, I knew very well that he was mistaken, and that I was right.

JULIAN STURGIS (*New Quarterly Magazine*).

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF THE SPANISH STAGE.

ALMOST the only exceptions to the uniformity of type of the *dramatis personæ* of the Spanish stage are a limited number of historical personages who were dear to the heart and familiar to the imagination of the people, and who appear again and again. The number of history plays is very great in Spanish literature. The dramatist, addressing himself, like his English contemporary, to the people at large, and not, like the French school, to the highly cultivated society of a court, naturally drew his materials from the sources most familiar to his audience; and these were the ballads and the legends of saints. Pieces founded on the latter can scarcely be classed with the comedy, though there is no want of plays professedly religious which have an amorous and intriguing character sufficiently at variance with their pious pretensions; but such pieces are only religious in name. The saint who figures in them served to preserve dramatist and player from the "evil eye" of the Inquisitor, as the horseshoe on the barn-door kept out witches. The religious plays proper belong to a very different branch of literature. In their final form they are something peculiar to Spain, and must be studied by themselves. They may be the more properly left out of the question here, since their object is the inculcation of morality or the teaching of dogma, not the display of character, in which respect their field is of the most restricted nature. Their hero is always the conventional Catholic saint, a type which on the stage or in the breviary is not susceptible of much greater variety than the ordinary lover of comedy.

In the most part of the secular historical plays the Spaniard's preference for action over every other kind of dramatic merit has made the writers careless enough about the characters they introduce. Probably the subject has been taken because it offered the materials for a good plot, and in that case characters and manners are alike an exact copy of contemporary Spanish theatrical habits. Nero plays the guitar, makes love to a lady in a balcony, fights with and escapes from the *alguacils* of Rome. St. Cyprian and his contemporaries do the same in Antioch, while all talk in the inflated conventional style of the Spanish stage hero. This indifference to time and place is just as conspicuous, though perhaps not so obviously absurd, in pieces founded on old ballads. The Infantes of Lara and the Bastard Mudarra speak in an alembicated dialect very unlike the chronicles. But historical events were made the subject of plays for other than their merits as stories. Among a people who read very little, the stage is the one great means of expressing national sentiments of all kinds. Thus the unlettered Spaniard, whose whole intellectual food was his ballads and his lives of the saints, learned how Columbus discovered America from a play of Lope de Vega's, exactly as he gained his scanty knowledge of the events narrated in the New Testament from an "auto." The gain of a great victory or the surrender of an obstinately defended city in the Low Countries was immediately brought before the public in the yards of the "Cruz" or the "Principe": it would, perhaps, be too much to say that it was dramatized. The standing masks were violently transported to the scene of action, and the victorious general introduced into the midst of them in a sufficiently inartistic way. Some of these generals would seem to have been exceptionally popular with Madrid theatre-goers—so popular as to induce writers of such assured eminence as Calderon to introduce them when there was no dramatic necessity for their appearance.

But in most of these plays we can not help feeling that the audience is mainly interested in hearing its praises sung or in seeing three acts of lively movement. There are, however, some in which are embodied the national ideas of heroism, some through which the people in the decay of their freedom found a means of giving expression to their wishes for better government, and, perhaps unconsciously, criticising their actual rulers. The hero of these plays is not that type of Castilian chivalry and crusading zeal, the Cid. Ruy Diaz is the hero of the noblest historical play in the Spanish language; but it is a work which stands by itself. It may be doubted whether justice has ever been really done to the "Mocedades del Cid" of Guillen de Castro. We intend no reference here to the debt which Corneille owed him and loyally acknowledged. The defenders of the Spaniard, among whom his own countrymen have not been the most prejudiced, have unfortunately thought it necessary to be unjust to the great Frenchman who used him, but was in no sense his imitator; or else, like Lord Holland, they have erred on the side of an offensive condescension. Guillen de Castro is in no need of the sacrifice of other writers to take a high place in literature, still less does he want patronage. He should be compared not to Corneille, who belonged to and wrote for an utterly different world, but to his successors in Spain. The comparison is wholly to the advantage of the Valencian poet. Writing before the overwhelming popularity of Lope de Vega had fixed the national drama, he drew his inspiration straight from popular tradition and the ballads, using them as Corneille used him, and giving their spirit in a form of his own. What little addition he made to the received legends was just what was necessary to make the marriage of Jimena with the slayer of her father fit for dramatic representation. In all other respects he has kept the spirit of the time with a truth which will make his work for ever fresh and delightful. The flowing ease of his verse, the perfect truth to nature of his passion, the absence of self-consciousness and affectation in his characters, place his work apart among Spanish historical plays. When in the second part he makes Doña Urraca reproach the Cid from the walls of Zamora in the very words of the old ballad, we feel that they are in perfect keeping with his own verse. They would have been strangely out of keeping with the conceits, quibbling, and overstrained sentiment of later men. But Guillen de Castro belonged to the school of Valencia, which preceded the efflorescence of Lope's drama in Madrid, and so had the good fortune to escape the blight of bad taste called "cultismo," which fell on the Spanish literature of the seventeenth century. It is surely characteristic of the then state of Spain that "the greatest Castilian" should have temporarily ceased to be a hero, and that his next most important appearance on the stage should be in Diamante's poor imitation of Corneille. Perhaps his countrymen were guided by a just instinct in thus neglecting the hero, whose character was scarcely in keeping with that of the willing slaves of the Philips and the Inquisition. That pious hatred of infidels of which the Cid of poetry (though not the Cid of history, a daring free lance who fought for his own hand, and who was scarcely a Christian) was the great type, found, however, copious expression. Lope dramatized events of the last war against Granada; and Calderon chose for one of his heroes a Portuguese prince, who elected to live a slave among infidels rather than suffer himself to be ransomed by the surrender of a city which his Christian countrymen had won from the Moslem. There is not wanting in their works a certain nobility of sentiment, a worthy poetic expression of the undying hate which made the wearers of the cross refuse to recognize the intrusion of the crescent as legitimized by any length of existence among them, while it could feel that the Moor too was a soldier and a gentleman. But this is not the general attitude of the Spaniard of the seventeenth century toward his conquered enemy. The hate of the Inquisitor is more common among them than that of the patriot. There is little trace of the liberality which made the unknown writer of the old ballad rebuke the betrayer of the Infantes of Lara by the example of Moorish chivalry. We more commonly find the barbarous fanaticism of the contemporary historian who tells how in his youth he saw the Andalusian riders return from forays against the Moors with the heads of their slaughtered enemies hanging from their saddle-bows, and throw the trophies to their children to play with. Bigotry was held to excuse even profanity. The Inquisition, which worried the saintly Luis de Leon for translating the Song of Solomon into the vernacular, allowed a troop of players to perform a piece written by a churchman, based on the story that the knights of St. Iago refused to accept Jesus of Nazareth as their patron because he was a Jew. It may be doubted whether even Voltaire would have dared this in parody.

But the subject of Spanish history plays is not always war or crusading or bigotry, or even love. The best of them, always excepting Guillen de Castro's, deal with the relation of subject and sovereign. The historic figure which towers "from the sword-hilt upward" over all others on the Spanish stage is that of Peter I of Castile. The name of this famous king is commonly associated with the epithet cruel; but the men of

the sixteenth century found another—el Justiciero—the just but not merciful. Wellnigh every dramatist from Lope de Vega downward has brought him on the stage, and they are unanimous in the character they give him. He is the Haroun-al-Rashid of Spanish literature. If the comparative neglect of the Cid is instructive, still more is the abiding popularity of this king. The kingship was so great a thing in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that we can well understand how it should have gathered around it a vast body of legend and poetry. But why should it have been typified by this man? How came it that story-teller and dramatist should have passed over Ferdinand the Saint, the deliverer of Andalusia, or James of Aragon, the conqueror of Valencia, or even Peter's own father Alfonso, who freed Spain for ever from the fear of Moorish invasion by his great victory on the Rio Salado? And Peter did many of those things "against which," the Inquisition might have told him, "damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared." His chosen ministers were Jews, his guard were Moors, he hunted his enemies down like game, and he brought a foreign prince and army into Castile. The people forgot all these crimes, and even those dramatic murders for which its memory is particularly tenacious, and remembered only that throughout his reign he had protected the humble and had warred down the proud. In crushing the great nobles he was fighting their battle, and therefore they made him a type of a just and perfect king. It has been sometimes maintained that the latter-day popularity of Peter was due to mere sycophancy, and in individual men it may have been so. Learned professors and slavish courtiers were doubtless to be found in plenty ready to flatter their actual master by lauding a despot born before his day; but the cruel king had always had his tradition. His death and his love for María de Padilla had been the subject of pitying ballads, and a host of popular traditions existed in which he figured as the King of the Commons, the disguised sovereign who steps in between the oppressive noble and the weak man of the people. We know that Peter was fighting purely for the royal power, but men of the following centuries groaning under aristocratic anarchy may be excused for thinking that it was better to pay tribute to one eagle than to a hundred vultures. So this man, who, Froissart had heard tell, was little better than a pagan, became the type of law and order, and even-handed justice for everybody. It is perhaps, too, not over-refined to suppose that he was held up as an example to later kings, who with far more than his power had none of his will to use it. When Moreto brings the king, the representative of all law, face to face with the noble who defies all law, or Alarcon shows him throwing into prison a favorite accused of a violent misuse of his favor, they were perhaps reading a lesson to the actual occupier of the throne. Such was, at least, the unconscious meaning of Peter's popularity. He is the Spaniard's ideal of a king, a European Koshru Nushirvan, protecting the poor man's life or goods, and flattering his envy by striking down every head that towered above his fellows. Nor is that ideal much changed. Peter is still applauded on the stage, and we have Señor Castelar's own democratic word for it that Spain must be governed by "a man with a stick." This vulgar modern substitute for the rod of justice (*vara de justicia*) is, in the Spaniard's opinion, the best ornament of a sovereign's hand, and he loves to see it smite—particularly the great, of course.

Pall Mall Gazette.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING A NEW ART.

THE appreciation of the beauty of inanimate Nature has its origin in an advanced period of civilization. The sense of human beauty, connected as it is with the most universal of passions, probably developed itself long before the historical period; it is certain that, in the earliest times of which we have any information, this sense manifested itself in painting and sculpture. But the sense of natural beauty, independent as it is of human passion, was of far later birth and slower growth. It probably originated in the association of certain natural scenes with man's comfort and enjoyment. The landscapes of the "Odyssey," as has been pointed out by Mr. Ruskin, consist chiefly of fountains, meadows, gardens, shady groves. The garden of Alcinous is very much of a kitchen-garden, containing rows of pear-trees, apple-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vines laden with grapes, together with beds of vegetables, chiefly leeks, planted between

them. I speak of the description of the garden by Homer, not by Pope. There is, indeed, in the "Iliad" a fine picture of a starlit night, by way of background to an encamping host, in which the sharp effect is given of the ships' prows, and the rocky peaks cut out against the sky; and Homer applied to mountains the epithet "shadowy," indicating that he saw them not as they are found to be when approached, but as they appear at a distance, their favorite aspect with the painter. But there seems no ground for believing that Homer, or indeed any of the ancient Greeks, rose to an adequate appreciation of Nature's own proper beauty, independently of association with man's comfort and convenience.

Nor did the Romans advance in this respect much, if at all, beyond the Greeks.

Lucretius could enjoy the green turf, the spring flowers, and the frolicking lambs, in spite of the difficulty of determining the precise form of atoms of which these objects were composed. Horace especially enjoyed his Falernian under the shade of an arbutus, on the bank of a rivulet, and looked with some satisfaction on the view from Tiber and Baiæ. Vergil was more appreciative of landscape. His "Georgics" and his "Eclogues" abound with pretty rural scenes, some of them doubtless borrowed from Theocritus. He had an eye for the cloud-shadows sweeping across the mountains, for the lengthening evening shades, for the smoke curling from the distant farms; and in the "Æneid," describing the wooded bay in which the Trojan fleet was concealed, has certainly suggested a beautiful landscape. Still, his rural scenes are but accessory to his shepherds and shepherdesses; and his bay in the African coast is but a background to the fleet. The love of landscape by the most poetical and artistic of the Romans appears but faint compared with our own.

I can not find that mountain scenery, which has most attractions of all for many people, ever found any favor with the ancients. As gardens and groves were associated with enjoyment, so rocks and mountains were associated with hardship, discomfort, toil, cold, and hunger; and are accordingly abused in good set terms. They are rugged, steep, barren, inhospitable, toilsome, stormy—in short, everything that is inconvenient and disagreeable, the epithet quoted from Homer being, I believe, quite exceptional. Dido in her fury can think of nothing worse to which to compare Æneas than Caucasian rocks; the world had to grow much older before the Caucasus could be explored and painted for its beauty. A painter of mountain scenery among the ancients, if he had been possible, would probably have been considered mad. But neither mountain scenery nor any other was painted. In Pliny's gossiping account of all the painters and pictures he had ever seen or heard of—the pictures being for the most part battle-pieces and mythological subjects—I do not think that a description of one landscape, properly so called, is to be found. The only painter he mentions who can be called in any sense a landscape-painter is one Ludius, who, in the time of Augustus, painted on walls "villas, porticoes, groves, hills, fish-ponds, boats, and donkey-chaises, in short, anything you pleased to order." But Pliny evidently regards Ludius with a good deal of contempt. The few attempts at landscape among the paintings of Pompeii indicate ignorance of the first principles of the art.

I think we shall not be wrong in concluding that the art of landscape-painting, as now practiced, was an art unknown to the ancients.

Nor did it appear early in the renaissance of art. Figure-painting culminated in Michael Angelo and Raphael nearly a century before the birth of Claude, who may perhaps be regarded as the earliest of landscape-painters proper. It is true that Titian and other great Venetians had painted before him fine landscapes as backgrounds to figures, but few, if any, landscapes complete in themselves, having for their sole or main object the representation of inanimate Nature. Ghirlandajo had painted some formal trees and buildings. Domenichino and Annibale Caracci had painted better landscape-backgrounds. Rubens had also painted some good landscapes, to which, however, he did not give the best of his mind, a little before Claude's time. Rembrandt had likewise painted some, powerful in light and shade. But the art had never been systematically taught or studied; and Claude, of whom Mr. Ruskin has finely said that he first put the sun in the heavens, had in great measure to invent it. Salvator Rosa, the Poussins, and other Italian painters were his younger contemporaries. (I am aware that Claude and the Poussins are usually assigned to the French school; but I can not help thinking that, having regard to their subjects, they more properly belong to the Italian.) Cuyp, Both, Hobbema, Ruysdaël, Vandervelde, and other Dutch painters soon followed; but they painted independently, and must also be taken to have in a great measure invented their art for themselves.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING NOT AN INFERIOR BRANCH OF ART.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING is, then, a new art, and I venture to think that it is not even yet sufficiently appreciated or completely mastered.

The extent to which it was esteemed in England toward the close of the last century may be gathered from the following extract from the "Lectures" of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

After speaking of the grand historical style, he proceeds:

"As for the various departments of painting which do not presume to make such high pretensions, there are many. None of them are without their merit, though none of them enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art. The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise; but, as their genius has been employed in low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object. The merry-making and quarreling of the boors of Teniers, the same sort of productions of Brouwer or Ostade, are excellent of their kind. . . . This principle may be applied to the battle-pieces of Borgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau, *and even beyond the exhibition of animal life to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the sea-views of Vandervelde.*"

Truly sublime is the condescension with which landscape-painting is patronized, as ranking not much below that vulgar art which depicts the merry-making and the quarreling of boors!

I had the curiosity to look out "Landscape-painting" in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published in 1860, and on finding it was referred to the article "Painting." (The edition now being published has not yet reached the letter P.) Throughout the whole article, consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are devoted to landscape. Some casual mention occurs of Claude, and, I think, of Salvator and the Poussins. No reference is made to the landscape-painters of the Dutch school; not a word is said about Turner. Turner had lived and died without producing the slightest impression on the writer, who evidently considered landscape-art beneath his notice.

Before Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" there was not, as far as I am aware, any work of the slightest consequence on landscape-painting in this or any other language. In short, landscape was regarded as an inferior branch of art, and is to some extent so regarded still. The Royal Academicians would seem so to regard it, if we may judge by the extent to which it is represented among them. I speak of Academicians, not of Associates.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to inquire whether the opinion that the painting of landscape is an inferior branch of art is or is not well founded.

I will put aside some of the greatest of all paintings, the figures in the Sistine Chapel, the Madonna di San Sisto, the Transfiguration, and a few others, such as we are not likely to see again, for some time at least, and will address myself to landscape-painting as compared with what Sir Joshua calls "history-painting," and portraiture, for both of which he claims a far higher place.

The aim of the historical painter is to impress the imagination by representing human action and passion as expressed by the human face and figure. It would be doing historical painting no injustice to describe its ultimate object as the expression of the sublime and beautiful. The object of portrait-painting is not merely to make a likeness, though to make a good likeness is by no means a common or an easy achievement, but to depict as much intelligence, grandeur, or beauty as is to be found in the best expression of the sitter. What is the object of the landscape-painter? It is also to express the sublime and beautiful, as seen in the face of Nature—in her features of plain, mountain, forest, river, sea, and sky, ever varying in expression, as they are lit by sunshine, or dimmed by mist, or darkened by storm. Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape-painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history or portraits? Why? In what respect? Why is the mental state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the sunshine, the storm, and by well-painted representations of them, a lower state than that which is impressed by a picture of Alfred burning the cakes, or the murder of Rizzio, or the battle of Trafalgar, or a portrait of George III, or, if it is preferred, of Charles I? What is the test by which the relative altitudes of these states of mind are to be measured? Is it that which necessarily implies the higher intelligence and culture? Assuming this test, there can be no question that less intelligence and culture are required for some appreciation, at least, of historical and portrait painting than are required for the appreciation of landscape. Men are affected by historical and portrait painting in comparatively barbarous times, before the feeling for landscape could possibly have arisen. Vergil is guilty of no anachronism in representing Æneas as deeply moved by the historical paintings in the Carthaginian temple of the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Priam in the tent of Achilles; but Vergil would have been guilty of a gross anachronism if he had represented Æneas as capable of appreciating a landscape-painting, supposing such a painting to have been then possible, of seeing grandeur, or beauty, or anything but discomfort in mountains or clouds, or anything more than convenience in the most beautiful scenes. Vergil himself did not attain to the poetry of landscape; this was reserved for

the higher culture, the deeper thought, and more original observation of Wordsworth.

Even in this our day the appreciation of historical and portrait painting is a more common, not to use Sir Joshua's expression, a more "vulgar," faculty than that of landscape. Many a worthy Englishman will gaze with intense interest on a picture of the battle of Waterloo, and will admire a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has no eye for a landscape, real or painted; and is capable of regarding the grandest aspects of sky from no other point of view than their probable effect on the crops. Nay, I have heard educated men, even men pretending to knowledge of art, gravely maintain that there is nothing picturesque in the Alps.

If invidious comparisons are insisted on, the landscape-painter may fairly maintain that he appeals to the higher sentiment, born later in the world's life, the offspring of a more advanced civilization. He may further maintain that the kind of landscape-art which deals least with what is termed "human interest," which seeks to impress the imagination by the majesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of Nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate invidious comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in Nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublimer? It may be said, "The human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter?" Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this: but if there be a Creator of man and Nature, and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in Nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art. In truth, the artist who, by words, or by forms, or by colors, or by sounds, conveys to us grand or beautiful ideas is a public instructor and benefactor. Among such instructors and benefactors I will not attempt to draw up a table of precedence. I desire no more than to enter my protest against the depreciation of a branch of painting which I hold to be the true strength of the English school, and to record my obligation to the eloquent writer who first claimed its place for landscape-art, who first explained its principles, and told its history.

But it must be admitted that landscape-painting has not so far advanced as has painting of the figure, and that, *pace* Turner and Ruskin, it has not yet produced its Raphael or its Michael Angelo. Nor is this surprising when we consider that the one art is scarcely three hundred years old, whereas the other is more than three thousand. Moreover, the latter art has many advantages in practice over the former. The figure can be painted in-doors, the model can be posed, the drapery can be hung on the lay-figure, the light can be adjusted, the effect can be chosen and reproduced. The landscape-painter is dependent on the weather. He is perpetually on the defensive against his enemies—the sun, the wind, the rain, and the gnats. He is scorched and blown about, and wetted and bitten. The aspect of Nature is ever changing. In the most settled weather, what was in light in the morning is in shade in the afternoon; but the weather is seldom settled, seldomest where the scenery is most picturesque. Clouds and mist sweep across the scene; the sun plays at hide-and-seek; effects the most various, each more beautiful and fleeting than the last, dazzle and confound the artist. The best point of view is often difficult to attain. When he has attained it, he is often unable to sit or stand with comfort. Indeed, some robustness and physical endurance are required, which are apt to fail after middle life, whereupon the artist, having to fall back upon his old stock of ideas without acquiring new, commonly reproduces them with less and less freshness and truth, falls into mannerism, and deteriorates. There is, however, apparently a law of compensation which sustains him in his decadence—the worse he paints, the further he recedes from Nature, the more his mannerisms become developed, the more fervid usually is the worship of his admirers.

EARLY LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

To attempt a history even in outline of landscape-art, or a review of its different schools, would obviously exceed the limits of this article. With respect to the French-Italian school, headed by Claude, the Poussins, and Salvator, I content myself with saying that I subscribe to most of what has been written of them by Mr. Ruskin. Claude painted very well only sunlight. He had little feeling for the grand, as distinguished from the beautiful; his foregrounds were bad; his trees often conventional; his cows abominable. Salvator's rocks were ill-drawn; in short, he drew nothing very well. The Poussins unduly darkened their foregrounds and middle distance in order to bring them out into stronger relief against the sky (it should, however, be borne in mind that the blackness of the foregrounds of old pictures is in some measure attributable to repeated varnishing). They thought that the effect of sun-

light was to be rendered by dark, undefined shadows, instead of by gray shadows, sharp-edged, and were guilty of numerous other blunders and delinquencies. I have only to say on behalf of the artists that, considering they had to invent a new art, I am more inclined to be grateful to them for what they have done than to blame them for their shortcomings, though I freely acknowledge the good service Mr. Ruskin has rendered in dissipating many venerable delusions. As for those ignorant connoisseurs who have been in the habit of praising the old masters of landscape at the expense of far better modern painters, I have no desire to shelter them from his just indignation.

He appears, however, somewhat less than just to the Dutch landscape school, which arose about the same time, and forms a series of true and original painters of landscape, though not of the highest order, on the whole more faithful to Nature than the French and Italian schools. It may well be conjectured that their pictures were brighter, and in every respect better, before dirt and many layers of varnish had given them that "tone" which so delights the eye of the connoisseur. Landscape-art appears to have a good deal degenerated all over Europe toward the end of the seventeenth and far into the eighteenth century, and to have been in some danger of dying out; but in the latter part of that century, and during the present, it has more than regained its own, and England may take the principal credit for its revival. Wilson, who may be called the earliest of our landscape-painters, imported from Italy the manner of Claude, and produced many pretty landscapes, agreeably colored, though for the most part somewhat feeble and conventional, indicating insufficient study of Nature. Gainsborough, more vigorous, but not more accurate, painted in a broad, dashing manner what I should venture to call rather sketches than pictures. Both these painters deserve honor as the chief founders of the English school, though I can not help thinking that most of their works would now be deservedly rejected at the Academy.

IMITATION IN ART.

It is a trite observation, that imitation is not the object of art, and, in a sense, a true one, though sometimes obscured by hazy writing. To select for imitation a piece of Nature, which admits of being imitated, without reference to composition or effect, is to make a study, not a picture. Nor is deception the object of art. The old story of the birds pecking at the painted grapes certainly illustrates somewhat crude ideas on the subject. Mr. Ruskin declares that the grapes must have been very ill-painted, and denounces all exact representation of Nature as low art. It is but just to him, however, to say that many passages may be found in his writings maintaining precisely the reverse. Whether a picture be or be not deceptive depends less on itself than on its surroundings. A portrait hung on a wall can not be deceptive—it is plainly impossible for a man to be where the figure is, and further the realism of the portrait, however great, is subdued by the greater realism and force of the surrounding objects—greater in proportion as Nature's light is stronger than the artist's white paint. But remove the picture from its frame, pose the figure where a man might naturally stand, by a disposition of curtains or otherwise dim everything around it, concentrating a strong light upon it, and most good portraits will become in a great degree deceptive, none more so than those of Velasquez or Rembrandt. By such means panoramas and dioramas are made deceptive; indeed, the simple process of looking through a tube excluding the frame and all other objects, gives a picture some appearance of reality—a good painting of a bas-relief in a proper light must be deceptive. The modern painter of fruit and flowers desires not to deceive birds or men, but to convey the beauty of his subject by the best disposition of forms and colors. Assuming his conception and general treatment of his subject to be good, will it be gravely contended that he can paint his grapes too like real grapes, and must make them look a little unnatural lest the birds should peck at them? The power of imitation, which may under certain circumstances amount to deception, and is in truth neither more nor less than quite accurate drawing and coloring, is the foundation of all artistic excellence, without which no poetical or imaginative superstructure can stand. It is a power possessed by but few, and sneered at by many who are unable to appreciate or attain it.

There are people who talk and write as if every aspect of Nature could be perfectly imitated, provided the artist would but condescend to do so; they insist, however, that he ought not so to demean himself, because all imitation is beneath the dignity of high art, which is concerned with expressing the ideas of the artist, infinitely finer, as they are, than anything in Nature. Indeed, there are some art-critics who run down every picture which does not contain some element of *unlikeness* to Nature. The truth is that, while many natural forms and surfaces admit of almost exact imitation, there are certain aspects of Nature, and these the finest, altogether above and beyond imitation. Has not every one of us been struck from time to time by effects of Nature, most commonly seen about the hours of sunrise or sunset, which have impressed us with

a sense of overpowering and transcendent beauty altogether beyond the reach of art—which, if they could be literally imitated and transferred to canvas, would put to shame every picture and extinguish whole galleries? To speak with contempt of the imitation of such scenes is sheer ignorance and presumption—the imitation of them is above, not below, the highest art. They are for the most part transient, and will not wait to be painted; nor could they be if they would: they have a brilliancy and force, combined with a subtilty and delicacy, not to be attained by the rude and imperfect materials with which the painter works. It should be remembered that Nature has colors compounded of sunlight not to be found on his palette. But these effects, stored in his memory, become food for his imagination, which is worth little unless fed by such food drawn plentifully and freshly from Nature. He may compose and combine recollected effects with advantage, but the more realistic his painting—in other words, the more nearly it approaches the forms and colors of Nature—the greater will be the effect; for it should be always borne in mind that in the power of impressing the imagination—his highest aim—Nature is greater than he, and that only by obeying her can he command.

REALISM.

I HAVE used the word "realistic," which I am aware is an abomination to many persons who regard "the real" as something antagonistic to the "ideal." There is no such antagonism; they work together in perfect harmony, and their harmony is the triumph of art. Dante and Shakespeare were at once the most imaginative and realistic of poets. How terribly real is most of the "Inferno"! How terribly real is the ghost scene in "Hamlet"! The Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael would impress us less were not the ideal beauty of the Virgin combined with the form of a real and breathing woman, well modeled, perfectly symmetrical, natural in its attitude, with drapery disposed in natural folds, standing out from the background rounded and solid; not a mere flat piece of color, such as now seems to be regarded by a certain school as the highest art.

The term "realism" must not, of course, be understood as excluding composition in a picture, or requiring the artist to paint precisely what he sees before him in a given space at a given time. Nature is seldom so accommodating as to present to us a complete picture which can be inclosed in a rectangle, separated from its surroundings, transferred to canvas, and put into a frame. To remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may often be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to Nature. Greater liberties may at times be taken with advantage, though much caution should be observed in dealing with mountain-forms which are usually far finer than anything the artist can invent. The effects of sky, however, perpetually changing as they are, and thereby influencing the landscape by gleaming lights and passing shadows, always afford a wide field for imagination based on knowledge, and a prosaic scene may be poeticized by recollected or possible effects. Still it must always be remembered that whatever is worth painting is worth painting truly, and that at the least all objects meant to be clearly seen—that is, not obscured by mist, or darkness, or distance—should be painted with fidelity; the trunk and branches of the tree should be properly articulated, the rock should be properly stratified, and look hard and solid; if the foreground be of grass, it should look like grass, if of heather it should look like heather—it should never be a mere tricky combination of colors, still less should it be a smudge. The same observations apply in a great degree to landscapes which may be called wholly imaginary, such as Turner's "Building of Carthage," and his "Garden of the Hesperides," two of the best of his imaginative works. In the latter the dragon is finely conceived and painted. He derives much of his terror from the realistic manner in which he is vertebrated, and scaled, and legged, and winged, so as to resemble a possible megalosaurus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that realism consists in the rendering, not merely of the obvious truths of Nature which, as it were, stare us in the face, but of those more recondite and subtile, but not less important truths of form, color, and tone which only reveal themselves slowly to patient study. At the same time over-subtilty and over-refinement, a fastidious preference for what is recondite over what is patent to the profane vulgar, may be a fault in art, as it is in literature, leading to affectation and coxcombry of style.

MODERN FRENCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

THE modern French school of landscape, headed by Corôt, Daubigny, Duprés, Dyas, and others, has the merit of some originality and some truth. Speaking of the school generally, its main object seems to have been to evade the difficulties of landscape painting, by confining itself in a great measure to some few aspects of Nature which are most easily rendered on can-

vas. It ignored difficult and complicated forms, such as test the artist's power of hard drawing and knowledge of perspective, in rocky and mountainous scenes — indeed, it ignored all careful drawing whatever—it ignored in a great measure space and distance; it ignored in a great measure sunlight; it ignored altogether the brilliancy and the variety of Nature's coloring, being content for the most part to represent a small portion of her in a gray and somber garb. Great, indeed, is the change from Turner's boundless range over all earth, and sea, and sky, to a school whose center was Paris, and whose radius seldom extended beyond Fontainebleau. I do not say that Nature is not beautiful in a gray and somber garb, or that she should never be so painted; nor do I deny the merit of a school which has found and shown the picturesque in common scenes, and what would have doubtless appeared to most of the old masters dull, unpaintable effects; but I protest against such painting being considered the be-all and the end-all of landscape-art.

Corôt, who may be taken as the representative artist of the school, painted poetically and with sentiment a phase of Nature little painted before him, which may be termed the phase of haze, and grayness, and mystery; his coloring, though pitched at a key somewhat lower than Nature's, is, as far as it goes, true, harmonious, and expressive of a certain kind of atmospheric effect. Whether his pictures are improved by the introduction of poorly-drawn fauns, dryads, and other classical persons, ill adapted to northern fogs, may perhaps be questioned. Mystery is certainly a powerful factor in landscape, used by Nature with great effect; but Nature is seldom or never all mystery. In a hazy wooded landscape—Corôt's favorite scene—you see in the natural foreground delicately articulated branches, weeds, and ferns, beautiful in form, and, though subdued in color, perfectly made out, giving value to the mystery beyond. You see at some distance trunks of trees still more subdued in color, but firm and solid, without a particle of indecision. Corôt makes out no form; all his lines are undecided, wavy, blurred. "He represents foliage shaken by the wind," say his admirers. Aspens might be appropriately so represented; but Corôt's oaks are as wavy and undecided as his aspens, and his rocks are as soft as sand-heaps. In short, Nature draws as well as colors. Corôt chooses to ignore that she draws, and is content to paint one phase of her coloring. There is some difficulty in placing an artist so *borné* among the masters of landscape.

Some of Corôt's later pictures, in which he almost lost sight of Nature, seem quite valueless, indeed worse; for they have bred a swarm of imitators who simply reproduce and exaggerate his defects. Daubigny had a far wider scope, and at one time towered above the school. Some of his early landscapes, painted from the fresh study of Nature, seem to me almost perfect; but some years before his death, when he probably painted only in his studio, he became careless, coarse, and blotty. I believe that, according to a law before indicated, his later pictures are those most admired by his disciples. It seems strange that, whereas the French painter expends the utmost care and elaboration in the rendering of every object in-doors, no sooner does he go out than he seems to think the most random touch, the most careless smear, good enough for Nature.

But, perhaps, I am speaking of a school in some measure passed. The French *Salon* certainly now gives some evidence of a new departure, promising better results.

R. P. COLLIER (*Nineteenth Century*).

"THE COOK'S ORACLE."

SIXTY years ago the "Edinburgh Review" contained an article on cookery, in which will be found a curious note concerning the author of the book whose title stands at the head of this page. "The singular coincidence of name and subject," says the reviewer, "led us at first to suppose that a culpable modesty had induced the author to assume the pseudonym of 'Kitchener'; but in this we were mistaken; we find that there is a real Dr. Kitchiner, and that he is devoted to the culinary art with a zeal almost unequaled. If report be true, the Doctor spends some hours each day in his laboratory, and has more than once worked his whole book through, in a course of experimental cookery." Thirty years later the "Quarterly," in an article on spectacles—a subject upon which the author of "The Cook's Oracle" had also written—says of Dr. Kitchiner that "the whole of his writings, medical, musical, optical, and culinary, show that

he possessed the disposition of an elderly female, conspicuous among her sex for weak nerves, fidgety habits, and prim comforts. . . . Many who heard of him, through his best and really excellent treatise 'The Cook's Oracle,' always imagined that some careful housekeeper had assumed a name in accordance with her functions and in defiance of her sex, and chose to call herself Dr. Kitchiner, since Sterne had appropriated the more suitable title of Dr. Slop." The ignorance which is apparent in these extracts—the former of which, it will be noticed, was written in the lifetime of its subject—still appears to exist; and there are probably many persons now living who believe that the greatest of English dietetic reformers is known to the world by an assumed name. Dr. Kitchiner was, however, a very real personage in his time—a gourmand, a wit, a musician, and a man of science—and although the biographical dictionaries usually ignore him altogether, or at best sum up the facts relating to his life in half a dozen lines, he was really one of those men of strongly marked individuality of character whom the world ought not willingly to forget.

William Kitchiner was educated at Eton; but the author of "Lives of Celebrated Etonians" makes no mention of him, probably thinking that "The Cook's Oracle" had no claim to a place beside the authors of "The Scribleriad" and "The New Bath Guide." His father is described by the "Gentleman's Magazine" as an "eminent" coal-merchant, in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, who, by the diligent exercise of his trade, contrived to amass a considerable fortune. This being invested with care and prudence, rendered the son independent of his profession, which was perhaps as well, seeing that his degree in medicine was merely from Glasgow, and did not permit of his practicing in London. Accordingly, he never attempted anything of the kind, but, taking a house in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, then a neighborhood of a much more respectable character than now, he settled down to the pursuits which his tastes inclined him to follow. His circumstances were somewhat peculiar; his character eccentric in no common degree; but underneath the extremest of his oddities there was a basis of good sense and kindness which won for him the regard of a host of friends. His wife, it is true, quarreled with him at an early period of their married life, and the result was that he remained a "married bachelor" for about twenty years. Left alone, he devoted himself to domestic economy and music; and, being always something of a *bon vivant*, he assumed the personal direction of his kitchen. As a general rule, he is said to have been moderate and even abstemious in his personal habits; but he was careful always to provide an excellent table, and to superintend the preparation of his food in person. There may have been a reason for this in the fact that, for some unknown reason, he had an immoderate appetite. In one or other of his voluminous writings he confesses to an altogether extraordinary love of animal food, or rather to a craving which could not be repressed, and which was not easily gratified. This, in the words of an admirer, "had nothing to do with the love of eating, but was the result of some organic and incurable disease." At all events, we hear no such stories as those which are told of Dr. Johnson's appetite, and of that veal-pie well stuffed with plums which, according to Lord Macaulay, was wont to produce such spasms of gluttony in the "great lexicographer." Dr. Kitchiner lived by system: he rose at a stated hour; spent a prearranged time over his toilet; descended to his breakfast-room punctually at half-past eight; took luncheon at mid-day; dined at five; supped at half-past nine; and retired to rest at eleven. Breakfast was a solitary meal, light but nourishing. Luncheon was a much more serious matter. A friend or two occasionally found admittance, and were treated with a repast which in the earlier days of this century they could hardly have found elsewhere. Savory *pâtés;* potted meats of various kinds; fried and broiled fish; grills; cutlets and *entrées* of the most appetizing description, together with sound wine and excellent coffee and liqueurs, made up the substantial mid-day repast. At five o'clock dinner, arranged according to the peptic precepts of "The Cook's Oracle," followed, leading up to the comfortable and cozy supper at half-past nine, which brought the gourmand's well-spent day to a close.

It must not be supposed that so much eating and drinking were exclusively selfish. The good Doctor delighted in hospitality, though he had some curious ways of displaying it. Thus, for example, when he gave a dinner-party the guests were invited for five o'clock, and at five minutes after that hour the street-door was locked, and the key, by his orders, laid upon the dinner-table. For several years a *conversazione* was held every Tuesday evening at his house, and, according to tradition, on these occasions a placard was suspended over the chimney-piece with the inscription, "Come at seven; go at eleven." It happened on one occasion that George Colman the younger was among the guests, and he, observing the placard, inserted the word "it" after "go," making the admonition read, "Come at seven; go it at eleven." Severer counsels generally prevailed, though it might have been supposed that the friendly supper at half-past nine would lead to occasional infractions of the rule of the house. It does not, however, appear that the Doctor allowed his habits to be disturbed by

any of his friends, facetious or other. Music and conversation filled up the evening until the appointed time, and then some considerate guest was always found to say, with properly affected surprise, "'Tis on the strike of eleven!" "Hats, coats, cloaks, and umbrellas were then brought in; the Doctor attended his friends to the street-door, looked up at the *stars*—if there were any visible—gave each of his friends a cordial shake of the hand, wished him a hearty good night, and so the evening closed." That his friends were many need hardly be said. A man so hospitable could hardly fail to gather around him a goodly host of associates; and, when to his hospitality was added his well-known love for art, literature, and music, it may be readily understood that the society in which he habitually lived was of the best. His personal qualities, apart from his pardonable eccentricities, were of the highest order. He was amiable in no common degree. One of his friends said, after his death, that he had never heard him say an ill-natured word of any one. He was much in request for the settlement of disputes, and to those who needed advice and assistance he was faithful and stanch. His eccentricities seem to have been, after all, eccentricities of manner only, though his will is said to have been exceedingly curious, and very disappointing to a large number of persons who had expected to profit by it. For the rest, it is hardly for a generation whose affectations and sham æstheticisms have not been corrected even by such satirists as the authors of "The Monks of Thelema" and Messrs. Du Maurier and MacCarthy to be very severe on a gentleman whose principal offenses seem to have been a liking for substantial good living and a habit of making indifferent jokes about his dinner. There is surely nothing very reprehensible in such an invitation as the following, which was handed about in the author's lifetime as a proof of his oddity:

"DEAR SIR: The honor of your company is requested to dine with the Committee of Taste on Wednesday next, the 10th inst.

"The specimens will be placed upon the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.

"I have the honor to be your most obedient Savant,

"W. KITCHINER, *Secretary.*"

"*August*, 1825: 43 *Warren Street, Fitzroy Square.*

"At the last general meeting it was unanimously resolved that—

"1st. An invitation to the Eta Beta Pi must be answered in writing as soon as possible after it is received, within twenty-four hours at latest reckoning from that on which it is dated, otherwise the Secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitely declined.

"2d. The Secretary having represented that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the meridian of concoction will render them no longer worthy of the attention of men of taste:

"Therefore, to insure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste for their own pleasure and the benefit of their country, it is irrevocably resolved that the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour at which the Secretary shall have announced that the Specimens are ready.

"By order of the Committee:

"WILLIAM KITCHINER, *Secretary.*"

The memorialist from whom this letter is quoted goes on to say in effect that the guest who received such an invitation would naturally find himself at the house of Dr. Kitchiner—host, cook, secretary to the Committee of Taste, and chief musician in ordinary—at a few minutes before five in the afternoon, where he would be received with musical honors. His worthy host would probably be found seated at the grand piano in pumps and silk stockings, thundering away at "See the Conquering Hero comes," with a due accompaniment of drums and triangles worked by the feet. Punctuality was strictly insisted upon—how strictly may be best known from the pages of "The Cook's Oracle," which, it may be remarked by the way, is not a mere cookery-book, but a work which contains a vast quantity of shrewd and humorous observation, wit, and sound common sense. The supercilious critics of the quarterly reviews might sneer as they pleased; the excellent Dr. Kitchiner, with all his weaknesses, will probably be remembered by a wider public than one composed of the readers of the somewhat mechanical essays in which he was satirized. Turning now to the "Oracle," we find a long chapter devoted to the momentous subject of invitations to dinner. More than two closely printed octavo pages of this chapter are occupied with a dissertation illustrated by examples from ancient and modern literature of the important fact that "DINNER *is the only act of the day which can not be put off with Impunity for even* FIVE MINUTES" (the peculiarities of typography are Dr. Kitchiner's). Then follow a host of instructions, including a recipe for "dinner-pills," or, as the Doctor prefers to call them, "PERISTALTIC PERSUADERS," and a number of instructions to butler, host, and cook. The first is told that he must be sure that "the Cloth be laid in the Parlor and all the paraphernalia of the dinner-table arranged at least half

an hour before dinner-time." The host in turn is to introduce his guests to each other in the interval before dinner, "naming them individually in an audible voice, and adroitly laying hold of those ties of acquaintanceship or profession which may exist between them." The guests are admonished, if they have any respect for their host or prefer a well-dressed dinner to one that is spoiled, "instead of coming half an hour after, to take care to make their appearance a quarter of an hour before the time appointed." A couple of pages more on the benefits of punctuality follow, and then the good Doctor descants upon the custom of grace—not, it may be observed, for the first or only time in the course of his voluminous oracles.

On this subject the "Gentle Elia" has also discoursed in one of the subtilest and most playful of his essays, the point of which, delicately touched and played with, seems to be that grace before meat is a species of impertinence. Dr. Kitchiner seems to be pretty much of Charles Lamb's opinion. When the appointed hour strikes, he urges his gastrophilic readers to "say grace and begin the business of the day." Nor does he desire to listen to long and elaborate musical performances. "That the intricate Old Canon of *Non nobis* should still continue to exclude all other Graces has excited my astonishment," says he, "ever since I first heard it some Thirty years ago, when, thought I, can anything be more barbarous than to sing in a Foreign Tongue, of which not one in Ten of those who sing and not One in a Hundred of those who hear understand One Word in Ten? Moreover, to complete this extreme Absurdity, the composer has contributed his utmost to involve these *Latin* words in the most elaborate obscurity, by setting them in the form of a *fugue*, which (however pretty it may seem to the eye and ear of a subtle contrapuntist), as *each singer pronounces a different word*, the Sense is thereby as confused as Sounds are in a Dutch Concert, where each man Sings a different Song! However, this composition is considered such an indispensable part of the ceremonial of Public Dinners that it has been calculated that the good people of Great Britain do not pay less than TEN THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR for the performance of it!"

This dreadful state of things not merely arouses the wrath of "The Cook's Oracle," but induces him to present a musical grace of his own, which may certainly boast the merit of brevity, even though it be not quite so short as the famous "grace after meat" of the collier, which, as will probably be remembered, consisted in wiping the mouth upon the wrist, and the ejaculation of the word "Theer." Between this perfunctory phrase and the too elaborate *Non nobis*, Dr. Kitchiner's grace holds a happy medium, consisting, as it does, in the simple words "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," set to music. As about fifteen seconds only need be consumed in this devout expression, it is possible that some guests at public banquets may even now wish to see Dr. Kitchiner's modest grace brought into more general use. To the hungry diner-out it is no small trial of patience to be kept while a reverend gentleman in full canonicals intones a grace modeled on the Bidding Prayer before a university sermon. Supplementing these remarks of the venerable Doctor come some hints to carvers, interesting chiefly as pointing, in the first place, to the ungainly custom of our ancestors of introducing soup and fish as one course, with *entrées*, roast, and game as a remove, and in the second as proving that "The Cook's Oracle" was in advance of his time, and was prepared to see the entire abolition of the tiresome custom of carving at table. A prevision of the sweet simplicity of the *dîner à la Russe* could hardly be expected in 1816, but something of the sort was evidently present to the mind of our Oracle when he wrote: "It would save a great deal of time, etc., if poultry, especially large turkeys and geese, were sent to table ready cut up; fish that is fried should be previously divided into such portions as are fit to help at table."

Before proceeding to the dinner, however, Dr. Kitchiner gives his readers, both cooks and their masters, a little good advice. Masters, for example, he recommends to treat their servants with consideration, and he enters into an elaborate calculation to show that the absolutely necessary expenditure of a maid-servant (in which the Oracle includes tea and sugar) is at least £9 8*s.* per annum; and that, in consequence, it is the duty of employers to pay higher wages and to treat their servants with greater generosity generally than they were wont to do some sixty years ago. For their part servants are treated with much good advice, some of which reads rather curiously, though most of it is marked by the soundest common sense. Thus, for example, after somewhat elaborately describing the physiological phenomena of taste, "The Cook's Oracle" cautions his disciples against wearing out the palate by overmuch tasting. "A sagacious Cook, instead of idly and wantonly wasting the excitability of her palate, on the sensibility of which her reputation and fortune depend, when she has ascertained the relative strength of the flavor of the various ingredients she employs, will call in the Balance and the Measure to do the ordinary business, and endeavor to preserve her Organ of Taste with the utmost care, that it may be a

faithful oracle to refer to on grand occasions and new compositions." The notion of defining quantities in cookery by weight and measure, instead of going upon the old "rule of thumb—a pinch of this, a handful of that, a spoonful of t'other" —Dr. Kitchiner claims as his exclusive property, and in one place he is judiciously severe upon an ignorant pretender who appropriated the idea, and published a cookery-book based upon it ten years after the appearance of the first edition of "The Cook's Oracle." It is not a little amusing in this connection to reflect that Gouffé, whose magnificent book upon cookery appeared in 1865, puts forward precisely the same pretension. Dr. Kitchiner has, however, on most occasions what the Scotch preacher called "a gude conceit o' hissel'," and not unfrequently a very odd way of expressing it. Thus, at the beginning of his Introduction, he says of his book that it is "not a mere marrowless collection of shreds and patches and cuttings and pastings, but a *bona fide* register of Practical Facts, accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued or evaporated by the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog Days—in defiance of the Odoriferous and Calefacient repellents of *Roasting*, *Boiling*, *Frying*, and *Broiling;* moreover, the Author has submitted to a labor no preceding Cookery Book maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter, having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book." The grammar of this wonderful sentence may perhaps be open to correction, but the "Odoriferous and Calefacient repellents" of cookery and "the igniferous terrors of a Roasting Fire in the Dog Days" are worthy of the inventor of the "Frappant and Tintinnabulant appendages" to Drury Lane stage-door in "The Rejected Addresses." His boast of having "eaten his receipts" may perhaps be left to take care of itself.

It may be worth while to consult the "Oracle" and to note what the hierophant has to say concerning a few of what he calls the "concomitants" of an English dinner. Oysters, of course, begin the meal. "Delicate little creatures!" ejaculates Dr. Kitchiner, "they are as exquisite in their own taste as in that of others." His observations on the eating of oysters are eminently characteristic. "Common people," he tells us, "are indifferent about the *manner of opening Oysters*, and the time of eating them after they are opened. Nothing, however, is more important in the enlightened eyes of the experienced Oyster-eater. Those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in its utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own Gravy in the under shell; if not *Eaten while Absolutely Alive* its flavor and spirit are lost. The true lover of an Oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the Oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his Lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous *Gourmand* tickling him to death." This is almost as attractive a picture as that of Piscator in "The Complete Angler" impaling the worm upon the hook "as if he loved him." The chapters on soup afford one or two curious notes. Among the recipes, for example, is one for "Mock Mock Turtle," which appears to be the invention of "Elizabeth Lister (late Cook to Dr. Kitchiner), Bread and Biscuit Baker, No. 6 Salcombe Place, York Terrace, Regent's Park—Goes out to dress dinners on reasonable terms." Concerning mock-turtle, we are informed that it "is the *Bonne Bouche* which the 'officers of the Mouth' of Old England prepare when they choose to rival '*les Grandes Cuisiniers de* (*sic*) *France*' in a *Ragoût sans Pareil.*" The directions for making this soup fill altogether about four pages, and, imbedded among them comes the following outburst in praise of the dish (the italics and the capitals are the Doctor's): "Without its paraphernalia of subtle double Relishes a *STARVED TURTLE* has *not more* intrinsic sapidity than a FATTED CALF. Friendly Reader, it is really neither half so wholesome nor half so toothsome." Later on he says: "This is a delicious Soup, within the range of those 'who eat to live'; but, if it had been composed expressly for those who only 'live to eat,' I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable: as it is, the lover of good eating 'will wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Concerning fish, the only really noticeable direction is a piece of advice to the cook not to allow turbot and some other fish to be sent to the table too fresh. It is not until we get among the *entrées*—or, as Dr. Kitchiner prefers to call them, the "Made Dishes"—that anything really characteristic is found. The first noticeable point is that the majority of these "Made Dishes" are hashes. The exception is a recipe for cooking "Shin of Beef," for which dish the "Oracle" claims the attention of the "Rational Epicure," on the ground of its being "one of those in which 'Frugality,' 'Nourishment,' and 'Palatableness' are most happily combined—and you get half a Gallon of excellent BROTH into the Bargain." As a pendant to this whimsical recipe we have one for "*Bubble and Squeak*," *or Fried Beef or Mutton and Cabbage* (No. 505):

> "When, 'midst the Frying-Pan in accents savage,
> The Beef, so surly, quarrels with the Cabbage."

Dr. Kitchiner is, perhaps, the first "Cook's

Oracle" who has set his instructions to music, and, considering the eccentricities of his musical grammar, it may be hoped that he will be the last. It is, of course, impossible now to say whether the author of "Pendennis" had Dr. Kitchiner in his mind when he hit upon the exquisitely ludicrous character of Mirobolant—that wonderful French cook in Sir Francis Clavering's household, who was wont to seek for inspiration, when composing his *menus*, in the performance of solemn music on the piano—but the coincidence is certainly curious. In connection with this combination of music and cookery, Dr. Kitchiner tells a curious anecdote in—of all places in the world—the queer rambling treatise in two volumes which he called "The Economy of the Eyes." Mr. Cooke, of Drury Lane Theatre, a singer and composer whom Dr. Kitchiner styles "the most extraordinary musician of the present age," possessed the faculty of naming every semitone, without a mistake, if a handful of the keys of a harpsichord were put down "so as to produce the most irrelative combinations." On one occasion the Doctor played a very remarkable composition over to him, whereupon he "told me at once—'I think, sir, that you have *beef* in one hand and *cabbage* in the other.'"

It should, however, be noted that music is one of the subjects upon which "The Cook's Oracle" is most diffuse, and on which he unquestionably spent a good deal of time and labor. Among his many publications is a tiny duodecimo, published in 1821, and not apparently reprinted, which has for title "Observations on Vocal Music." The principal object of this little essay is the enforcement of an idea, the germ of which is to be found in the eighteenth "Spectator." Addison, whom no one would accuse of being a musician, there expatiates on the desirability of wedding the music to the words with greater propriety than was then usual. "I remember," he says, "an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word: 'And turned my rage into pity,' which the English for rhyme' sake translated 'And into pity turned my rage.' By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian fell upon the word rage in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened, likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word 'and' pursued through a whole gamut; have been entertained with many a melodious 'the,' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon 'then,' 'for,' and 'from,' to the eternal honor of our English particles. Dr. Kitchiner does not refer to the earlier writer, but the principle of his little book is certainly to be found in these words. Music is in his eyes a vehicle for the conveyance of ideas, and the eighty-one pages of this book are given to expounding, in a variety of ways, and with abundant illustrations, the theory that "the Art of Singing effectively is to Sing every word with the same Accent and Emphasis as you would Speak it," a theory which he contends has been unduly neglected by some of the greatest musicians, who have failed to make the musical accent correspond with the spoken. "'He *shall* feed his flock' and 'He *was* despised' are examples of equally false emphasis. 'Fair*est* Isle' is one of Purcell's extraordinary mistakes."

This affection for music displays itself in the most unexpected places. Among the works of Dr. Kitchiner is a "Traveler's Oracle," in two parts. The first contains estimates of the expenses of traveling on foot, on horseback, in stages, in post-chaises, and in private carriages, together with "precepts for promoting the pleasures, and hints for preserving the health, of travelers.' The second part comprises "The Horse and Carriage-keeper's Oracle," rules for purchasing, keeping, and jobbing horses and carriages, estimates of expenses occasioned thereby, and an easy plan for ascertaining every hackney-coach fare. The book itself is not especially remarkable for anything except for having furnished the celebrated sporting writer "Nimrod" with a text for his well-known article on "The Road" in the "Quarterly" of 1832. It may be noted, by the way, that the only allusion to the text in this article is a slight sneer at "the late happily named Dr. Kitchener" (*sic*), whom "Nimrod" describes as *Epicuri de grege porcus*. It might be thought that music was about the last thing to look for in such a book as this, but Dr. Kitchiner is not to be prevented from bringing in his favorite topic by any fantastic notions of congruity. He introduces no fewer than eight musical compositions into the book; the title of which, by the way, affords but the faintest idea of its heterogeneous contents. The first comes after a dissertation on the Christian duty of observing the Sabbath, and is called "A Father's Advice to his Son." "The Cook's Oracle" is responsible for both words and music in this as in most of the pieces contained in this book. The hymn runs—

> "Be humble, patient, trust in God,
> Believe what is, is best;
> Walk in the path your *Saviour* trod,
> Your days will then be blest."

It is only fair to say that the music is considerably better than the words. In another place, apropos to a piece of advice to his readers concerning abstinence from religious discussions with strangers, he presents them with "An Universal Prayer," to which the same remark will apply.

By way of a change from the severity of these devout exercises, we are treated, in the course of a particularly stupid story, to settings of "Fill the Goblet again," and of Herrick's "Gather your Rosebuds while you may," while the return of the traveler to his native country is celebrated in a patriotic song, "All hail, Britannia! Queen of Isles!" Next to religion, on which "The Cook's Oracle" appears to have felt very strongly, though it appears to have exercised little influence on his domestic relations, patriotism is, indeed, one of the principal features in his character. Thus the song just mentioned is ushered in with the following portentous sentence: "When he (the Traveler) considers the arbitrary and tyrannic governments, the slavery and poverty of the lower class of people, the pride and ignorance of the opulent, and the superstition and bigotry of both, and compares them with the advantages which so eminently distinguish his own country, where the climate is temperate, the earth fruitful, the government mild, the inhabitants of both sexes intelligent, and the women remarkably beautiful, he will then rest contented with the happiness he enjoys by having it in his power to spend the remainder of his days in HAPPY ENGLAND, and sing with heart and voice 'All hail,' etc." Another illustration of this patriotic temper will be found imbedded in a collection of amatory and anacreontic songs by this same composer. The sixth number is a "Grand March composed for and dedicated to the Volunteers of St. Clement Danes," bearing date 1803, the year of the breaking out of the French war. This was followed by two "British War-songs" similarly dedicated. There is a fine Philistine contempt for foreigners about Dr. Kitchiner's words at which it is difficult not to smile, in spite of the indubitable patriotism and spirit of the lines:

"Britain's great and warlike host
Scorn the puny threats of slaves;
Ere the cowards reach your coast
They shall find their wat'ry graves.

"Atheist Gallia bends her knee
At a base usurper's nod:
Britons, ever bold and free,
Love their king—adore their God.

"Gallia's gaunt and rabble rout,
Famine leads to lawless spoil:
Britons' courage, ever stout,
Centers in their native soil.

"Gallia skulks within her ports—
Gallia great in threats alone:
Britain every danger courts,
Bravely rallies round the throne."

Among the miscellaneous works of Dr. Kitchiner was a "Housekeeper's Oracle"—a companion to "The Cook's Oracle"—which is not unamusing reading, inasmuch as it is full of quaint common sense, and affords, besides, an interesting picture of social life in the middle-class half a century ago. Among the maxims which the "Oracle" impresses on the young housekeeper is one enforcing the prudence of "dealing with tradesmen of fair character and established circumstances." Another concerns the wisdom of "submitting cheerfully to be imposed on in due proportion to your circumstances. He who will not be cheated *a little*," adds the Doctor, "must be content to be abused a *great deal*, to be at constant variance with his servants, tradesmen, and with every one dependent on him"—maxims which will hardly be acceptable to the customers of the Civil Service Stores. On dinners and dinner-giving Dr. Kitchiner has a chapter or two full of that sound practical wisdom which distinguishes the essays of the late Mr. Thackeray on the same subjects, the key-note being—"However plain your dinner, if it is prime, plentiful, and properly dressed, it will be as acceptable to friends to whom *you* are acceptable as a profusion of all the expensive rarities which extravagance could have assembled." It is, however, as a picture of manners that "The Housekeeper's Oracle" is most interesting. Thus, for example, the author dilates at length on the utter folly of those "children of a larger growth" who give dinners at seven or eight o'clock—a subject which excites him to almost as great wrath as "your silly, infecting farrago of *Made Dishes* and preparations, which are provided to pamper satiated appetite, and to feed the eyes of superannuated epicures, that overcome the stomach and paralyze the digestion of those who eat them, and empty the pockets of those who provide them."

Another of these works has a title-page of prodigious length, and is devoted to "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life." It is dedicated to the nervous and bilious, and contains essays on Training, Reducing Corpulence, on Sleep, Siesta, Clothes, Fire, Air, Exercise, and Wine. A little pamphlet is also appended, called "Peptic Precepts," and the whole concludes with an "Essay on the Pleasure of Making a Will." The leading idea of the book, which is addressed, not to the medical profession, but to hypochondriacs and invalids, is common sense. Thus, when the Doctor is discoursing of sleep, he does not advise his readers to make themselves miserable by getting up at unearthly hours, or to attempt to do without a sufficient amount of natural rest. As for wine, the patient is recommended to drink it if he likes, but to refrain from taking bad or common wine, and from spoiling what he drinks by icing it; but, adds the Doctor, "our

VINUM BRITANNICUM — good home-brewed beer — which has been very deservedly called Liquid Bread, is preferable to any other beverage during dinner or supper." In the matter of medicine, Dr. Kitchiner was decidedly in advance of his age. His prescriptions—and this little volume contains a good many of them—are the mildest and gentlest that can be imagined, and the advice of the author is to take as little of them as possible. Curiously enough, however, although "The Cook's Oracle" lived by rule, he appears never to have been a thoroughly healthy man; and, although he laid down excellent principles for invigorating and prolonging life, he died in his fiftieth year. He devoted twenty pages of this book to "The Pleasure of Making a Will," which act he described as the art of dying honorably. All that he says is excellent sense; but his precepts and his practice appear to have been strangely at variance. According to a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," "the Doctor's will, made about sixteen years since, is as remarkable for its eccentricity as any of the productions of the testator, and it is said that another, making some serious alterations in the disposal of his property, was intended for signature on the Wednesday following the night on which he died." One of his own precepts, however, his will fully carried out. He is particularly careful to impress upon his readers the duty of remembering "the claims of him who, as the law expresses it, has no kindred—who is *nullius filius*—who has no protector but his reputed parent." Dr. Kitchiner had such a son, whom he educated at Cambridge, and to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his property.

F. H. (*Cornhill Magazine.*)

GOLDWIN SMITH'S "COWPER."*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S monograph on Cowper is the shortest—perhaps, also, the slightest—book that has been contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters." It has been criticised, indeed, as being too slight and inadequate, particularly in the biographical portions—as affording only glimpses here and there of the poet's personality and life; but this criticism is, of course, based upon the assumption that the materials for a complete picture are available, and this assumption is by no means correct. Southey's somewhat voluminous biography has probably misled readers; but Mr. Smith justifiably complains that Southey's work is filled out with dissertations and digressions which expand the size of the volume while contributing very little to our knowledge of Cowper either as man or as poet. We can recall nothing essential in Southey's biography that is not contained in Mr. Smith's, and since Southey wrote no material additions have been made to the data then available.

At the same time, it must be admitted that Mr. Smith has very little of the art, so essential in a biographer, of emphasizing and illustrating a fact or a trait until its significance is multiplied indefinitely. He marshals his facts in the closest possible array, and marches them by in platoons at a quickstep, with a sort of warning to the looker-on that, if he wants to get a good impression of the parade, he must keep on the alert and not allow his attention to be arrested by any individual detail. Even the language is rendered as terse and precise as possible, and the author writes constantly as if he were afraid of being betrayed into the use of a superfluous word or an indefinite term. From this it would naturally be inferred that Mr. Smith's criticism is better than his biography, and such is really the case. With every particular of his estimate of Cowper, very few, perhaps, will unreservedly agree; but it can not be denied that he elucidates and illuminates whatever point he thinks it worth while to touch upon; and, taken as a whole, his little book is by far the most serviceable companion with which the student of Cowper can provide himself.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in his father's rectory of Berkhampstead, on the 15th of November (old style), 1731, and by hereditary right was a Whig and a gentleman. "From nature," says Mr. Smith, "he received, with a large measure of the gifts of genius, a still larger measure of its painful sensibilities. In his portrait by Romney the brow bespeaks intellect, the features feeling and refinement, the eye madness. The stronger parts of character, the combative and propelling forces, he evidently lacked from the beginning. For the battle of life he was totally unfit. His judgment in its healthy state was, even on practical questions, sound enough, as his letters abundantly prove; but his sensibility not only rendered him incapable of wrestling with

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers.

a rough world, but kept him always on the verge of madness, and frequently plunged him into it. To the malady which threw him out of active life we owe not the meanest of English poets."

Of the world into which this "little mass of timid and quivering sensibility" came, Mr. Smith sketches a very vivid and suggestive picture. "It was a world," he says, "from which the spirit of poetry had fled," and he thinks there could be no stronger proof of this than the occupation of the throne of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, by "the arch-versifier Pope." Hard and heartless polish was the characteristic of the society of the time, and not a little of it was mirrored in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." "Chesterfield, with his soulless culture, his court graces, and his fashionable immoralities, was about the highest type of English gentleman; but the Wilkeses, Potters, and Sandwiches, whose mania for vice culminated in the Hell-fire Club, were more numerous than the Chesterfields." Religion was extinct, and no new morality or humanitarian sentiment had come to take its place. "Ignorance and brutality reigned in the cottage. Drunkenness reigned in palace and cottage alike. Gambling, cock-fighting, and bull-fighting were the amusements of the people. Political life, which, if it had been pure and vigorous, might have made up for the absence of spiritual influences, was corrupt from the top of the scale to the bottom: its effect on national character is portrayed in Hogarth's 'Election.'" The idea of the rights of man as man had not yet dawned upon the world. Says the Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntington, who had asked her to come and hear Whitefield: "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers; their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with disrespect toward their superiors, in perpetually endeavoring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting; and I can not but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." But a change was at hand, and a still mightier change was in prospect. "At the time of Cowper's birth, John Wesley was twenty-eight, and Whitefield was seventeen. With them the revival of religion was at hand. Johnson, the moral reformer, was twenty-two. Howard was born, and in less than a generation Wilberforce was to come."

At the age of six, Cowper was sent to a large boarding-school, and afterward, his eyes being liable to inflammation, he lived for two years with an oculist. He was then sent to the great public school of Westminster, on leaving which, at the age of eighteen, he went to live with Mr. Chapman, an attorney, being destined for the law. He did not take kindly to that profession, and, according to his own account, spent his days in "giggling and making giggle" with his cousins Harriet and Theodora, with the latter of whom he had a love-passage which was cut short by her father, who did not choose to let his daughter marry a man who gave so little promise of maintaining a wife as Cowper.

At the end of his three years with the attorney, Cowper took chambers in the Temple, where he read law as little as before, but where he became a member of a little circle of men of letters and journalists which had its social center in the Nonsense Club, and which included Colman, the dramatist, Bonnell Thornton, Lloyd, and Churchill. Under the influence of his association with them Cowper dabbled in both prose and poetry, contributing essays, after the manner of the "Spectator," to the "Connoisseur" and the "St. James's Chronicle," and writing verses to "Delia" (his cousin Theodora).

When he was thirty-two, and still living in the Temple, came the sad and decisive crisis of his life. He went mad, and attempted suicide. Mr. Smith repudiates the commonly accepted idea that the source of his madness was religion. He says:

"The truth is, his malady was simple hypochondria, having its source in delicacy of constitution and weakness of digestion, combined with the influence of melancholy surroundings. It had begun to attack him soon after his settlement in his lonely chambers in the Temple, when his pursuits and associations, as we have seen, were far from Evangelical. When its crisis arrived, he was living by himself without any society of the kind that suited him (for the excitement of the Nonsense Club was sure to be followed by reaction); he had lost his love, his father, his home, and, as it happened, also a dear friend; his little patrimony was fast dwindling away; he must have despaired of success in his profession; and his outlook was altogether dark. It yielded to the remedies to which hypochondria usually yields—air, exercise, sunshine, cheerful society, congenial occupation. It came with January and went with May. Its gathering gloom was dispelled for a time by a stroll in fine weather on the hills above Southampton Water, and Cowper said that he was never unhappy for a whole day in the company of Lady Hesketh. When he had become a Methodist, his hypochondria took a religious form, but so did his recovery from hypochondria; both must be set down to the account of his faith, or neither. This double aspect of the matter will plainly appear further on. A votary of wealth, when his brain gives way under disease or age, fancies that he is a beggar. A Methodist, when his brain gives way under the same in-

fluences, fancies that he is forsaken of God. In both cases the root of the malady is physical."

After his recovery and release from the madhouse, Cowper was taken by his brother to the small village of Huntington, where he speedily formed an acquaintance with the Unwins, who were zealots in the new Evangelical or Methodist movement. The great religious revival was now in full career, and Cowper, having already been "converted," yielded readily to the influence of his surroundings, and for the rest of his life was as ardent a devotee of religion as Bunyan himself. At first his absorption was so great that he abandoned all secular concerns, and even sold his library; but, at the instigation of the Rev. Mr. Newton, he was induced to employ his poetical gifts in contributing to a hymn-book which Newton was compiling. Of the product of this employment, Mr. Smith says:

"Cowper's Olney hymns have not any serious value as poetry. Hymns rarely have. The relations of man with Deity transcend and repel poetical treatment. There is nothing in them on which the creative imagination can be exercised. Hymns can be little more than incense of the worshiping soul. Those of the Latin Church are the best; not because they are better poetry than the rest (for they are not), but because their language is the most sonorous. Cowper's hymns were accepted by the religious body for which they were written, as expressions of its spiritual feeling and desires; so far they were successful. They are the work of a religious man of culture, and free from anything wild, erotic, or unctuous. But, on the other hand, there is nothing in them suited to be the vehicle of lofty devotion; nothing that we can conceive a multitude, or even a prayer-meeting, uplifting to heaven with voice and heart."

Cowper's "decided course of Christian happiness," as Mr. Smith calls it, culminated at last in a second fit of madness, and on his recovery from that his friends had opened their eyes to the fact that his way of life was not wholesome, and that he needed a pleasant occupation. He tried in succession drawing, carpentering, gardening; he amused himself with keeping tame hares; and finally, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin, who actually chose his themes for him, he resolved to try his hand at poetry on a larger scale. He wrote the "Moral Satires," and a few years later, at the suggestion of another lady friend, who also chose his subject for him, he wrote "The Task," and his future career was fixed. At last, therefore, when he was nearly fifty years of age, Cowper found his true vocation, and became a poet. Commenting upon this late beginning, Mr. Smith says:

"Poetry written late in life is, of course, free from youthful crudity and extravagance. It also escapes the youthful tendency to imitation. Cowper's authorship is ushered in by Southey with a history of English poetry; but this is hardly in place; Cowper had little connection with anything before him. Even his knowledge of poetry was not great. In his youth he had read the great poets, and had studied Milton especially with the ardor of intense admiration. Nothing ever made him so angry as Johnson's 'Life of Milton.' 'Oh!' he cries, 'I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.' Churchill had made a great—far too great an—impression on him when he was a Templar. Of Churchill, if of anybody, he must be regarded as a follower, though only in his earlier and less successful poems. In expression he always regarded as a model the neat and gay simplicity of Prior. But so little had he kept up his reading of anything but sermons and hymns that he learned for the first time from Johnson's 'Lives' the existence of Collins. He is the offspring of the religious revival rather than of any school of art. His most important relation to any of his predecessors is, in fact, one of antagonism to the hard glitter of Pope."

Perhaps the most interesting passages in Mr. Smith's essay are the little digressions in which he discusses the various questions suggested by his survey of Cowper's life and work. What he says of Homer and the art of translating, in speaking of Cowper's translation of the Homeric poems, is admirable; so is what he says of Methodism; and so is his analysis of the different kinds of satire. But the most quotable passage is that in which he attacks the assumption which underlies the whole of Cowper's poetry, and which in his (Mr. Smith's) view perverts all Cowper's social judgments:

"He is always deluded by the idol of his cave. He writes perpetually on the twofold assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that 'God made the country, while man made the town.' Both parts of the assumption are untrue. A life of action is more favorable to virtue, as a rule, than a life of retirement, and the development of humanity is higher and richer, as a rule, in the town than in the country. If Cowper's retirement was virtuous, it was so because he was actively employed in the exercise of his highest faculties: had he been a mere idler, secluded from his kind, his retirement would not have been virtuous at all. His flight from the world was rendered necessary by his malady, and respectable by his literary work; but it was a flight and not a victory."

Returning again, in a later chapter, to the same topic, he says:

"An innocent epicurism, tempered by religious asceticism of a mild kind—such is the philosophy of 'The Task,' and such the ideal embodied in the portrait of the happy man with which it concludes.

Whatever may be said of the religious asceticism, the epicurism required a corrective to redeem it from selfishness and guard it against self-deceit. This solitary was serving humanity in the best way he could, not by his prayers, as in one rather fanatical passage he suggests, but by his literary work; he had need also to remember that humanity was serving him. . . . If town-life has its evils, from the city comes all that makes retirement comfortable and civilized. Retirement without the city would have been bookless, and have fed on acorns."

Of Mr. Smith's general estimate of Cowper's quality as a poet, and of his place in the history of English literature, the following passage furnishes the best summary:

"Cowper is the most important English poet of the period between Pope and the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, which arose out of the intellectual ferment of the European Revolution. As a reformer of poetry, who called it back from conventionality to nature, and at the same time as the teacher of a new school of sentiment which acted as a solvent upon the existing moral and social system, he may perhaps himself be numbered among the precursors of the Revolution, though he was certainly the mildest of them all. As a sentimentalist he presents a faint analogy to Rousseau, whom in natural temperament he somewhat resembled. He was also the great poet of the religious revival which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England, and which was called Evangelicism within the establishment, and Methodism without. In this way he is associated with Wesley and Whitefield, as well as with the philanthropists of the movement, such as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Clarkson. As a poet he touches, on different sides of his character, Goldsmith, Crabbe, and Burns. With Goldsmith and Crabbe he shares the honor of improving English taste in the sense of truthfulness and simplicity. To Burns he felt his affinity, across a gulf of social circumstance, and in spite of a dialect not yet made fashionable by Scott. Besides his poetry, he holds a high, perhaps the highest, place among English letter-writers."

Those are the opening sentences of the essay, and the sentences with which it closes may profitably be placed in juxtaposition with them:

"Any one whose lot it is to write upon the life and works of Cowper must feel that there is an immense difference between the interest which attaches to him and that which attaches to any one among the far greater poets of the succeeding age. Still, there is something about him so attractive, his voice has such a silver tone, he retains, even in his ashes, such a faculty of winning friends, that his biographer and critic may be easily beguiled into giving him too high a place. He belongs to a particular religious movement, with the vitality of which the interest of a great part of his works has departed or is departing. Still more emphatically and in a still more important sense does he belong to Christianity. In no natural struggle for existence would he have been the survivor; by no natural process of selection would he ever have been picked out as a vessel of honor. If the shield which for eighteen centuries Christ, by his teaching and his death, has spread over the weak things of this world, should fail, and might should again become the title to existence and the measure of worth, Cowper will be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who have said anything in his praise will be treated with the same scorn."

Of Cowper's incomparable letters, several characteristic specimens are given; but one of the principal defects of Mr. Smith's work is that he has regarded Cowper's letters rather as illustrations of his literary art than as supplying materials for a more intimate personal portrait.

SWINBURNE'S "SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES."

"SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES" is an inviting name for a volume of poems published in the early summer. It suggests Nature in her two most exhilarating aspects—the new life of the summer and the ever-new life of the sea. Most poets have said something worth saying about the summer, the beauty of which is so various and so easily indicated, if not depicted. But, after a few epithets, what can the poet say to recall that beauty whose deepest and most abiding charm is oneness—monotony of voice and monotony of color?

The poet who does not love the sea can, one would think, be but half a poet; yet rarely till the present century have the poets succeeded in the attempt to express that peculiar kind of exhilaration which accompanies a morning swim in the sea or a sail on it in summer, and which no other sort of experience brings. Still, a word must be said for Falconer's "Shipwreck." Falconer had the rare good fortune to be second mate in the Britannia (shipwrecked off Cape Colonna), to be midshipman on a still more famous and ill-fated ship, the Royal George, and at last, and above all, to perish in a shipwreck himself. It would be unfair, therefore, to put Falconer into

competition with any other poet of the sea; but it is remarkable how picturesque his poem is. That so picturesque a poem upon the most poetical of all subjects should be so entirely forgotten shows that not only the poets, but the readers of poetry, have "suffered a sea-change"—have taken, in fact, to the steam-packet and the bathing-machine.

The naval poetry of Campbell and Dibdin's sea-songs come under a different category from "The Shipwreck." The glories of man's achievements on the sea, not the glories of the sea itself, form their inspiration; and the sea, who is a jealous mistress, takes no delight in them. Shelley's love of the sea, genuine as it is, has the pathetic unwittingness of the child or of the holiday excursionist, who little knows the savagery lurking beneath the sea's bright smile. As we listen to Shelley's praise of the sea, we can not help recalling the admiral of the "paper boats." In Byron's case it is often difficult to say whether the emotion is genuine. The address to the ocean in "Childe Harold" is written for Bond Street; but in "Don Juan" there is the true smell of the brine. But it was Coleridge who knew, by force of an imagination far transcending that of any of his contemporaries, the secrets the sea reserves for the solitary visitant like the Ancient Mariner, and which other men only learn from personal experience. It may be said of all Nature that no man really knows her who has not been with her often and long alone. Man's unconquerable gregariousness has been the great agent in his progress; but how much has he not lost by it! Nature has ceased to speak to him at all, and to know what she is saying he has to consult the birds, beasts, and fishes, as Thoreau discovered long before he joined them. It is especially so with

"The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea."

Victor Hugo had said some beautiful things about the sea, but it was only when he was driven to Guernsey by Fate—that is to say, the Empire—that he could, as a solitary, find anything to say about the sea that it was worth a sailor's while to greatly heed. In blessing Hugo for "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," it was quite consistent that Mr. Swinburne should bless the Emperor, to whom indirectly we owe that marvelous sea-picture, and Mr. Swinburne has not, as the reader will find, neglected so favorable an opportunity.

Mr. Swinburne's passion for the sea is well known; in writing about it he is always at his best, and in this book it is clear that he has caught those very sea-secrets which only Coleridge among poets has caught before him. His present volume consists of three poems of some length, which, as the descriptions are chiefly of the sea and the seacoast, have a connection with each other, followed by a birthday ode to Victor Hugo. The sea-air blows through them all, and the book is appropriately dedicated to Mr. E. J. Trelawney, who is as interesting on account of his own romantic life by sea and land as from the association of his name with the two great poets whom he had the honor to call friends.

"Thalassius," which opens the book, tells the story of an imaginary youth so named, who was found as an infant on the seashore:

"Upon the flowery fore-front of the year,
One wandering by the gray-green April sea
Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand
.
A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.
.
For when July strewed fire on earth and sea
The last time ere that year,
Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe
Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere
Move toward her from its fieriest heart, whence trod
The live sun's very God,
Across the foam-bright water-ways that are
As heavenlier heavens with star for answering star,
And on her eyes, and hair, and maiden mouth,
Felt a kiss falling fierier than the South,
And heard above afar
A noise of songs and wind-enamored wings,
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,
And round the resonant radiance of his car,
Where depth is one with height,
Light heard as music, music seen as light,
And with that second moon-dawn of the spring's
That fosters the first rose,
A sun-child whiter than the sunlit snows
Was born out of the world of sunless things
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and flows."

He who found the child was an aged poet and hero; perhaps the initiated may recognize him. He fed the boy with—

". . . food of deep memorial days long sped;
For bread with wisdom and with song for wine
Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.
.
High things the high song taught him; how the breath
Too frail for life may be more strong than death;
And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams
As a ghost's glory in dreams,
More stabile than the world's own heart's root seems,
By that strong faith of lordliest love which gives
To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light
Clearer, to death's bare bones a verier might,
Than shines or strikes from any man that lives.
How he that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly:

.
One fairer thing he showed him, and in might
More strong than day and night
Whose strengths build up time's towering period:
Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
Which if man had not, then should God not be:
And that was Liberty.
And gladly should man die to gain, he said,
Freedom: and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.
.
And love the high song taught him: love that turns
God's heart toward man as man's to Godward; love
That life and death and life are fashioned of,
From the first breath that burns
Half kindled on the flower-like yeanling's lip,
So light and faint that life seems like to slip,
To that yet weaklier drawn
When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn
But the man dying not wholly as all men dies
If aught be left of his in live men's eyes
Out of the dawnless dark of death to rise;
If aught of deed or word
Be seen for all time or of all time heard.
Love, that though body and soul were overthrown
Should live for love's sake of itself alone,
Though spirit and flesh were one thing doomed and dead,
Not wholly annihilated.
.
And hate the song too taught him; hate of all
That brings or holds in thrall
Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
The holy body and sacred soul of man.
And wheresoever a curse was or a chain,
A throne for torment or a crown for bane
Rose, molded out of poor men's molten pain.
.
And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran
His days and dreams together, till the joy
Burned in him of the boy.
Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's breath
Breathed and blew life in where was heartless death,
Death spirit-stricken of soul-sick days, where strife
Of thought and flesh made mock of death and life.
And grace returned upon him of his birth,
Where heaven was mixed with heaven-like sea and earth;
And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun
From inward, fledged with might of sorrow and mirth
And father's fire made mortal in his son.
Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze
To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's;
For as wild mares in Thessaly grow great
With child of ravishing winds, that violate
Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire
And eyes outburning heaven's
With fires more violent than the lightning levin's
And breath drained out and desperate of desire,
Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong,
Grew great with child of song.
.
Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew
And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves
Were full of godhead and the light that saves,
His father's, and their spirit had pierced him through,
He felt strange breath and light all round him shed
That bowed him down with rapture; and he knew
His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,
And the old great voice of the old good time, that said:
'Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth
A fosterling and fugitive on earth;
Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire,
A man-child with an ungrown God's desire;
Because thou hast loved naught mortal more than me,
Thy father, and thy mother-hearted sea;
Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold
Life and life's love for song, God's living gold;
Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth
To feed men's hearts with visions, truer than truth;
Because thou hast kept in those world-wandering eyes
The light that makes me music of the skies;
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears
The music that puts light into the spheres;
Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me,
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.'"

"On the Cliffs," the second poem in the volume, being more subjective in its *motif* and more remote in its language, is not likely to meet with so ready sympathy—perhaps not with so ready comprehension—as the above. The quotations from Æschylus and Sappho, together with certain other allusions which seem to be of an occult autobiographic nature, make the poem more recondite than a poem ought to be. This, however, is the gist of it: The poet listening to the song of the nightingale, as he stands on the cliffs in the south of England, recalls to his memory how, in years gone by, he discovered the nightingale's song to be the song of Sappho, and that, through the voice of the bird, Sappho was specially addressing him. And then follows the conclusion that, as the nightingale is Sappho, there were no nightingales in the world when Sappho was herself—a conclusion which is inevitable, though no doubt it will satisfy the logician better than the ornithologist. The metrical music in this poem is so inwoven that to make extracts would convey no adequate idea of its nature. Nor would it be easy to exaggerate the perfect manner in which Sappho's cadence is caught in such a passage as this:

"Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,
Lady, my spirit."

Again, take the following (where both readings are marvelously translated) and compare it with Sappho:

" ποικιλόθρον' [*v. l.* ποικιλόφρον], ἀθάνατ' 'Αφροδίτα,
παῖ Διὸς δολοπλόκε, λίσσομαί τε
μή μ' ἄσαισι μηδ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,
πότνια, θυμόν.

O thou of divers-colored mind, O thou
Deathless, God's daughter subtile-souled—lo, now,
Now too the song above all songs, in flight
Higher than the day-star's height,
And sweet as sound the moving wings of night!
Thou of the divers-colored seat—behold,
Her very song of old!—
O deathless, O God's daughter subtile-souled!
That same cry through this boskage overhead
Rings round reiterated,
Palpitates as the last palpitated,
The last that panted through her lips and died
Not down this gray north sea's half-sapped cliff-side
That crumbles toward the coast-line, year by year
More near the sands and near;
The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried,
Heard once on heights Leucadian—heard not here."

Owing to its subject, the poem can not but recall Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." Nor will the reader fail to be struck with the contrast between the two poets. With Keats, as with his great successor Mr. Tennyson, fine as is the melody, it is made subservient to outline and color; with Mr. Swinburne, more even than with Shelley, color and outline both yield to music. The first aim of Keats is to paint a picture; the first aim of Mr. Swinburne is to sing a song. Mr. F. Hueffer, in his book upon Wagner, tells us that Weber, in driving through a beautiful country, could only enjoy its beauty by translating it into beautiful music. The same may be said of Mr. Swinburne with regard to verbal music, as it also may be said of Shelley. A greater than all these would be he whose color and whose music are so interfused that each seems born of the other. And though Keats in the "Ode to a Nightingale," has certainly done this, it is of Coleridge, the father of them all, that he learned it—that Coleridge, whose "Kubla Khan" it would perhaps have taken the combined forces of all his poetic children to produce. For there he conquers the poet's crowning difficulty, that of stealing from prose as much distinctness of color and sharpness of outline as can be imported into verse with as little sacrifice as possible of melody. The reason why, in prose, speech is "loosened" is that, untrammeled by the laws of metre, language is able more accurately to imitate; though speech, even when "loosened," can not compete in accuracy of imitation with the plastic arts; for its media are not colors nor solids, but arbitrary symbols of color and form. The moment language has to be governed by the laws of metre—the moment there begins the conflict between the claims of verbal music and the claims of color and form—then sharpness of outline, mere vividness of picture, such as prose easily achieves, have in some degree to be sacrificed; but the greatest master is he who borrows the most that can be borrowed from prose and loses the least that can be lost from verse. No doubt, this is what every poet tries to do by instinct; but some sacrifice on each side there must be, and poets may be divided into those who make picturesqueness yield to music, and those who make music yield to picturesqueness. So decidedly does Mr. Swinburne yield to the former—so instinctively does he produce the melodious emotion caused by physical beauty rather than a picture representing that beauty—that, except in "The Garden of Cymodoce," there is not in his poems an individual landscape such as we get in Wordsworth and in Mr. Tennyson; nor is there in his entire poems a portrait of a beautiful woman, such as Byron's Haidée or Mr. Tennyson's Gardener's Daughter.

Between the reader and the woods where Mr. Swinburne's nightingale is singing there rolls such a flood of musical sound that eyesight is numbed by the delicious sense of hearing; while Keats, in some magical way, takes us into the gloom of the enchanted thicket, and this he does by continually giving us glimpses of the actual picture itself which is causing the emotion at the heart of the song. To do this, however, there must be underneath the emotion a certain calm. "The Garden of Cymodoce" is a rapturous description of the Isle of Sark. Calmness being necessary in description, it follows that in English verse the natural metre for descriptive poetry is the iambic. Anapæsts and dactyls are too subjective and emotional to really depict external nature. Moreover, we mistrust the accuracy of any witness if he shows himself to be *tête montée*, as the poet must be to legitimately write in the dancing measures at all. Consequently, "The Garden of Cymodoce," triumphing as it undoubtedly does over metrical difficulties never before attempted by the descriptive poet, and being, at the same time, full of picturesqueness, has something of the air of a *tour de force*. This is inevitable; but it would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of this poem. Here are a few lines:

" Sea, and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air,
More dear than all things earth-born; O to me
Mother more dear than love's own longing sea,
More than love's eyes are, fair,
Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear,

As fire to feel and breathe and brighten; be
A spirit of sense more deep of deity,
A light of love, if love may be, more strong
In me than very song.
For song I have loved with second love, but thee,
Thee first, thee, mother; ere my songs had breath,
That love of loves, whose bondage makes man free,
Was in me strong as death.
And seeing no slave may love thee, no, not one
That loves not freedom more,
And more for thy sake loves her, and for hers
Thee; or that hates not, on whate'er thy shore
Or what thy wave soever, all things done
Of man beneath the sun
In his despite and thine, to cross and curse
Your light and song that as with lamp and verse
Guide safe the strength of our sphered universe,
Thy breath it was, thou knowest, and none but thine,
That taught me love of one thing more divine.

.

"O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,
Made lovelier by love of the sea
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers
Like foam of the sea-facing tree!
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,
Black rocks for thy thorns.

"Was it here, in the waste of his waters,
That the lordly north wind, when his love
On the fairest of many kings' daughters
Bore down for a spoil from above,
Chose forth of all farthest far islands,
As a haven to harbor her head,
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,
His bride-worthy bed?

"Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee
Made fast as with anchors to land,
And broke, that his waves might be round thee,
Thy fetters like rivets of sand?
And afar by the blast of him drifted
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,
As a lark by the heart in her lifted
To mix with the morn?

"By what rapture of rage, by what vision
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,
Was he moved to devise thy division
From the land as a rest for his love?
As a nest when his wings would remeasure
The ways where of old they would be,
As a bride-bed upbuilt for his pleasure
By sea-rock and sea?"

As an ode in the regular Pindaric form of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, the birthday ode for the anniversary festival of Victor Hugo would be a remarkable performance apart from its wealth of poetry and nobility of tone. It was a strange misconception that led people for centuries to use the words "Pindaric" and "irregular" as synonymous terms, whereas the very essence of the odes of Pindar (those, alas! which survive to us) is their regularity. There is no more difficult form of poetry. When in any poetical composition the metres are varied, there must be a reason for such freedom, and that reason is properly subjective—the varying form should embody and express the varying emotions of the singer. But when these metrical variations are governed by no subjective law at all, but by the arbitrary rules evolved from the practice of Pindar, then that very variety which should aid the poet in expressing his emotion crystallizes it and makes the ode the most frigid of all compositions. So intense, however, is Mr. Swinburne's rapturous enthusiasm in praising one glorious achievement after another of the poet at whose feet it is his pride to sit, that he has produced a Pindaric ode which, instead of chilling the reader, warms him to something akin to the poet's own temper. The allusions to the varying subjects of "La Légende des Siècles" are very striking:

"But now from all the world-old winds of the air
One blast of record rings,
As from time's hidden springs,
With roar of rushing wings and fires that bear
Toward north and south sonorous, east and west,
Forth of the dark wherein its records rest,
The story told of the ages, writ nor sung
By man's hand ever nor by mortal tongue
Till, godlike with desire,
One tongue of man took fire,
One hand laid hold upon the lightning, one
Rose up to bear time witness what the sun
Had seen, and what the moon and stars of night
Beholding lost not light:
From dawn to dusk what ways man wandering trod
Even through the twilight of the gods to God.

"From dawn of man and woman twain and one,
When the earliest dews impearled
The front of all the world
Ringed with aurorean aureole of the sun,
To days that saw Christ's tears and hallowing breath
Put life for love's sake in the lips of death,
And years as waves whose brine was fire, whose foam
Blood, and the ravage of Neronian Rome;
And the eastern crescent's horn
Mightier awhile than morn;
And knights whose lives were flights of eagles' wings,
And lives like snakes' lives of engendering kings;
And all the ravin of all the swords that reap
Lives cast as sheaves on heap
From all the billowing harvest-fields of fight;
And sounds of love-songs lovelier than the light."

The fine enthusiasm and noble temper which are the characteristics of this volume can hardly fail to gain for it a wide audience.

London Athenæum.

CAPTAIN ORTIS'S BOOTY: A BALLAD.

CAPTAIN ORTIS (the tale I tell
Petit told in his chronicle)
Won from Alva, for service and duty
At Antwep's surrender, the strangest booty.

Then each captain gained—as I hear—
That for guerdon he held most dear,
Chose what in chief he set heart of his on;
Out strode Ortis and claimed—the prison!

Such a tumult! For, be assured,
Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
No mere criminals alone in that Stygian
Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
Anabaptists and many more
Hard to catch; but let loose when caught your
Timid squirrels, forego the torture?

Never! Suddenly sank the noise;
Alva spoke in his steely voice:
"He's my soldier sans flaw or blemish;
Let him burn as he likes these Flemish!"

"Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
"Only King Philip's edict read—"
Alva spoke: "What is King or Cortes?"
"Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners; set them free:
Only—each pays a ransom fee."
Out, be sure, flowed the gold in buckets,
Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone;
Men and women and children thrown
In chains to perish came out forgiven,
Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
From rack and darkness they scarce could find
The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
So cried all; then said one amazed,
"Who is he under heaven that gave us
Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
"The Spanish lancer. Here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never had been
In brave old Antwerp such a scene:
Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold;
And yet I think, if the truth be told,
He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Still my Captain, to certain eyes,
Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise.
"'Twere for a hero (you say) more handsome
To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot.
No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot;
But a needy soldier half-starved, remember,
With cold and hunger, that northern December.

Just such a one as Parma meant,
Writing to Philip in discontent:
"Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer,
Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, raiment, they do without,
Wine—fire even—they'll learn, no doubt,
To live without meat for their mouths; they're zealous,
Only they die first as yet, poor fellows."

Yes, and I praise him, for my part,
This man war-beaten and tough of heart,
Who—scheming a booty, no doubt—yet planned it
More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend, is't too coarse for you?
Will naught less than a Galahad do?
Well; far nobler, it seems, your sort is;
But I—I declare for bold Captain Ortis!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON (*Cornhill Magazine*).

BRIEFS ON RECENT NOVELS.

ACCORDING to Hazlitt, the test of mastery in creative fiction is less in contrasting characters that are unlike than in distinguishing those that are like. This was said apropos of Miss Austen, the *dramatis personæ* of whose novels usually resemble each other about as closely as do the members of a casual group of persons brought together in real life, and whose differences of character and taste are discriminated with the rarest and most delicate art; but the rigid application of such a test would relegate the greater part of recent and contemporary fiction to a distinctly secondary place. The novelists of our day render wellnigh unanimous homage to what we may call the law of contraries; and their most piquant effects are usually obtained by setting heroes over against villains, hoydens *vis-à-vis* with prudes, beauty with ugliness, and muscular Christianity with its most vapid conceivable type of "æsthetic" effeminacy. Even those who have advanced their art beyond such crude and violent contrasts seem to consider it necessary to accentuate their coloring by eliminating all the intervening tints, and bringing into juxtaposition persons whose characters and temperaments and dispositions are inherently and radically different. When an exceptionally frivolous and flirtatious young lady is delineated, we may expect with confidence that a foil will be secured by the speedy introduction of the serious-minded, intense, and devoted young woman, whose sterling and intrinsic qualities shall put the other to

shame, and themselves derive luster from the contrast; and the reticent, cynical, somewhat brutal young man of the period—always endowed with feelings which are profound in proportion to the difficulty of arousing them—is sure to be coupled either with the voluble, facile, and superficially fascinating Lothario, or with the depressing youth whose disposition is good, whose manners are complaisant, and whose character, as a natural consequence, is fatally weak. This is the reason, perhaps, why in most contemporary novels the characters seem to be types rather than individuals; and why the part which each is to play in the story can be foreseen with such deadly precision from the very beginning.

Even so great a master of his art as Mr. Howells is not above availing himself of such assistance as these sharp and vivid contrasts afford. His young men, in particular, are apt to run in couples, and their respective qualities are nearly always such as illustrate the law that contrarieties attract, while picturesque emphasis is secured by bringing and keeping them together.

The familiar pair—with characters so different this time as to be fairly antipathetic—reappear in "The Undiscovered Country";* but the usual relations between them are not preserved after they have served to define each other's type, and, in fact, it must be said that in this new story Mr. Howells has struck a much deeper note than in any of his previous ones. We have become so accustomed to looking to Mr. Howells for piquant and humorous glimpses of the *comédie humaine* and for charming versions of the relations that may arise between young men and maidens, that we had come to regard this as defining both his faculty and his limitations as a novelist; but "The Undiscovered Country" shows that he is a thinker as well as an observer, and that in depicting the "vain show of things" he has not been oblivious of the profounder problems which human life presents. Spiritualism is the theme of his novel, and Shakerism furnishes the most "telling" of his accessories; and while he treats them as an artist—that is, not didactically, by way of exposition or analysis, but dramatically, as manifested in the conduct and speech of strongly individualized persons—he does not use them merely as literary material. The theory and phenomena of spiritualism and its defects as a creed have never been more luminously set forth; and as penetrating criticism as the subject has received is that which he puts into the mouth of the dying Boynton, who says that spiritualism is "a grosser materialism than that which it denies; a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena"; and that "it is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men." But the strength of the book lies primarily in its character-drawing. Dr. Boynton, the unworldly enthusiast—the innocent victim of his own illusions—is by far the profoundest and most subtile study in human nature that Mr. Howells has yet attempted; and Ford, the hard-headed, self-sufficient skeptic, is scarcely less successful if less interesting. The personality of Egeria is somewhat deficient in definiteness, but she pervades the book like a benignant and gracious presence.

Were books to be classified by their essential rather than by their nominal contents, a librarian would be puzzled to decide whether to place Mrs. Whitney's "Odd, or Even?"* in the department of theology or of novels. A queerer mixture of love-making and religion, of dogma and sentiment, was probably never set before the reader; and the ethical purpose, which in the earlier stories was not unduly obtrusive, has, under the provocation of criticism, become in the later one the most prominent and dominant motive. Indeed, the author has become aggressive on the subject, and formally avows her determination to preach as well as to amuse:

"He came, and they went on talking, catching as they could the light that fell upon these mighty ideas. I should like you to hear something of what they said, but you will tell me, as I have been told before, that I 'sermonize,' that people don't talk so every day. Granted; but there are days, and there are people, and there are such golden grains in all the falling sands of common days, if we will only pick them up; so that, for my part, I can no more tell a story of any real living and keep the Word of Life out of it than Mr. Dick could keep Charles I's head out of his memorial. So that, in consequence, they who care for my memorial must take the head with it, and maybe learn how it fits in—in the influence and history of things."

Of what is meant here by the Word of Life, the following passage is a fair example:

"France [a young girl of eighteen or so] had begun replacing her cards. The wind of the mountain had swept them gently together, the one under the other. In her mind was this thought: The great pyramid-workers worked under command, just by inch and cubit; and they came out in agreement with the sun and the stars; and in the middle of it was that man-measure, nothing else; but the way to *that* was the history of heavens and earth. I wonder if it was *made* for chronology and sky-pointing; or if it *had* to be true with them, being true with itself? I wonder if the pyramid was built less for a stone miracle of revelation than to show how everything that stands on the right foundation-line, and builds up by *perfect* inches, comes to what tells of all the miracles, and stands straight up under the sun, so that all the sun-measures are in it? 'Mr. Kingsworth' (she put her question aloud), 'didn't the pyramid just turn out so, do you suppose, because of that beginning, and keeping on, upon the right inch? and didn't it get square with astronomy and history exactly because it was first square with the daylight, without Melchisedek, or anybody, knowing how it was to be?'"

It will be admitted, we think, that to encounter such passages at frequent intervals in a narrative

* The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Odd, or Even? By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

must be rather trying to a reader who has no premonition of what is coming, and no fair chance to skip; and they are all the more trying because of their sharp contrast with Mrs. Whitney's ordinary method as a story-teller. In so far as Mrs. Whitney is a novelist, she belongs to the realistic school, and nothing of the kind could surpass the minute fidelity of her pictures of farm-life and farm-scenes in Fellaiden, while Sarell's (the hired girl's) talk, and manner, and conduct, are a masterpiece of realistic portraiture. Indeed, if Mrs. Whitney could only bring herself to recognize the legitimate aim and necessary limitations of a novel, there is no reason why she should not write stories which should present as valuable and as entertaining pictures of certain phases of New England life as any that Mrs. Beecher Stowe has given us. She has several of the most essential qualities of a novelist—perception of character, skill in representing it, a realistic imagination, and a subtile appreciation of the action and reaction of persons upon one another and of circumstances upon all—but her ever-present sense of the importance of "doing good" by her work overpowers and renders futile her capabilities as an artist. Still, it must be candidly admitted that Mrs. Whitney has consistently adhered from the first to her own conception of the obligations of her art, and that she has never failed to secure both readers and admirers. And, this being so, we are brought at last to saying of "Odd, or Even?" that, "for them that like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like."

Very different in aim and method from Mrs. Whitney's somewhat austere story, but exhibiting the same traits of homely realism, insight into character, and aptitude for the picturesque in nature and in human life, is "Uncle Jack's Executors." * Miss Noble is, we take it, a very young, or at least an inexperienced writer, and should she follow up her experiment will probably do much better work. She will learn, for instance, that a series of almost disconnected scenes and adventures is not a novel, even though the same persons figure in them; that a story, to hold the interest of the reader, must have some continuity of development; and that the best expression of a genuine vein of humor is not a number of independent stories and anecdotes, however good these may be. She will also succeed, let us hope, in imparting to her men something of the naturalness and individuality which characterize the women of the present story, and not insist upon bestowing the masculine gender upon the most preposterously mechanical of lay figures. But, upon its own merits, "Uncle Jack's Executors" may be pronounced a thoroughly readable and enjoyable story, and one which is wholesome as well. To be introduced into the intimate life of a household where cordial affection and mutual helpfulness and forbearance smooth the difficulties of a situation, not easy or pleasant in itself, can hardly fail to prove beneficial to the reader; and Mrs. Whitney might learn from it how a story whose primary aim is to amuse may, without "sermonizing," be made to exercise a helpful and tonic influence also. In fiction, as in real life, example and not precept is the most effective teacher and preacher.

Another volume in the same series * is a reproduction of a story which had some vogue a generation ago, and which is chiefly interesting as marking the change which has come over the popular taste in respect of fiction. "A Stranded Ship" is obviously the product of a period when animation of narrative and variety of incident were demanded, rather than the modern subtilties of character analysis and portraiture which have rendered the "story" a very subordinate element of a novel. And it is a very good specimen of its class. Crime, remorse, atonement, battle, shipwreck, heroes, villains, superhuman daring, angelic loveliness, poetic justice—all the paraphernalia of the old-time *raconteur* are liberally used; nor is there any stint of those marvelous coincidences which were the chief weapon in the arsenal of the romanticists, and of which one only would be considered an intolerable violation of that "realism" which has now become the shibboleth and the test.

Whether or not the new style of fiction is inherently superior to the old, it is certainly more difficult to achieve success in. The author of "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" † would have written an excellent story of the old-time "thrilling" sort, and could probably have gone on writing them indefinitely, for fertility of invention is the distinctive merit of her work; but the clearness of vision, firmness of grasp, and delicacy of touch that are indispensable to the successful representation of character are, at this stage of her experience, clearly beyond her. For this reason, "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" is disappointing. It starts off with the promise of a bright, clever, somewhat satirical story of society; but it soon degenerates into a peculiarly tawdry type of melodrama, and thenceforth drags contentedly along at the lower level. Even the characters, at first finely conceived and clearly outlined, undergo the same process of degradation. Margaret Ufford, the true heroine of the story, gives promise at the beginning of being an almost tragic, and certainly a brilliant and pathetic figure; but she speedily develops the worst characteristics of the conventional flirt, and, in working out what the author supposes to be retribution, she is dragged through mire whose taint will no more "out" than would the bloodstains upon Lady Macbeth's hand. The scene of the story is laid partly in Boston, and the rumor has been industriously circulated that it introduces certain *bona fide* members of Boston society; but the truth is that neither in Boston nor elsewhere have

* Knickerbocker Novels. Uncle Jack's Executors. By Annette Lucile Noble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Knickerbocker Novels. A Stranded Ship: A Story of Sea and Shore. By L. Clarke Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† No-Name (Second) Series. Mrs. Beauchamp Brown. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

such people ever lived, moved, and had their being. Mrs. Beauchamp Brown was probably suggested by an actual person, but even she has none of the realism of a portrait; and the other characters and situations are the offspring of a fancy fed upon the romances of Bulwer, G. P. R. James, and Henry Kingsley. We have spoken of the anonymous author as a woman; and we hope she is a *very* young one—too young to be aware of the vulgarity and coarseness of certain of the incidents, situations, and conversations which she introduces so naively.

Much higher in the quality of its workmanship than any of the preceding stories, yet not quite entitled to be called a great novel, is "Mademoiselle de Mersac,"* a story in which the skill and vividness of the character-drawing are only equaled by the appropriateness and lifelikeness of the accessories. No one, we imagine, will begin the story without becoming absorbingly interested and following it eagerly to the end; and, after finishing it, few will be indisposed to admit that it is far above the average of current fiction. Its chief defect is that, skillfully as its characters are delineated, they are not attractive — even Jeanne, the heroine, is far less pleasing than the author evidently intended and supposes her to be; and the great reading public, which is said to be intolerant of sad endings to novels, will find this one overpoweringly, oppressively sad. Since "The Mill on the Floss" we have read no story whose pathos has affected us more powerfully than this; and Mr. Norris has not reconciled us to it beforehand as George Eliot did by making the sorrowful end appear unavoidable, inevitable, fatalistic. Jeanne de Mersac in real life ought to have found no insuperable difficulty in choosing between her suitors; and, at any rate, the reader will be sure to resent "the deep damnation of her taking off."

In "Second Thoughts,"† Miss Rhoda Broughton has dropped her sensational and somewhat hoydenish tone, and has given us as pretty and proper a love-story as one would care to read. The old process of the taming of a shrew has seldom been more neatly and effectively depicted; and, aside from its sparkle and vivacity, the story possesses qualities which make it really valuable as a picture of upper middle-class life in England. One hopes, indeed, that the Tarltons, however piquant as exceptions, are not average specimens; and the amount of passion and turbulence concentrated into six months of the heroine's life fairly takes the breath away from quiet, humdrum readers. Yet, in spite of a certain over-emphasis in the coloring, the present story is a marked advance both in tone and style over the author's previous ones, and is certainly not inferior to them in readableness.

Less original than "Cripps, the Carrier," and less sensational than "Erema," Mr. Blackmore's "Mary Anerley"* is a reversion to the earlier type of his stories, and reminds one of "Alice Lorraine" and "Lorna Doone." The resemblance, however, is only in what may be called the substance and atmosphere of the story; the style is more manneristic than ever, and the author's all-pervasive personality is more distinct and individual, not to say obtrusive. In one respect, indeed, the novel is almost *sui generis*. From beginning to end it is written in a tone which is not quite ironical and not quite satirical, but a most curious intermingling of the two, the whole being flavored with a *soupçon* of caustic, almost cynical, humor. The result is undeniably piquant; but, as it detracts from the apparent sincerity, it detracts also from the interest of the story. It does not do for an author too obviously to look down upon the people he has created, for the reader is apt to adopt the same supercilious attitude toward them, and nothing could be more unpropitious to that cordial sympathy which should subsist between the reader and the characters whose fortunes he is following. In spite of its defects, however, "Mary Anerley" is an eminently readable and enjoyable story, and there is material enough in it for a dozen novels of the conventional type.

If Mr. Blackmore's novel is obviously the work of a trained and skillful veteran, "Reata"† is as obviously the work of a beginner, but of a beginner who has several of the most essential qualifications for the work she has undertaken. Miss Gerard (the chapter on "millinery" reveals the sex of the author) knows how to individualize and interpret character; she has constructed a plot which holds its interest to the last; she manages a crowd of *dramatis personæ* without confusion or hurry; and she has maintained the substantial homogeneity of her story in spite of the fact that its scene is laid alternately in Germany, Mexico, and Poland. If its dimensions were reduced by a third, and if the last half of it were equal to the first, "Reata" would be a story of the very first rank; and, as it is, no one will read it without both enjoying and admiring it. Its fault as a picture of life is, that the author makes the common mistake of assuming that there is a natural and necessary association between boorishness of manners and roughness of speech and sincerity. A very little observation of the world suffices to show that there is no more prevalent affectation than that of cynicism and of superiority to social conventions; and, however unpicturesque it may be, it is an easily verified fact that ill manners and ill nature usually go together. For this reason, in spite of the clear case which the author makes out, we can not, with entire heartiness, congratulate "Reata" upon her loss of Otto and gain of Arnold. But, whether her choice suits us or not, we can frankly admit that a principal charm of the story

* Mademoiselle de Mersac. By W. E. Norris. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Second Thoughts. By Rhoda Broughton. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Mary Anerley. A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Reata: What's in a Name? A Novel. By E. D. Gerard. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

lies in the fact that the love-making is not of the usual pallid and insipid type, but has something of the warmth and stir of genuine passion.

A novel by Anthony Trollope hardly affords the critic a text for extended comment, and it is enough to say of "The Duke's Children" * that it is as long, as realistic, as facile, as easy to read, and as easy to forget, as any one of its score or two of predecessors. It is rather more entertaining, perhaps, than some of its more recent predecessors, because it brings again upon the stage our old friend the Duke of Omnium; but it must be confessed that the Duke's children hardly give promise of being as good company as the Duke himself has been.

It must be all of twenty-five years ago since Mr. John Esten Cooke gave the world his romance, "The Virginia Comedians," and recently he has written a book which, from its title, "The Virginia Bohemians," † naturally recalls the earlier production. "The Virginia Comedians" was a story of the colonial period, and turned upon incidents growing out of the appearance in the colony of Virginia of a company of actors from England; "The Virginia Bohemians" is a story of the present day, and this also has for its basis the doings of certain performers in a circus company. The stories as stories have no resemblance beyond these two coincidences; but as literary works they bear marks of the same hand. Mr. Cooke always exhibits a fondness for the romantic and picturesque, which sometimes carries him to the verge of the impossible; he is disposed to deal with types rather than with sharply drawn individualities; his style is clear and direct; his scenes are often dramatic and stirring; but his books fall short of the place they aspire to by careless and off-hand work. "The Virginia Bohemians" is interesting rather than satisfying. The out-of-door, free life depicted has considerable charm, although much of it taxes the reader's credulity not a little; and his several heroines are agreeable, despite the fact that they are evidently drawn from the writer's imagination rather than from nature.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN the story of "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," Mr. Edward Bellamy has for his motive a theme which might have been aptly illustrated in the way of motto by a passage from "Macbeth":

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

The idea that by a potion or other process the mind may be released from painful memories is certainly an alluring one, especially to what we may call the psychological romancist. We can not at this moment recall anything of Hawthorne's that turns upon this idea, which is a little strange, for our great "spiritual anatomist" would have been at home in the theme, and exhibited his best power in treating it. Although Dickens is not a psychological romancist, he wrote a very effective, although we believe not a very popular, story, having for its leading purpose the obliteration of memory. This was "The Haunted Man," one of his Christmas-books. It comes to mind at once in reading "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," although the two books are radically different in tone and treatment. In Dickens's story, moreover, the power to forget sorrow is the purpose; in Mr. Bellamy's work it is the power to forget sin. Dickens's haunted man attains his wish, but in the obliteration of his sorrow there vanishes almost everything that makes him human, everything that links him to his kind. The unhappy heroine of Mr. Bellamy's story has sinned, and the device by which she hopes to escape the recollection of her wrong-doing is an eclectic machine, the invention of Dr. Heidenhoff, who calls it "The Thought Extirpation Process." Mr. Bellamy's idea is wholly fantastic here, but it gives him an opportunity for advancing, through Dr. Heidenhoff, some ingenious notions, which readers will find either suggestive, amusing, or absurd, as may be the bent of their humor. Dr. Heidenhoff's process is based on the following learned exposition:

> "It has been ascertained that certain ones of the millions of nerve corpuscles or fibers in the gray substance of the brain record certain classes of sensations and the ideas directly connected with them, other classes of sensations with the corresponding ideas being elsewhere recorded by other groups of corpuscles. These corpuscles of the gray matter, these mysterious and infinitesimal hieroglyphics, constitute the memory, the record of the life, so that when any particular fiber or group of fibers is destroyed certain memories or classes of memories are destroyed, without affecting others which are elsewhere embodied in other fibers. . . . One of the known effects of the galvanic battery, as medically applied, is to destroy and dissolve morbid tissues, while leaving healthy ones unimpaired. Given, then, a patient who, by excessive indulgence of any particular train of thought, had brought the group of fibers which were the physical seat of such thoughts into a diseased

* The Duke's Children. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† The Virginia Bohemians. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

condition, Dr. Gustav Heidenhoff had invented a mode of applying the galvanic battery so as to destroy the diseased corpuscles, and thus annihilate the class of morbid ideas involved beyond the possibility of recollection."

This does very well for the purpose of fiction; its grotesqueness has an eminently serious air, and all the reader has to do is to make believe that he believes it. It enables him to listen complacently to some of the learned doctor's original theories. He says:

"I take it for granted that patients don't generally come to me unless they have experienced very genuine and profound regret and sorrow for the act they wish to forget. They have already repented it, and, according to every theory of moral accountability, I believe it is held that repentance balances the moral accounts. My process, you see, then, only completes physically what is already done morally. The ministers and moralists preach forgiveness and absolution on repentance, but the perennial fountain of the penitent's tears testifies how empty and vain such assurances are. I fulfill what they promise. They tell the penitent he is forgiven. I free him from his sin. Remorse and shame and wan regret have wielded their cruel scepters over human lives, from the beginning until now. Seated within the mysterious labyrinths of the brain, they have deemed their sway secure, but the lightning of science has reached them on their thrones and set their bondmen free."

But the inventor of the Thought-extirpating Process imagines some curious complications arising from the application of his invention:

"Take, for instance, the case of a person who has committed a murder, come to me, and forgotten all about it. Suppose he is subsequently arrested, and the fact ascertained that, while he undoubtedly committed the crime, he can not possibly recall his guilt, and so far as his conscience is concerned is as innocent as a newborn babe, what then? . . . Such a case would bring out clearly the utter confusion and contradiction in which the current theories of ethics and moral responsibility are involved. It is time the world was waked up on that subject. I should hugely enjoy precipitating such a problem on the community. I'm hoping every day a murderer will come in and require my services."

Then our *savant* imagines another case:

"Suppose a man has done another a great wrong, and, being troubled by remorse, comes to me and has the sponge of oblivion passed over that item in his memory. Suppose the man he has wronged, pursuing him with a heart full of vengeance, gets him at last in his power, but at the same time finds out that he has forgotten, and can't be made to remember, the act he desires to punish him for. . . . I can imagine the pursuer, the avenger, if a really virulent fellow, actually weeping tears of despite as he stands before his victim and marks the utter unconsciousness of any offense with which his eyes meet his own. Such a look would blunt the very stiletto of a Corsican. What sweetness would there be in vengeance if the avenger, as he plunged the dagger in his victim's bosom, might not hiss in his ear 'Remember!'? As well find satisfaction in torturing an idiot or mutilating a corpse."

But it is in regard to moral responsibility that the wise inventor is the most audacious and the most original!

"I am fond of speculating what sort of a world, morally speaking, we should have if there were no memory. One thing is clear, we should have no such very wicked people as we have now. There would, of course, be congenitally good and bad dispositions, but a bad disposition would not grow worse and worse as it does now, and without this progressive badness the depths of depravity are never attained. . . . Memory is the principle of moral degeneration. Remembered sin is the most utterly diabolical influence in the universe. It invariably either debauches or martyrizes men and women, accordingly as it renders them desperate and hardened, or makes them a prey to undying grief and self-contempt.

". . . . I say that there is no such thing as moral responsibility for past acts, no such thing as real justice in punishing them, for the reason that human beings are not stationary existences, but changing, growing, incessantly progressive organisms, which in no two moments are the same. Therefore justice, whose only possible mode of proceeding is to punish in present time for what is done in past time, must always punish a person more or less similar to, but never identical with, the one who committed the offense, and therein must be no justice. Why, sir, it is no theory of mine, but the testimony of universal consciousness, if you interrogate it aright, that the difference between the past and present selves of the same individual is so great as to make them different persons for all moral purposes. . . . For, mind you well, the consciousness of the man exists alone in the present day and moment. There alone he lives. That is himself. The former days are his dead, for whose sins, in which he had no part, which perchance by his choice never would have been done, he is held to answer and do penance. . . . The unlikeness between the extremes of life, as between the babe and the man, the lad and the dotard, strikes every mind, and all admit that there is not any apparent identity between these widely parted points in the progress of a human organism. How then? How soon does identity begin to decay, and when is it gone—in one year, five years, ten years, twenty years, or how many? Shall we fix fifty years as the period of a moral statute of limitation, after which punishment shall be deemed barbarous? No, no. The gulf between the man of this instant and the man of the last is just as impassable as that between the baby and the man. What is past is eternally past."

We have quoted enough from Mr. Bellamy's sketch—for it is scarcely more than this—to show that he has ingeniously provided food for thought, whether we laugh at him or not. And do we not all of us apply thought-extirpating processes of our own? What man does not conveniently forget that which is painful to remember, and cherish those recollections that give him pleasure? We are all generally so successful in this way, that Dr. Heidenhoff's invention is unnecessary so far as each for himself is concerned. The need is for an invention that will make other people forget. There's the rub. Remorse no doubt makes here and there a person unhappy; but, as the great majority of people commit follies rather than sins, it is not remorse, but humiliation, that troubles them. The fact that certain *faux pas* stand on record against them in other people's minds is the uncomfortable circumstance. Most of us have a very hearty way of forgiving ourselves; it is the consciousness that our friends and enemies do not forget or forgive that puts bitter in

our cup. It is commonly said that our acquaintances have a very ready faculty in forgetting the services we render them; is there, then, no way by which they can be induced to forget with equal facility the mistakes that we make? Where is the Dr. Heidenhoff that can bestow this boon upon mankind?

In several of Bayard Taylor's "Critical Essays and Literary Notes," recently gathered by the Messrs. Putnam in a posthumous volume—a book which, though it contains much that the author himself would have discarded as ephemeral, contains also some of the best prose that he produced—there are frequent references to the difficulties of authorship in America, and the inadequate rewards of literary labor. The tone of the author is despondent, and he fears that "it will be many ages before the devotion, the absorption of life in an aim, the untiring intellectual effort which are the portion of an author, will bring him the same reward as an equal labor yields to the other professions." At present, he says, "the popular idea in regard to payment for brain work is too much like some 'donation parties' we have heard of, where the contributors bring a dozen doughnuts or a peck of potatoes, and help devour the parson's only turkeys." The common impression differs widely from this; but, as Mr. Taylor truly says, the gains of literary labor have been exaggerated in all countries, and probably nowhere more than in America. It must be confessed, however, that the public are not altogether to blame for their mistake. When they read that Dickens, in spite of his lavish expenditure, left property valued at nearly half a million dollars, they can not be expected to call to mind how rarely exceptional was his case, nor to reflect that with a tithe of Dickens's labor and expenditure of brain-force a Thurlow lived like a noble, and accumulated a vast estate. Washington Irving was one of the most brilliantly successful of American authors, and to the many who have read his biography his reward has very naturally seemed not less brilliant than his success; but divide the two hundred and four thousand dollars which he received by the fifty years of arduous labor by which he earned it, and we have just four thousand dollars a year—the income of a fourth-rate attorney!

Yet the hardest result of the inadequate rewards of literary labor is not touched upon by Mr. Taylor. Fortunately for the reputation of the craft, no author with a genuine vocation for his work takes to literature because he supposes it to be an easy high-road to riches; but he can not resist the feeling that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the real pinch comes when he finds that the closest possible application to his chosen and natural work will neither insure him the means of subsistence nor enable him to provide for those contingencies of life which, much more than the current needs of the hour, weigh upon the conscience of the sensitive person. The fact that literary men live, and live apparently by their work, is popularly supposed to refute this idea; but the truth is, that the majority of them earn the greater part of their living by work very different from that which they feel most taste and inclination for—work not produced in response to a native and spontaneous impulse of artistic instinct, but written under compulsion, as it were, for the sake of immediate and tangible returns, and which often is "literary" only because it is done with pen and ink instead of with trowel or mattock. And it is a melancholy fact that the production of these "pot-boilers" is not only the frequent resource of the most successful authors, but the sole occupation of many who, capable of better things, are the victims of their necessities.

As the outcome of all this we draw an inference which is widely different from that suggested by Mr. James Payn, who advises young men who are in doubt as to a profession to take to literature with the same aim and the same confidence as they would to any other pursuit. Our own advice, on the contrary, would be to avoid literature unless one has a distinct and unmistakable vocation for it—unless the inclination is so strong that the consciousness of work well done will furnish a sufficient and enduring reward for the labor involved. And, even to those aspiring youths who feel that there can be no possible mistake about their vocation, we would say that it is better to do whatever drudgery is involved in getting a living in anything else rather than in their chosen pursuit; for the drudgery of literature is not only the most arduous, the most exacting, and the most exhausting of all drudgery, but it has an unfortunate tendency to wear out and vulgarize the very faculties which must be depended upon for the higher work. It is a mistake to suppose, as is commonly done, that what are called "the lower walks of literature" are the proper and efficient training-ground for the higher. That artist is fortunate who by performing the inevitable task-work in some other and disconnected field of effort is enabled to preserve his art as a "city of the soul," into which he can retire and find refuge from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

In another paper in the volume mentioned above, Mr. Taylor pays an accomplished artist's tribute to the "technical excellence" which characterizes the poetry of our day, and which, we may add, is seldom accorded its due meed of recognition. The poetry of any period will be sure to approximate more or less closely to the models which it consciously or unconsciously adopts; and the age of Tennyson and Swinburne could hardly fail to be an age of facile and finished verse-making. But the technical excellence to which Mr. Taylor refers is something more than this, and shows the influence not only of higher standards but of a more exacting and fastidious public taste. Whatever may be the cause, it can not be denied that even the minor and fugitive poetry of our day exhibits often a constructive skill which, regarded merely as specimens

of artistic workmanship, make the poetry of past times seem comparatively crude, deficient in ear, and meager in vocabulary. It must not be overlooked, however, that there is another side to the subject, and that the advance is not altogether an improvement. Art so developed as this is very apt to be self-conscious; and self-consciousness is the deadliest foe of that free, natural, and spontaneous utterance which is, after all, the most attractive element in genuine poetry. "Time was," says Mr. Taylor, "when a poet's first venture throbbed with the warm, impetuous blood of a young inspiration, and was bright with the reflected lines of other and older bards. He appealed to our interest through the very frankness of his faults; we do not complain of Spenser in the young Keats, or of Keats in the young Tennyson. But nowadays it almost seems as if the young poet were prematurely wise, concerned more for the appearance of maturity than for the keenest and sweetest utterance of his fresh conceptions. Once we pictured him with bright eyes and a flush on his smooth cheek, and we could hear the beating of his eager heart; now he steps before us with a calm self-possession, and endeavors to conceal whatever of artless spontaneity may linger about his song. In the critical atmosphere of our time the flame of inspiration loses something of its former wayward leap and sparkle; in fact, it often resembles a gas-jet, turned on and regulated at the author's will." This hard and mechanical brilliancy is due, no doubt, to the super-exquisite sense of external form, a sensibility which is liable to betray its possessor into subordinating or ignoring things which in reality are more essential. Thought and even feeling give place with these poets to forms of expression; and herein lies the main difference between accomplished verse-makers and the tentative efforts of the amateur, who is not usually so deficient in ideas as he is in art. He feels and thinks, but he does not know how to express what he feels and thinks; and so it often happens now that we encounter poems, the artistic structure of which simply hides their poverty of thought, while, on the other hand, verses are not infrequently printed in which the idea is well enough, but the form clumsy or commonplace.

REVOLUTIONS and revolts seem as likely to occur in those smaller coteries into which society subdivides itself as in the great arena of nations, and it is not surprising that a subject so fascinating and so complicated as whist should arouse antagonisms and differences which elude peaceful remedies and can be settled only by "the sharp surgery of insurrection." One of these subversive and vitally important questions having arisen in the course of a game played recently at the Washington Club, in Paris, it was agreed to submit the matter to "Cavendish," the author of the accepted code of whist laws, and the recognized arbiter of the famous Arlington and Portland Clubs of London; but the decision which he rendered was so "despotic" and so "monstrous" that the appellants declined to submit, and determined to resort to that "ultimate right of resistance" which belongs to the oppressed when wrongs have become unendurable. In accordance with this resolve, they formally deposed "Cavendish" from his position of authority in the Washington Club, and then, lest anarchy should supervene, proceeded to construct a code and tribunal of their own.

Such is the origin of a little book which we find upon our table, entitled "Laws and Regulations of Short Whist," compiled by A. Trump, Jr., and adopted by the Washington Club of Paris; and certainly, if we are to judge of conduct by its results, the revolution which produced the new code must be regarded as one of the most beneficent and salutary of modern times. We know of no collection of rules pertaining to whist which for compactness, precision, and intelligibility, can be compared to this; and almost for the first time due attention is bestowed upon what may be called the etiquette of the game—the laws of courtesy being illustrated by concrete applications and examples. The "Maxims and Advice for Beginners" are particularly helpful and practical, as witness the following: "When sitting down to play with strangers, be certain you demand which are the winning seats and winning cards, and if you have the choice take them; if you lose the first round get up and turn your chair round three times, then cross your legs, and, if either of your adversaries turns a black deuce, be certain you lean forward and touch it before the dealer can; these signs will at once convey to your partner the knowledge that you are deep in the game." Appended to this is a mysterious commentary to the effect that when Artemus Ward wrote "The proprietors of the Washington hotels are the politest people on record," he added in a note, "*This is sarcasm.*"

All of which would seem to show that A. Trump, Jr., is something of a wag, and that he knows how to unbend gracefully now and then from his grave and reverend duties as a law-maker.

THERE is much to be said—and, in fact, much has been said—both for and against the modern practice of appending the signatures of their respective authors to the articles which appear in magazines and reviews; but there is one result of the practice which we do not recollect to have seen mentioned, and that is that the average literary quality of the higher-class magazines has thereby been distinctly lowered. We find the London "Spectator" speaking of a recent article in the "Contemporary Review" as being "destitute alike of sense and of grammar"; and no one familiar with English periodical literature during the last twenty years will deny that, while a class of writers now contribute to the magazines who never could be induced to do so before, and while special topics are discussed with a thoroughness never hitherto approached, the uniformity of literary excellence which used to characterize them is no longer maintained, or even attempted to be maintained. There was something very ludicrous, of course, in the spectacle of a Jeffrey

"hacking and hewing" Carlyle into shape, or of a Gifford tampering with Southey's exquisite prose; but all the contributors to magazines are not Carlyles or Southeys, and the skilled labor of editors, responsible alike for the character and contents of their periodicals, rendered a service to the reading public which was by no means to be despised, and which is not entirely compensated for by the new system of "responsible authorship." The precise nature of that service can be gathered from a perusal of the entertaining "Selections from the Literary Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq.," who succeeded Jeffrey in the editorial chair of the "Edinburgh Review"; or better still from a careful comparison of a current number of (say) the "Contemporary Review" with an "Edinburgh" of twenty years ago. The former will doubtless be weightier and more satisfactory in its material, but the latter will in general be far better written.

We print elsewhere several extracts from an article by Sir Robert Collier on landscape-painting. These selections include fairly all of the article likely to be of interest to American readers, the omitted parts referring mainly to certain English artists very little known in this country. Of American landscape-painters, reference is made only to Church and Bierstadt, which makes us regret that Sir Robert Collier has so limited an acquaintance with American landscape-painting. There is so much penetrating good sense in many of the criticisms and comments that the article is really refreshing in these days, when transcendental confusion is affected by almost everybody who writes on art. All that Sir Robert utters in regard to imitation in art seems to us marked with great discrimination, and we commend his clear analysis to artists as well as critics. Because servile imitation is wholly mechanical, because there should be selection of place, time, and conditions, certain critics have assumed that fidelity to Nature is not the thing at all with which an artist should concern himself. As Sir Robert well says, there are many aspects of Nature wholly beyond and above imitation; and when we hear it said that what is wanted in a painting is not a copy of Nature, but Brown Umber's idea of Nature, that which Brown Umber can make of Nature, we are naturally tempted to retort that the skill displayed by Providence is really of higher import, and likely to concern more people, than that exhibited by Brown Umber, accomplished landscape-painter as he may be.

Sir Robert's analysis of Corôt must be refreshing to all those numerous persons who have stood amazed and perplexed before the canvases of this painter. We, for our part, do not deny a great charm in many of Corôt's landscapes; but when one finds that the same effects are repeated in every canvas, whether conceivably true or not, he suspects that the ruling spirit of this painter's performances is not spiritual insight nor poetic feeling, but a circumscribed power of seeing, accompanied by a very rigid mannerism. Corôt not only makes the foliage of oaks shaken by the wind as undecided and wavy as that of the aspen, but he always paints foliage in this manner—as if there were never still mornings, as if the dawn, the hour he commonly chose for his out-door studies, did not sometimes reveal to him pictures of absolute repose. As interesting evidence of how certain phases of Nature can take possession of a painter, Corôt's landscapes will always have value; but really great landscape-art must have something of the many-sidedness of Nature; the artist must catch her varying aspects, instead of confining himself to one of her monotones.

Landscape-painting and art-criticism have fallen into so many vagaries of late that it is quite time a little clear common sense should be brought to bear upon them. We are asked to admire every form of incomprehensible eccentricity, to accept undecipherable smudges as landscapes, to applaud the lunatic revels of the paint-brush under the sounding name of Impressionism—to substitute vagueness, the unknown, the untranslatable, for clearness, insight, precision, and revelation—and hence it is agreeable to read such direct and yet appreciative comments as those uttered by the English critic.

The "London Athenæum" opens its notice of Mr. Blackmore's new novel, "Mary Anerley," in this wise:

"We are not aware that any one has yet written a treatise on the construction of the novel, setting forth the true and orthodox relation of the three volumes to each other and to the whole story; but when he does he will assuredly take Mr. Blackmore's last story as an example of how this ought to be done, and of the success attendant on the proper doing of it. Here the threads are duly spun in the first volume, tangled in the second, cleared and woven in the third."

We doubt very much whether the orthodox three volumes of the English novel have any logical genesis whatever; but all the same it is true that every work of fiction, whether literary or dramatic, falls naturally into three divisions—the *involvement*, the *battle*, and the *evolvement*. The division of plays into five acts is purely arbitrary, and, so far as we can recall, no satisfactory reason for it has ever been given. No one has written, as the "Athenæum" says, on the philosophy of novels in three volumes, and it may be questioned, judging from internal evidence, whether novelists have ever detected a natural division into three parts, such as we have indicated above. They have for the most part written their novels in one continuous order, and simply cut them up into three divisions when finished.

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EDGE-TOOLS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

"Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle."—RASSELAS.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Honor Burns, as the outcome of her hasty and not too coherent meditations, decided that "something must be done," she had as little idea as have most people who make use of that convenient phrase what the "something" was to be; nor could she foresee by whose hand the work was to be accomplished. We are all ready enough to "forecast the years," but, did we know beforehand what our own share of the future was to be, I doubt that but few of us would be willing to perform our allotted share in the programme.

The room that she and Mrs. Burns shared together, and from which their sleeping-chambers opened on opposite sides, overlooked a narrow strip of ground, by courtesy called the garden (consisting of some gravel-walks and scentless flower-plots beyond the piazza, beyond that some scorched turf, and beyond that the beach and the sea), from two large windows which opened nearly to the floor. Between these windows stood the toilet-table, and at one end of this, and close to the window, Honor sat down, resting her elbows on the table and her chin on her clasped fingers, to think.

Before her lay a book which she recognized as having seen in Aimée's hands a day or two before. She had not noticed then, but remembered now, that it had been laid aside as she entered, and no remark made thereon; and, wondering a little, she took it up to examine it. It was a volume of poetical selections; and a pink glove, that Emmeline had worn the preceding night, lay between the leaves of Joaquin Miller's "Myrrh."

Honor looked at the poem with more attention than she had ever given it. The music of the verses did not move her, but to her excited fancy there seemed a keen and cruel appropriateness to present circumstances in some of the lines: "I wish his love had less of worship and of tenderness"; "At last it comes to me that none were ever true as he"; "Farewell, for here at last the ways divide, diverge—" She threw the book down; she did not need the name upon the title-page to tell her whence it had come. It was another link in the chain her mind was forging—another proof that there was cause for anxiety and dread.

But her feeling was as yet only of doubt and bewilderment; no anguish of certainty, no perception of inevitable misfortune, no knowledge that her misgiving was the common talk of others, were yet hers; and no sharp, keen pang of personal pain, no sudden stab at *self*, had yet divided her unconsciousness as the lightning cleaves the tree. That was all to come.

While pondering whether she should write at once to her father to come and fetch them home, and reflecting that it would be little use, as he might even now be on the way, she became aware that, as far as the sense of hearing was concerned, she was no longer alone. The windows were furnished with those narrow iron balconies for holding flowers which as effectually prevent any observation of the outside world as they screen from observation those within, so that Honor could not see who were her neighbors; but male voices and an odor of cigars apprised her that some one must be either at the window next to hers or on the veranda below.

She had no intention of listening to any man's

conversation, but at the same time, absorbed in her own reflections, she did not leave her seat; and presently these words, in a voice she did not at once recognize, came to her ears:

"I don't see why *you* should worry yourself about it. The man is no doubt behaving badly, and the women appear to be two fools; but it's not the first time that the game has been played —and played out."

"I know that," answered a deep voice, which Honor knew at once for Mr. Weir's; "and if I were a player I dare say it would be all right. As a spectator, I think differently. I admire the girl, and I rather pity the simplicity of the other; and, though God knows I'm no saint, I hate to stand by and see a man, who cares for neither of them, wreck them both."

"If you feel so strongly about it, why don't you say a word of warning?"

"Because I have learned that to meddle in such matters is only, and inevitably, to make them worse."

There was a short silence.

"Some one told me he was going to marry the girl," resumed the voice that must belong to Mr. Torrie; "and I should have thought it would have suited his book better than another useless flirtation. She's very handsome, and I don't suppose some of the old man's money would come at all amiss. He's been bitten confoundedly deep in that last mining business, I've heard."

"He meant it at first, I believe, but found it too much of a pull up stream to make the necessary love to a woman who, with all her beauty, resembles nothing so much as a fragment of a Greenland glacier. I haven't much doubt that he'd do it yet, and be glad of so legitimate an escape from what must be a dilemma, if she'd give him the least encouragement."

"He must be rather an ardent character, according to your account."

"I can't understand it. Perhaps I am generally too much in earnest instead of too little."

"If he's so little in earnest, there can't be much danger in the case you speak of."

"I'm not sure of that. *There* he has only half way to go."

"In his place I'd take the girl. She doesn't care for any one else, I suppose?"

Mr. Weir did not answer instantly; he struck a match and uttered an execration on its non-explosive properties; then—"It's scarcely likely she'd take me into her confidence, if she did," he said, in a peculiar tone.

"I'm sorry I have to go to-morrow, and can't stay to see the *dénoûment*," said Mr. Torrie. "As the hero of the romance does not seem a man likely to marry, I suppose it'll be the other conclusion, an elopement and an appearance in court."

"Not at all. He's far too wide awake for that. But he'll compromise her, and get her talked about in a way that will be just as damaging to her."

"What is there so attractive about her? There's that solemn Morris over head and ears in love with her; why aren't you afraid of *him?*"

"For three reasons. In the first place, it's an old attachment, and they never come to anything; next, there's no sham about *his* Puritanism; and, third, and what is of most consequence, she cares no more for him than I do for her. But don't mention names, please; we can't tell who's near. Those geraniums may have ears, for all we know."

"I'm not going to mention anything more. I promised Lockhart a game of billiards this afternoon, and time's up. See you this evening. By-by."

Meantime, behind the geraniums the listener sat, immovable; her face one scorching, burning blush, and her heart—*was* it Honor Burns's heart that beat so wildly?

She was perfectly sensible of her position; she was quite conscious what the part was that she had played; but she felt no regret and no shame.

The knowledge she had gained over-weighed a thousand-fold all care for the manner in which she had gained it. The burden of wild anger, the sickening sense of disgrace, the horror of the present, and the dread of the future, were not to be added to by any sense of personal unworthiness. She knew that what she had deemed too sacredly terrible even for her own private meditations, what she had hardly dared to dwell upon in her own inmost thoughts, was common property and public talk—the subject of the light conversation and the jests of men whose opinions and way of thinking on such matters (now heard for the first time, and as women seldom hear them) were as new to her as they were frightful. She knew that the woman she loved as her own life was regarded by these and others as one who, if not already a sinner, might be at any moment led into sin; and whose escape from perdition depended on the forbearance or carelessness of one like themselves. She knew that she herself—though that was of light moment in comparison—had been weighed in their balance, her character misjudged, her motives sifted and misconstrued, her future mapped out and held at their will and pleasure. And she knew, by keen and cruel revelation, that she had, of late, been building a house of clouds, and that it lay in vapory ruin.

Was she Honor Burns? Was it she who had said that life was a calm and commonplace round, where temptations were unfrequent, sacrifice little demanded, and passions seldom roused? Was it she who had thought the poets erred in their expression of love and anger, of jealousy and fear? Was it she who had deemed that such things, even if the lot of others, could never come near her?—she who sat here, bowed with shamed pride and wounded trust, shaken with her unaccustomed passion as the peach-tree is shaken in spring tempest, when its slender boughs are tossed and its tender blossoms beaten down and defiled by wind and rain!

"It toucheth thee and thou faintest," said Job's scornful comforters; but Honor did not faint, either in body or soul. Her strong nature asserted itself after the numbness of the first shock had passed; pride rose up to support her under unmerited disgrace; courage bade her throw back as slanders the accusations that had been breathed; love showed her that, whatever the evil, the remedy was in her own power, and she must not shrink from her part; and despair, taking the place of the hope that lay death-stricken and bleeding, nerved her for the struggle, with the sense that she had nothing now to lose.

She went over the conversation in memory; it was too deeply burned in upon her mind to leave a word doubtful; and, supposing she knew of whom the words had been spoken, there could be as little doubt of their interpretation. That atom of doubt she must resolve, and then—

She bowed her head in utter loathing of herself and her fate, as she recognized what must be; what there was no escape from if those men had spoken truly. Her father must be spared, her friend must be saved, at any cost; detractors must be silenced, and the lie cast back in the teeth of the world; and, if two women suffered unto death in the process, what matter? What were women made for but to suffer? And Honor smiled grimly to herself at her sudden conversion to a doctrine which, however firmly held by others, had hitherto found in her no believer.

She thought herself favored by Fate as she glanced from the window, and took her resolution in a moment from what she saw. Some, perhaps most, women would have hesitated; few, perhaps, would have overcome the hesitation to the performance. Not so Honor. The power that had lain dormant in her had awakened and taken possession; her unlikeness to her sex in general showed itself in her courage of action—her resemblance to it lay concealed in the tender forgetfulness of self and devotion to another, which dictated that action and which no one would ever know.

Mr. Weir, finishing his cigar alone as he strolled up and down upon the beach, was somewhat surprised to see Miss Burns coming toward him with swift and steady step. He had said quite truly that he admired her; he did so, as a masterpiece of Nature, and as the possessor of an imperturbability as desirable in woman as it was rare; nevertheless, he was not best pleased to see her now. Her name had been too lately on his lips for him to feel quite easy in her presence; particularly as her seeking him would seem to imply that she had something of importance to say.

The crimson that had vied with the hue of the geraniums as she crouched behind them had faded away, and she became yet paler than usual as she addressed Mr. Weir. Her voice, however, was steady, and she looked at him bravely as she said, "May I speak to you a moment, if you please?"

"I shall be both honored and happy," he replied with a bow and a smile, as he removed the cigar from his lips; but he said to himself, "I wonder what the devil is coming now?"

"I am quite aware," said Miss Burns, "that a man's code of honor does not always necessitate his speaking the truth to a woman. May I hope that you will, in spite of this, speak it now to me?"

Utterly at a loss, he could only bow again, and murmur, "If I can."

"It is easy. Were—did you refer to me, and those belonging to me, in what you and Mr. Torrie were talking of just now?"

Very seldom in the course of his life had Mr. Weir been abashed or confused; but his usual self-possession failed him now. A vain attempt to remember on the instant what he had or had not said, keen annoyance that she had overheard him, amazement at her bold candor in avowing it, wonder as to what purpose she could have in view in so doing, all combined to keep him silent for one breath, while he thought—"She has the uncommon frankness of a man; has she also the usual insight of a woman?" before he replied in the short and simple word "Yes."

"Your face answered for you before you spoke," she said, while only a slight tremble in her voice betrayed the pang that overcame her for a moment at the last destruction of her slender hope. "But I thank you for making no excuses, and answering me as you would have answered a man. One question more: did you mean all that you said—do you believe all that you affirmed?"

He would have disclaimed remembrance, but she stopped him.

"You can not have forgotten—do not make me recapitulate"—she blushed painfully as she spoke. "Be as honest as you were before."

"It is against my will, Miss Burns, that I answer yes. Believe me—"

"That is enough," she interrupted. "I was not mistaken in trusting to your honor. I will trust it further still."

"Can you ever forgive me—" he was beginning.

"Spare me," she said, hastily. "What you must think of me, I know, but do not lower me yet more by needless excuses; you only spoke as you had a right to speak to your friend if you so thought. I will make no useless apologies; I could not help hearing, and had to listen; had it been even more despicable than it was, I should have listened still. I have gained knowledge at the price of your contempt and my own, but you need not regret it."

"I do regret it. If anything I can do or say—" Mr. Weir's usual facility of speech had quite deserted him.

"You are a gentleman, Mr. Weir, and as such you must know that all you can say and do is—nothing. If you wish to spare me yet deeper humiliation, you will forget that I have spoken to you—you will blot out this interview from your mind for ever."

He understood her. "It shall be sacred—as though it had never been."

"I thank you." If she felt the impulse to say more, she checked it, and merely bent her head as she left him. Perhaps she felt her strength deserting her, and dreaded the snapping of the chord already overstrung.

"Ye gods, what a woman!" thought Weir, as he looked after her retreating figure. "By Heaven, she almost makes me break my resolution, and fall in love with her on the spot! And that idiot might have won this splendid creature instead of devoting himself to that piece of pleasing insipidity, who in turn wastes *her* best feelings on one who would leave her at a word or sign. What an infernal game of cross-purposes! I wonder what is in her mind? She didn't come here and say what she did without some strong purpose, and what she intends she'll carry out, that's certain. I may see, perhaps, but she will never tell. She knows when to speak and when to hold her tongue."

Unconscious of the admiration she had excited, and sensible only of her own utter misery and heart-sickness, Honor again reached the seclusion of her own room, vacant as she had left it; there she gave way and burst into a flood of tears—stormy tears, with now and then a choking sob, which gave her little relief, and which after a few minutes' indulgence she endeavored to repress.

"This is not the way to carry out my plan," she said. "This is scarcely the part of the brilliant belle without a care. Can I ever do it? O God, forgive me, both for what I leave undone and what I do!" The passionate prayer, so unlike her, broke from her lips unawares, and, terrified at her own emotion, she made a strong effort to be calm. "She must see nothing—know nothing; ah, that is the hardest part of all! to be so 'cruel even to be kind'; to give up sympathy and substitute deceit; to sever at one stroke the ties in which years have bound us; oh, what have we done that life should be so hard!"

Lifting her face from her hands, she saw before her Randolph's book, lying where she had thrown it in anger at Aimée's *folly*, as she had harshly called it; now, perhaps, the keen pain in her own heart taught her compassion; perhaps, as some say, of suffering is born the love of as well as the capacity for song; at any rate, she raised the book, and, turning to the poem she had read before, her eyes fell on what she had then missed—the lovely introductory lines to "Myrrh":

> "There is no life so beautiful as is the white, cold, coffined past:
> Here I may love, nor be betrayed—the dead are faithful to the last.
> I am not spouseless: I have wed a memory, a hope that's dead."

The hard, fierce look died out of her face, and was succeeded by a great grief and gentle tears. "I have learned that lesson," she said, softly, as she closed the book. "I thought there was no light but my own; but 'whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

CHAPTER X.

MRS. BURNS and Honor did not meet again for some hours; for the first time a veil hung between them which neither dared lift the hand to withdraw. Neither doubted the other, but each was conscious of her own concealment, and, to all hearts not naturally depraved, self-discovery is more bitter than the discovery of others, and self-condemnation the heaviest of all.

The French maid who attended them equally conveyed to Honor madame's excuses for not appearing. "She had *mal de tête*, and, if she was to support the fatigue of descending to the parlors with Miss Burns, she must take repose." Honor was but too glad to accede. So foreign to her nature was any thought or action that was not wholly known to others, that she could not help feeling like a traitor, generous as she knew her intentions to be, and feared she should never support her part if she and Emmeline were alone.

She therefore charged Léontine with a message that she would not herself leave her room till it was time to go down stairs for the evening's amusement.

It was a new experience for Mademoiselle Léontine to find her young lady difficult to dress. Honor was generally as indifferent to her personal adornment as can be expected of any acknowledged beauty, but to-night she showed an anxiety as to her appearance, an impatience, and almost an irritability which was as new as it was unaccountable to the Frenchwoman. "*Ciel! que mademoiselle est difficile!*" she muttered, as Honor desired her to rearrange her hair for the third time. It was not, however, as unreasonable as she, who was not in the secret, supposed. Honor was no believer in the theory of "beauty unadorned," but thought that when a woman goes forth deliberately, conquering and to conquer, it behooves her to make the most of those weapons with which Nature has endowed her. He would be but a careless soldier, and little deserving of victory, who went to battle with an empty cartridge-box or his saber rusted in its sheath.

Perhaps a ceremony performed in silence and solitude before the commencement of Léontine's ministrations might have had its share in producing the disturbance of Honor's habitual composure. Her jewel-box had contained, ever since that well-remembered day when Weir had given her his definition of constancy, a folded paper, of which, as she did not open it, I can not tell you the contents, but about which hung a faint perfume as of withered flowers or dried leaves; Honor had lighted a taper and consumed this without other sign than a little shiver as the last ashes dropped from her fingers. "Let it go," she thought; "it was only a dream, scarcely shaped before I woke. It has taught me my lesson — I shall never make the same mistake again!" But, though we may be very courageous, and bear self-inflicted wounds without betrayal of our pain, Nature can not be outraged altogether with impunity, and the emotion denied one form of protest is tolerably sure to find some other outlet.

However, if the progress of the toilet was under difficulties, its result when completed must have been admitted by all to be worth the pains taken to attain it. A whimsical fancy had taken possession of Honor to carry out, in her appearance, the comparison wherewith Mr. Weir had compared her. He had likened her to a glacier; and, while determined to cast aside the likeness in mind and manner, the outward semblance she resolved to keep. A dress of some shimmering stuff of the pale-green color of frozen water, partially covered with a foamy material that might pass for new-fallen snow, together with crystal ornaments which sparkled with the frigid brilliancy of icicles, so completely carried out the idea and set off to such perfection the cold fairness of her beauty that Emmeline, when she saw her, started with an involuntary cry of admiration.

Honor could not echo it. Mrs. Burns's look drew from her the rapid exclamation: "Good Heavens, Aimée! how pale you are!"

She was pale indeed—a pallor enhanced by her being dressed entirely in black, unrelieved by either ornament or flower. Her eyes were heavy, and bore unmistakable traces of tears, which made Honor (hitherto totally unsuspicious that anything had happened) wonder whether she had had any unusual cause for agitation.

"I am not very well—my head aches still," Emmeline said, with a very unsteady attempt at a smile.

"You don't look fit to go down; suppose we give up the idea?"

"Oh, no, not on any account!" Her unconfessed craving to see Randolph again was as great as Honor's desire to avoid him; and the latter, conscious that her proposal had arisen as much from a cowardly disinclination to meet what must sooner or later come as from any wish to spare Aimée, ceased her opposition and they went down together.

They went down together, and it may be doubted which woman bore the sorer heart: she who alternately struggled against and passionately clung to a love that was as delightful as it was unlawful, and who thought with trembling of obligations disregarded and forgotten vows; or she who strove to crush the love which, while every way worthy, was degrading because unsought, and who contemplated with equal self-contempt the part that lay before her in the future and the mistake that lay behind her in the past.

By what subtile process it was made known to Mr. Randolph that the feelings and intentions of Miss Burns regarding him had undergone a change, can as little be explained as can the instinct that tells us in mid-winter, through the medium of some breath or gleam no sooner known than vanished, that spring will come again; or the sense that informs us when we wake in utter darkness whether it is the first or latter watches of the night. Assuredly no word or look or outward sign from Honor conveyed to him the impression, and yet before she had been ten minutes in the room with him he was aware that she was prepared to receive favorably his attentions and devotions to any extent to which he chose to pay them. Entirely ignorant of any cause outside the narrow circle of his own influ-

ence, and searching mentally for some explanation of a change that perplexed even while it gratified him, he fastened on the motive which, had he in the least degree appreciated her character, he would have known to be the last likely to weigh with Honor. He imagined her to be jealous of Mrs. Burns.

The ball was at his foot at last. The story, so often told in the world's history, was once more repeated—the triumph of craft over power, of baseness over worth. In this man was no quality, no attribute, to render him deserving of the love of one of these women, and the sacrifice of the other, and yet he held them both bowed to his will. She whose calm coldness had baffled and annoyed while her beauty charmed him was his to take or leave as his choice dictated; she whose heart he had wholly won, into whose life love for him had crept, an unbidden, unwelcome, and most unrighteous guest, kept her conscience and her peace of mind, as he believed, but at his pleasure. He had no doubt as to his choice—indeed, there was no room for hesitation. He was quite alive to his own interests, and that which he dignified with the name of passion he believed to be well under control. The forbidden fruit which might now be so sweet in the gathering must, he knew, prove hereafter bitter as the prophet's roll; and it would be folly indeed to reject the golden apple that hung so temptingly close to his hand.

But, though thought and motive might be thus complicated, the course of action was plain and straightforward enough. The world's stream runs smooth on the surface, undisturbed in general by the counter-currents of feeling that cross and thwart each other below; and to float thereon is easy so long as we go with it. It is only when we try to stem the flood that we find any difficulty in the navigation.

It had required all Honor's self-possession to enable her to face Mr. Weir after what had passed between them on the beach. Tingling with the remembrance of his knowledge, and nothing doubting that so keen-sighted a man must penetrate her mind and guess the spring of her conduct, she feared that some look or word, or perhaps absence of notice, must betray to her his recollection, even though others might remain for ever ignorant. She need have been under no anxiety; Mr. Weir was far too astute not to know how to play his part to perfection even while he watched her play hers.

The parlors were full, even more so than was usually the case on public evenings; and curiosity soon grew rife, and speculation was excited, as to whether to-night would see the last act of the drama and the solving of the vexed question. A few bets were offered and taken on the event of Mr. Randolph's proposing, and the probability of Miss Burns's acceptance or rejection, if he did so; and one of those gentlemen who had been indulging in that mild form of gambling at length sauntered up to Mr. Weir as he leaned, an (apparently) uninterested spectator, against the door.

"I thought Miss Burns had rather discouraged Randolph of late," he remarked. "To-night, if she were any one else, you would say she threw herself at his head."

"Miss Burns need never fear such an accusation as that," said Weir, smiling rather grimly; and, thinking of the clew he possessed, that was held by no other, he said to himself: "She's playing a dangerous game—a very dangerous game; there's some machinery much less easily stopped than set in motion."

Honor was, indeed, sufficiently unlike herself to render it no matter for surprise that she excited observation and remark. The composure which in general justified Mr. Weir's comparison had given place to a brilliancy that was almost feverish. To say that she regretted the departure of Morris without her having seen him again would not be precisely true; she knew too well now the reasons which had led him to consider departure the wiser course, and, so knowing, was conscious that for herself also things were best as they were. Nevertheless, the pain was very sharp, and in the endeavor to control, or at least conceal it, she went, as is almost inevitable, somewhat too far. She seldom danced, having no love for the exercise, though she excelled in its performance; but now she accepted Mr. Randolph's invitation again and again. She never descended to what is vulgarly called *flirtation*, but to-night she manifested no objection to leaving the room on Randolph's arm—the night was brilliant and breathless, and the long windows opening on the piazza were all set wide—and strolling up and down with him in the moonlight, or lingering in low, close converse with him, leaning over the balustrade under the late wistaria-blossoms that drooped their heavy purple clusters against her hair. A dread which had begun to creep over her, that the road on which she had taken the first steps might lead otherwhere than she had intended—an unconfessed belief that she had begun that of which she could not foresee the end—added a hue to her cheek, a thrill to her voice, and a tremor to her manner, which went far toward realizing the end she feared, for they made her more attractive than even she had ever been; while the remorse that consumed her as she sometimes glanced at Emmeline, who watched her pale and wondering, found vent in a sharp sigh, a sudden fit of abstraction, or an impatient word that gave

her the one charm of feminine inconsistency that she had lacked before.

She sorely doubted her own identity with the Honor Burns who had expected no romance in her life—who had denied that any passion could ever have empire over her; and perhaps no maiden ever waited a declaration of love under stranger circumstances or with more mixed feelings of anxiety and dread. Fearing, while she invited it, and, while shrinking from it, only the more determined to pursue the course she had marked out for herself, she waited for what she knew was to come.

Mr. Randolph was in no hurry. Music and the hum of voices echoed in the room within, and made a silence round them; the drooping branches of the vine gave friendly shelter from observant eyes; but he did not speak. The game was won—he need be in no haste to lift the stakes. To his as yet unasked question he knew beforehand what would be the answer: marriage with the beautiful woman before him had come, for reasons of his own, to be almost a necessity for him; she, for reasons probably known to herself, evidently considered it equally desirable for her, but there was no passion on either side to make the ratification of their bargain a very rapturous affair. But she made a lovely picture as she stood with the moonlight falling on her glistening apparel, and the purple blossoms against her shining hair, and Mr. Randolph was according it his cordial admiration even while he delayed speaking the decisive words that should make it his own.

Those words were never spoken. Honor was not destined, in the days that were to come, to recall among the bitter memories of that time the giving of a promise the keeping or the breaking of which would have been alike degradation. That element of chance which must be taken into account for the adjustment of all human affairs, and which so few ever do take into account, overpowered all else, here and now. Honor was to learn how the lifting of a finger, a sign, a breath, may overturn the gravest calculations and the deepest stratagems that human wisdom ever planned; she was to learn how vain sometimes is human effort, how erring human will; she was to learn how powerless is intellect, how feeble all the strength of passion; and to find that there are mysteries from which all knowledge—griefs from which all consolation—fall back, as from a rock-bound coast the waves fall back for ever.

It was this lesson—this lesson which she had said she would never be called upon to learn—and not the task and sacrifice self-imposed, which was coming to her while she waited Randolph's words. But, as his voice sank lower, and her eyes fell before his while her fingers wrenched the blooms asunder and flung the fragments on the floor, the protecting music suddenly died away. There was a moment's silence, and then a voice began to sing.

CHAPTER XI.

ONLY by having recourse again to the theory of human inconsistencies and contradictions (which indeed are generally as easy to calculate correctly as the return of comets or other regular eccentricities) can we account for Mrs. Burns's consent to sing at this place and time. According to all systems of probability, she should have been wanting in both ability and inclination. She had persistently declined all invitations to dance, though passionately fond of the amusement, under the plea of fatigue and indisposition, a plea to which her paleness and languor gave ample confirmation. She was physically exhausted—mentally tossed and torn by conflicting emotions which were as bewildering to her as they were new. The feeling uppermost would have been in one of a less gentle nature fierce and raging jealousy — that jealousy which the wisest of men has pronounced to be "cruel as the grave"; and, though tempered by the softness of Aimée's disposition and disguised as self-reproach, it was jealousy still. And under this lay a bitter sense of awakened inquiry never to be satisfied, of a vacancy never to be filled; a longing for the impossible, and a certainty that, could the impossible come to pass, then "the last error would be worse than the first."

Yet, when asked to sing, she grasped eagerly at the chance of proving if *her* talisman had still any power. She thought she could be content if one moment's attention could be won; if the charm of her voice would, if only for one instant, overweigh—

I do not at all pretend that this is a story of things as they ought to be; it is simply a relation of things as they happened, and we all know—what a celebrated writer has put on record—that "Nature is not always just what she should be; indeed, she is sometimes highly improper."

Emmeline's voice, though not of the greatest power, was sweet, well trained, and of matchless pathos, and she sang to-night as she had never sung before; never had her tones been richer or fuller than now as they alternately swelled to rapture or sank and trembled in a sudden fall. She chose that song from the "Favorita" in which the hapless Leonora pours out her last complaint, than which, when rendered as it *may* be rendered, there is perhaps no more touching

expression of human sorrow; the feelings that had stirred her to the core found an outlet in her singing, and as her voice, after its passion of pleading, dropped as with a folding of wings on the last low notes, and uttered with the softness of tears the last sad words, the melody seemed to fade and die with a sweetness not of this earth.

At the first note Mr. Randolph's speech had ceased; at the third he moved, the better to hear the singer; at the fifth he was leaning against the window on the outer side, so that he could watch her, himself unseen.

Honor was little hurt by his disaffection; she was proud of Aimée's singing, and to listen to a song at a distance, a pleasure shared by five-and-twenty others, was innocent enough. For herself, she felt rather relieved; the interrupted conversation could be at any time renewed. Foolish Honor! there are some spells which, once broken, never know renewal.

When, the song ended amid a silence that was truest applause, Emmeline would have risen and withdrawn she was entreated for a repetition of the favor. She glanced round; she saw no new face among her audience—even Honor had not yet joined her; and, very weary, she would willingly have escaped further ordeal, until, finding that denial would be more troublesome than compliance, she at last complied.

She sang an old-fashioned song called "Waste," probably now forgotten; the words were of little merit, but wedded to a soft and pathetic air, and sung with tender feeling, they possessed to-night a charm not their own:

"When the trodden path is trodden day by day,
When daily food of soul and sense is tasted,
While we light with lavish lamp our onward way,
Nor think the brimming oil can e'er be wasted—
Who plucks the wayside flower the wind blows over?
Who craves sweet bread of love or faith's pure wine?
Or dreams the darkness shall come down and cover
The bridegroom's chamber and its glow divine?
Till frost of death leaves ashes for our roses,
And hunger chains our souls in moveless bands:
And, praying for the light no prayer discloses,
We face the dark shut door with lifted hands."

What was there in the commonplace song to set the pulses of one hearer bounding? What was it, the words, the tone, or the pale face of the singer, that roused the wild impulse which carried away all thoughts and feelings save one—the impulse before which remembrance of the past and intentions for the future went down like straws before the power of a tidal wave, leaving only the sense of the present moment, and the determination to seize and use it ere it fled? We need not ask the question. It is sufficient to know that before the song ceased Randolph had, in every sense, forgotten Honor; that prudence, interest, resolution, lost all hold on his shallow, vacillating nature, and that one thought and one intention alone remained.

He saw that Honor left him, but he made no movement either to detain or to accompany her, allowing her to go alone. She went round by the door at the farther end of the room to rejoin Mrs. Burns; and, while he debated for an instant whether he should push aside those who crowded the window and, entering that way, forestall her, fortune favored him. Emmeline rose from the piano and came toward him, or rather toward the place where she supposed Honor to be; way was made for her, but, coming out on the veranda, she found Mr. Randolph alone.

"Where is Honor? I thought she was here with you."

"Miss Burns has left me, as you see. She is probably dancing again." He knew it was *not* probable, but he wanted to gain time.

"It is late. I thought—it is time to say good night."

There was a flutter in her voice that he did not fail to notice.

"Do not hurry Miss Burns; there is the music again. You have not danced to-night—will you come and have one turn with me?"

"I can not. I have refused every one this evening."

"Do not refuse me; it may be my last chance for some time. I shall probably leave Cape Ransom to-morrow."

The shot told. He saw her start and give a quick, inquiring look. What did he mean? Had Honor refused him? Or—but what was it to her? Why should she feel guiltily glad that he was free to go?

"Do not refuse my last request," he said again; "just a few minutes, and then you may go to Miss Burns—if you will."

Their eyes met as he spoke the last words. Heaven knows what either read there in the mute, untranslatable tongue; but Aimée did not say no again. He put her hand on his arm; and in another moment they were floating down the long room together to the soft, mournful melody of the "Immortellen" waltzes.

How is it that in all waltz-music there dwells a strain of sadness? Why in even the brightest and gayest are there tones that tell of unspeakable longing, and that sound like a wail over the past? To Emmeline's excited fancy, as she yielded to the spell of the music, to which her pulse beat and her form swayed in time, the ris-

ing swell and the dying fall alternately murmured a lament for the lost, and shrieked a wild word of warning. It seemed to mourn over the peace which that day had taken from her never to be restored, and to admonish her to clasp close this present moment of a blind joy which, once departed, could never return. She resolutely closed her eyes to the immediate future; life could give no other moment like this.

She never paused, she felt no fatigue, she was conscious of nothing but the sense of the light, the soft melody, and the dreamy motion; in the sweet delirium, remembrance of all save itself was lost. She felt only the firm, strong support and pressure of the arm that guided her at its owner's will, till the music ceased with a final crash, and, leaning heavily on that arm for one dizzy instant, she knew that, with the music, her dream of delight had come to an end.

But they had stopped close to the open window, through which some of the other dancers were escaping from the heated room to the piazza, and thence down the broad steps into the cool white moonlight that lay so invitingly below. Without asking Emmeline's permission, Mr. Randolph followed these, retaining her arm and drawing her forward in a silence as unbroken as her own. Why should he not? What was there either remarkable or reprehensible in his doing like the rest? What was this but one of the unsuspected tragedies enacted daily before eyes that see and minds that heed them not because faintly shrouded under the gauzy covering of our every-day life? Sometimes a corner of the veil is lifted, and we catch a passing glimpse of what lies behind it, and then—what then? Are we pitiful and compassionate, lenient in judgment and self-distrustful, honest to confess, brave to inquire the cause and seek for cure? By no means. Drop the curtain quickly, lest we see too much. "It must needs be that offenses come," but sufficient is it for us to be thankful, as we pass by on the other side, that *our* skirts are clean.

Silence is the interpreter of many emotions: it is the "perfectest herald of joy"; it is the fittest expression of the "grief that can not speak"; it is the truest exponent of embarrassment; but, surer than all, is it the speech of embarrassment and love conjoined.

And in this mute language these two held converse as they paced together, alone yet not alone, the moonlit sands. Every step they took in silence made words more difficult to the one, more needless to the other, and riveted more closely the chain so lightly forged, so heavy in the wearing. The balance was unequal between power and resistance; he knew so well the game was won, she was so little conscious it was lost —he was so keen to discover, she so weak to conceal—he was so wary in attack, she so little aware that she needed defense, that the sequel can be almost guessed without relation.

One by one their companions had dropped away from them and turned back unperceived till only a few remained, and they some distance behind them. They had almost reached the black rocks that marked the entrance to the cave when there came to their ears a hoarse murmur, and Emmeline turned hastily at the sound, and the recollection it brought with it, to retrace her steps.

Then Randolph spoke: "It is the tide."

She looked up terrified. "O Heaven! what shall we do?" she exclaimed, and would have started to run wildly, but he laid his hand on her arm.

"Do not run; there is not the slightest danger, but you can not go that way. The others will barely reach the house in time, and we could not hope to do so without being wet through. We will go through the cave, and up the path on the cliff."

Mrs. Burns stood like stone. "And how long will that take?"

"Not ten minutes; it is much shorter than the other way, and we shall be home before the rest. Come. Indeed, there is no choice."

There was no choice; the sound of the advancing water was plain enough now, and before they had rounded the black rocks the first splashes were about their feet. Not a word was spoken, as they ran swiftly up the yellow sand before the pursuing waves, making no pause until beyond their reach, when they stopped at the foot of the cliff to gather breath before they began to climb.

"I told you the cave was beautiful by moonlight; was it not worth coming here to see?"

Mrs. Burns glanced back, but there was no admiration in her eyes. The scene, truly, was fair—the perfect hush of tree and breeze contrasting with the roar of the water whose foam leaped and flashed in the moonbeams that lay in a long track of silver toward the east—but in Aimée's mind, now thoroughly roused to a sense of her own position, there was room for but one thought, a craving for home and safety.

"It is beautiful," she said; "but I am very tired, and it is late; I am ready—let us begin to climb and make haste home."

"Wait—one moment more."

There was a tone in his voice that thrilled through her heart even while it sickened her with apprehension.

"You have not asked me why I leave tomorrow."

"You have your reasons, I suppose. Perhaps you have changed—" She stopped.

"My mind?" he said. "No, that can not be changed which never existed. Were you, too, under that mistake? I think not. I think you know that I go because it is better for me that I should leave *you*."

There was at any rate no possibility of mistake now; words, tone, and look alike told the tale that no woman's ears or heart can refuse to understand. If for one moment the sweetness of the poison concealed the death that lay within it, if there were one instant's exultation that her love, though guilty, was not unsought or unreturned, let it be forgiven to her in presence of the expiation that the second thought must bring. He watched her face, but moonlight tells no tales as to color, and the wild commotion within her found no outward sign. As she made neither sound nor movement, he ventured to speak again.

"You know all now," he said, humbly. "I have no excuse to make, no defense to bring. I know what you must think of me—but, as you are the occasion of my fault, will you not pardon it too?"

Still she did not speak. She was trying to silence the passionate response of her heart to his words—endeavoring to realize her shame as well as her delight; but he could not know that, nor understand just what interpretation to place upon her silence.

"I have been mad," he continued; "perhaps most mad of all in dreaming that you would ever waste a thought on me. And if I could be sure that my dream is mine only—that my madness could injure myself alone—"

He had won an answer at last. She put out her hand with an imploring gesture. "Stop," she said, almost inaudibly; and she covered her face with her hands.

He was in no degree daunted by her agitation. Very gently and quietly he uttered the next words.

"I can not wonder if you hate me," he said, "though surely you can find no cause for anger in devotion such as mine. Could I have hoped that you would ever spend one feeling—if I dared—tell me, for you know what I must think if you are silent," he added, with a sudden change of tone; "am I altogether mistaken in thinking that if you obeyed your heart's dictates I should not speak thus and win no reply?"

Aimée made no answer, except such as the silence gave him, an expressive one enough; but she turned, without looking at him, as if to begin the ascent of the hill.

"Answer me," said Randolph. "Perhaps I am too vain a fool to deserve compassion or consideration; if so, tell me. Laugh at me, and tell me I may remain with little danger to any peace but my own; I will abide by your decision. But if—if I should not altogether have dreamed—then look at me and say, 'Go.' I shall understand and obey."

Had he counted on her inability to murder her first-born feelings, and believed that she would, under the guise of indifference, cloak reality and pursue the road traveled by so many? It would seem as though he had so framed his words. Denying his imputation that she loved him, she must keep him near her; in seeking protection from herself and him, she confessed her need of shield.

But, though weak, she was brave, though guilty in her own eyes, she was honest, and she saw the only path and trod it. Disguise was useless now: she had heard his words, and on the man who had dared to speak them she would never look again; it could make but little difference if she uttered what he could not choose but know. She looked up, and, though she trembled in every nerve, her voice was steady as she said, "You must go."

There was a moment of perfect silence. Both knew all that had been said in the utterance of those little words.

"Wait," he said, detaining her as she moved again. "Do you think I can let you go now? Do you know what you have told me? Do you know that in those words—so cruel, yet so sweet—you have said that you love me?" He felt triumphant over the admission he had won, but there had been in the admission none of the tenderness of love; and, not quite sure of her, or of what she might say next, he threw a world of soft passion into his words and tone.

"What then?" she asked, drawing back a step as he advanced, and speaking with unnatural composure. "What if you have forced me to confess to my own shame and misery, and your dishonor?"

"Aimée! my dearest! What words are these?"

"You are a brave man," she said, slowly, and with a bitterness in her tone strangely new to her; "you have acted a noble and a manly part in bringing me here to extort from me a confession which, had you one gleam of generosity, you would have died rather than strive to gain. If you had in thought done me this grievous wrong—if you guessed, as I suppose you did, that I—could you not at least be silent?"

"Because I love you, Aimée; and because at all risk or cost I resolved you should know that *one* heart gives you true and fervent devotion; and because—can I dare say the rest?—when you sang that song to-night, do you think I did not hear the wail in your voice? Do you think I was blind to your eyes and the language written there? Did you deem me senseless as a stone,

to be unconscious of the emotion of a woman who loved me? And when you sang, if I had before resisted temptation, it was you who made it resistless. I resolved that I at least would not waste the opportunity that lay at my hands—that I would inhale the fragrance before the snow covered the roses, and seek for entrance before the door was shut."

"Have you more to say? Or may I go now?"

"Aimée! have you nothing to say to me?"

"I have one question to ask. In saying all this, what did you think would be gained by either of us? How was it to profit either you or me?"

How, indeed? Perhaps he had never even asked himself the question that so startled him coming from her. Had he ever looked forward to any end? had his thoughts ever gone beyond a few days' trifling, a stolen kiss, a lingering pressure of the hand, a soft mutual whisper, a half-feigned regret? had he not thought that this love of his and hers would be "like most other loves, a little glow, a little shiver," as sweet and as fleeting?—till, standing face to face with this rigid woman, from whose eyes all softness and from whose voice all tenderness had departed, he realized that it had another aspect than that under which he viewed it; that there are natures to which love can be no plaything, and souls to which one breath of stain, though only self-detected, is like a drop of vitriol eating to the core.

"If I could only hope to win—" he began.

"I will tell you what you have won," she interrupted. "You have made me tell you that you have won my love, but I tell you also that such a love is worth nothing; that it degrades me and dishonors you."

She paused, but he dared not speak.

"And I will tell you what you have lost; all that honor and reverence which form the better part of love, and were yours while you respected *me*; and for myself—" She suddenly broke down; all the artificial strength, all the guarded firmness, gave way, and she burst into uncontrolled weeping.

He was not slow to seize the advantage her woman's weakness gave him. He said very softly: "But you love me, Aimée, and love medicines its own pain. I give you leave to hate and scorn me while you love me still." Alas for weak humanity! he spoke but truth. Love is often dearly bought; but, whatever the price, it is a bargain, and the only bargain that we would never undo; and it may be doubted whether in spite of and in the midst of her misery, whether with all her scorn of Randolph, and her self-accusation and self-contempt, she would have given up his love for her, or foregone her own for him.

She made, however, no reply to his last words, and, after a few moments' indulgence of her tears, repressed them by an effort. "If you have any feeling of generosity or of honor, let us go now," she said. "At least spare me the discovery and the contempt of others, if you have not spared me your own."

"*Mine!* Aimée, unless you can speak otherwise to me, we must part here and now; are we to part thus—in anger?"

"I have said all I mean to say," she answered, almost sullenly. Did he guess that she could scarcely speak for the throbbing of her heart?

"Are we to part this way?" he asked again. This time she made no reply.

"'Strangers and foes do sunder,'" he said, very low, but not so low but that she heard him. He did not finish the quotation, but it is not likely that her memory could not supply the rest —"*do sunder, and not kiss.*"

We look forward, or say we do, to a period when the soul, "disencumbered of flesh and of sense," shall know no lawless longings; when freed from all trammels, and possessed of pure and glorious liberty, she shall be given all that satisfies and be satisfied with all she knows. It may be so in the far-off future; but now "stones of faith are hard," and bending beneath the heavy yoke of earth, and struggling in the weary bondage of ceaseless temptation, we find but little present comfort in the hope that such a time may be.

An Eastern ruler once besieged a fortress which held out long and gallantly against his efforts. Promises of mercy from one known to be merciless, and threats of destruction from one whose mission it was to destroy, were alike unavailing to reduce the little stronghold, till treachery accomplished that which guile and intimidation had been unable to effect. By means of bribe and pardon the besieger induced a traitor within the walls to poison the well, and, this done, informed the garrison of the choice that lay before them, surrender at discretion, or death by the slow torment of thirst. But the besieged discovered a third alternative, which the tyrant appears to have overlooked. "Better," they said, "swift anguish than slow torture—better either than to live in scorn: shall we perish thus by inches while the silver water mocks us? rather let us quench our thirst at once, and die." And they drank, and died.

This allegory is not altogether a digression. "The bearing lays in the application of it." And, if he who runs may read, surely he who reads may understand. Whether Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Burns had ever heard the story I can not

say, but the idea that it embodies was in the mind of at least one of them as they climbed the steep ascent of the cliff in silence, and with such speed as the failing strength of Mrs. Burns permitted. At the top the latter paused.

"We are strangers henceforth for ever," she said. "For a few minutes more I must ask to remain with me and screen me from observation; but then, if you have any mercy, any honor, you will leave this place at once."

"I have promised to obey you," he answered, looking at her closely; "and I will. But think —are you quite sure of what you command?"

For reply she turned away, and recommenced her walk with feverish haste; and it was his self-possession, not hers, which slackened their pace to that calm and careless one which would appear to be the natural conclusion to such a walk as theirs might be supposed to have been.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed from the time of their descending the steps until they reappeared on the piazza, whence the company had not yet all dispersed, and where their appearance together excited no surprise. At the foot of the stairs they parted, in presence of none, as they believed, except the drowsy clerk, who paid no attention to them whatever. Ever afterward Randolph recalled as his one recollection of Emmeline Burns the slender figure standing two steps above him, in the dead-black dress, whose paleness was succeeded by a vivid flush, whose eyes, though again as bright as ever, did not meet his as their owner turned away, as he uttered his last good night. What were his thoughts as he watched her disappear? Something like these: "Poor little thing, she's very fond of me; I didn't think it was in her to be so much in earnest, and it's as well to go for a time. What's the hour? quarter-past eleven—all right; there's a train at half-past three."

One other person was not without his observations and deductions drawn therefrom. Flushed cheeks, bright drooping eyes, and broken words, were quite as legible to Mr. Weir as to any one else, and from a quiet post of vantage he had seen and read them. What were his conclusions? "You've lost the trick, Miss Honor; it's a pity, for you held strong cards and played well, but hearts were trumps, after all, and she had the ace. A queer game—a very queer game—if it's over yet, of which I'm not sure even now."

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Honor Burns, sorely wondering and perplexed at finding vacancy where she had expected Aimée to be awaiting her, asked herself the question what further she could do, she was forced to return the answer *nothing*, and to sit down to wait, doubly distressed partly with apprehension and partly with anger at herself for allowing that there was anything to fear. She was bitterly annoyed that she had accepted as true the information that Mrs. Burns had retired before and without her, but to descend again to the ballroom and institute a search was not to be thought of for a moment. She had no idea that Aimée and Mr. Randolph could have met; but even if they had done so, what then? Nothing could be more certain or assured than his devotion to herself; and, though she slightly shuddered at the thought, she was no whit moved from the resolution she had taken, no matter how thorny the path she had marked out for herself might prove in the treading.

In the mean time she found it weary waiting. She left the middle chamber, and, entering her own room, opened the window, the view from which was impeded by no flowers. It did not look toward the sea; but in the deep hush of the night she could hear the rush of the incoming tide, and the more distant roar of a heavy ground-swell that told of some contention of the elements soon to come. There were voices below, but she could not distinguish Aimée's. Should she go down stairs again? But she dismissed the idea; Mrs. Burns was probably looking for her below, and would come to the right conclusion, and before long join her here. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

She partially undressed, and, returning into the outer room, sat down to watch; but she was very tired, both in mind and body, and who can wonder if in the utter stillness and repose the tension of her nerves relaxed, and she yielded to a drowsiness that was neither sleep nor waking? If, even in the awful shades of dread Gethsemane, eyes were heavy and watchers slept for sorrow, we need little marvel that those of lesser strength and later ages faint and fail.

She leaned against the window whence she had heard the words that had conveyed to her such dreary knowledge; her hands hanging listless, and her eyes closed; so firmly closed that they never saw the sudden, noiseless entrance of the figure nor the strange alteration of the face which paused one moment to look at her, as Aimée, with a step as rapid and as soft as though she fled an enemy, passed her and entered the refuge of her own room.

When she roused herself her watch pointed to half-past eleven; the door of Aimée's room was shut, and Honor could hear her moving about, and knew that she was safe within.

At any other time she would have knocked for and obtained admittance, but now the same undefined feeling that had influenced her in the

afternoon stayed her, and kept her and Emmeline apart; besides, the latter must wish it, else why had she so carefully and so strangely avoided waking her, and left her without a parting word? Honor, with an aching heart, accepted the only explanation she could imagine; Aimée knew or guessed most of the truth, and the inevitable estrangement had begun. Afterward it was to be her bitterest memory that she had so thought. If she had but insisted on an interview with Aimée then — if she had but lifted voice or hand—

The morning was far advanced when she awoke; the sun was struggling to pierce a thick white mist which enveloped, apparently, everything in earth and heavens, and the drops which had gathered on the leaves of a tree that shaded the window sparkled and glittered as the morning breeze threw them off. Looking out, Honor could still hear the heavy murmur of the swell upon the beach; a bird in the branches uttered suddenly a sweet short song; a passing gleam of sunshine cast a brilliant streak upon the floor.

If, as they tell us, there are mirrored in the eyes of the dead the last objects beheld by living vision, so surely is there fixed upon our mental sight the last impression thrown there before there passed upon our lives some mortal change. Honor will never forget that streak of sunshine, that gay note of bird-song, which she accepted as new omens of hope and love as she went forth to give Emmeline her morning greeting—and found herself alone.

Aimée's door stood open; the dress she had worn the night before lay across the bed; but Aimée was not to be seen. Much surprised, but not yet alarmed, Honor rang for the maid.

"Where is Mrs. Burns? Why did you not awaken me?"

But the Frenchwoman looked aghast. "*Ma foi!* I know not. I was here one half hour ago, and both doors were shut, and I believed madame and mademoiselle to be sleeping."

A horrible fear clutched at Honor's heart with the power of a sinewy hand. She scarcely knew as yet what she dreaded, but she *felt* that there was cause for terror.

"Did you undress madame?" she asked the maid again.

No. Did not mademoiselle remember she had herself said that no services would be required?

"Perhaps she is gone to walk," suggested Léontine, after a pause. "Are madame's hat and cloak in their place? Ah, no! behold what has occurred!"

The fear in Honor's mind had now assumed a ghastly shape and name. She glanced involuntarily at the table for letter or sign—there was none. She opened, as if mechanically, the jewel-box, in the lock of which the key was hanging, but all the ornaments usually worn by Aimée were there untouched; there was no sign of confusion, of disturbance, or of hasty flight about the room, and yet Honor was barely restrained by the presence of the servant from giving vent to the hateful suspicion which, while abhorring herself for entertaining, she could not help but entertain.

Why had she left them? Why had she, even for a moment, relaxed her watch? Why, having gone so far, had she been so unguarded as to risk the undoing of her work, the countermining of her own plot? She had loathed and despised herself for acting the part even while it had seemed forced upon her; now she wondered that she could have found it hard. Any deception, any wretchedness, that involved herself alone would have been preferable to that open shame and misery that seemed close upon them now. Honor had never known a moment so bitter as that in which she revolved these thoughts, and, writhing at her own powerlessness, waited for the discovery that she believed must come.

The servant at last solved the mystery. Searching about the room oppressed by no darker feeling than curiosity, she opened the wardrobe. "Ah, my Heaven!" she ejaculated then; "how imprudent is madame! She is gone to bathe, and alone; her sea-dress is not here!"

But Honor snatched at the discovery as at a Heaven-sent message. After the awful dread of the last few minutes, imprudence, even danger, seemed a light thing to face. She accepted the explanation at once; and in a sudden revulsion of feeling, in relief from her terror and shame at having experienced it, her nerves relaxed and she gave way to a burst of tears, which she was thankful to find the servant took for expression of alarm.

"Miss Burns need not fear," she said; "the sea is at rest, and madame has experience. Would mademoiselle that I go to seek her?"

But Honor would nothing of the kind. Conduct so unusual in Aimée must betoken a state of feeling for which she would desire no servant's observation; and controlling herself she endeavored to appear unconcerned, and dismissed Léontine again to her own affairs.

Her looks and manner were, however, very far from being unconcerned, as with hands that trembled with haste and agitation she dressed herself and put on her hat and a large shawl. She was so lividly pale that she tied on a veil to conceal her face; and then, taking her own bathing-dress as excuse for her early walk, she went down stairs.

She was passing through the hall, endeavoring to escape all notice, when these words fell on her ear, addressed by a female servant to the clerk. "Here's the key of No. 37. When did he go?"

"Is that Mr. Randolph's room? Oh, he left by the 3.30 train."

Her heart stood still. What did it mean? If he were gone—and gone thus suddenly—could it be—all the doubts and fears rushed back again; and she felt redoubled anxiety and sickness of heart as she took the way to the shore.

Inquiry at the bathing-house confirmed her fears: Mrs. Burns had not been there that morning: no one had yet entered the water on account of the thick white vapor that enshrouded land and sea. It required almost more firmness than Honor could command to imply that she had expected her, to say that she would return presently, and to continue her walk with anything like composure along the sand.

Of that walk Honor never afterward retained any clear recollection. She had a perception of the suffocating white mist through which the golden shafts of sunshine were struggling to force their bright way; of the lapping of the receding tide, and the tiny shining pools it left upon the sand; of an aching heart which never seemed to have known other feelings than those that racked it now; of a trembling search that dreaded alike to find or not to find its object; and through all of a sense of double identity, half as though she were another than herself, half as though in some previous state of existence she had known and suffered all this before.

She stopped. She had reached and rounded the black rocks. Her search was ended.

Was it Aimée, or was it only what *had been* Aimée that she saw? Just beyond the reach of the water which crept up and retired again with a caressing sound; face downward, with her long brown hair streaming over one of the little glistening pools, "she lay with the wave on the warm white sand."

It is altogether a mistake to suppose that, at such moments, physical power or the capacity for action deserts any but the weakest natures; though over them in retrospect may fall sometimes a merciful oblivion blending past and present, what was actual and what was only feared, the suspense and the dread certainty, into a whole whose confusion, though terrible, can be better borne than the remembrance where every pang stands out alone distinct and clear. To Honor it seemed now as if this awful and supreme moment were the natural crisis of her life—as if all the time past had but led up to and been preparation for the ghastly present; she felt as if, whatever the horror, there was no surprise for her in what she saw. She did not faint, she did not scream; and, where the impulse of some women would have been to shriek and fly, hers was to come rapidly and in perfect silence and kneel on the sand at Aimée's side.

She had no idea as yet that it was death she looked on, though the hand she lifted fell pulseless, and there came no answer to her attempt at speech. With an effort she raised the heavy head and turned the face to hers; and then—O God!—she saw the truth. There was no ray of sense in the scarce half-closed eyes, and the parted lips, over which had bubbled the life-stream from the struggling heart before that heart had ceased to beat, spoke with an eloquence which living they had never known.

How long she knelt there she never knew. It might have been moments, it might have been hours, but it was all one to her. She retained possession of her senses, and chafed the cold hands, and wiped and breathed upon the pallid mouth, and composed the distorted figure; but she did all as if in a dream that she knew she would awake to find a dream only. When at last a new horror overcame her, and she began to think that she was wasting time, while other help might be of more avail than hers; when fearing alike to go and to refrain from going, she would make a few steps and return in a frenzy of helpless indecision; when she realized that she *must* seek for help to perform that which she could not do alone, and, without staying to look back, began to run wildly homeward through the blinding mist, it seemed only part of the same dream that the first person she should meet was Mr. Weir.

It never struck her as singular that he should be there; nor did he express any surprise on seeing her—while following her he had been prepared for more than surprise. Her breath was gone, and she could only by signs and touch beseech him to accompany her, and no word was exchanged until they stooped together over Aimée's prostrate form.

"Is she dead?" Mr. Weir would not have known the voice that spoke the words. He did not answer as he looked with grave scrutiny at the white face.

"She is dead," repeated Honor, substituting affirmation for inquiry, and speaking with the same unnatural composure. "She is dead, and I have killed her; she has destroyed herself, and I am the cause."

"Do not talk like a child," said Weir, hoping by his roughness to rouse her from the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen; "and, for God's sake, let no one else hear what you have just said to me!"

She looked at him, but no perception of his meaning showed itself visible in her face.

"If you value your own future peace or her memory, never repeat again what you said just now," he said again." "Do you understand?"

She did, this time. He saw the light break in upon her mind.

"She has lost her way in the mist," he continued; "do not those clinched fingers and that broken blood-vessel tell how she has struggled and fought for her life? I dare not say that she has won, though she is not dead; but in any case this is the only supposition that, either for her sake or your own, you must allow."

But Honor heard only part of his words.

"Though she is not dead?"

"She is not dead, though I will not venture to say that she may not be so in another hour. Can I trust you to be calm if we waste no more time? If not, far better death here for her than ruin both for her and you."

Honor understood well enough now, and over the pallor of her face there crept a scarlet glow of shame. She spoke no word, but Weir was satisfied of her obedience; he knew by the set of her lip and her firm and rapid gesture that her moment of weakness had gone by.

"That is right; give me your shawl. Now, when I have wrapped her in it, help me to lift her—so. I have carried heavier than she is. Will you come with me, or would you rather return alone?"

"You surely would not send me away?"

"You are sure you can command yourself?"

"Quite sure—now."

Not when the heart is fullest do words flow freest; not in the first shock does the outpouring of the spirit come. These few commonplace sentences were all that were exchanged through that season of terrible discovery and still more terrible dread; and no more was uttered till Mr. Weir had borne his ghastly burden to its destination and laid it down.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was over. The seed so lightly sown had borne its black and bitter fruit, and the harvest was gathered in. The fever of hope, the anguish of suspense, the frenzied striving for victory with the foe who will never admit defeat, were ended, and in their stead reigned the cold, calm peace that knows no dread nor expectation which we call despair. The faint and feeble life had refused to be called back to bear a further share of this world's toil and trouble; the fluttering pulses had ceased to flutter, and Aimée was at rest.

The truth, however eagerly sought among the wild conjectures of those who would willingly have solved the mystery of the tragedy, could never be known. To the craving questioning of Honor's tortured heart, to her passionate prayers and self-accusing pleading, there could come no answer. Of the struggles and the sufferings of the past night, how far yielded to and how far triumphed over, there could be no revelation. The only lips that could have made it were sealed in what has been fitly named "the sole silence upon earth."

If those who offered aid and well-meant sympathy wondered at Honor's shuddering rejection—if they marveled alike at her calmness where they would have looked for frenzy, and her austerity where they would have expected soft and shrinking sorrow—they placed a merciful if a false interpretation on it, and did her the only kindness possible in allowing her to mourn in her own way.

If but a tithe of those who prate about remorse had ever known it—if of the many so ready to dissect and analyze only those revealed who had felt its pangs—the world would hear but little of its agonies and anguish. The heart which has never known can never fathom, the heart which feels can never utter, its unavailing tortures, its everlasting despair.

O mild and holy Repentance! whose tears fall like refreshing dew upon the suffering soul—whose sharp but tender touch is healing, and whose end is peace. O dark and fierce Remorse! dry-eyed and scorching, whose stabs are all the keener in that, while we mourn the sin and loathe ourself the sinner, we would neither confess nor undo—the one the guiding star that points the path to heaven; the other the lurid torch that reveals all we know of hell!

In those first hours of lonely watching Honor probed the depth of human pain. Grief, shame, and desolation, by turns possessed her, and each in turn gave place to the flood of passionate remorse in which all other feeling was swept away. Denying by its very existence the relief of confession; refusing in its very essence all hope of consolation; distorting every past motive with malignant ingenuity; blackening every fair intention to its own hideous hue—remorse consumed and tore her till she bowed her head and longed to die. But, if Death came in answer to the first vehement prayer of stricken youth, his harvest would be little worth the gathering. He waits until the golden grain is ripe—until humanity, purified by suffering, strengthened by endurance, and inured to toil, is fit for the perfect performance of the duties and the perfect enjoyment of the bliss of earthly life: then he says, "So far and no farther," and puts in his

sickle; and, binding in one sheaf together frustrated hopes, blighted joys, and uncompleted labors, he celebrates his harvest-home.

To Honor Burns life and life's work seemed ended that summer afternoon. The future seemed to her, as it has seemed to so many other young and ardent spirits, to stretch a blank, interminable waste of desolation, which no action could ever redeem from stagnant misery and no happiness ever illuminate again. The years to come must be one dead level of remorse and regret, where there could be neither vales of deeper sorrow nor heights of hope. Once the dreaded, awful meeting with her father over—

Her father! That remembrance brought another, a new idea. Some of her faculty of thought returned to her, some of her capacity for action resumed its sway; she could not yet sit down to indulge in idle grief, for something yet remained to do.

She came into the outer room and stood by the open window, looking out, though with eyes that saw nothing of what they gazed on. It was the same geranium-shaded window from which she had overheard the conversation the day before. Did she think that, if she had never heard it, never been influenced by it, and never acted on the impulse it had given her, things might have been different now? Did she admit too late that she had undertaken a task beyond her power, and that the rock she had striven to withstand had fallen and crushed her, and not her alone? Who knows? Thoughts are often as bitter as the death that Agag tasted beforehand, but we are seldom inclined to confess their bitterness. Whatever Honor's may have been, she kept them in her heart.

But of what she *did* we can take cognizance. Upon the sands below the window, almost out of sight, there paced a figure to and fro, and Honor, seeing this, was recalled to recollection. She seemed to come to some definite resolve as she turned away from the window and searched the table for something which apparently she could not find—until her eyes fell on the book she had been reading the previous afternoon. With a strong shudder she took it up, and, as if afraid to delay, tore out the blank leaf and wrote hastily on it with a pencil a few words; she folded and addressed it, and then for another moment paused as if in doubt or hesitation. "I suppose it is a strange thing to do," she said to herself; "I wonder if it is wrong? I can not help it—it is all I can do, and I must make sure." Then she left the room, rang the corridor-bell, and to the servant who answered, and who looked at her in surprise, she gave the note. "Let that be given at once," she said. "Is the gentleman still here?" The woman replied in the affirmative, as she glanced at the address and departed; while Honor, drawing a deep breath, returned to resume her lonely and interrupted watch.

The note was addressed to Alison Weir.

Here and there exists a favored mortal who has reached maturity unscathed by that fire of affliction which few entirely escape—from which, indeed, only that especial "love of the gods," whose proof is the early death of the beloved, can be protection—to whom the words "loss" and "separation" are words only; for whom the doors of the household temple, consecrated to the awful presence and eternal silence, have never been set wide. Such a one was Alison Weir. Partly from the circumstances of a lonely life, partly from a natural, if perhaps selfish, shrinking from all scenes of pain and suffering, he had lived nearly half a lifetime without acquiring that bitter knowledge so soon gained by so many; and when he received Honor's letter he had never stood beside a death-bed, never looked on the face of the dead.

He obeyed the girl's summons with much wonder and some fear, but refusal was impossible. He felt strangely interested in her, and would willingly have afforded assistance and consolation where both were alike hopeless and vain. Beyond a request and a promise to bring her father to her by the quickest means available, no communication had passed between them since he had left the still breathing body of Aimée in her care; and now, pondering over the few words her letter contained, it struck him that it might be something of the same nature that she needed now, and that the departure the night before of Morris, the only one in the place on whom she had any claim of former friendship, had thrown her back upon himself for material help. Devoutly hoping that it was so, but fearing from his knowledge of her that he might have a far harder task before him, he complied with her directions, ascended the stair, paced the corridor, and paused at the door.

He paused: the inner door stood open, and he knew what lay beyond it, and, strong man as he was, he felt a sudden spasm and contraction of the heart as he nerved himself to meet a scene never looked upon before. It was all new to him, and the change in the aspect of the apartment since he had last seen it (arranged as it had been to suit the conventional ideas of those who had performed the last offices before Honor took possession) astonished and appalled him. The cold and awful purity of the white drapery, the veiled mirror, the pictures turned to the wall, the clock whose hands had been stopped at the moment the last breath had left the clay; all the common but ghastly accessories of death were there, and all combined to strike a chill to

the very soul of the man to whom all were strange, and who stood now for the first time in the solemn presence and before the dread majesty of the one undisputed sovereign.

He knew, as well as you or I know, that careless words and yet more careless thoughts had been the groundwork of the tragedy whose end he looked on; he knew that heedless steps along a rosy, flowery path had led to the abyss from whose brink there was no retreating; he knew what a false and golden light had illumined the way that closed in eternal darkness. If for the first time he realized the truth, and recognized the danger of words so lightly spoken, and ways so lightly trodden; and if, in the great fear with which that knowledge came upon him, he made a covenant to abstain himself and to warn others from aught that could so end, let us trust that he has kept the vow.

The windows looked westward, and, in spite of closed blinds and jalousies, the low beams of the evening sun came slanting in, and touched with a pathetic glory both the living and the dead. The face of Aimée was uncovered, and showed the rounded outlines and calm peace of sudden death, where no protracted sickness has wasted and no pain left its distorted traces. Some tender hand had laid beside her a loving tribute of late roses and white jasmine-flowers whose heavy perfume filled the room; and no sound or breath broke the stillness where the kneeling figure was as silent as the one by which she knelt. Weir saw that his presence was unnoticed, but to knock was desecration; he stood irresolute till some slight motion betrayed him, and Honor, looking up, saw him, rose, and received him standing. As she did so she drew the veil again over the dead face, as though too sacred for other eyes than her own.

Weir was shocked at the change a few hours had made in her. Her paleness had turned to a dark pallor, and blue circles marked the eyes where no tears had yet gathered to relieve their burning; and there was a contraction of both brow and lip, which showed not only the suffering but the effort made to repress its outward exhibition. Weir took the hand she extended to him, but said nothing; in truth, he could find nothing to say; his heart bled for her, but it was neither time nor place for words.

"You are not angry with me for sending for you?" she whispered at last. "I thought you would understand, and come."

He was as far as ever from understanding, but waited explanation.

"You might be very sure I would come," he answered, in the same low tone.

"And you *must* speak the truth, and keep a promise made, *here*."

He bent his head, but did not speak. There began to fall on him a great dread of what she might be about to say.

"I hardly know—" she began, and faltered. "Were you in earnest—" She hesitated again, then fixed her eyes on his face. "Do you believe yourself—what you tried to make *me* believe this morning?"

It was well for Weir that he was not quite unprepared for the question, but he himself never knew how he kept his self-command under her searching eyes. But he saw that she would place implicit confidence in whatever he spoke now; he knew that her present peace and future happiness depended on her release from the horror that weighed upon her; and he felt, though he knew it was no place for the feeling, a sentiment that was more than either pity or sympathy for the lonely girl, whose courage and self-control rose with her need and her desolation; and these united forces enabled him, for the first and last time in his life, to speak that which he could not be sure to be the truth.

For, he doubted. Plausible and probable as he knew the explanation to be that he had given Honor, there was yet enough in him of the leaven of the world to render possible the suspicion that, though plausible and probable, it might not be true. On the one hand the knowledge he believed himself to possess, both of the integrity and gentleness of Emmeline Burns's character, forbade him to suppose that anything could have occurred the previous evening to render needful so utter an expiation or so desperate a refuge as self-destruction; but, on the other, he knew and guessed enough to form a sufficient foundation for any superstructure that passion, favored by circumstance, might have raised. As quickly as thought permitted, he strove to balance the chances for and against; and, being a man perhaps better fitted by nature to estimate the force of temptation than the strength of resistance, he felt, even while endeavoring to persuade himself that there could be no doubt, that on his mind, at least, a doubt must always remain.

But he answered, without hesitation, "Yes." Surely, if any approach to falsehood can ever be pardonable, that of Alison Weir, no less than the oath of Uncle Toby, deserves to be blotted out by an angel's tear.

He reaped his reward in the instant relief that appeared in Honor's face, and the falling of the head that had been defiantly raised to know the worst. If his conscience smote him that she took his word so readily, he found comfort in it, too; what her clear, pure mind accepted so easily and undoubtingly as truth could surely be no less than true.

"Thanks," she said, after a pause, lifting a

face, at last wet with tears; "I can not say much, but I think you have saved me from going mad. I—I want to know one thing more—I must ask you—you will tell me—*how much do you know?*" She covered her face; she could not look him in the eyes this time.

"*Nothing*," he replied, in a low, emphatic tone.

She looked up. "Tell me the truth—you must know or suspect something, or you would not have followed me this morning; and after yesterday—" She stopped again, and all his soul went out in pity for her.

"I know nothing," he repeated—"nothing, from this moment, that you would not wish me to know."

She understood him, and looked her gratitude. "I will trust you," she said; "and when my father comes—" She faltered now, and broke down altogether in a gush of tears.

Weir was glad to see them flow, though they distressed him, as a woman's tears will always distress a manly man. He would have given much for the right to remove them and soothe her; but endeavored, not having it, to answer her as she would like best.

"Trust me; no one shall think anything but what I have told you I believe to be the truth. It is little to say—my life is not of much value to myself or any one else; but if it could restore her, or serve you, I would freely lay it down."

She did not answer, but she gently took his hand and kissed it. The action meant nothing on her part; it was only an impulse of gratitude, which she knew no better method of expressing, for the only friend near her in her hour of need; but there came to him with the touch of her lips and fingers a sudden revelation of what it might be to win her love, and a sense that it might be better for himself in the future that he, on whom she had so nearly bestowed it, had been careless of the gift.

That she might detect nothing of his thoughts, he drew away his hand, and made as if to go.

"Wait," whispered Honor. "Shall you ever see—him again?"

"*Never*, if I can help it!" Weir replied, with a clinched hand and a black frown. "May God's curse pursue him, and rest on him for ever!" And then, remembering that Honor was probably entirely ignorant of what *he* had seen and suspected, he checked himself and was silent.

"Hush!" said Honor. "*This* is no place for curses, even were they deserved. For, whatever wrong he did, there will be retribution—if God is just; but you will never let him know—or think—"

"He shall never know more than he knows now, so help me Heaven!"

If, to satisfy his own conscience, he gave a double sense to his words, she did not see it, and they satisfied her, too.

"Forgive me all the trouble I have given you," she said, wearily, and with a pleading tone very unlike Honor Burns. "I will not give you any more. You have given me much comfort, and been a kind friend. Good-by—and, if we should ever meet again—"

"We shall surely meet again," said Weir, low but firmly. "If we live, we shall surely meet again: I make that promise *here*, with the rest. Think of me but as a true friend till then; and, if you ever need help or counsel, remember that there is one arm and brain that will be at your service while their pulses beat."

His voice faltered; he hesitated a moment as he took her hand, but, if any other words were on his lips, he did not speak them; and, merely bowing low over the hand he held, as he might have done over that of an empress, he quitted the room, leaving Honor alone with her dead.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

III.—FURNISHING THE HOUSE.

AN elegant, well-furnished house, in good taste, comfortable to live in and inviting to guests, is a style of thing many persons might desire to realize did they but know how. At the outset a difficulty lies in the way, inasmuch as furniture has long been the chosen sphere for bad taste. Certain preliminary measures which may safely be taken have been indicated in the preceding papers. What is to be desired is that the form and physiognomy of the house, its anatomies and clothings, shall conduce to physical ease and mental gratification, and for this end the furniture and dressings must be agreeable to gentle manners and gentle folks, the final product being repose, a harmony without discord, a beauty without ugliness.

The modern world differs from the old world, and even so does modern furniture depart from

the olden models. The conditions under which household furniture is now manufactured are changed; the increase of wealth, the growth in population, and the introduction of machinery have turned out of the market the village carpenter, and in place of a small calling has sprung up a large trade. Three classes or factors are commonly concerned: the designer, who is or should be an artist; the manufacturer, who is a tradesman; and lastly the purchaser, who, belonging, it may be, to the new and vulgar rich, is often endowed with more money than taste. The tradesman has seldom any other motive than to supply what will sell, and the adorning of our houses has become too much of a shop transaction. The making of furniture grows as mechanical as the manufacture of pins or nails, and what happens under the infinite subdivision of labor is that the designer and artisan serve as little else than the tools. In olden times, on the contrary, the personality of the artist was felt; he was identified with his workmanship, and was brought into contact and sympathetic relationship with the citizen or the squire. And, though the social changes have been great, yet signs are not wanting of an approach to former reciprocities; and assuredly, if the artist who creates and the public that consumes could in fellowship join hands, we might expect to find within our English homes, in place of furniture supplied from a store and suited equally to the whole parish or county, articles bespeaking the taste and character of the inmates. Certainly the personal position of the artist was never better assured: he has become a recognized force in the social machinery, he mingles freely by privilege of his calling among all classes, and animates by finer spirit the dense masses of the community. And though the shrewd remark is true that the artist, while fit for the best society, should keep out of it, yet if the society be chosen for sympathy and not for show, if the birds of a feather that flock together be not of gay plumage but of accordant note, then the artist may have something to gain as well as benefits to dispense. I have known close friendships spring up between artists and well-to-do people of the world, with the best possible results. It is not to be expected that a man immersed in business should have more than smatterings and aspirations; but the artist, the friend of the family, supplies the lacking knowledge; he is versed in historic styles and schools, and, having at his fingers' ends divers decorative systems, he will readily with pencil and paper in hand sketch out ideas which a clever carpenter can at little cost cast into shape. Thus, a man of modest means and unsophisticated instincts would be saved from the rapacity of trade and the emptiness of fashion, and might find the way to gather around him household belongings possibly a little out of the common, because born of a love and animated by a motive.

If the furnishing of a house were altogether easy, the failures were less egregious. The faults committed arise from a complication of causes, such as superfluity of money coupled with lack of taste, the desire for ostentation, with the consequent impatience of mere honest comfort and quietude. Sometimes errors are run into simply from thoughtlessness or haste, from furor for a favorite fad, or from misplaced faith in an infatuated friend or an infallible clique. As a possible safeguard against such mishaps it may be well to give a little consideration to elementary principles such as the following: Furniture must be useful before it aspires to be ornamental; utility must underlie beauty, construction must sustain and justify ornament. A chair, however attractive to the eye, becomes a snare if it break down under the weight of the sitter; and a bed, however regal in its adornings, is a delusion if it mar a night's rest. In other words, furniture must be framed for strength, capacity, mobility; the design must be adapted to the use, to the proportions of the human figure and to the material employed, whether wood, metal, or textile fabric; it ought, moreover, to be appropriate to its intended position, and should be in keeping with the decorative surroundings. A table or couch should not appear in a room as an unbidden guest or as an intruder. Furniture in its proportions, and in the relation of the component parts to the whole, must be in balance and symmetry, and preserve, in the midst of detail, breadth and simplicity. As in architecture, the composition will usually prove best in harmony when the constituent parts hold some geometric ratio with each other. Furthermore, furniture as to its construction must be honest and confessed, solid, not sham; in other words, the material and workmanship must appear what they really are without disguise or make-believe. As to the ornament, it must not overcharge or falsify the construction, but repose quietly on the surface, and enrichments, such as carved foliage or flowers, when projecting, must be so arranged as to guard against inconvenience or injury from the dresses of ladies or the dusters of domestics. In fine, in ornamenting the construction, care should be taken to preserve the general design, and to keep the decoration duly subservient by low relief or otherwise. And the ornament should be so arranged as to assist the constructive strength and enhance by its lines the symmetry and beauty of the sustaining form.

Furniture has sometimes been termed "a sort of toy architecture"; indeed, the readiest

way to understand the art aspects of household furniture is to use architecture as an explanatory key. Designs first constructed and carved in stone were afterward simulated in wood. The wooden bench took the place of the stone seat; indeed, columns, capitals, canopies, cornices, and friezes are often all but identical in either material, while in the nature of things panelings, chests, and seats correspond with the lines and moldings of doors and windows. The old woodwork in cathedrals, colleges, municipal buildings, and private dwellings illustrates this close relationship. And, when furniture is attached bodily to the freehold and ranks among the fixtures, the reason is self-evident why wainscots, mantel-pieces, and even sideboards and bookcases, accord with the structure of the house and the decoration of the walls. Hence furniture by virtue of its origin assumes definite historic styles, such as the Classic, the Italian, the French Renaissance, the Gothic, and the domestic English. Accordingly, Thomas Chippendale, in "The Cabinet-Maker's Director," published in 1754, insists that "architecture ought to be carefully studied by every one who would excel in design, since it is the very soul and basis of the cabinet-maker's art." In like sense Sir Samuel Meyrick, in his introduction to Shaw's "Specimens of Ancient Furniture," shows "that domestic fittings and decorations have invariably consorted with the contemporary architecture—that tables, chairs, and chests have in style been in closest correspondence with the edifices they help to furnish—that, moreover, the character of the furniture serves always as a criterion to the date, the purity, or decadence of the architecture." Hence a revival in the one and a resuscitation in the other have usually gone hand in hand, as seen in the rage for Gothic furniture in our time. But at the present moment the marked phenomenon in every art, that of furniture included, is the breaking down of old boundary-lines and strict historic precedents, and the setting up of an accommodating eclecticism which seeks to unite under one growth what is vital and enduring in all styles.

The old forms of furniture, in fact, need a new birth, so as to meet modern requirements. It will not do to copy ancient designs rigidly. Archaic models are austere, and of Spartan simplicity; archæological furniture is harsh and angular, and must be modified and mollified so as to work smoothly in the midst of our highly polished civilization. The late Sir Gilbert Scott testifies that "he had long thought the vernacular styles of the present day worn out, and that it is needful to strike out something a little novel. He had," he said, "for some time been endeavoring to do so on the foundation of the Gothic, and should be very glad to see attempts to originate new styles on other bases." In fact, growth is in art, as in nature, the condition of life; without growth death comes. Change and transformation, when not for the sake of mere novelty, bring new development and onward progression. Art has of late years widened its circuit and intensified its activity. She finds the means of meeting our subtile and varied wants; she calls to her aid manifold appliances and processes; she takes as her handmaids Sculpture and Painting; she is by turns constructive and decorative, and she works with equal zest and impartiality in stone, wood, metal, silk, or cotton. Our modern artist deems it part of his duty to supervise the minutest detail; he looks to the design of the scraper at the door, of the weathercock on the chimney, of the mantel-piece, fender, or scuttle at the fire. And furniture, sharing in the common movement, forms part of the comprehensive whole. Something may be lost, but much has been gained. The old work of the joiner was rude; the modern cabinet-maker is required to turn to good account his superior advantages; he has at command—often at small cost—fine woods, rich fabrics, efficient tools, so that it is scarcely too much to expect that our every-day furniture shall be, both in material and manipulation, a delectable art-product. Thus domestic goods and chattels fall agreeably into the concerted æsthetic system which satisfies the wants of a highly wrought civilization. Furniture, indeed, has a wide significance, and passes, like certain words in the language, into metaphorical meanings. We speak not only of a house well furnished with couches, curtains, and mirrors, but of a room or a table well furnished with guests, and no less do we commend the mind that is richly furnished with ideas. It may be added that, while an unfurnished house is a solitude, a well-furnished house serves as society.

The good is often recognized more clearly by contrast with the bad, and no art yields such egregious examples of false taste as furniture. Instances are quoted of cabinets in mock miniature of Roman temples, and sideboards have been constructed in semblance of sarcophagi or Grecian stone altars. Also deservedly held up to ridicule is a certain notorious buffet, whereon are assembled apostles, philosophers, and doctors, the central position being reserved for Voltaire, with winged genii among clouds above! Censure with equal justice falls on a "jardinière treated as a ruined château, the flowers displayed as growing out of its dilapidated roof"; a chiffonier is also fitly condemned for like misplaced naturalism — the composition comprises rustic scenes with an overgrowth of vines and clustering grapes, birds sheltering among the leaves

and building their nests in the branches! The voice of warning is the more called for, because such mistaken efforts have a peculiar fascination for half-educated minds; besides, much labor is worse than thrown away, and at half the outlay better results can be got. Monstrosities in art are also censurable as the illicit offspring of debased states of mind; grotesque forms and outrages on the beautiful, like plague-spots, fester within the fancy, as do low jokes and false wit. Addison, in the "Spectator," turns into ridicule certain literary conceits, such as the rebus, the acrostic, the anagram, the enigma, the quibble, the pun, and other verbal tricks and plays upon words. True wit, like correct art, lies in the resemblance and congruity of ideas; while false wit, which may be termed the false furniture of the mind, and is comparable to tasteless ornament in art, Addison satirizes in allegory as follows: "Methought," he writes, "I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies governed by the goddess Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera-tune; the birds had many of them golden beaks and human voices; the flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, and grew up in pieces of embroidery. And I discovered in the center of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dullness." Bad art is worse than dull or stupid, it is offensive and evil.

In mediæval days the allowance of domestic furniture was scant, and old woodwork is now so scarce that in some outlying districts the most ancient relic is the village stocks. And, indeed, certain Gothic revivals in furniture might have been almost suggested by such instruments of durance vile; the form is so austerely archaic, the construction so rude, the angles are so harshly abrupt, that the human frame, in vain seeking rest, is stretched as on a rack. Certain ultra-revivalists have, in fact, invested Gothic furniture in unplaned planks, gaping at the joints, knocked together with savage nails, and bound with ragged clasps and rough hinges—the whole construction being worthy to stand among the rushes in "the marsh" of the olden hall, rather than upon a Brussels carpet in a modern drawing-room. The gable-end of a house may be made as severe and acute as the most infatuated Gothicist can desire, but like angularities in couches and elbow-chairs subject weary mortals to torture. Gothic times were straitened, frugal, self-immolating; Renaissance epochs, on the contrary, became exuberant, luxurious, and pleasure-seeking. And it is the unfortunate fatality of fashion to run always into extremes, and so furniture, instead of abiding by the happy mean of moderation, and taking each style in its inherent truth and beauty, has by turns exaggerated the excesses and eccentricities of Gothic, Italian, and French originals. Gothic art, like the checkered life of man upon earth, is beset with contradictions and imperfections, and, as if beauty were not an all-sufficing end, ugliness, the visible semblance of sin, is courted and made much of. The dread may be that placid beauty lacks spirit and vigor, but the observation has been shrewdly made in cookery that one grain of garlic suffices to save a dish from insipidity; and so in the arts a little deformity and queerness go a great way. Grotesqueness or character pushed to caricature has been the bane of certain Gothicists; and art, when thus deformed, instead of being, as among the Greeks, a goddess, is transmuted into a gargoyle. Such art, not giving speech to sermons in stones, presents the ungainly image of "Laughter holding both her sides."

But Gothic furniture, when treated with taste and judgment, becomes verily a welcome inmate within our homes. The Englishman who has built himself a cottage in the country, under the shadow of trees or near to the parish church, may come upon rustic couches or garden-seats, which perchance the local carpenter makes out of woods grown on the spot. I have sometimes been interested to see in the houses of a cathedral close the Gothic style in full possession; the means at disposal are usually moderate, but the good man of the house gathers round him treasures that money can not buy, and all his little belongings are encompassed by local associations and overgrown with personal habits. Pugin's revivals of domestic Gothic, exquisite in design and detail, the chairs, bookcases, cabinets, and sideboards sometimes decorated with geometric tracery, foliated piercings, or floral carvings, are rare achievements within the reach of the rich only. To my mind such masterpieces are surpassingly beautiful, yet expense need be no object. But frugality has ever been the cry of Gothic pioneers, and accordingly furniture made of deal or other wood, uncostly and easily worked, has been kindly provided for those who desire that their scanty worldly goods shall be impressed by strict mediæval aspiration. The designs, studiously simple, are often piquant in character, and attract attention by a personality and motive which mere shop-goods seldom can show. Young men making a start in life, their

intellects more richly stocked than their purses, accustomed to readings in English history and studies among the early British poets, have of late addicted themselves to furnishing after an original fashion. They may not be wholly exempt from whims and conceits, but at least they have ideas of their own which they truthfully seek to carry out free from conventional trammels. And often in Bohemian quarters may be found an honest, outspoken, and inventive art which vainly we shall search for throughout Belgravia. Sometimes I have known a brotherhood spring up among artists and amateurs, a kind of mutual-aid society for decorating and furnishing each other's dwellings. Drawing-rooms and studios have been thus painted by friendly hands, and cabinets constructed cunningly, one artist painting a panel, another designing a frieze, a third contriving the hinges, lock, and other metal fastenings. Pianos have been particularly favored. I remember an instrument carved almost as a cameo and colored by inlays of natural woods as a picture; the panels were painted with figures of Miriam, King David, and St. Cecilia. And Mr. Marks, R. A., indulging in a serio-comic strain, has impressed the Muses into the same melodious service. I also recollect cherubs' heads designed by Mr. Burne Jones for a like destination; and, while these lines are passing through the press, a leading piano-forte manufactory has issued invitations for the private view of an instrument decorated inside and out by the same artist, with designs of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Beatrice inspiring Dante, and, conspicuously, of an undraped female figure personating fruitful Nature, surrounded by Cupid-like genii. It may be permitted to add that the value of this unique creation is estimated at a thousand guineas. There seems an essential fitness in such decorations, a proverbial semblance subsisting among the harmonies of sound, form, and color. And Gothic growths when grafted on the old stocks of truth and beauty prove ever rhythmical, and accord with the gentle cadence of sweet sounds.

Furniture in its modern forms presents distinctive nationalities. French furniture is fantastic, often florid. The designs are usually borrowed from the Gallic Renaissance, a style proverbial for corruption, yet bringing into bewitching play the blandishments of the sister arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. I have sometimes been struck with amazement before modern French cabinets, perfect in architectonic proportion, in symmetry, and beauty; the modeling and carving truly sculpturesque, and showing command of the human figure used decoratively, the coloring, light, and shade dependent on rare woods and rich materials tenderly balanced, yet tersely accentuated and studiously pictorial. Such compositions challenge criticism as consummate works of art; the masses are preserved in simple breadth, the details are evenly distributed, so that no part of the surface is bald, none overcrowded; as for the workmanship, it is of unsurpassed excellence. In short, French furniture-makers of the nineteenth century are perhaps the only worthy descendants of the great masters of the Italian cinque-cento.

But our English cabinet-makers have for long been striving to vie with their brilliant rivals across the Channel, and their painstaking revivals are commendable for art-design, economy of manufacture, and domestic utility. French furniture is in keeping with the ostentation of the grand palaces of Louis Quatorze, while English furniture in its comparative simplicity possesses a fitness for our British homes. In family life we still love concords and seek to preserve proprieties; less daring in design and less florid in ornament than our neighbors, we are content to be more consistent and sober, and prefer solid truth to surface-show. But after all, in art, as in the science of engineering, everything can be done if money be no object. English artisans have economy thrust upon them, but when lavish expenditure is permitted simplicity can easily give place to costly elaboration and enrichment; and I think, all things considered, from a feeling of patriotism, for the sake of our industrial people, and in the cause of our struggling and aspiring native art, it behooves the English householder to show some preference for our home-made produce. It is well to feel how much may lie in the power of each one of us to help on the good cause.

English furniture, good in design, sound in construction, utilitarian, yet in ornament tasteful, is now made to meet the requirements of all places, peoples, and pockets. Furniture for the dining-room, as distinguished from that for the drawing-room, should be substantial, massive, and handsome, and in color somewhat somber rather than gay. Drawing-room furniture courts companionship with ladies, and will do well to be elegant, cheerful, and even festive. In this brilliant sphere the French are supposed to shine, yet the English of late have gained a phantasy and delicacy responsive to the lightsome dance, the gleeful song, and sparkling prattle. I have looked with delight on cabinets rich in the resources of the best Renaissance, symmetric compositions forced up to a climax in the cornice, the panels ornate with cameo Wedgwood-ware, and the whole façade rich with inlays of rose- and satin-wood, ivory, lapis lazuli, and precious stones, forced up by a system of polychromy to the semblance of a picture. This high-wrought furniture is commendable while kept by quiet

restraint in chastened beauty, and when worked out in true materials honestly constructed. Such elaborate compositions, if too costly, can be pared down and simplified. Elaboration always represents labor, and labor means money. A complex piece of furniture can, like any other product, be reduced to its constituent elements, which are usually few, obvious, and economic. Balance in proportion, symmetric relation of parts to the whole, artistic moldings, with some few decorative enrichments, well chosen and rightly placed, will always insure a pleasing effect at slight outlay.

Draperies are to a house what clothes are to the human body; indeed, it were scarcely going too far to compare an undraped house to the nude figure. And drapery, whether applied to walls, to furniture, or to the human frame, has for its end clothing, warmth, and adornment. The appropriateness of all draperies is contingent greatly on climate, locality, and conditions of life, and such fitness usually brings about effects correct in taste. The simplest arrangements, if only harmonious, insure more or less satisfactory results. Draperies, such as curtains, portières, coverlets, may rely for artistic effect merely on pleasing concord of colors. But rather to be preferred, I think, are compositions of a little more complexity, wherein a pattern beautiful in form adds charm to agreeable color. A surface destitute of design is as a blank sheet of paper—a *tabula rasa*, which seems to need some idea or design from the artist's hand. The works of Nature are never left blank or void; Nature is so generously prodigal that she decorates even the surfaces which are hid away from sight, and so art does well to be equally profuse in adorning the under-garment of a figure or the inner lining of a tapestry or coverlet. The general principles already propounded for the decoration of walls and floors will, with allowance for change of material, hold good as to draperies. And the advice to be given for furnishing generally is, eschew fashion, which generally allures but for a moment, and then, when it fleets, leaves the stigma of being "out of fashion," and choose in preference forms of art which, founded on immutable truth and beauty, can never grow old, obsolete, or unpleasing. Above all, shun show and extravagant outlay, remembering that as Providence clothes the lily, and bestows the life-giving elements of air, light, and heat freely, so Art, having regard for the lowly, filleth the hungry with good things, while the rich she sends empty away.

The arrangement of rooms needs to be carefully considered. The fact that articles of furniture are for the most part unfixed, that they are what the French call "meubles," or movables, allows all the greater freedom in disposition or location. Tables and chairs, sofas and footstools, are indeed nearly as itinerant as the persons who use them, and may, in the general artistic composition, be treated almost as figures. And to carry the analogy one step further, some movables may be accounted "occasional," and stand in relation to the more permanent and fixed furniture as casual visitors. And while, perhaps, it may be expected of the members of the family—the abiding tenants—that they shall in dress and general get-up more or less accord with the wall-hangings and carpets, the utmost that can be looked for from the visitors is that they shall comport themselves as well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. And so occasional furniture, like the person of "the walking gentleman" on the stage, has little more to do than to fill the allotted part agreeably. And while in the furnishing of a room the guiding rule is "unity," yet at the same time it is well to remember that "variety is charming," and that "unity in variety," when attained throughout the house, leaves nothing to be desired. "Unity in variety" makes a picture pleasing, and a room can scarcely be wrong if arranged as a picture. As to diversity, there can be but little doubt that the Romans introduced Egyptian furniture into their dwellings, and in our days a Gothic chair, provided it be graceful, need never feel awkward in the presence of an Italian cabinet. Yet, not for one moment must be tolerated within a dwelling confusion or uproar; nothing can be worse than the indiscriminate crowding together of heterogeneous objects, as in a curiosity-shop; the home, a quiet shelter from the turmoil of the outer world, must not be turned into a museum, menagerie, or Babel. Rather let the furniture associate in cozy coterie as forming a happy home. "A nice and subtile happiness I see thou to thyself proposest" were the approving words addressed to Adam when he craved a companion in his solitude. "A nice and subtile happiness" makes a home. A well-appointed house may perchance bear some comparison to a thoughtful literary composition—one motive presides from preface to finis, and episodes, when thrown in for diversity, conform to the common scheme and blend in the collective whole. And the divers kinds of furniture admissible within a room may be further indicated by the variety of authors allowed a place on the bookshelves. Some volumes may be practical and utilitarian, others poetical and ornamental; yet all should propose, as a common end, to improve the mind and add to the enjoyment of life. And, as, in a well-stored library, varied volumes ranged in order due satisfy the mental cravings, so, in a well-provided household, furniture disposed methodically should minister to the sensuous and supersensuous wants of body and of mind. But,

above all these things, it is imperative that every work admitted within the house shall be beautiful; and then seldom will be found intruding serious discord, for all creations in nature and in art possessed of beauty agree well together. And men and women, when thus brought into living fellowship with beauty, are known to grow into like fashion of mind and even of body, while the penalty hangs over those who dwell with ugliness, that day by day they themselves become more ugly.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

STERNE. (HOURS IN A LIBRARY.)

"LOVE me, love my book" is a version of a familiar proverb which one might be slow to accept. There are, as one need hardly say, many admirable persons for whose sake one would gladly make any sacrifice of personal comfort short of that implied in a study of their works. But the converse of the statement is more nearly true. I confess that I at any rate love a book pretty much in proportion as it makes me love the author. I do not, of course, speak of histories or metaphysical treatises which one reads for the sake of the information or of the logical teaching; but of the imaginative books which appeal in the last resort to the sympathy between the writer and the reader. It matters not whether you are brought into contact with a man by seeing or hearing, by the printed or spoken word—the ultimate source of pleasure is the personal affinity. To read a book in the true sense—to read it, that is, not as a critic but in the spirit of enjoyment—is to lay aside for the moment one's own personality, and to become a part of the author. It is to enter the world in which he habitually lives—for each of us lives in a separate world of his own—to breathe his air, and therefore to receive pleasure and pain according as the atmosphere is or is not congenial. I may by an intellectual effort perceive the greatness of a writer whose character is essentially antagonistic to my own; but I can not feel it as it must be felt for genuine enjoyment. The qualification must, of course, be understood that a great book really expresses the most refined essence of the writer's character. It gives the author transfigured, and does not represent all the stains and distortions which he may have received in his progress through the world. In real life we might have been repelled by Milton's stern Puritanism, or by some outbreak of rather testy self-assertion. In reading "Paradise Lost," we feel only the loftiness of character, and are raised and inspirited by sentiments, without pausing to consider the particular application.

If this be true in some degree of all imaginative writers, it is especially true of humorists. For humor is essentially the expression of a personal idiosyncrasy, and a man is a humorist just because the tragic and the comic elements of life present themselves to his mind in new and unexpected combinations. The objects of other men's reverence strike him from the ludicrous point of view, and he sees something attractive in the things which they affect to despise. It is his function to strip off the commonplaces by which we have tacitly agreed to cover over our doubts and misgivings, and to explode empty pretenses by the touch of a vigorous originality; and therefore it is that the great mass of mankind are apt to look upon humor of the stronger flavor with suspicion. They suspect the humorist—not without reason—of laughing at their beards. There is no saying where he may not explode next. They can enjoy the mere buffoonery which comes from high spirits combined with thoughtlessness. And they can fairly appreciate the gentle humor of Addison or Goldsmith, or Charles Lamb, where the kindliness of the intention is so obvious that the irony is felt to be harmless. It represents only the tinge of melancholy which every good man must feel at the sight of human folly, and is used rather to light up by its gentle irradiation the amiable aspects of weakness than to unmask solemn affectation and successful hypocrisy. As soon as the humorist begins to be more pungent, and the laughter to be edged with scorn and indignation, good, quiet people who do not like to be shocked begin to draw back. They are half ashamed when a Cervantes or a Montaigne, a Rabelais or a Swift, takes them into his confidence, and proposes in the true humorist's spirit to but show them the ugly realities of the world or of his own mind. They shrink from the exposure which follows of the absurdity of heroes, the follies of the wise, the cruelty and injustice of the virtuous. In their hearts they take this daring frankness for sheer cynicism, and reject his

proffered intimacy. They would rather overlook the hollowness of established conventions, than have them ruthlessly exposed by the sudden audacity of these daring rebels. To the man, on the contrary, who is predisposed to sympathy by some affinity of character, the sudden flash of genuine feeling is infinitely refreshing. He rejoices to see theories confronted with facts, solemn conventions turned inside out, and to have the air cleared by a sudden burst of laughter, though it may occasionally have something rather savage in it. He welcomes the discovery that another man has dared to laugh at the idols before which we are all supposed to bow in solemn reverence. We love the humor, in short, so far as we shall the character from which it flows. Everybody can love the spirit which shows itself in the "Essays of Elia"; but you can hardly love the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver" unless you have a sympathy with the genuine Swift which overpowers your occasional disgust at his misanthropy. But to this general rule there is one marked exception in our literature. It is impossible for any one with the remotest taste for literary excellence to read "Tristram Shandy" or "The Sentimental Journey" without a sense of wondering admiration. One can hardly read the familiar passages without admitting that Sterne was perhaps the greatest artist in the language. No one at least shows more inimitable felicity in producing a pungent effect by a few touches of exquisite precision. He gives the impression that the thing has been done once for all; he has hit the bull's-eye round which inspiring marksmen go on blundering indefinitely without any satisfying success. Two or three of the scenes in which Uncle Toby expresses his sentiments are as perfect in their way as the half-dozen lines in which Mrs. Quickly describes the end of Falstaff, and convince us that three strokes from a man of genius may be worth more than the life's labor of the cleverest of skilled literary workmen. And it may further be said that Uncle Toby, like his kinsmen in the world of humor, is an incarnation of most lovable qualities. In going over the list, a short list in any case, of the immortal characters in fiction, there is hardly any one in our literature who would be entitled to take precedence of him. To find a distinctly superior type, we must go back to Cervantes, whom Sterne idolized and professed to take for his model. But to speak of a character as in some sort comparable to Don Quixote, though without any thought of placing him on the same level, is to admire that he is a triumph of art. Indeed, if we take the other creator of types, of whom it is only permitted to speak with bated breath, we must agree that it would be difficult to find a figure even in the Shakespearean gallery more admirable in its way. Of course, the creation of a Hamlet, an Iago, or a Falstaff implies an intellectual intensity and reach of imaginative sympathy altogether different from anything which his warmest admirers would attribute to Sterne. I only say that there is no single character in Shakespeare whom we see more vividly and love more heartily than Mr. Shandy's uncle.

It should follow, according to the doctrine just set forth, that we ought to love Uncle Toby's creator. But here I fancy that everybody will be sensible of a considerable difficulty. The judgment pronounced upon Sterne by Thackeray seems to me to be substantially unimpeachable. The more I know of the man, for my part, the less I like him. It is impossible to write his biography (from the admiring point of view) without making it a continuous apology. His faults may be extenuated by the customary devices; but there is a terrible lack of any positive merits to set against them. He seems to have been fond of his daughter, and tolerant of his wife. The nearest approach to a good action recorded of him is that, when they preferred remaining in France to following him to England, he took care that they should have the income which he had promised. The liberality was nothing very wonderful. He knew that his wife was severely economical, as she had good reason to be; inasmuch as his own health was most precarious, and he was spending his income with a generous freedom which left her in destitution at his death. Still we are glad to give him all credit for not being a grudging paymaster. Some better men have been less good-natured. The rest of his panegyric consists of excuses for his shortcomings. We know the regular formulæ. He had bad companions, it is said, in his youth. Men who show a want of principle in later life have a knack of picking up bad companions at their outset. We are reminded as usual that the morals of the time were corrupt. It is a very difficult question how far this is true. We can only make a rough guess as to the morals of our own time; some people can see steady improvement, where others see nothing but signs of growing corruption; but, when we come to speak of the morals of an age more or less removed, there are so many causes of illusion that our estimates have very small title to respect. It is no doubt true that the clergy of the Church of England, in Sterne's day, took a less exalted view than they now do of their own position and duties; that they were frequently pluralists and absentees; that patrons had small sense of responsibility; and that, as a general rule, the spiritual teachers of the country took life easily, and left an ample field for the

activity of Wesley and his followers. But, making every allowance for this, it would be grossly unfair to deny, what is plainly visible in all the memoirs of the time, that there were plenty of honest squires and persons in every part of the country leading wholesome domestic lives.

But, in any case, such apologies rather explain how a man came to be bad, than prove that he was not bad. They would show at most that we were making an erroneous inference if we inferred badness of heart from conduct which was not condemned by the standard of his own day. This argument, however, is really inapplicable. Sterne's faults were of a kind for which if anything there was less excuse then than now. The faults of his best-known contemporaries, of men like Fielding, Smollett, or Churchill, were the faults of robust temperament with an excess of animal passions. Their coarseness has left a stain upon their pages as it injured their lives. But, however much we may lament or condemn, we do not feel that such men were corrupt at heart. And that, unfortunately, is just what we are tempted to feel about Sterne. When the huge, brawny parson, Churchill, felt his unfitness for clerical life, he pitched his cassock to the dogs and blossomed out in purple and gold. He set the respectabilities at defiance, took up with Wilkes and the reprobates, and roared out full-mouthed abuse against bishops and ministers. He could still be faithful to his friends, observe his own code of honor, and do his best to make some atonement to the victims of his misconduct. Sterne, one feels, differs from Churchill not really as being more virtuous, but in not having the courage to be so openly vicious. Unlike Churchill, he could be a consummate sneak. He was quite as ready to flatter Wilkes or to be on intimate terms with atheists and libertines, with Holbach and Crébillon, when his bishop and his parishioners could not see him. His most intimate friend from early days was John Hall Stevenson—the country squire whose pride it was to ape in the provinces the orgies of the monks of Medmenham Abbey, and once notorious as the author of a grossly indecent book. The dog-Latin letter in which Sterne informs this chosen companion that he is weary of his life contains other remarks sufficiently significant of the nature of their intimacy. The age was not very nice; but it was quite acute enough to see the objections to a close alliance between a married ecclesiastic of forty-five* and the rustic Don Juan of the district. But his cynicism becomes doubly disgusting when we remember that Sterne was all the time as eager as any patronage-hunter to ingratiate himself into the good graces of bishops. Churchill, we remember, lampooned Warburton with savage ferocity. Sterne tried his best to conciliate the most conspicuous prelate of the day.* He never put together a more elaborately skillful bit of writing than the letter which he wrote to Garrick, with the obvious intention that it should be shown to Warburton. He humbly says that he has no claim to an introduction, except "what arises from the honor and respect which, in the progress of my work, will be shown the world I owe so great a man." The statement was probably meant to encounter a suspicion which Warburton entertained that he was to be introduced in a ridiculous character in "Tristram Shandy." The bishop was sufficiently soothed to administer not only good advice but a certain purse of gold, which had an unpleasant resemblance to hush-money. It became evident, however, that the author of "Tristram Shandy" was not a possible object of episcopal patronage; and, indeed, he was presently described by the bishop as an "irrevocable scoundrel." Sterne's "honor and respect" never found expression in his writings; but he ingeniously managed to couple the "Divine Legation"—the work which had justified Warburton's elevation to the bench—with "The Tale of a Tub," the audacious satire upon orthodox opinions, which had been an insuperable bar to Swift's preferment. The insinuation had its sting, for there were plenty of critics in those days who maintained that Warburton's apology was really more damaging to the cause of orthodoxy than Swift's burlesque. We can not resist the conviction that, if Warburton had been more judicious in his distribution of patronage, he would have received a very different notice in return. The blow from Churchill's bludgeon was, on any right, given by an open enemy. This little stab came from one who had been a servile flatterer.

No doubt Sterne is to be pitied for his uncongenial position. The relations who kindly took him off the hands of his impecunious father could provide for him most easily in the Church; and he is not the only man who has been injured by being forced by such considerations into a career for which he was unfitted. In the same way we may pity him for having become tired of his wife when he seems to have married under a generous impulse—she was no doubt a very tiresome woman—and try to forgive him for some of his flirtations. But it is not so easy to forgive the spirit in which he conducted them. One story, as related by an admiring biographer, will be an amply sufficient specimen. He fell in love with a Miss Fourmantelle, who was living at York when he was finishing the first volumes of

* Sterne says in the letter that Hall was over forty; and he was five years older than Hall.

"Tristram Shandy" at the ripe age of forty-six. He introduced her into that work as "dear, dear Jenny." He writes to her in his usual style of love-making. He swears that he loves her "to distraction," and will love her "to eternity." He declares that there is "only one obstacle to their happiness"—obviously Mrs. Sterne—and solemnly prays to God that she may so live and love him as one day to share in his great good fortune. Precisely similar aspirations, we note in passing, were to be soon afterward addressed to Mrs. Draper, on the hypothesis that two obstacles to their happiness might be removed, namely, Mr. Draper and Mrs. Sterne. Few readers are likely to be edified by the sacred language used by a clergyman on such an occasion; though biographical zeal has been equal even to this emergency. But the sequel to the Fourmantelle story is the really significant part. Mr. Sterne goes to London to reap the social fruits of his amazing success with "Tristram Shandy." The whole London world falls at his feet; he is overwhelmed with invitations, and deafened with flattery; and poor literary drudges like Goldsmith are scandalized by so overpowering a triumph. Nobody had thought it worth while to make a fuss about the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Sterne writes the accounts of his unprecedented success to Miss Fourmantelle: he snatches moments in the midst of his crowded levees to tell her that he is hers for ever and ever, that he would "give a guinea for a squeeze of her hand"; and promises to use his influence in some affair in which she is interested. Hereupon Miss Fourmantelle follows him to London. She finds him so deeply engaged that he can not see her from Sunday till Friday; though he is still good enough to say that he would wish to be with her always, were it not for "fate." And, hereupon, Miss Fourmantelle vanishes out of history, and Mr. Sterne ceases to trouble his head about her. It needs only to be added that this is but one episode in Sterne's career out of several of which the records have been accidentally preserved. Mrs. Draper seems to have been the most famous case; but, according to his own statement, he had regularly on hand some affair of the sort, and is proud of the sensibility which they indicate.

Upon such an occurrence only one comment is possible from the moralist's point of view, namely, that a brother of Miss Fourmantelle, had she possessed a brother, would have been justified in administering a horsewhipping. I do not, however, wish to preach a sermon upon Sterne's iniquities, or to draw any edifying conclusions upon the present occasion. We have only to deal with the failings of the man so far as they are reflected in the author. Time enables us to abstract and distinguish. A man's hateful qualities may not be of the essence of his character, or they may be only hateful in certain specific relations which do not now affect us. Moreover, there is some kind of immorality—spite and uncharitableness, for example—which is not without its charm. Pope was in many ways a far worse man than Sterne; he was an incomparably more elaborate liar, and the amount of gall with which his constitution was saturated would have been enough to furnish a whole generation of Sternes. But we can admire the brilliance of Pope's epigrams, without bothering ourselves with the reflection that he told a whole series of falsehoods as to the date of their composition. We can enjoy the pungency of his indignant satire without asking whether it was directed against deserving objects. Atticus was perhaps a very cruel caricature of Addison; but the lines upon Atticus remain as an incomparably keen dissection of a type which need not have been embodied in this particular representative. Some people, indeed, may be too virtuous or tender-hearted to enjoy any exposure of human weakness. I make no pretensions to such amiability, and I can admire the keenness of the wasp's sting when it is no longer capable of touching me and my friends. Indeed, almost any genuine ebullition of human passion is interesting in its way, and it would be pedantic to be scandalized whenever it is rather more vehement than a moralist would approve, or happens to break out on the wrong occasion. The reader can apply the correction for himself; he can read satire in his moments of virtuous indignation, and twist it in his own mind against some of those people—they are generally to be found—who really deserve it. But the case is different when the sentiment itself is offensive, and offensive by reason of insincerity. When the very thing by which we are supposed to be attracted is the goodness of a man's heart, a suspicion that he was a mere Tartuffe can not enter our minds without injuring our enjoyment. We may continue to admire the writer's technical skill, but he can not fascinate us unless he persuades us of his sincerity. One might, to take a parallel case, admire Reynolds for his skill of hand and fine perception of form and color, if he had used them only to represent objects as repulsive as the most hideous scenes in Hogarth. One loves him, because of the exquisite tenderness of nature implied in the representations of infantile beauty. And, if it were possible to feel that this tenderness was a mere sham, that his work was that of a dexterous artist skillfully flattering the fondness of parents, the charm would vanish. The children would breathe affectation instead of simplicity, and provoke only a sardonic sneer,

which is suggested by most of the infantile portraits collected in modern exhibitions.

It is with something of this feeling that we read Sterne. Of the literary skill there can not be a moment's question; but, if we for a moment yield to the enchantment, we feel ashamed, at the next moment, of our weakness. We have been moved on false pretenses; and we seem to see the sham Yorick with that unpleasant leer upon his too expressive face, chuckling quietly at his successful imposition. It is no wonder if many of his readers have revolted, and even been provoked to an excessive reaction of feeling. The criticism was too obvious to be missed. Horace Walpole indulged in a characteristic sneer at the genius who neglected a mother and sniveled over a dead donkey. (The neglect of a mother, we may note in passing, is certainly not proved.) Walpole was too much of a cynic, it may be said, to distinguish between sentimentalism and genuine sentiment, or rather so much of a cynic that one is surprised at his not liking the sentimentalism more. But Goldsmith at least was a man of real feeling, and as an artist in some respects superior even to Sterne. He was moved to his bitterest outburst of satire by "Tristram Shandy." He despised the charlatan who eked out his defects of humor by the paltry mechanical devices of blank pages, disordered chapters, and a profuse indulgence in dashes. He pointed out with undeniable truth the many grievous stains by which Sterne's pages are defaced. He spoke with disgust of the ladies who worshiped the author of a book which they should have been ashamed to read, and found the whole secret of Sterne's success in his pertness and indecency. Goldsmith may have been yielding unconsciously to a not unnatural jealousy, and his criticism certainly omits to take into account Sterne's legitimate claims to admiration. It is happily needless to insist at the present day upon the palpable errors by which the delicate and pure-minded Goldsmith was offended. It is enough to indulge in a passing word of regret that a man of Sterne's genius should have descended so often to mere buffoonery or to the most degrading methods of meeting his reader's interest. "The Sentimental Journey" is a book of simply marvelous cleverness, to which one can find no nearer parallel than Heine's "Reisebilder." But one often closes it with a mixture of disgust and regret. The disgust needs no explanation; the regret is caused by our feeling that something has been missed which ought to have been in the writer's power. He has so keen an eye for picturesque effects, he is so sensitive to a thousand little incidents which your ordinary traveler passes with eyes riveted to his guide-book or which "Smelfungus" Smollett disregarded in his surly British pomposity, he is so quick at appreciating some delicate courtesy in humble life or some pathetic touch of commonplace suffering, that one grows angry when he spoils a graceful scene by some prurient double meaning, and wastes whole pages in telling a story fit only for John Hall Stevenson. One feels that one has been rambling with a discreditable parson, who is so glad to be free from the restraints of his parish or of Mrs. Sterne's company that he is always peeping into forbidden corners, and anxious to prove to you that he is as knowing in the ways of a wicked world as a raffish undergraduate enjoying a stolen visit to London. Goldsmith's idyllic pictures of country life may be a little too rose-colored, but at least they are harmonious. Sterne's sudden excursions into the nauseous are like the brutal practical jokes of a dirty boy who should put filth into a scent-bottle. One feels that if he had entered the rustic paradise, of which Dr. and Mrs. Primrose were the Adam and Eve, half his sympathies would have been with the wicked Squire Thornhill; he would have been quite as able to suit that gentleman's tastes as to wheedle the excellent Vicar; and his homage to Miss Olivia would have partaken of the nature of an insult. A man of Sterne's admirable delicacy of genius, writing always with an eye to the canons of taste approved in Crazy Castle, must necessarily produce painful discords, and throw away admirable workmanship upon contemptible ribaldry. But the very feeling proves that there was really a finer element in him. Had he been thoroughly steeped in the noxious element, there would have been no discord. We might simply have set him down as a very clever reprobate. But, with some exceptions, we can generally recognize something so amiable and attractive as to excite our regret for the waste of genius even in his more questionable passages. Coleridge points out, with his usual critical acuteness, that much of "Tristram Shandy" would produce simple disgust were it not for the presence of that wonderful group of characters who are antagonistic to the spurious wit based upon simple shocks to a sense of decency. That group redeems the book, and we may say that it is the book. We must therefore admit that the writer of Uncle Toby and his families must not be unreservedly condemned. To admit that one thoroughly dislikes Sterne is not to assert that he was a thorough hypocrite of the downright Tartuffe variety. His good feelings must be something more than a mere sham or empty formula: they are not a flimsy veil thrown over degrading selfishness or sensuality. When he is attacked upon this ground, his apologists may have an easy triumph. The true statement is rather that Sterne was a

man who understood to perfection the art of enjoying his own good feelings as a luxury without humbling himself to translate them into practice. This is the definition of sentimentalism when the word is used in a bad sense. Many admirable teachers of mankind have held the doctrine that all artistic indulgence is universally immoral, because it is all more or less obnoxious to this objection. So far as a man saves up his good feelings merely to use them as the raw material of poems, he is wasting a force which ought to be applied to the improvement of the world. What have we to do with singing and painting when there are so many of our fellow creatures whose sufferings might be relieved and whose characters might be purified if we turned our songs into sermons, and, instead of staining canvas, they tried to purify the dwellings of the poor? There is a good deal to be said for the thesis that all fiction is really a kind of lying, and that art in general is a luxurious indulgence, to which we have no right while crime and disease are rampant in the outer world.

I think, indeed, that I could detect some flaws in the logic by which this conclusion is supported, but I confess that it often seems to possess a considerable plausibility. The peculiar sentimentalism of which Sterne was one of the first mouthpieces, would supply many effective illustrations of the argument; for it is a continuous manifestation of extraordinary skill in providing "sweet poison for the ages' tooth." He was exactly the man for his time, though, indeed, so clever a man would probably have been equally able to flatter the prevailing impulse of any time in which his lot had been cast. M. Taine has lately described with great skill the sort of fashion of philanthropy which became popular among the upper classes in France in the prerevolutionary generation. The fine ladies and gentlemen who were so soon to be crushed as tyrannical oppressors of the people, had really a strong impression that benevolence was a branch of social elegance which ought to be assiduously cultivated by persons of taste and refinement. A similar tendency, though less strongly marked, is observable among the corresponding class in English society. From causes which may be analyzed by historians, the upper social stratum was becoming penetrated with a vague discontent with the existing order and a desire to find new outlets for emotional activity. Between the reign of comfortable common sense, represented by Pope and his school, and the fierce outbreak of passion which accompanied the crash of the revolution, there was an interregnum marked by a semi-conscious fore-feeling of some approaching catastrophe; a longing for fresh excitement, and tentative excursions into various regions of thought, which have since been explored in a more systematic fashion. Sentimentalism was the word which represented one phase of this inarticulate longing, and which expresses pretty accurately the need of having some keen sensations without very well knowing in what particular channels they were to be directed. The growth of the feminine influence in literature had no doubt some share in this development. Women were no longer content to be simply the pretty fools of the "Spectator," unworthy to learn the Latin grammar or to be admitted to the circle of wit; though they seldom presumed to be independent authors, they were of sufficient importance to have a literature composed for their benefit. The sentimentalism of the worthy Richardson implied a discovery of one means of turning this tendency to account, and in his little circle of feminine adorers we find one of the earliest discussions of the word.

"What," asks Lady Bradshaigh (writing to him about 1749), "is the meaning of the word sentimental, so much in vogue among the polite, both in town and country? In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—*sentimental.* Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever or agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a *sentimental* man; we were a *sentimental* party; I have been taking a *sentimental* walk." Some time earlier Sterne was writing a love-letter to his future wife, lamenting his "quiet and sentimental repasts" which they had had together, and weeping "like a child" (so he writes) at the sight of his single knife and fork and plate. The growth of such phrases is often an interesting symptom of new currents of social development. Richardson might have replied by pointing to the history of Clarissa, which represents a respectable, moral, and domestic sentimentalism; and Rousseau expressed it a little later in a more dangerous and revolutionary embodiment. We have known the same spirit in many incarnations in later days. We have been bored by Wertherism; by the Byronic misanthropy; by the *Weltschmerz* of our German cousins; and by the æsthetic raptures or the pessimist lamentations of our modern poets. But Sterne, who made the word popular in literature, represents what may be considered as sentimentalism in its purest form; that which corresponds most closely to its definition as sentiment running to waste; for in Sterne there is no thought of any moral, or political, or philosophical application. He is as entirely free as a man can be from any suspicion of "purpose." He tells us as frankly as possible that he is sim-

ply putting on the cap and bells for our amusement. He must weep and laugh just as the fancy takes him; his pen, he declares, is the master of him, not he the master of his pen. This, being interpreted, means of course something rather different from its obvious sense. Nobody, it is abundantly clear, could be a more careful and deliberate artist, though he aims at giving a whimsical and arbitrary appearance to his most skillfully devised effects. The author Sterne has a thorough command of his pen; he only means that the parson Sterne is not allowed to interfere in the management. He has no doctrine which he is in the least ambitious of expounding. He does not even wish to tell us, like some of his successors, that the world is out of joint; that happiness is a delusion, and misery the only reality; nor, what often comes to just the same thing, is he anxious to be optimistic, and to declare, in the vein of some later humorists, that the world should be regarded through a rose-colored mask, and that a little effusion of benevolence will summarily remove all its rough places. Undoubtedly it would be easy to argue—were it worth the trouble—that Sterne's peculiarities of temperament would have rendered certain political and religious teachings more congenial to him than others. But he did not live in stirring times, when every man is forced to translate his temperament by a definite creed. He could be as thoroughgoing and consistent an Epicurean as he pleased. Nothing matters very much (that seems to be his main doctrine), so long as you possess a good temper, a soft heart, and have a flirtation or two with pretty women. Though both men may be called sentimentalists, Sterne must have regarded Rousseau's vehement social enthusiasm as so much insanity. The poor man took life in desperate circumstances, and, instead of keeping his sensibility to warm his own hearth, wanted to set the world on fire. When rambling through France, Sterne had an eye for every pretty vignette by the roadside, for peasants' dances, for begging monks, or smart Parisian *grisettes;* he received and repaid the flattery of the drawing-rooms, and was, one may suppose, as absolutely indifferent to omens of coming difficulties as any of the free-thinking or free-living *abbés* who were his most congenial company. Horace Walpole was no philosopher, but he shook his head in amazement over the audacious skepticism of French society. Sterne, so far as one can judge from his letters, saw and heard nothing in this direction; and one would as soon expect to find a reflection upon such matters in "The Sentimental Journey" as to come upon a serious discussion of theological controversy in "Tristram Shandy." Now and then some such question just shows itself for an instant in the background. A negro wanted him to write against slavery; and the letter came just as Trim was telling a pathetic story to Uncle Toby, and suggesting doubtfully that a black might have a soul. "I am not much versed, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not have made him without one any more than thee or me." Sterne was quite ready to aid the cause of emancipation by adding as many picturesque touches as he could devise to Uncle Toby or sentimentalizing over jackdaws and prisoners in "The Sentimental Journey"; but more direct agitation would have been as little in his line as traveling through France in the spirit of Arthur Young to collect statistics about rent and wages. Sterne's sermons, to which one might possibly turn with a view to discovering some serious opinions, are not without an interest of their own. They show touches of the Shandy style and efforts to escape from the dead level. But Sterne could not be really at home in the pulpit, and all that can be called original is an occasional infusion of a more pungent criticism of life into the moral commonplaces of which sermons were then chiefly composed. The sermon on Tristram Shandy supplies a happy background to Uncle Toby's comments; but even Sterne could not manage to interweave them into the text.

The very essence of the Shandy character implies this absolute disengagement from all actual contact with sublunary affairs. Neither Fielding nor Goldsmith can be accused of preaching in the objectionable sense; they do not attempt to supply us with pamphlets in the shape of novels, but in so far as they draw from real life they inevitably suggest some practical conclusions. Reformers, for example, might point to the prison experiences of Dr. Primrose or of Captain Booth, as well as to the actual facts which they represent; and Smollett's account of the British navy is a more valuable historical document than any quantity of official reports. But in Uncle Toby's bowling-green we have fairly shut the door upon the real world. We are in a region as far removed from the prosaic fact as in Aladdin's wondrous subterranean garden. We mount the magical hobby-horse, and straightway are in an enchanted land, "as though of hemlock we had drunk," and if the region is not altogether so full of delicious perfume as that haunted by Keats's nightingale, and even admits occasional puffs of rather unsavory odors, it has a singular and characteristic influence of its own. Uncle Toby, so far as his intellect is concerned, is a full-grown child; he plays with his toys, and rejoices over the manufacture of cannon from a pair of jack-boots, precisely as if he were still in petticoats; he lives in a continuous day-dream framed from the materials of adult experience, but as unsub-

stantial as any childish fancies; and when he speaks of realities it is with the voice of one half awake, and in whose mind the melting vision still blends with the tangible realities. Mr. Shandy has a more direct and and conscious antipathy to reality. The actual world is commonplace; the events there have a trick of happening in obedience to the laws of nature; and people not unfrequently feel what one might have expected beforehand that they would feel. One can express them in cut-and-dried formulæ. Mr. Shandy detests this monotony. He differs from the ordinary pedant in so far as he values theories, not in proportion to their dusty antiquity, but in proportion to their unreality, the pure whimsicality and irrationality of the heads which contained them. He is a sort of inverted philosopher, who loves the antithesis of the reasonable as passionately as your commonplace philosopher professes to love the reasonable. He is ready to welcome a *reductio ad absurdum* for a demonstration; yet he values the society of men of the ordinary turn of mind precisely because his love of oddities makes him relish a contradiction. He is enabled to enjoy the full flavor of his preposterous notions by the reaction of other men's astonished common sense. The sensation of standing upon his head is intensified by the presence of others in the normal position. He delights in the society of the pragmatic and contradictious Dr. Slop, because Slop is like a fish always ready to rise to the bait of a palpable paradox, and quite unable to see with the prosaic humorist that paradoxes are the salt of philosophy. Poor Mrs. Shandy drives him to distraction by the detestable acquiescence with which she receives his most extravagant theories, and the consequent impossibility of ever (in the vulgar phrase) getting a rise out of her.

A man would be priggish indeed who could not enjoy this queer region, where all the sober proprieties of ordinary logic are as much inverted as in Alice's Wonderland; where the only serious occupation of a good man's life is in playing an infantile game; where the passion of love is only introduced as a passing distraction when the hobby-horse has accidentally fallen out of gear; where the death of a son merely supplies an affectionate father with a favorable opportunity for airing his queer scraps of outworn moralities, and the misnaming of an infant casts him into a fit of profound melancholy; where everything, in short, is topsy-turvy, and we are invited to sit down, consuming a perpetual pipe in an old-fashioned arbor, dreamily amusing ourselves with the grotesque shapes that seem to be projected, in obedience to no perceptible law, upon the shifting wreaths of smoke. It would be as absurd to lecture the excellent brothers upon the absurdity of their mode of life as to preach morality to the manager of a Punch show, or to demand sentiment in the writer of a mathematical treatise. "I believe in my soul," says Sterne, rather audaciously, "that the hand of the Supreme Maker and Designer of all things never made or put a family together, where the characters of it were cast and contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted with so unlimited a confidence as in the Shandy family." The grammar of the sentence is rather queer, but we can hardly find fault with the substance. The remark is made apropos of Mr. Shandy's attempt to indoctrinate his brother with the true theory of noses, whlch is prefaced by the profoundly humorous sentence which expresses the leading article of Mr. Shandy's creed: "Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing." And, in fact, one sees how admirably the simplicity of each brother plays into the eccentricity of the other. The elder Shandy could not have found in the universe a listener more admirably calculated to act as whetstone for his strangely constructed wit, to dissent in precisely the right tone, not with a brutal intrusion of common sense, but with the gentle horror of innocent astonishment at the paradoxes, mixed with veneration for the portentous learning of his senior. By looking at each brother alternately through the eyes of his relative, we are insensibly infected with the intense relish which each feels for the cognate excellence of the other. When the characters are once familiar to us, each new episode in the book is a delightful experiment upon the fresh contrasts which can be struck out by skillfully shifting their positions and exchanging the parts of clown and chief actor. The light is made to flash from a new point, as the gem is turned round by skilled hands. Sterne's wonderful dexterity appears in the admirable setting which is thus obtained for his most telling remarks. Many of the most famous sayings, such as Uncle Toby's remark about the fly, or the recording angel, are more or less adapted from other authors, but they come out so brilliantly that we feel that he has shown a full right to property which he can turn to such excellent account. Sayings quite as witty, or still wittier, may be found elsewhere. Some of Voltaire's incomparable epigrams, for example, are keener than Sterne's, but they owe nothing to the Zadig or Candide who supplies the occasion for the remark. They are thrown out in passing, and shine by their intrinsic brilliancy. But, when Sterne has a telling remark, he carefully prepares

the dramatic situation in which it will have the whole force due to the concentrated effect of all the attendant circumstances. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." Voltaire could not have made a happier hit at the excess of the *odium theologicum*, but the saying comes to us armed with the authority of the whole Shandy conclave. We have a vision of the whole party sitting round, each charged with his own peculiar humor. There is Mr. Shandy, whose fancy has been amazingly tickled by the portentous oath of Ernulfus, as regards antiquarian curiosity, and has at once framed a quaint theory of the advantages of profane swearing in order to justify his delight in the tremendous formula. He regards his last odd discovery with the satisfaction of a connoisseur: "I defy a man to swear out of it!" It includes all oaths from that of William the Conqueror to that of the humblest scavenger, and is a perfect institute of swearing collected from all the most learned authorities. And there is the unlucky Dr. Slop, cleverly enticed into the pitfall by Mr. Shandy's simple cunning, and induced to exhibit himself as a monster of ecclesiastical ferocity by thundering forth the sounding anathema at the ludicrously disproportioned case of Obadiah's clumsy knot-tying; and, to bring out the full flavor of the grotesque scene, we see it as represented to the childlike intelligence of Uncle Toby, taking it all in sublime seriousness, whistling lillabullero to soothe his nerves under this amazing performance, in sheer wonder at the sudden revelation of the potentialities of human malediction, and compressing his whole character in that admirable cry of wonder, so phrased as to exhibit his innocent conviction that the habits of the armies in Flanders supplied a sort of standard by which the results of all human experience might be appropriately measured, and to even justify it in some degree by the queer felicity of the particular application. A formal lecturer upon the evils of intolerance might argue in a set of treatises upon the light in which such an employment of sacred language would strike the unsophisticated common sense of a benevolent mind. The imaginative humorist sets before us a delicious picture of two or three concrete human beings, and is then able at one stroke to deliver a blow more telling than the keenest flashes of the dry light of the logical understanding. The more one looks into the scene and tries to analyze the numerous elements or dramatic effect to which his total impression is owing, the more one admires the astonishing skill which has put so much significance into a few simple words. The coloring is so brilliant and the touch so firm that one is afraid to put any other work beside it. Nobody before or since has had so clear an insight into the meaning which can be got out of a simple scene by a judicious selection and skillful arrangement of the appropriate surroundings. Sterne's comment upon the mode in which Trim dropped his hat at the peroration of his speech upon Master Bobby's death, affecting even the "fat, foolish scullion," is significant. "Had he flung it, or thrown it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven—or in the best direction that could have been given to it—had he dropped it like a goose, like a puppy, like an ass, or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool, like a ninny, like a nincompoop, it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost." Those who would play upon human passions and those who are played upon, or, in Sterne's phrase, those who drive, and those who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout, are invited to meditate upon Trim's hat; and so may all who may wish to understand the secret of Sterne's art.

It is true, unfortunately, that this singular skill—the felicity with which Trim's cap, or his Montero cap, or Uncle Toby's pipe, is made to radiate eloquence—sometimes leads to a decided bathos. The climax so elaborately prepared too often turns out to be a faded bit of sentimentalism. We rather resent the art which is thrown away to prepare us for the assertion that, "when a few weeks will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them." So we hate the man who can lift his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, but we do not want a great writer to adorn that unimpeachable sentiment with all the jewels of rhetoric. It is just in these very critical passages that Sterne's taste is defective, because his feeling is not sound. We are never sure that we can distinguish between the true gems and the counterfeit. When the moment comes at which he suddenly drops the tear of sensibility, he is almost as likely to provoke sneers as sympathy. There is, for example, the famous donkey, and it is curious to compare the donkey fed with macaroons in the "Tristram Shandy" with the dead donkey of "The Sentimental Journey," whose weeping master lays a crust of bread on the now vacant bit of his bridle. It is obviously the same donkey, and Sterne has reflected that he can squeeze a little more pathos out of the animal by actually killing him, and providing a sentimental master. It seems to me that, in trying to heighten the effect, he has just crossed the dangerous limit which divides sympathetic from derisive laughter; and whereas the macaroon-fed animal is a possible, straightforward beast, he becomes (as higher beings have done) a humbug in his palpably hypocritical epitaph. Sterne tries his hand

in the same way at improving Maria, who is certainly an effective embodiment of the mad young woman who has tried to move us in many forms since the days of Ophelia. In her second appearance, she comes in to utter the famous sentiment about the wind and the shorn lamb. It has become proverbial, and been even credited in the popular mind with a scriptural origin; and, considering such a success, one has hardly the right to say that it has gathered a certain sort of banality. Yet it is surely on the extreme verge at which the pathetic melts into the ludicrous. The reflection, however, occurs more irresistibly in regard to that other famous passage about the recording angel. Sterne's admirers held it to be sublime at the time, and he obviously shared the opinion. And it is undeniable that the story of Le Fevre, in which it is the most conspicuous gem, is a masterpiece in its way. No one can read it, or, better still, hear it from the lips of a skillful reader, without admitting the marvelous felicity with which the whole scene is presented. Uncle Toby's oath is a triumph fully worthy of Shakespeare. But the recording angel, though he certainly comes in effectively, is a little suspicious to me. It would have been a sacrifice to which few writers could have been equal, to suppress or soften that brilliant climax; and yet, if the angel had been omitted, the passage would, I fancy, have been really stronger. We might have been left to make the implied comment for ourselves. For the angel seems to introduce an unpleasant air as of eighteenth-century politeness; we fancy that he would have welcomed a Lord Chesterfield to the celestial mansions with a faultless bow and a dexterous compliment; and somehow he appears, to my imagination at least, appareled in theatrical gauze and spangles rather than in the genuine angelic costume. Some change passes over every famous passage; the bloom of its first freshness is rubbed off as it is handed from one quoter to another; but, where the sentiment has no false ring at the beginning, the colors may grow faint without losing their harmony. In this angel, and some other of Sterne's best-known touches, we seem to feel that the baser metal is beginning to show itself through the superficial enamel.

And this suggests the criticism which must still be made in regard even to the admirable Uncle Toby. Sterne has been called the English Rabelais, and was apparently more ambitious himself of being considered as an English Cervantes. To a modern English reader he is certainly far more amusing than Rabelais, and he can be appreciated with less effort than Cervantes. But, it is impossible to mention these great names without seeing the direction in which Sterne falls short of the highest excellence. We know that, on clearing away the vast masses of buffoonery and ribaldry under which Rabelais was forced, or chose, to hide himself, we come to the profound thinker and powerful satirist. Sterne represents a comparatively shallow vein of thought. He is the mouth-piece of a sentiment which had certainly its importance in so far as it was significant of a vague discontent with things in general, and a desire for more exciting intellectual food. He was so far ready to fool the age to the top of its bent; and in the course of his ramblings he strikes some hard blows at various types of hide-bound pedantry. But he is too systematic a trifler to be reckoned with any plausibility among the spiritual leaders of any intellectual movement. In that sense, "Tristram Shandy" is a curious symptom of the existing currents of emotion, but can not, like the "Émile" or the "Nouvelle Héloïse," be reckoned as one of the efficient causes. This complete and characteristic want of purpose may indeed be reckoned as a literary merit, so far as it prevented "Tristram Shandy" from degenerating into a mere tract. But the want of intellectual seriousness has another aspect, which comes out when we compare Tristram Shandy, for example, with Don Quixote. The resemblance, which has been often pointed out (as indeed Sterne is fond of hinting at it himself), consists in this, that in both cases we see lovable characters through a veil of the ludicrous. As Don Quixote is a true hero, though he is under a constant hallucination, so Uncle Toby is full of the milk of human kindness, though his simplicity makes him ridiculous to the piercing eyes of common sense. In both cases, it is inferred, the humorist is discharging his true function of showing the lovable qualities which may be associated with a ludicrous outside.

The Don and the Captain both have their hobbies, which they ride with equal zeal, and there is a close analogy between them. Uncle Toby makes his own apology in the famous oration upon war. "What is war," he asks, "but the getting together of quiet and harmless people with swords in their hands, to keep the turbulent and ambitious within bounds? And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, and that infinite delight in particular which has attended my sieges in the bowling-green has arisen within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness that in carrying them on we were answering the great ends of our creation." Uncle Toby's military ardor undoubtedly makes a most piquant addition to his simple-minded benevolence. The fusion of the gentle Christian with the chivalrous devotee of honor is perfect; and the kindliest of human beings, who would

not hurt a hair of the fly's head, most delicately blended with the gallant soldier who, as Trim avers, would march up to the mouth of a cannon though he saw the match at the very touch-hole. Should any one doubt the merits of the performance, he might reassure himself by comparing the scene in which Uncle Toby makes the speech, just quoted, with a parallel passage in "The Caxtons," and realize the difference between extreme imitative dexterity and the point of real genius.

It is only when we compare this exquisite picture with the highest art that we are sensible of its comparative deficiency. The imaginative force of Cervantes is proved by the fact that Don Quixote and his followers have become the accepted symbols of the most profoundly tragic element in human life—of the contrast between the lofty idealism of the mere enthusiast and the sturdy common sense of ordinary human beings —between the utilitarian and the romantic types of character; and, as neither aspect of the truth can be said to be exhaustive, we are rightly left with our sympathies equally balanced. The book may be a sad one to those who prefer to be blind; but, in proportion as we can appreciate a penetrative insight into the genuine facts of life, we are impressed by this most powerful presentation of the never-ending problem. It is impossible to find in "Tristram Shandy" any central conception of this breadth and depth. If Trim had been as shrewd as Sancho, Uncle Toby would appear like a mere simpleton. Like a child, he requires a thoroughly sympathetic audience, who will not bring his playthings to the brutal test of actual facts. The high and earnest enthusiasm of the Don can stand the contrast of common sense, though at the price of passing into insanity. But Trim is forced to be Uncle Toby's accomplice, or his commander would never be able to play at soldiers. If Don Quixote had simply amused himself at a mock tournament, and had never been in danger of mistaking a puppet-show for a reality, he would certainly have been more credible, but in the same proportion he would have been commonplace. The whole tragic element, which makes the humor impressive, would have disappeared. Sterne seldom ventures to the limit of the tragic. The bowling-green of Mr. Shandy's parlance is too exclusively a sleepy hollow. The air is never cleared by a strain of lofty sentiment. When Yorick and Eugenius form part of the company, we feel that they are rather too much at home with offensive suggestions. When Uncle Toby's innocence fails to perceive their coarse insinuations, we are credited with clearer perception, and expected to sympathize with the spurious wit which derives its chief zest from the presence of the pure-minded victim. And so Uncle Toby comes to represent that stingless virtue which never gets beyond the ken or hurts the feelings of the easy-going Epicurean. His perceptions are too slow and his temper too mild to resent an indecency as his relative, Colonel Newcome, would have done. He would have been too complacent, even to the outrageous Costigan. He is admirably kind when a comrade falls ill at his door; but his benevolence can exhale itself sufficiently in the intervals of hobby-riding, and his chivalrous temper in fighting over old battles with the Corporal. We feel that he must be growing fat; that his pulse is flabby and his vegetative functions predominant. When he falls in love with the repulsive (for she is repulsive) Widow Wadman, we pity him as we pity a poor soft zoöphyte in the clutches of a rapacious crab; but we have no sense of a wasted life. Even his military ardor seems to present itself to our minds as due to the simple affection which makes his regiment part of his family rather than to any capacity for heroic sentiment. His brain might turn soft; it would never spontaneously generate the noble madness of a Quixote, though he might have followed that hero with a more canine fidelity than Sancho.

Mr. Matthew Arnold says of Heine, as we all remember, that—

> "The spirit of the world,
> Beholding the absurdity of men—
> Their vanities, their feats—let a sardonic smile
> For one short moment wander o'er his lips—
> That smile was Heine."

There is a considerable analogy, as one may note in passing, between the two men; and, if Sterne was not a poet, his prose could perhaps be even more vivid and picturesque than Heine's. But his humor is generally wanting in the quality suggested by Mr. Arnold's phrase. We can not represent it by a sardonic smile, or indeed by any other expression which we can very well associate with the world-spirit. The imaginative humorist must in all cases be keenly alive to the "absurdity of man"; he must have a sense of the irony of fate, of the strange interlacing of good and evil in the world, and of the baser and nobler elements in human nature. He will be affected differently according to his temperament and his intellectual grasp. He may be most impressed by the affinity between madness and heroism; by the waste of noble qualities on trifling purposes; and, if he be more amiable, by the goodness which may lurk under ugly forms. He may be bitter and melancholy, or simply serious in contemplating the fantastic tricks played by mortals before high Heaven. But, in any case, some real undercurrent of deeper feeling is essen-

tial to the humorist who impresses us powerfully, and who is equally far from mere buffoonery and sentimental foppery. His smile must be at least edged with melancholy, and his pathos too deep for mere "sniveling."

Sterne is often close to this loftier region of the humorous; sometimes he fairly crosses it; but his step is uncertain as of one not feeling at home. The absurdity of man does not make him "sardonic." He takes things too easily. He shows us the farce of llfe, and feels that there is a tragical background to it all; but somehow he is not usually much disposed to cry over it, and he is obviously proud of the tears which he manages to produce. The thought of human folly and suffering does not usually torment and perplex him. The highest humorist should be the laughing and weeping philosopher in one; and in Sterne the weeping philosopher is always a bit of a humbug. The pedantry of the elder Shandy is a simple whim, not a misguided aspiration; and Sterne is so amused with his oddities that he even allows him to be obtrusively heartless. Uncle Toby undoubtedly comes much nearer to complete success; but he wants just that touch of genuine pathos which he would have received from the hands of the present writer. But the performance is so admirable in the last passages, where Sterne can drop his buffoonery and his indecency, that even a criticism which sets him below the highest place seems almost unfair.

And this may bring us back for a moment to the man himself. Sterne avowedly drew his own portrait in Yorick. That clerical jester, he says, was a mere child, full of whim and gayety, but without an ounce of ballast. He had no more knowledge of the world at twenty-six than a "romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen." His high spirits and frankness were always getting him into trouble. When he heard of a spiteful or ungenerous action he would blurt out that the man was a dirty fellow. He would not stoop to set himself right, but let people think of him what they would. Thus his faults were all due to his extreme candor and impulsiveness. It wants little experience of the world to recognize the familiar portrait of an impulsive and generous fellow. It represents the judicious device by which a man reconciles himself to some very ugly actions. It provides by anticipation a complete excuse for thoughtlessness and meanness. If he is accused of being inconstant, he points out the extreme goodness of his impulses; and if the impulses were bad he argues that at least they did not last very long. He prides himself on his disregard to consequences, even when the consequences may be injurious to his friends. His feelings are so genuine for the moment that his conscience is satisfied without his will translating them into action. He is perfectly candid in expressing the passing phase of sentiment, and therefore does not trouble himself to ask whether what is true to-day will be true to-morrow. He can call an adversary a dirty fellow, and is very proud of his generous indiscretion. But he is also capable of gratifying the dirty fellow's vanity by high-flown compliments if he happens to be in the enthusiastic vein; and somehow the providence which watches over the thoughtless is very apt to make his impulses fall in with the dictates of calculated selfishness. He can not be an accomplished courtier because he is apt to be found out; but he can crawl and creep for the nonce with any one. In real life such a man is often as delightful for a short time as he becomes contemptible on a longer acquaintance. When we think of Sterne as a man, and try to frame a coherent picture of his character, we must give a due weight to the baser elements of his composition. We can not forget his shallowness of feeling and the utter want of self-respect which prompted him to condescend to be a mere mountebank, and to dabble in filth for the amusement of graceless patrons. Nor is it really possible entirely to throw aside this judgment even in reading his works; for, even after abstracting our attention from the rubbish and the indecency, we are haunted in the really admirable parts by our misgivings as to their sincerity. But the problem is often one to tax critical acumen. It is one aspect of a difficulty which meets us sometimes in real life. Every man flatters himself that he can detect the mere hypocrite. We seem to have a sufficient instinct to warn us against the downright pitfalls, where an absolute void is covered by an artificial stratum of mere verbiage. Perhaps even this is not so easy as we sometimes fancy; but there is a more refined sort of hypocrisy which requires keener dissection. How are men to draw the narrow and yet all-important line which separates, not the genuine from the feigned emotion, but the emotion which is due to some real cause, and that which is a cause in itself? Some people we know fall in love with a woman, and others are really in love with the passion. Grief may be the sign of lacerated affection, or it may be a mere luxury indulged in for its own sake. The sentimentalism which Sterne represented corresponded in the main to this last variety. People had discovered the art of extracting direct enjoyment from their own "sensibility," and Sterne expressly gives thanks for his own as the great consolation of his life. He has the heartiest possible relish for his tears and lamentations, and it is precisely his skill in marking this vein of interest which gives him his extraordinary popularity. So soon as we discover

that a man is enjoying his sorrow our sympathy is killed within us, and for that reason Sterne is apt to be repulsive to humorists whose sense of the human tragi-comedy is deeper than his own. They agree with him that the vanity of human dreams may suggest a mingling of tears and laughter; but they grieve because they must, not because they find it a pleasant amusement. Yet it is perhaps unwise to poison our pleasure by reflections of this kind. They come with critical reflection, and may at least be temporarily suppressed when we are reading for enjoyment. We need not sin ourselves by looking a gift-horse in the mouth. The sentiment is genuine at the time. Do not inquire how far it has been deliberately concocted and stimulated. The man is not only a wonderful artist, but he is right in asserting that his impulses are clear and genuine. Why should not that satisfy us? Are we to set up for so rigid a nature that we are never to consent to sit down with Uncle Toby and take him as he is made? We may wish, if we please, that Sterne had always been in his best, and that his tears flowed from a deeper source. But so long as he really speaks from his heart—and he does so in all the finer parts of the Toby drama—why should we remember that the heart was rather flighty, and regarded with too much conscious complacency by its proprietor? The Shandyism upon which he prided himself was not a very exalted form of mind, nor one which offered a very deep or lasting satisfaction. Happily, we can dismiss an author when we please; give him a cold shoulder in our more virtuous moods, and have a quiet chat with him when we are graciously pleased to relax. In those times we may admit Sterne as the best of jesters, though it may remain an open question whether the jester is on the whole an estimable institution.

LESLIE STEPHEN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

*MR. STODDARD'S POEMS.**

THIRTY years' poetic work, and more, is gathered into Mr. Stoddard's new collection—the work of a poet's lifetime. It is timely to ask, and with a little more urgency, perhaps, than his critics have commonly asked it, What manner of poetic intention, what manner of achievement, is this? Upon their successive appearances these poems have been discussed, one would say, in the unfurnished offices of journalistic criticism—halls in which individual opinion is not very clearly audible, but which ring loudly enough with the multitudinous, confused echoes of English critics and poets. Mr. Stoddard's gift calls for more careful judgment than this, and in attempting an estimate of it let me first give an account, in some detail, of the work itself, as more serviceable than much comment upon it in the indolent categories of "good" and "bad." A brief characterization of its leading traits may be attempted afterward.

1. Mr. Stoddard's "Early Poems" form the first of those periods into which his work is conveniently divisible. As here collected they comprise a considerable part, but not all, of his poems published by his twenty-sixth year (1851). In these, as in nearly all early poems, one will find frequent imitations, more or less conscious, of the masters—reflections of the altar-flames toward which the young poet has oftenest turned his face. But, from the first, Mr. Stoddard shows a constructive gift of his own. "The Castle in the Air," the opening poem, presents a succession of effects beginning with the beauty of the exterior world, and leading to the nearer and higher beauty that a young man and a poet would most long for, a beloved woman, whom he also wishes to be a lady. The description, though glowing, is characterized by tenderness rather than warmth. One can see the restraining influence, in the stanzas describing "my lady's chamber," of the Puritan timidity which sometimes chills our poets to their detriment; but also, the chastening constructive gift, the sense of proportion, which warns the young writer that passionate warmth would be out of place in a poem which aims at harmonious picturesque effect. For the rest, "The Castle in the Air" expresses the longing of a poor young poet for material splendor. I have not space to study in this paper the corrections which Mr. Stoddard has made in this and previous editions of his poems; but one may gather from the fourth stanza of this poem as it stands the reason why the library, for instance, of the Castle is no longer described at length. Greek in guise, but essentially modern in spirit, are "The Hymn to Flora" and "The Arcadian Idyll"; they are specimens of the Gothic Greek which (Landor's always excepted) finds favor, both with the poet and his reader, at an earlier

* The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard. Complete edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

rather than a later period of critical growth. The "Ode" immediately following, and "The Hymn to the Beautiful," p. 31, express the poetic desire which, save for one in a thousand, alas, proves nothing—the young man's yearning to be a poet. But in "Leonatus" one may see that in Mr. Stoddard's case this desire was not necessarily to be a vain one. "Leonatus" has something of Tennyson's manner of phrase; but it announces the rare faculty of telling a story effectively. The poem is constructed with a light but sure touch, each stanza adding a new trait to the picture; not a word is wasted or wanting. Note—for Mr. Stoddard's constructive art deserves study from this point onward—the fitness of the varying epithets in the refrain, piquing attention, and preparing the reader for each successive impulse of the story; note too the perfect close of the last stanza with its unexpected refrain. Some poems stop: this one is finished. "The Witch's Whelp" is taken from another text of Shakespeare's—the same which Browning used, in 1864, in that elaborate study of his upon "The Tempest," "Caliban on Setebos." It has fine strokes of fancy; this, for example, of the pine in which Ariel was pent:

"One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something shrieked,
And falling cones pelted me sharp as hail."

In the constructive imagination of real things, of deep passions, this poetry is naturally still deficient; thus the victim of grief, in "The Household Dirge," reminds us not so much of real experience as that "in youth sad fancies we affect." But the lines have interest in comparison with the moving poems to be mentioned later ("In Memoriam" and others), in which a profound bereavement is described.

These early poems have then for their fault the inevitable one that they are more or less imitative, poems sympathetic with the wonderful music heard across the waters. The pupil has not as yet freed himself from the accents of his masters—in particular from Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. For their merit, these poems have direct and clear expression: the English is good, and the vocabulary, though not large, is pure. Both theme and diction are poetical, not prosaic. A negative trait is noticeable: in these verses the poet scarcely touches the subjects that lie nearest him, "the common growth of mother Earth" which the young man Wordsworth, fifty years before, had so positively chosen and announced. His own experience and observation Mr. Stoddard does not begin as yet to record; he has no love for the unsatisfactory outward life to which he appears to have been born; he seeks neither to record it nor to idealize it, but to escape it, to console himself with fairer things than it, to hold himself above it (as in the poem "Triumphant Music"), "like a spirit on a throne of air." It was a true feeling; but presently we shall see him coming to the earth to sing.

2. The second period of Mr. Stoddard's published work begins with the "Songs of Summer" (1856) and includes "The King's Bell" (1863) and the Oriental poems which form about a half of "The Book of the East" (1871), and which are here placed in their proper order according to their date of composition—first, that is to say, instead of last in the "Book" as in the original edition. According to their essential character, the poems of this period may be divided into narrative and lyric. Let me note that by lyric poetry, the lyric character in a poem, is here intended what is meant by the increasing *consensus* of modern criticism; namely, the direct expression, in whatever metrical form, of the poet's own feelings; and not what the Greeks meant —poetry that was intended to be accompanied by the lyre. True lyric poetry, in a word, is essentially the poetry of subjective emotion: its full development is a trait of modern times, and this extension of meaning is needed for the ancient word. Among the lyrics in the "Songs of Summer" are several that are already famous. "There are Gains for all our Losses" (p. 53), "Through the Night" (p. 56), and "Dead Leaves" (p. 74), are in the anthologies. Of others, not less excellent, but less known, this is one:

"Birds are singing round my window
Tunes the sweetest ever heard;
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

"So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of song!"

This, again, is a lyric in the antique sense:

"The sky is a drinking-cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

"We drink that wine all day
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup."

Other exquisite minor pieces are "The Night Before the Bridal" (p. 69), "At Rest" ("With folded hands the lady lies," p. 76), "The Flamingo" (p. 138), the "Sicilian Pastoral" (p. 143), and the lines "On a Child's Picture," which forms the unforeseen prelude to the touching poems

of bereavement to which I have referred. Great variety will be found among these minor poems. "Thy Father is a King" is a Chaucerian study, and "Imogen" is a companion-piece to the Shakespearean study already mentioned, "Leonatus." Students of poetry will take interest in comparing the "Song of the Sirens" (p. 55) with William Browne's song from the "Inner Temple Masque" (*circa* 1616). Here are lines that read like a mediæval legend:

"The young child Jesus had a garden
Full of roses rare and red,
And thrice a day he watered them
To make a garland for his head.

"When they were full-blown in the garden
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"'And now how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns.'
'But you forget,' he answered them,
'That you have left me still the thorns.'

"They took the thorns, and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shown
Were little drops of blood instead."

What "clearness and nearness" in this! What austere yet touching beauty, as if of a credible tradition! Yet it is not tradition: the story will be found in no collection; it is Mr. Stoddard's own. And it has what one does not always find in ancient legends, namely, "a power of moral and spiritual emotion"; the trait that Mr. Arnold finds in Goethe's stanzas, "Zueignung." In spite of Mr. Stoddard's stringent sense of form, that power of emotion may always be felt through it; and that power, sustained by a gift of direct and clear expression, produces the best of his work. These gifts are now coming into play in the remarkable narrative poems, of which a number belong to this second period. I will mention but one of these as yet, "The Abdication of Noman"; for this and the "Serenade of Ma-Han-Shan" form an unconscious prelude to the charming Orientalisms which the poet was to give us a few years later in the "Book of the East." Here are two stanzas from the blank verse song in the former poem:

"The dew fell all night long and drenched my robe,
The nightingale complained to me in vain:
I waited for the dawn to meet my love.

"She stands before me in the garden walk;
Her blue robe bordered with a fringe of pearls,
She offers me a rose . . . I kneel to her!"

These lines are drenched with beauty, not so much with the beauty of expression, but with the poignant beauty of the object, the picture represented.

Before leaving the "Songs of Summer" it may be noted that the elegiac poem, "Miserrimus," was occasioned by the death of Poe, and written a few days after that event. As a residual element in the volume it is interesting to note Mr. Stoddard's experimental worship of nature, as essayed in the "Carmen Naturæ Triumphale" (p. 80). This is an ode of some three hundred lines, and it contains fine passages. But Mr. Stoddard is too clear a thinker to follow very far the track of this blind *cultus;* and by this time he is too much in sympathy with man to lack subjects outside of the woods. Nor could he, like the first poet you shall jostle against in New England or New York, consider that nature was worshiped by applying personal pronouns to trees and attributing human passions to a thunder-shower.

Of the "Songs," in fine, one would say that the artist was running his hand over the key-board, striking fresh melodies from time to time, and acquiring a firmer touch. There is a great variety of theme and of rhythms in these poems: in treatment there is no longer any ostentatious picturesqueness, and there are a surer knowledge of language and better art than heretofore. Original notes are heard both in the shorter and in the longer pieces, and the stories become a chief feature. Deferring a little longer, in order to speak of the stories together, our study of them and of the next work in order, "The King's Bell," itself the longest of all the narrative poems, we come to the poems which I have classified as completing the second period of our poet's career —the songs from Persian, Tartar, Arab, and Chinese sources. Readers familiar with the edition of 1871 will remember that these exquisite things were there put last in the volume, as if the author feared that they would fret the "outer barbarians," who, alas! must be found in every poet's audience. What are the sources of these songs of the East? They are versifications made from translators in many kinds, and not themselves translations at first hand; while they keep strictly to the matter of the Oriental authors as the various translations have rendered them. But Mr. Stoddard's share in the poems that he gives us is far more, of course, than that of mere versification; he has added his own individuality as an artist. I say that he keeps to the matter of the translations; but, suppose an inadequate master of manner had had the same task; suppose, for instance, that a prig or a transcendentalist had tried his hand upon the Arabian verses; could he have given us such spirited lines as these?—

"'Girl, I love thee!' Her reply
Was the saucy one, 'You lie!
If you loved me, as you say,
Why are you alive to-day?
I will tell you what to do:
There will be no love in you
Till your blood is weak and thin,
And your bones prick through your skin:
Till you wither, heart and mind,
And are nearly deaf and blind;
Scarcely hear them when they call,
And not answer them at all;
Till you never prate again
Of your love, and my disdain,
No, nor breathe it in your sighs;
Or, at least, until your eyes,
Blind with tears that rain for me,
Shall your only vouchers be.'"

And who, again, but Mr. Stoddard would have been likely to give us this stanza?—

"And if she's from Arabia,
This little love of mine,
Her mouth shall be my wineglass,
Her kiss shall be my wine!"

No, Mr. Stoddard has brought a rare poetic spirit and poetic art to this task; and not only the form is his, but so much of the spirit as is inseparable from exquisite form.

Another merit is to be awarded to him in this matter: that of substantial priority in the field. Important English poems have been written *about* the East, poems descriptive of Eastern themes and character, from Byron's "Giaour" and "Corsair," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," to that charming, though not too accurately studied poem, which we have all been reading lately, Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." But, though Trench had done fairly well in his "Poems from Eastern Sources" (*circa* 1842), I think no serious attempt that has been successful (so far as a non-Orientalist may judge) had been made before Mr. Stoddard's, to give the actual poetry of the East in adequate form, and in amount and variety quite sufficient for us to seize its charm. Mr. Longfellow, in his "Three Books of Song" (1872), has since then ventured upon some Tartar poems; and we now have the wise "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam in a version of exquisite charm, Mr. Fitzgerald's; to this version lines like these of Mr. Stoddard's might well have pointed the way:

"In the market-place one day
I saw a potter stamping clay;
And the clay beneath his tread
Lifted up its voice, and said:
'Potter, gentle be with me,
I was once a man like thee.'"

Or these:

"Day and night my thoughts incline
To the blandishments of wine;
Jars were made to drain, I think,
Wine, I know, was made to drink.

"When I die (the day be far!),
Should the potters make a jar
Out of this poor clay of mine,
Let the jar be filled with wine!"

All of the Persian songs are charming, particularly so the lines, "Not wholly, poet, from the eyes," "I fell in love with a Turkish maid," and "What sweetness is there in the honeycomb!" The few Tartar songs have a novel interest. Here is one full of a tenderness that we are apt to think un-Asiatic:

"Forgive me, mother dear,
For the days of unrest
And the sleepless nights you passed
When I sucked from your breast!

"Dig my grave on a hill,
On the summit let it stand,
That the wind may blow the dust
To my own Tartar land!"

Of these Eastern Songs those from Chinese sources are the most numerous and varied, and on the whole the most interesting; nor is their interest lessened by the surprise with which readers not of the Flowery Kingdom may find out what strokes of imagination and fancy they contain. We scarcely associate their land with poetry, unless it be in recalling the

"... plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light."

Here is poetry of a kind that one might meet, not unexpectedly, in the literature of a land reputed to be more practical than imaginative:

"The farmer cuts the So-leaves,
And weaves his rainy cloak;
His cot is on the hillside,
You see it by the smoke.

"His rustic wife soon hails him,
'The nice boiled pears are done.'
The children from the pea-field
To meet their daddy run.

"In the shaded lake the fishes
Are swimming to and fro:
The little birds brush each other
As back to the hills they go.

"Crowds will be coming and going,
In the happy season of flowers:
But could I find the philosopher's stone
I'd fish in the brook for hours."

But what a distance from the kindly, homely naturalism of these lines, with their Confucian-Wordsworthian combination of feeling, to the color, sound, "natural magic" of this:

"Millions of flowers are blowing in the fields.
On the blue river's brink the peony
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute is heard,
And hoarse black crows caw to the eastern wind—"

or to the flower-like tenderness of this:

"The whiteness of the blossoms,
The young moon's virgin light,
They make me think of marriage,
The happy bridal night.

"I see a troop of damsels,
My own dear love I see;
They are willow-branches,
A peach-blossom is she—"

or, again, to the solemn harmony of the lines describing the flight of the young girl Moulan, the faithful daughter:

"She buys a swift horse at the Eastern market.
When morning comes she smiles and says 'Farewell,
Father and mother.' She will pass the night
Beside the Yellow River. She hears no more
Father or mother calling for their child:
The hollow murmur of the Yellow River
Is all she hears. Another morning comes.
She starts again, and bids the stream farewell.
She journeys on, and when the evening comes
She reaches the Black River. She hears no more
Father or mother sighing for their child:
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen."

How these lines carry the reader into the savage wilderness! The girl's first parting is from her parents: the last is from the familiar stream and its voices; then Moulan enters the strange land of the Black River, and "hears no more father or mother." This phrase, repeated, brings before us the filial piety of China; the poem could scarcely have come from a Western source. At last the maiden

". . . . hears no more
Father or mother sighing for their child:
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen."

This is poetry of noble simplicity, of grand movement and passion, of true, not transcendental love of nature, of unsurpassable music. It is one of the noble stories which Mr. Stoddard tells nobly.

With these shorter poems from Oriental sources the second period of Mr. Stoddard's work, as I have ventured to divide it, closes; and the poet turns to the West and to the present time for an increasing proportion of his themes. Let me pass to the third period with the narrative poems which first appear in the second, connecting the two, and forming the most important part of his achievement.

"The Stork and the Ruby" is the earliest of these, and the first of several story-poems in the heroic couplet. The "Hero and Leander" of Marlowe, the earliest English master since Chaucer in this manner; Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini," and Keats's "Lamia" were Mr. Stoddard's guides in choosing this measure; Mr. Longfellow has since employed it in four of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and also Mr. William Morris in his "Jason." Besides "The Stork and the Ruby," the group of poems just mentioned comprises "The Children's Prayer" (p. 106), "The Wine-Cup" (p. 260), and "The King's Sentinel" (p. 262); all of these being poems of the second period; in the order named the first and third are Greek stories, the other two Eastern. All are excellent: "The King's Sentinel" is work of the highest strain in its sort. The story is taken from the Persian *Tooti Nameh*, or "Tales of a Parrot"; the great action in it is that of the faithful sentinel, the "lion-hunter and swordsman," who gives the life of his son in order to save that of the king. One trait of the story has the true Eastern magic; the king's spirit, taking another body to require the sacrifice, appears not in masculine form, but in the shape of a woman.

"The King's Bell" (1863), the longest of the narrative poems, is a good story, well told; and yet, judged by a strict standard, and Mr. Stoddard's work calls for none less than the strictest, it has a serious fault of construction. The poem has insufficient action; it would have been more effective in half the compass. It was translated into German some years ago by Mr. Adolph Strodtmann, with what success I have not learned. Mr. Strodtmann translated also some of Mr. Stoddard's shorter poems of this period, finding in them, very justly, something of Heine's fervent ring and passion. "Saint and Sinner" (p. 382) is one of the few narrative poems in which Mr. Stoddard deduces a direct moral; but it is none the less touching for the moral. Last of all poets should we call Mr. Stoddard a preacher, and he would smile if we called him a moralist; but his narrative poems are saturated with elevated moral sentiment, derive indeed their power from it; though it is the *beauty* of virtue with which he, as poet, is primarily concerned. In "The Pearl of the Philippines," one of the most admirable poems of our time, parental love is the theme; the unity of character, of sentiment, the sureness of execution, the affecting pathos, are perfect.

The story of "Wratislaw," another of the

great narrative poems, may be found, in the rough, in a volume of translations, not too well done, entitled "Bohemian Poems, Ancient and Modern," by A. H. Wratislaw (London, 1849). This particular story is referred to an ancient Slavonic source. Mr. Stoddard has reworked the material, putting the catastrophe of the narrative at the close, and turning the original Khan of Kazan (at the expense of a slight anachronism) into the green old Genghis Khan. He has made a poem, turning upon the theme of paternal devotion, of supreme charm and power.

3. Turning from the Eastern to the Western part of this volume of 1871, we come upon the third period of Mr. Stoddard's work. It is closely connected, indeed, with the second by the continuance of the Eastern element in the later work and by the stories last mentioned ("The Wine-Cup" to "Wratislaw"); but there are new notes of unmistakable strength and pathos. The range and variety in this his most productive period (it includes about two fifths of the present volume) are remarkable. The Eastern poetry—odes, songs, ballads, catches; allegories, poetry of nature and of religion, poems on the sorrows and disappointment of life, and personal poems of friendship and of lamentation, true lyric or human cries—these are the chief elements we shall find in Mr. Stoddard's production during the last nine years. The beautiful "Hymns of the Mystics" bring together a larger body of the stoic and mystical utterances than one will find, I think, in any other English-writing poet. They come from a variety of sources, mostly Eastern; one will best read them, of course, neither as a pagan nor a Christian, but in the fellowship of interest in winning ethical utterances tinged by the colors that ancient truths take on when seen through the medium of a foreign consciousness. The two-line stanzas, on page 396, commencing—

> "Why should man struggle early, late,
> When all he is is fixed by Fate?
>
> "For everything that comes and goes,
> Goes, comes at its appointed date.
>
> "The wind is measured as it blows,
> The grains of sand have each their weight"—

are a fine statement of the fatalistic doctrine. Students of poetry will remark that these stanzas come as near as English measure will permit to the form of the Oriental *gazelle*. Trench gives one or two gazelles in the Eastern collection of which I have spoken.

Among the songs is a spirited "Greek Song," in substance a modern Romaic lyric; and that exquisite and perfect thing, the "Rose Song":

> "Why are red roses red?
> For roses once were white.
> Because the loving nightingales
> Sung on their thorns all night,
> Sung till the blood they shed
> Had dyed the roses red.
>
> "Why are white roses white?
> For roses once were red.
> Because the sorrowing nightingales
> Wept when the night was fled,
> Wept till their tears of light
> Had washed the roses white.
>
> "Why are the roses sweet?
> For once they had no scent.
> Because one day the Queen of Love,
> Who to Adonis went,
> Brushed them with heavenly feet—
> That made the roses sweet!"

"The Ballad of Crecy" may be mentioned as particularly direct and effective. Its measure is one that is not used every day—the measure of Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt" and of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." Marvell's "Horatian Ode" on Cromwell supplies the measure (since Marvell's time quite disused, I believe, except in another poem by Longfellow, "Endymion") for Mr. Stoddard's noble "Ode on Lincoln," the first of the elegiac poems. "Salve Regina" (p. 404) is a second study in the same measure; it was written of Charlotte Cushman; and a third ("The dreary winter days are past") may be found among the verses "In Memoriam" (pp. 324–334). These threnodies, which describe the poet's bereavement of a son, form a very touching group. For the completed story the reader should read the lines "On a Child's Picture" (p. 159) before the "In Memoriam," and end with the "Old Song Reversed," in which the author returns upon his well-known poem in "Songs of Summer":

> "'There are gains for all our losses'?
> —Grave beside the wintry sea,
> Where my child is, and my heart,
> For they would not live apart,
> What has been your gain to me?"

There is an intimate pathos, a *cri de l'âme*, which shows us where Mr. Stoddard gained the power of depicting sorrow in the great poems "The King's Sentinel" and "Wratislaw."

Equally deep and scarcely less poignant in feeling are the poems and passages, frequent in this latter work, which lament the passing away of youth and love, the dread approach of age and sorrow. This theme is more strongly urged in recent American and English poetry than in that of Continental Europe; such a note as this of Mr. Stoddard's we shall hardly find in Hugo, or Heine, or Goethe; but it is powerfully struck in Mr. Browning's "Prospice" and in Mr. Morris's lines:

"I can not ease the burden of your fears,
Or make swift-coming death a little thing,
Nor for my words shall you forget your tears."

In Mr. Longfellow's poetry, too, this somber note has been noticeable for now twenty years, though, born in 1807, he has not long had the right to call himself an old man; much less has Mr. Stoddard, who is eighteen years younger. For these poems we must send our reader to the book itself, and also for that charming group of personal poems addressed to his brother poets Stedman and Bayard Taylor, to Mr. McEntee, the painter, and to other friends. Upon Bryant ("Vates Patriæ" and "The Dead Master"), Dickens ("At Gadshill"), Thackeray ("Adsum"), Thomas Moore, and Shakespeare, there are poems of greater length. Some of the best work in the volume will be found in this group. There is also a group of poems, more or less mystical in their meaning, of which "The Children of Isis" (p. 283) is the chief. This poem, which has passed quite without notice by Mr. Stoddard's critics hitherto, is an allegory of our civil war; it is written in a measure new to English verse. To those readers of the book who may not have passed by their "days of ardor and emotion" for poetic art, let me commend this poem as deserving especial study. "The Necklace" (p. 359), "The Flower of Love" (p. 361), "The Two Kings" (p. 428), and "Siste Viator" address themselves, also, to the rare and happy reader who does not always "run" in his reading. The latter poem is especially powerful.

Still a new element is struck in "The Two Anchors" and the poems that follow it, "Too old for Kisses," "The Lady's Gift," "The Marriage Knot," and "Phillis" (pp. 351–359); in feeling, their characteristic trait is tenderness; in form, the skillful use of a refrain at the end of each stanza. Allied in sentiment to "The Two Anchors" is "The Follower." "Love's Will," "The Fillet," and "Love," antedate the self-conscious moods of modern poetic feeling by about two centuries; they are "poetry for its own sake." "Sorrow and Joy" is bettered from the translation of a lyric of Petöfy's; "The Flown Bird" is based on a Japanese poem. Its last line is a new thought in poetry. "Brahma's Answer" is, I believe, a new combination of rhyme in English. Note, too, the three Christmas poems: "The Masque of the Three Kings," with its intended suggestion of the old miracle plays; and the fine poems near the close, "History" and "Guests of the State," and we shall have completed a rapid survey of the main features of Mr. Stoddard's work. Of this third period it is to be especially remarked that it contains many of his finest things. His latest is not less than his best.

4. And now, looking at this poetry as a whole, what may we designate as its leading traits? First, in his narratives Mr. Stoddard has chosen his subjects with the true poetic instinct; he has chosen noble or pathetic actions, interesting characters, intense and moving situations. By what instinct or circumstances, or both, was he preserved, on the one hand, from binding himself up in self-contemplation, or, on the other, from wasting himself in the conventional "worship" of nature? That is a question rather for his biographer than for his critic; the fact of his fortunate escapes is what mainly concerns us at present. Mr. Stoddard has clearly seen that the great thing is "the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it." He is a true artist in that he sees what is his own, and takes it wherever he finds it; how he treats it we are now beginning to recognize.

What distinguishes the artist from the amateur, says Goethe, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's translation or rather expansion of a sentence in the "Essay on Dilettantism," is that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes; not the profoundness of single thoughts, not the richness of imagery, not the abundance of illustration. To the strictly decorative features of his work, Mr. Stoddard has given less attention than immediate popularity would have required; he has not "wreaked himself upon expression" with the dilettant, striving before all things to strike out quotable lines and phrases. The felicitous touch is by no means infrequent, as we have seen, in Mr. Stoddard's diction,—from the first poem in this volume, with its felled cedar-trunks,—

"Veined with the rings of vanished centuries,"

to the last poem, "The Sea," and its

". . . . waters
Which welter shoreward, roughened by the wind."

But Mr. Stoddard does not strive or cry for expression with such writers as "Festus" Bailey, Alexander Smith, and other poets of the recent "spasmodic school," poets who were quoted for two seasons and then forgotten. Strong in his subjects, he does not require the aid of mannerisms. His style is simple, direct, powerful, with more in it than meets the eye; it is full of profound feeling.

With such treatment of such subjects, what must one say of poems like "Saint and Sinner," "The King's Sentinel," "The Pearl of the Philippines," "Wratislaw"? It seems to me that they can not perish or lose their value; that their value and beauty are as enduring as that of pure diamonds perfectly set; that they are, in short, noble narrative poetry of the first order. The

shorter poems from Eastern sources are a charming and substantially a novel contribution to English poetry. They, too, may be called poetry for its own sake, poetry untouched, for us readers of the West, by the struggles, the rivalries, the sorrows of the modern lyric consciousness. We read it for beauty's sake, as we would stroll in a field of summer flowers; it is as objective as the waving corn.

The meditative poetry, and the poems of subjective feeling, are without affectation in their thought, without mannerisms of style; they are charged with profound emotion. Among them sadness predominates—the sadness inseparable from the self-conscious mind of the West. Yet to Mr. Stoddard, more than to other poets, poetry has been a delight—a reward:

> "There is delight in singing, though none hears
> Besides the singer."

And it grows every year more clear that he is to keep the best company in this pleasure—that of true poets and of true lovers of poetry, and his rank among the singers, not as regards popularity, but as regards the beauty and permanence of his work, is not to be a low one; he can not, I think, be placed among the poets of the third or of the second rank in our generation. Is the name of such poets worth the struggle, the broken life, the poverty that it costs them? Mr. Stoddard's achievement was worth waiting for, and suffering. He will not attain (nor does he need it) the easy popularity which must suffice for an ordinary success in his art. But he has already won, and will not lose, a secure place of the kind best worth winning—in the hearts of true poets and true lovers of poetry.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

AËRIAL EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

ON our own hemisphere, and separated from our own coasts by only a few days' journey on our own element, there remains a blank circle of unexplored country above eight hundred miles in diameter. We have tried to cross it, and have not succeeded. Nothing further need be said in reply to those who ask, "Why should we start another Arctic Expedition?"

The records of previous attempts to penetrate this area of geographical mystery prove the existence of a formidable barrier of mountainous land, fringed by fjords or inlets, like those of Norway, some of which may be open, though much contracted northward, like the Vestfjord that lies between the Lofoden Islands and the mainland of Scandinavia. The majority evidently run inland like the ordinary Norwegian fjords or the Scotch firths, and terminate in land-valleys that continue upward to fjeld-regions, or elevated humpy land which acts as a condenser to the vapor-laden air continually streaming toward the pole from the warmer regions of the earth, and returning in lower streams when cooled. The vast quantities of water thus condensed fall upon these hills and table-lands as snow-crystals. What becomes of this everlasting deposit?

Unlike the water that rains on temperate hillsides, it can not all flow down to the sea as torrents and liquid rivers, but it does come down nevertheless, or long ere this it would reach the highest clouds. It descends mainly as glaciers, which creep down slowly, but steadily and irresistibly, filling up the valleys on their way; and stretching outward into the fjords and channels, which they block up with their cleft and chasmed crystalline angular masses that still creep outward to the sea until they float, and break off or "calve" as mountainous icebergs and smaller masses of ice.

These accumulations of ice thus *formed on land* constitute the chief obstructions that bar the channels and inlets fringing the unknown polar area. The glacier fragments above described are cemented together in the winter-time by the freezing of the water between them. An open frozen sea, pure and simple, instead of forming a barrier to Arctic exploration, would supply a most desirable highway. It must not be supposed that, because the liquid ocean is ruffled by ripples, waves, and billows, a frozen sea would have a similar surface. The freezing of such a surface could only start at the calmest intervals, and the ice would shield the water from the action of the wave-making wind, and such a sea would become a charming skating-rink, like the Gulf of Bothnia, the Swedish and Norwegian lakes, and certain fjords, which, in the winter-time, become natural ice-paved highways offering incomparable facilities for rapid locomotion. In spite of the darkness and the cold, winter is the traveling season in Sweden and Lapland. The distance that can be made in a given time in summer with a wheeled vehicle on well-made post-roads can be covered in half the time in a

pulk or reindeer-sledge drawn over the frozen lakes. From Spitzbergen to the pole would be an easy run of five or six days if nothing but a simply frozen sea stood between them.

This primary physical fact, that Arctic navigators have not been stopped by a merely frozen sea, but by a combination of glacier-fragments with the frozen water of bays, and creeks, and fjords, should be better understood than it is at present, for, when it is understood, the popular and fallacious notion that the difficulties of Arctic progress are merely dependent on latitude, and must therefore increase with latitude, explodes.

It is the physical configuration of the fringing zone of the Arctic regions, not its mere latitude, that bars the way to the pole.

I put this in italics because so much depends upon it—I may say that all depends upon it—for if this barrier can be scaled at any part we may come upon a region as easily traversed as that part of the Arctic Ocean lying between the North Cape and Spitzbergen, which is regularly navigated every summer by hardy Norsemen in little sailing sloops of thirty to forty tons burden, and only six or eight pairs of hands on board; or by overland traveling as easily as the Arctic winter journey between Tornea and Alten. This trip over the snow-covered mountains is done in five or six days, at the latter end of every November, by streams of visitors to the fair at Alten, in latitude 70°, 3½° north of the Arctic Circle; and the distance, four hundred and thirty miles, is just about equal to that which stands between the north pole and the northernmost reach of our previous Arctic expeditions. One or the other of these conditions, or an inclosed frozen polar ocean, is what probably exists beyond the broken fjord barrier hitherto explored; a continuation of such a barrier is, in fact, almost a physical impossibility; and therefore the Pole will be ultimately reached, not by a repetition of such weary struggles as those which ended in the very hasty retreat of our last expedition, but by a bound across about four hundred miles of open or frozen polar ocean, or a rapid sledge-run over snow-paved fjelds like those so merrily traversed in Arctic Norway by festive *bonders* and their families on their way to Yule-time dancing-parties.

Reference to a map of the circumpolar regions, or better, to a globe, will show that the continents of Europe, Asia, and America surround the pole and hang, as it were, downward or southward from a latitude of 70° and upward. There is but one wide outlet for the accumulations of polar ice, and that is between Norway and Greenland, with Iceland standing nearly midway. Davis's and Behring's Straits are the other openings; the first may be only a fjord, rather than an outlet. The ice-block, or crowding together and heaping up of the glacier-fragments and bay ice, is thus explained.

Attempts of two kinds have been made to scale this icy barrier. Ships have sailed northward, threading a dangerous course between the floating icebergs in the summer, and becoming fast bound in winter, when the narrow spaces of brackish water lying between these masses of land-ice become frozen, and the "ice-foot" clinging to the shore stretches out seaward to meet that on the opposite side of the fjord or channel. The second method, usually adopted as supplementary to the first, is that of dragging sledges over these glacial accumulations. The pitiful rate of progress thus attainable is shown by the record of the last attempt, when Commander Markham achieved about one mile per day, and the labor of doing this was nearly fatal to his men. Any tourist, who has crossed or ascended an Alpine glacier with only a knapsack to carry, can understand the difficulty of dragging a cart-load of provisions, etc., over such accumulations of iceberg fragments and of sea-ice squeezed and crumpled up between them. It is evident that we must either find a natural breach in this Arctic barrier or devise some other means of scaling it.

The first of these efforts has been largely discussed by the advocates of rival routes. I will not go into this question at present, but only consider the alternative to all land routes and all water routes, viz., that by the other available element—an aërial route—as proposed to be attempted in the new Arctic Expedition projected by Commander Cheyne, and which he is determined to practically carry out, provided his own countrymen, or, failing them, others more worthy, will assist him with the necessary means of doing so.

To reach the pole from the northernmost point already attained by our ships demands a journey of about four hundred miles, the distance between London and Edinburgh. With a favorable wind, a balloon will do this in a few hours. On November 27, 1870, Captain Roher descended near Lysthuus, in Hitterdal (Norway), in the balloon Ville d'Orléans, having made the journey from Paris in fifteen hours. The distance covered was about nine hundred miles, more than double the distance between the pole and the accessible shores of Greenland.

On November 7, 1836, Messrs. Holland, Mason, and Green ascended from Vauxhall Gardens at 1.30 P. M., with *a moderate breeze*, and descended eighteen hours afterward "in the duchy of Nassau, about two leagues from the town of Weilburg," the distance in a direct line being about five hundred miles. A similar journey to this would carry Commander Cheyne from his ship to the north pole, or thereabouts, while a

fresh breeze like that enjoyed by Captain Roher would carry him clear across the whole of the unknown circumpolar area to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, and two or three hours more of similar proceeding would land him in Siberia or Finland, or even on the shores of Arctic Norway, where he could take the Vadsö or Hammerfest packet to meet one of Wilson's liners at Trondhjem or Bergen, and thus get from the north pole to London in ten days.

Lest any of my readers should think that I am writing this at random, I will supply the particulars. I have before me the "Norges Communicationer" for the present summer season of 1880. Twice every week a passenger excursion steam-packet sails round the North Cape each way, calling at no less than twenty stations on this Arctic face of Europe to land and embark passengers and goods. By taking that which stops at Gjesvaer (an island near the foot of the North Cape) on Saturday, or that which starts from Hammerfest on Sunday morning, Trondhjem is reached on Thursday, and Wilson's liner, the Tasso, starts on the same day for Hull, "average passage seventy hours." Thus Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, is now but eight days from London, including a day's stop at Tromsö, the capital of Lapland, which is about three degrees north of the Arctic Circle, and within a week of London. At Captain Roher's rate of traveling, Tromsö would be but twenty-three hours from the pole.

These figures are, of course, only stated as *possibilities*, on the supposition that all the conditions should be favorable, but by no means as *probable*.

What, then, are the *probabilities*, and the amount of risk that will attend an attempt to reach the pole by an aërial route?

I have considered the subject carefully, and discussed it with many people; the result of such reflection and conversation is a conviction that the prevalent popular estimate of the dangers of Commander Cheyne's project extravagantly exaggerates them on almost all contingencies. I do not affirm that there is no risk, or that the attempt should be made with only our present practical knowledge of the subject, but I do venture to maintain that, after making proper preliminary practical investigations at home, a judiciously conducted aërostatic dash for the pole will be far less dangerous than the African explorations of Livingstone, Stanley, and others, that have been accomplished and are proposed. And further, that a long balloon-journey, starting in summer-time from Smith's Sound, or other suitable Arctic station, would be less dangerous than a corresponding one started from London; that it would involve less risk than was incurred by Messrs. Holland, Mason, and Green, when they traveled from Vauxhall Gardens to Nassau.

The three principal dangers attending such a balloon-journey are: 1. The variability of the wind. 2. The risk of being blown out upon the open ocean, beyond the reach of land. 3. The utter helplessness of the aëronaut during all the hours of darkness. I will consider these *seriatim* in reference to Arctic ballooning *versus* Vauxhall or Crystal Palace ballooning.

As regards the first danger, Vauxhall and Sydenham are in a position of special disadvantage, and all the ideas we Englishmen may derive from our home-ballooning experience must tend to exaggerate our common estimate of this danger, inasmuch as we are in the midst of the region of variable winds, and have a notoriously uncertain climate, due to this local exaggeration of the variability of atmospheric movements. If, instead of lying between the latitudes of 50° and 60°, where the northeast polar winds just come in collision with the southwest tropical currents, and thereby effect our national atmospheric stir-about, we were located between 10° and 30° (where the Canary Islands are, for example), our notions on the subject of balloon-traveling would be curiously different. The steadily blowing trade-wind would long ere this have led us to establish balloon mails to Central and South America, and balloon passenger expresses for the benefit of fast-going people or luxurious victims of sea-sickness. To cross the Atlantic—three thousand miles—in forty-eight hours would be attended with no other difficulty than the cost of the gas and that of the return carriage of the empty balloon.

It is our exceptional meteorological position that has generated the popular expression, "As uncertain as the wind." We are in the very center of the region of meteorological uncertainties, and can not go far, either northward or southward, without entering a zone of greater atmospheric regularity, where the direction of the wind at a given season may be predicted with more reliability than at home. The atmospheric movements in the Arctic regions appear to be remarkably regular and gentle during the summer and winter months, and irregular and boisterous in spring and autumn. A warm upper current flows from the tropics toward the pole, and a cold lower one from the Arctic Circle toward the equator. Commander Cheyne, who has practical experience of these Arctic expeditions, and has kept an elaborate log of the wind, etc., which he has shown me, believes that, by the aid of pilot-balloons to indicate the currents at various heights, and by availing himself of these currents, he may reach the pole and return to his ship, or so near as to be able to reach it

by traveling over the ice in light sledges that will be carried for the purpose. In making any estimate of the risk of Arctic aërostation, we must banish from our minds the preconceptions induced by our British experience of the uncertainties of the wind, and only consider the atmospheric actualities of the polar regions, so far as we know them.

Let us now consider the second danger, viz., that of being blown out to sea, and there remaining until the leakage of gas has destroyed the ascending power of the balloon, or till the stock of food is consumed. A glance at a map of the world will show how much smaller is the danger to the aëronaut who starts from the head of Baffin's Bay than that which was incurred by those who started from Vauxhall in the Nassau balloon, or by Captain Roher, who started from Paris. Both of these had the whole breadth of the Atlantic on the west and southwest, and the North Sea and Arctic Ocean north and northeast. The Arctic balloon, starting from Smith's Sound or thereabout, with a wind from the south (and without such a wind the start would not, of course, be made), would, if the wind continued in the same direction, reach the pole in a few hours; in seven or eight hours at Roher's speed; in fourteen or fifteen hours at the average rate made by the Nassau balloon in a "moderate breeze." Now look again at the map, and see what surrounds them. Simply the continents of Europe, Asia, and America, by which the circumpolar area is nearly landlocked, with only two outlets, that between Norway and Greenland on one side, and the narrow channel of Behring's Straits on the other. The wider of these is broken by Spitzbergen and Iceland, both inhabited islands, where a balloon may descend and the aëronauts be hospitably received. Taking the three hundred and sixty degrees of the zone between the seventieth parallel of latitude and the Arctic Circle, three hundred and twenty are landlocked, and only forty open to the sea; therefore the chances of coming upon land at *any one* part of this zone is as three hundred and twenty to forty; but, with a choice of points for descent such as the aëronauts would have unless the wind blew precisely down the axis of the opening, the chances would be far greater. If the wind continued as at starting, they would be blown to Finland; a westerly deflection would land them in Siberia, easterly in Norway; a strong east wind at the later stage of the trip would blow them back to Greenland.

In all the above I have supposed the aëronauts to be quite helpless, merely drifting at random with that portion of the atmosphere in which they happened to be immersed. This, however, need not be the case. Within certain limits they have a choice of winds, owing to the prevalence of upper and lower currents blowing in different and even in opposite directions. Suppose, for example, they find themselves north of Spitzbergen, where "Parry's farthest" is marked on some of our maps, and that the wind is from the northeast, blowing them toward the Atlantic opening. They would then ascend or descend in search of a due north or north-by-west wind that would blow them to Norway, or west-northwest to Finland, or northwest to Siberia, or due east back to Greenland, whence they might rejoin their ships. One or other of these would almost certainly be found. A little may be done in steering a balloon, but so very little that small reliance should be placed upon it. Only in a very light wind would it have a sensible effect, though in case of a "near shave" between landing, say at the Lofodens or Iceland, and being blown out to sea, it might just save them.

As already stated, Commander Cheyne believes in the possibility of returning to the ship, and bases his belief on the experiments he made from winter quarters in Northumberland Sound, where he inflated four balloons, attached to them proportionally different weights, and sent them up simultaneously. They were borne by diverse currents of air in *four different directions, according to the different altitudes*, viz., northwest, northeast, southeast, and southwest, "thus proving that in this case balloons could be sent in any required direction by ascending to the requisite altitude. The war-balloon experiments at Woolwich afford a practical confirmation of this important feature in aërostation." He proposes that one at least of the three balloons shall be a rover to cross the unknown area, and has been called a madman for suggesting this merely as an alternative or secondary route. I am still more lunatic, for I strongly hold the opinion that the easiest way for him to return to his ship will be to drift rapidly across to the first available inhabited land, thence come to England, and sail in another ship to rejoin his messmates, carrying with him his bird's-eye chart, that will demonstrate once for all the possibility or impossibility of circumnavigating Greenland, or of sailing or sledging or walking to the pole.

The worst dilemma would be that presented by a dead calm, and it is not improbable that around the pole there may be a region of calms similar to that about the equator. Then the feather-paddle or other locomotive device worked by man-power would be indispensable. Better data than we at present possess are needed in order to tell accurately what may thus be done. Putting various estimates one against the other, it appears likely that five miles an hour may be made. Taking turn and turn about, two

aëronauts could thus travel fully one hundred miles per day, and return from the pole to the ship in less than five days.

Or take the improbable case of a circular wind blowing round the pole, as some have imagined. This would simply demand the working of the paddle always northward in going to the pole, and always southward in returning. The resultant would be a spiral course, winding inward in the first place and outward in the second. The northward or southward progress would be just the same as in a calm if the wind were truly concentric to the pole. Some rough approximation to such currents may exist, and might be dealt with on this principle.

Let us now consider the third danger, that of the darkness. The seriousness of this may be inferred from the following description of the journey of the Nassau balloon, published at the time: "It seemed to the aëronauts as if they were cleaving their way through an interminable mass of black marble, in which they were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before them, seemed to soften as they approached in order to admit them still farther within its cold and dusky inclosure. In this way they proceeded blindly, as it may well be called, until about 3.30 A. M., when in the midst of the impenetrable darkness and profound stillness an unusual explosion issued from the machine above, followed by a violent rustling of the silk, and all the signs which might be supposed to accompany the bursting of the balloon. The car was violently shaken; a second and a third explosion followed in quick succession; the danger seemed immediate, when suddenly the balloon recovered her usual form and stillness. These alarming symptoms seemed to have been produced by collapsing of the balloon under the diminished temperature of the upper regions after sunset, and the silk forming into folds under the netting. Now, when the guide-rope informed the voyagers that the balloon was too near the earth, ballast was thrown out, and the balloon, rising rapidly into a thinner air, experienced a diminution of pressure and consequent expansion of the gas.

"The cold during the night ranged from a few degrees below to the freezing-point. As morning advanced, the rushing of waters was heard, and so little were the aëronauts aware of the course which they had been pursuing during the night, that they supposed themselves to have been thrown back upon the shores of the German Ocean, or about to enter the Baltic, whereas they were actually over the Rhine, not far from Coblentz."

All this blind drifting for hours, during which the balloon may be carried out to sea, and opportunities of safe descent may be lost, is averted in an Arctic balloon voyage, which would be made in the summer, when the sun never sets. There need be no break in the survey of the ground passed over, no difficulty in pricking upon a chart the course taken and the present position at any moment. With an horizon of fifty to a hundred miles' radius the approach of such a danger as drifting to the open ocean would be perceived in ample time for descent, and, as a glance at the map will show, this danger can not occur until reaching the latitudes of inhabited regions.

The Arctic aëronauts will have another great advantage over those who ascend from any part of England. They can freely avail themselves of Mr. Green's simple but most important practical invention, the drag-rope. This is a long and rather heavy rope trailing on the ground. It performs two important functions: First, it checks the progress of the balloon, causing it to move less rapidly than the air in which it is immersed. The aëronaut thus gets a slight breeze equivalent to the difference between the velocity of the wind and that of the balloon's progress. He may use this as a fulcrum to effect a modicum of steerage.

The second and still more important use of the drag-rope is the very great economy of ballast it achieves. Suppose the rope to be one thousand feet long, its weight equal to one pound for every ten feet, and the balloon to have an ascending power of fifty pounds. It is evident that, under these conditions, the balloon will retain a constant elevation of five hundred feet above the ground below it, and that five hundred feet of rope will trail upon the ground. Thus, if a mountain is reached, no ballast need be thrown away in order to clear the summit, as the balloon will always lift its five hundred feet of rope, and thus always rise with the up-slope and descend with the down-slope of hill and dale. The full use of this simple and valuable adjunct to aërial traveling is prevented in such a country as ours by the damage it might do below, and the temptation it affords to mischievous idiots near whom it may pass.

In the course of many conversations with various people on this subject, I have been surprised at the number of educated men and women who have anticipated with something like a shudder the severe cold to which the poor aëronauts will be exposed.

This popular delusion, which pictures the Arctic regions as the abode of perpetual freezing, is so prevalent and general that some explanation is demanded.

The special characteristic of Arctic climate is a cold and long winter and a short and *hot summer*. The winter is intensely cold simply because

the sun never shines, and the summer is very hot because the sun is always above the horizon, and, unless hidden by clouds or mist, is continually shining. The summer heat of Siberia is intense, and the vegetation proportionately luxuriant. I have walked over a few thousand miles in the sunny south, but never was more oppressed with the heat than in walking up the Tromsdal to visit an encampment of Laplanders in the summer of 1856.

On the 17th of July I noted the temperature on board the steam-packet when we were about three degrees north of the Arctic Circle. It stood at 77° well shaded in the saloon under a deck; it was 92° in the *rök lugar*, a little smoking-saloon built on deck; and 108° in the sun on deck. This was out at sea, where the heat was less oppressive than on shore. The summers of Arctic Norway are very variable on account of the occasional prevalence of misty weather. The balloon would be above much of the mist, and would probably enjoy a more equable temperature during the twenty-four hours than in any part of the world where the sun sets at night.

I am aware that the above is not in accordance with the experience of the Arctic explorers who have summered in such places as Smith's Sound. I am now about to perpetrate something like a heresy by maintaining that the summer climate there experienced by these explorers is quite exceptional, is not due to the latitude, but to causes that have hitherto escaped the notice of the explorers themselves, and of physical geographers generally. The following explanation will probably render my view of this subject intelligible:

As already stated, the barrier fringe that has stopped the progress of Arctic explorers is a broken, mountainous shore, down which is pouring a multitude of glaciers into the sea. The ice of these glaciers is, of course, fresh-water ice. Now, we know that when ice is mixed with salt water we obtain what is called "a freezing mixture"—a reduction of temperature far below the freezing-point, due to the absorption of heat by the liquefaction of the ice. Thus, the heat of the continuously shining summer sun is *at this particular part of the Arctic region* continuously absorbed by this powerful action, and a severity that is quite exceptional is thereby produced. Every observant tourist, who has crossed an Alpine glacier on any summer day, has felt the sudden change of climate that he encounters on stepping from *terra firma* on to the ice, and in which he remains immersed as long as he is on the glacier. How much greater must be this depression of temperature, where the glacier-ice is broken up and is floating in sea-water, to produce a vast area of freezing mixture which would speedily bring the hottest blasts from the Sahara down to many degrees below the freezing-point! A similar cause retards the *beginning* of summer in Arctic Norway and in Finland and Siberia. So long as the winter snow remains unmelted, i. e., till about the middle or end of June, the air is kept cold, all the solar heat being expended in the work of thawing. This work finished, then the warming power of a non-setting sun becomes evident, and the continuously accumulating heat of his rays displays its remarkable effect on vegetable life, and everything capable of being warmed. These peculiarities of Arctic climate must become exaggerated as the pole is approached, the winter cold still more intense, and the accumulation of summer heat still greater. In the neighborhood of the North Cape, where these contrasts astonish English visitors, where inland summer traveling becomes intolerable on account of the clouds of mosquitoes, the continuous sunshine only lasts from May 11th to August 1st. At the north pole the sun would visibly remain above the horizon during about seven months—from the first week in March to the first week in October (this includes the effect of refraction and the prolonged summer of the northern hemisphere, due to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit).

This continuance of sunshine, in spite of the moderate altitude of the solar orb, may produce a very genial summer climate at the pole. I say "may," because mere latitude is only one of the elements of climate, especially in high latitudes. Very much depends upon surface configuration and the distribution of land and water. The region in which our Arctic expedition-ships have been ice-bound combines all the most unfavorable conditions of Arctic summer climate. It is extremely improbable that those conditions are maintained all the way to the pole. We know the configuration of Arctic Europe and Arctic Asia, that they are masses of land spreading out northward round the Arctic Circle and narrowing southward to angular terminations. The southward configuration and northward outspreading of North America are the same, but we can not follow the northern portion to its boundary, as we may that of Europe and Asia, both of which terminate in an Arctic ocean. Greenland is remarkably like Scandinavia; Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound corresponding with the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia. The deep fjords of Greenland, like those of Scandinavia, are on its western side, and the present condition of Greenland corresponds to that of Norway during the milder period of the last glacial epoch. If the analogy is maintained a little farther north than our explorers have yet reached, we must come upon a polar sea, just as we come upon the White Sea and the open Arctic Ocean, if we

simply travel between four hundred and five hundred miles due north from the head of the frozen Gulf of Bothnia.

Such a sea, if unencumbered with land-ice, will supply the most favorable conditions for a genial Arctic summer, especially if it be dotted with islands of moderate elevation, which the analogies of the known surroundings render so very probable. Such islands may be inhabited by people who can not reach us on account of the barrier-wall that has hitherto prevented us from discovering them. Some have even supposed that a Norwegian colony is there imprisoned. Certainly the early colonists of Greenland have disappeared, and their disappearance remains unexplained. They may have wandered northward, mingled with the Esquimaux, and have left descendants in this unknown world. If any of Franklin's crew crawled far enough, they may still be with them, unable to return.

In reference to these possibilities it should be noted that a barrier-fringe of mountainous land like that of Greenland and Arctic America would act as a condensing ground upon the warm air flowing from the south, and would there accumulate the heavy snows and consequent glaciers, just as our western hills take so much of the rain from the vapor-laden winds of the Atlantic. The snowfall immediately around the pole would thus be moderated, and the summer begin so much earlier.

I have already referred to the physical resemblances of Baffin Bay, Smith Sound, etc., to the Baltic, the Gulf of Bothnia, and Gulf of Finland. These are frozen every winter, but the Arctic Ocean, due north of them, is open all the winter, and every winter. The hardy Norse fishermen are gathering their chief harvest of codfish in the open sea around and beyond the North Cape, Nordkeyn, etc., at the very time that the Russian fleet is hopelessly frozen up in the Gulf of Finland. But how far due north of this frozen Baltic are these open-sea fishing-banks? More than fourteen degrees—more than double the distance that lies between the winter quarters of some of our ships in Smith Sound and the pole itself. This proves how greatly physical configuration and oceanic communication may oppose the climatic influences of mere latitude. If the analogy between Baffin Bay and the Baltic is complete, a polar sea will be found that is open in the summer at least.

On the other hand, it may be that ranges of mountains covered with perpetual snow, and valleys piled up with huge glacial accumulations, extend all the way to the pole, and thus give to our globe an Arctic ice-cap like that displayed on the planet Mars. This, however, is very improbable, for, if it were the case, we ought to find a circumpolar ice-wall like that of the Antarctic regions, and the Arctic Ocean beyond the North Cape should be crowded with icebergs instead of being open and iceless all the year round. With such a configuration the ice-wall should reach Spitzbergen and stretch across to Nova Zembla; but, instead of this, we have there such an open stretch of Arctic water, that in the summer of 1876 Captain Kjelsen, of Tromsö, sailed in a whaler to latitude 81° 30′ without sighting ice. He was then but five hundred and ten geographical miles from the pole, with open sea right away to his north horizon, and nobody can say how much farther.

These problems may all be solved by the proposed expedition. The men are ready and willing; one volunteer has even promised a thousand pounds on condition that he shall be allowed to have a seat in one of the balloons. All that is wanted are the necessary funds, and the amount required is but a small fraction of what is annually expended at our racecourses upon villainous concoctions of carbonic acid and methylated cider bearing the name of "champagne."

Arrangements are being made to start next May, but in the mean time many preliminary experiments are required. One of these, concerning which I have been boring Commander Cheyne and the committee, is a thorough and practical trial of the staying properties of hydrogen gas when confined in given silken or other fabrics saturated with given varnishes. We are still ignorant on this fundamental point. We know something about coal-gas, but little or nothing of the hydrogen, such as must be used in the forthgoing expedition. Its exosmosis, as proved by Graham, depends upon its adhesion to the surface of the substance confining it. Every gas has its own specialty in this respect, and a membrane that confines a hydrocarbon like coal-gas may be very unsuitable for pure hydrogen, or *vice versa*. Hydrogen passes through hard steel, carbonic oxide through red-hot iron plates, and so on with other gases. They are guilty of most improbable proceedings in the matter of penetrating apparently impenetrable substances.

The safety of the aëronauts and the success of the aërial exploration primarily depend upon the length of time that the balloons can be kept afloat in the air.

A sort of humanitarian cry has been raised against this expedition, on the ground that unnaturally good people (of whom we now meet so many) should not be guilty of aiding and abetting a scheme that may cause the sacrifice of human life. These kind friends may be assured that, in spite of their scruples, the attempt will be made by men who share none of their

fears, unless the preliminary experiments prove that a balloon can not be kept up long enough. Therefore, the best way to save their lives is to subscribe *at once* for the preliminary expense of making these trials, which will either discover means of traveling safely, or demonstrate the impossibility of such ballooning altogether. Such experiments will have considerable scientific value in themselves, and may solve other problems than those of Arctic exploration.

Why not apply balloons to African exploration or the crossing of Australia? The only reply to this is that we know too little of the practical possibilities of such a method of traveling when thus applied. Hitherto the balloon has only been a sensational toy. We know well enough that it can not be steered in a predetermined *line*, i. e. from one *point* to another given *point*, but this is quite a different problem from sailing over a given *surface of considerable area*. This can be done to a considerable extent, but we want to know definitely to what extent, and what are the limits of reliability and safety. With this knowledge and its application by the brave and skillful men who are so eager to start, the solution of the polar mystery assumes a new and far more hopeful phase than it has ever before presented.

W. Mattieu Williams (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS OF EGYPT.

I.

When the late Khedive, Ismaïl Pasha, was staggering under the blow dealt him by the Napoleon award, which condemned him to pay to the Suez Maritime Canal Company eighty-four million francs, not a penny of which did he owe, and, hunted through brake and through brier with hawk and with hound, had, very naturally, become alarmed at the number and magnitude of the demands which were constantly being made upon him, demands against which he was, in the then condition of his diplomatic relations with foreign powers, utterly unable to protect himself, Nubar Pasha, his prime minister, came forward with a plan which promised him relief. An international tribunal was to be established, to which all claims against the Egyptian Government were to be submitted.

This tribunal was to consist of a court of appeals, which was to sit at Alexandria, and of courts of first instance, which were to sit, one at Alexandria, one at Cairo, and one at Zajazig. (This last one was first changed to Ismaïlia, and finally to Mansourah.) The court of appeals was to be composed of seven European judges, appointed by the Khedive, but designated by the Great Powers (one from each), and five Arabs. The president of the court was to be an Arab, but the vice-president was to be a foreigner, elected by his colleagues. The president was not to take part in any of the proceedings before the court, so that the vice-president had the direction of, and control over, all its business.

The judges of first instance were to be designated by the Great Powers and by the lesser Powers, and by Arabs, the latter being always in a minority. The president was to be an Arab, but the vice-president was to be a foreigner. Like the president of the court, he was only a figure-head.

These tribunals were to have jurisdiction not only in cases in which the Egyptian Government was interested, but also over the Khedive, the members of his family, and, in civil matters, over cases arising between foreigners of different nationality, and between foreigners and Arabs.

Once established, it was thought that these tribunals would protect the Khedive and his Government from the chances (or certainty rather) of any further "arbitrations," and all claims which in the future might be made against him or his Government would be subjected to the test of an impartial judicial investigation.

The condition of the Khedive at that time, as regards foreigners who had, or pretended to have, claims against him or against his Government, as well as the condition of the judiciary which exercised power in his territory, was an abnormal and mischievous one. As regarded himself and his government he was under the absolute control of the consuls-general who were accredited to him. His diplomatic position was an anomalous one. Every nation had a representative at his court. He had no representative anywhere; he therefore had no means of protecting himself against the war which was constantly being waged against his treasury. He had, indeed, sought refuge once in an imperial arbitration, but that once was enough.

As regarded foreigners, the condition of affairs was equally bad. Each power had its consular court. Each consular court administered the law of its own country, and was governed by the forms of procedure peculiar to its home system. Important cases were appealed to a home court, except as regards England and the United States; appeals from judgments in the consular courts of these countries were taken to Constantinople. It is therefore easy to perceive what confusion, uncertainty, and delays surrounded all judicial proceedings. What is law in England is not always law in Greece. Therefore, an Englishman might be sued by a Greek before the English consular court, and have judgment rendered against him upon a certain state of facts, while a Greek sued by an Englishman in the Greek consular court upon a similar state of facts would go free.

As a protection, therefore, to himself and to his government, as well as for the purpose of regularizing judicial proceedings, this tribunal was proposed, and a code of laws and procedure was enacted, which was to apply to all foreigners in their dealings with foreigners and Arabs, as well as to those foreigners who might have claims to prosecute against him, his government, or his family.

The consuls-general and the consular judges were, naturally enough, opposed to this proposed change. As regarded the consuls-general the change would restrict them within the circumference of their diplomatic functions. In respect of the consular judges it would diminish greatly the fees of their office. To both it would curtail the extent of their power and greatly reduce their importance. Lord Lyons, at Paris, occupies about the same position toward a consul-general in Egypt, even to-day, that the lowest usher in a public school occupies toward the head master. When they exercised unlimited and uncontrolled jurisdiction over their own people and those who had claims against them, and held a rod over the Khedive, they were really omnipotent. The old system was good enough for them, and therefore was good enough for every one else.

However, after many delays, the proposition was acceded to. Then, from England, from France, from Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, the United States, Greece, Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, always by twos and sometimes by threes, came pouring into Egypt a throng of judges, not one of whom knew the language or the laws of the people among whom and to whom they were to administer justice, each accustomed to a different form of procedure from the other (except those who came from the same states), many of whom spoke but one of the languages in which the proceedings were to be conducted before them, followed by a crowd of procureurs, substituts, substituts-adjoints, clerks, deputy clerks, huissiers, scriveners, guards, servants, and interpreters, until the throng became, and remains, a multitude, speaking every language under the sun. Indeed, should another attempt be made to build a tower of Babel, and the effort should be made to prevent it by causing all the workmen employed upon it to speak a different language, all that the contractors would have to do would be to send to the Palais de Justice at Alexandria. They would there find interpreters enough to answer all their purposes.

Doubtless the number of judges, etc., was much greater than the Khedive thought would be necessary. Indeed, no one questions that it was made as large as it was for the purpose of influencing the different powers whose wishes he was forced to consult. If they could make their own appointments, it was, after all, but subtracting a portion of the jurisdiction which attached to their respective consular courts from those tribunals, and transferring it to an international tribunal. As it regarded the Khedive, the extra hundred thousand francs or so which would be paid for an extra supply was a trifle in comparison with the protection which they would afford to him; for the liberal salaries which were attached to the positions would, he hoped, insure the nomination of learned and experienced men, from whose hands he would, when attacked, receive only justice.

In respect of the number of judges required, he does not seem to have overshot the mark. The court of appeals, for example, with its seven foreign and six native judges, has not been able to dispose of all the cases which have been carried before it, notwithstanding that it has subtracted from the tribunal at Alexandria two judges to help it along in its work. And yet its work is not of a very exhausting character. During the last judicial year—November to July—the fifteen judges decided three hundred and eighty-six cases, leaving sixty-five upon the roll when they stopped work. It is proper to observe, however, that the Arab judges do nothing except vote and draw their salaries. Still, three hundred and eighty-six cases divided among nine judges does not require any great amount of labor.

As to the quality of the material furnished him, the Khedive did make a mistake; for, with the single exception of the Austrian representative, not one of the judges of the court ever sat in a court of last resort at home, or had a position at the bar there which would have entitled him to hope for such a station. The French judge was taken from Algeria; the Russian judge was transported to Alexandria from

the Caucasus; the Italian judge had been consular judge; the German judge had presided over a tribunal of first instance in some outlying province of the empire; the English judge was a barrister practicing before the consular court at Alexandria, and correspondent of the London "Times"; the American judge was a lawyer from the interior of the State of North Carolina. As a consequence, we have them deciding, for instance, that a consular officer who, by the conventions between the Powers, can not be sued before the international courts, can not sue in them, nor voluntarily submit himself to their jurisdiction! They do not seem to have known that whereas, by the law of nations, an ambassador is not, of right, liable to be sued in the courts of the country to which he is accredited, he may sue in them, and that if, being sued therein, he submits himself to their jurisdiction, the judgment rendered is executory against him. Also they have decided that if a man in France manufactures a certain quality of paper with a certain trade-mark upon it (allowed to him by France), and a German manufactures a similar paper, with the same trade-mark, and they both send their manufactured article to Egypt for sale, the Frenchman's agent there may enjoin the German's agent from selling the German paper, and make him pay damages besides!

As regards the tribunals of first instance, it would be tedious and unprofitable to remark upon them. In point of fact, they are, in one respect, like Mr. Slick's tuberous crop, "small potatoes, and few in a hill"; although they can not be said to be few in a hill. Indeed, in Alexandria one is reminded of Mr. Twain who, when leaving San Francisco, and thinking that his fellow passengers would have a poor opinion of him because no one had come to bid him farewell, went to the side of the steamer as she cast off from the dock, and, lifting his hat, said to the crowd, "Good-by, Colonel!" when every man of them all shouted back, in return, "Good-by, old fellow!" So in Alexandria, if you meet a man in the streets who salutes you, and whom you can not exactly place, if you say, "Good morning, Judge," it is ten to one that you will be all right.

That these tribunals have from some points of view been beneficial to foreigners in Egypt, can not be denied. To Europeans of different nationality, and to Europeans having claims against the native population, they are unquestionably an improvement upon the old system, and for the reasons which have already been given. But whatever may be said to the contrary by interested parties, the natives do not look upon them with favor. It is true that some intelligent men among them, who know how to take advantage of their workings, when they make a contract with one of their own people, sometimes substitute the name of a European in place of their own, or occasionally transfer an obligation which is due to them by a native to a foreigner, for the purpose of subjecting him to the international jurisdiction. But these instances are not of frequent occurrence, and when they happen only tend to heighten the disfavor in which they are held, and indeed cause them to be looked upon as a pest.

This is not to be wondered at. When an Arab needs money, he will agree to pay any interest for the use of it. If he requires a certain amount to enable him to cultivate his small parcel of land—which, like all farmers the world over, he thinks will produce more than it ever does—or when he has no money with which to pay the tax-gatherer when he is on his rounds (and having a very proper fear of the *courbach* which he knows he will get if he does not pay what is demanded of him), he borrows it, and he does not allow a mere question of interest to stand in the way of his negotiation with the man who has money to loan. Therefore if he needs, say, twenty pounds, he draws his note for thirty pounds at the least, payable six months after date, receives the twenty pounds, and is happy. Under the system to which he has been accustomed, if, when the six months came round, he was unable to pay, he was sued, as he is now, but he was sued before his own judge, who, knowing something of the transaction, would postpone the case from time to time, and so put off the plaintiff until he would at length become reasonable, and take back his principal with a fair interest. Somehow he managed to work his way out. But his land was never sold. Now, however, if his creditor is a European, or if his debt has been transferred to a European who is interposed for the purpose, when he fails to pay on the appointed day, he is cited before the international tribunal. On the day designated he appears, little dreaming what the consequences to him are to be. The scene presented to him is a strange one, and is a striking one to any eye. The room in which he finds himself is a large one, crowded with people. A partition, breast-high, divides it in the center. In the rear are to be seen turbaned Turks of every degree, mixed among whom are people from almost every quarter of the globe. In front of this, a space in which are placed benches occupied by men in gowns (all silk, by the way) who, he is told, are lawyers. Beyond this, a railing, behind which sits the clerk, the interpreter, the *huissier* (crier), and guards sprinkled about. Still beyond, a raised dais of semi-circular form upon which are placed eight large chairs, on the backs of which, as well as on the

wall behind them, and upon the cornices over the windows from which curtains are hung, he sees, carved in the wood, or painted (in Arabic characters), words which, if he can read, inform him that "the Empire rests on Justice." Presently, a door opening from an inner room swings upon its hinges; the *huissier* cries, "*Le Tribunal!*" when in walk three European and two Arab judges, a substitut du procureur-général, two assessors—one European, the other a native—who immediately take their seats, making an imposing sight indeed, adorned as they all are (all save the assessors) with stambouline coats, red *tarbouches* on their heads, a broad red ribbon extending from over their shoulders across their breasts (such a ribbon as old King Louis Philippe was in the habit of wearing under his brown coat when he went for a drive) upon which is pinned a plate about the size of an ordinary door-plate, with the same motto engraved upon it which he saw on the backs of the chairs, etc., and which might be translated "For justice, inquire within"! Presently he is called. Promptly he answers, and he presses forward to the bar. Arrived there, he is asked to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him. He admits, always through an interpreter, that he owes the money which is demanded of him, but says that his crop is short; that he can not pay it at present, and pleads for time. His answer received, he is told to go, and he goes, stopping, however, at the door on his way out to cast a glance behind him at the tableau, which the tribunal presents, and which, as it is gorgeous, is beautiful to his Eastern eye. He hastens back to his farm. In a few days he receives a copy of the judgment which, in the mean time, has been rendered against him, and which is written in two languages, French or Italian and Arabic. He says to the *huissier* who hands it to him "*Tahib*" (it is well), places the small piece of stamped paper in his pocket, resumes his work, and gives the matter no further thought. Some days subsequently he receives another piece of stamped paper, and from it he learns that his property is under seizure. Hitherto he has not allowed his lawsuit to trouble him. He knew, it is true, that a judgment had been rendered against him, but he fancied that the world was going on just as it had been going ever since he knew anything about it, and it never occurred to him that he was in any real danger. But now, these stamped papers, coming upon him in such quick succession, have alarmed him. He makes inquiry about them, and he learns that his property is to be sold. Still he is not convinced of the fact until he receives yet another notice to the effect that the sale is to take place in the "Salle des Adjudications du Tribunal" on a certain day, at which sale he is requested to be present. On the day appointed he repairs to the place designated. Arrived there, he sees another crowd. On the bench a judge, probably one of the same before whom he appeared when his case was called, dressed in the same uniform that he wore on that occasion. By the side of the judge sits the clerk, and beyond the clerk a *huissier*. The judge calls his case. The plaintiff's counsel rises and says that his client will become the adjudicatee of the property which is to be sold at the estimate which has been placed upon it (probably ten pounds per acre). The *huissier* describes the property and the quantity of land which is to be sold. The clerk lights a small wax-taper. The *huissier* cries (in French, Italian, and Arabic languages alternately), "First candle! Forty acres of land situate in the province of Garbieh; assessed value, ten pounds per acre!" When the first taper is consumed another one is lighted, and the same crying is made. When the second is consumed, then a third, with the same formalities in each; and when the third one has gone to ashes, the plaintiff is adjudged to be the purchaser (for seldom is there more than one bidder—the plaintiff), and the defendant leaves the court-room houseless, homeless, and in despair.

This is all right under the law. The judgment was perfectly correct; the execution thereof was carried out in strict conformity with the rules prescribed by the code. The man owed the money, and he should have been made to pay. But he has not been accustomed to this (to him) lightning-speeded justice. His own judges had always given him time in which to pay his debts. He had never before heard of property being sold under execution. It had never occurred to him that he was, in reality, to be sold up: the proceedings, he thought, were only a threat. He is attached to the small parcel of ground which has just been sold away from him. He was, perhaps, born upon it; the proper mode of cultivating it he thoroughly understands; the whole of his toiling life had been spent upon it. He is lost when he is driven from it, and he goes away broken-hearted. Naturally, then, he looks upon the new judicial machinery, by which he can thus be summarily dismissed from his home — for it is his home, however wretched a one it may be in our eyes, and he loves it as we do ours—as an instrument of torture, invented by his enemy, which he would gladly see sent back whence it came. Do you blame him?

What would the people of England say—or rather what would they do—if Parliament should, in a single night, change all the laws of England, and all the modes of procedure in its courts,

and place the administration of the new laws in the hands of men brought from the four quarters of the globe—men without an interest or a feeling in common with those to whom they were to administer justice, and this without appeal?

Why is it, he asks, that an Englishman or a Frenchman who voluntarily leaves his own country and goes to Egypt for his own purposes, should not be subject, in his dealings with Egyptians, to Egyptian law applied by Egyptian judges, precisely as an Egyptian who goes to either England or France is subject to English or French law administered by English or French judges when he is forced to resort to the courts of either of these countries for the vindication of his rights, whether his opponent be an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Egyptian like himself?

The Englishman who has interests in Egypt has also serious grounds of complaint against the present judicial system, or at all events its workings. Proceedings in all the courts are conducted either in the French or the Italian language. The Arabic is one of the judicial languages, it is true, but it is rarely—I may say never—used. A French lawyer draws up his pleadings in the French language; an Italian lawyer draws up his pleadings in the Italian language. In either case, he pleads and argues in the language which is his natural tongue. All lawyers are forced to employ one or the other of these languages. The advantage, therefore, which the French and the Italian lawyer has over the English barrister is obvious. No litigant will intrust his case, if he can avoid it, to a man who does not correctly write, or at least fluently speak, the language in which it is to be argued, heard, and determined. We often hear it said of such a one that he writes and speaks several languages equally well, but how often do we meet with such a person? Besides, it is most natural for us to believe that a man who speaks the language in which the laws of a country are written and administered, must understand those laws better than he to whom that language is a foreign one. It follows, almost of course, that we employ the lawyer who is best qualified to represent and defend our interests.

The best evidence of the wrong which is done to English barristers in Egypt, in this regard, is to be found in the fact (and I believe I am within bounds when I say it) that not half a dozen cases have been presented by them all since these courts were organized! Yet English litigants are numerous, and certainly the English barristers in Alexandria will compare favorably with those from other countries.

In an international court, why should an English barrister be practically excluded from appearing as counsel for his countrymen, simply because he can not write and speak the French or Italian language, any more than a French or Italian lawyer should be precluded from appearing before it because he can not speak or write in the English language?

Is it because French and Italian interests are greater in Egypt than English interests are? English interests in Egypt more than double the interests of all the other nations combined who have commercial relations with her. Is it because the two nations whose people speak the French and Italian languages outnumber those who speak English? There are more English-speaking people on the earth to-day than there are French and Italian put together! Is it because of the self-satisfied doctrine that, "if you don't speak French (or Italian), so much the worse for you"? If so, is it not time that such nonsense should come to an end?

Under the present system the English litigant is wronged in another regard, and to a still greater degree, viz., that his rights are never tested by the rules of English law. I leave out of consideration all mere questions of form and procedure, for, after all, it matters little to a man by what sort of process he is brought into court, provided the cause of action instituted against him is substantially stated, so that he may know precisely what he has to defend himself against. I also pass over the absence of any law of evidence, or the certainty in pleading, which form such important branches of the science of the law; but it does seem to me that an Englishman has just cause of complaint in the fact that no attention whatever is paid, in cases where the text of the law in France is identical with English law, upon subjects which have made his nation the first among those who are engaged in commerce. No English commentator is quoted in these courts; no English decision is ever relied upon as containing a proper exposition of the law. It is all Dalloz. An unbroken line of precedents, running through a series of years, emanating from the highest judicial tribunals in England, upon such questions as what constitutes a valid protest on a bill of exchange? or a contract for hire? a charter party? the mutual obligations between the shipper of goods and the common carrier? the responsibility of partners toward each other and toward third persons?—would not stand for a moment against a single contrary decision coming up from a court at Aix, which might be fished out of the "Receuil de Jurisprudence."

Is it unreasonable in an Englishman to ask that in an international court the decisions of the courts of his country upon such subjects as these should be, at least, of equal authority as the de-

cisions of the French courts? They certainly are not. One reason why they are not is to be found, it seems to me, in the fact that English barristers are practically excluded from practicing before it.

Another objection to the working of the present system is the interior organization of the court of appeals. The court is divided into two sections; each section sits one day in each week. The same character of cases is heard before each. Suppose one section decides a case upon a certain state of facts to-day, and the other section decides another case, upon the same state of facts, in another way, to-morrow. In such an event, the same tribunal would have established for itself a different jurisprudence. This is not likely to occur. But it is certainly possible. Should it happen, the spectacle would be presented of one plaintiff having a judgment rendered, on a certain state of facts, in his favor, while another plaintiff, upon a precisely similar state of facts, would have his case decided against him. Should this happen, the serene atmosphere which surrounds, or should surround, that high tribunal, would find itself greatly disturbed. This, however, is a mere matter of detail, which could easily be arranged.

A financial question, the present condition of Egypt considered, suggests itself as another objection, if not to the system now in force, at least to the manner of its administration.

Frankly, I think it must be admitted that seven judges in the court of appeals are more than should be required to dispose of the number of cases which are before it. Yet there are nine of them, at salaries of forty thousand francs each. (In this number I include the two judges of the tribunal who have been attached to it.) I do not, however, include the Arab judges. As to them, an equal number of palm-leaves would answer the same purpose, for the palm-leaves would nod an assent or a dissent (according as the wind blew) to the opinion expressed by the head of the court. They are, in fact, only judges on the last day of the month, when their salaries are taken to them.

In the tribunals the number of judges, in proportion, is not so great as it is in the court of appeals, but they are more numerous than the business which they are called upon to dispose of requires. There are ten of them at Alexandria (exclusive of the two attached to the court of appeals); at Cairo, seven; at Mansourah, four; each with a salary of thirty thousand francs per annum. (In this number the Arab judges are not counted. In the court and in the tribunals they receive one half of the amount which is allowed to their European colleagues.) The individual pay is not too great, for it is not to be expected that men of any capacity would leave their own country and go to Egypt there to act as judges, for a limited period, unless they were given a compensation which would justify them for a temporary abandonment of their own homes and business. But the number of judges is altogether greater than the necessities of the service require. Five judges of first instance (three European and two Arab) are necessary to pronounce judgment in a case upon a promissory note for the smallest sum. If it be admitted that the native population should be represented in the tribunals, certainly it would seem that three judges are a sufficient number for any *nisi prius* court.

The unnecessary labor which the judges are called upon to perform is one reason why so many of them are required. Every judge has to be present at each audience. Each judgment has to be written out *in extenso*, on pain of nullity. Reasons must be assigned, in writing, in every case which is decided. Half a sheet of foolscap is required to contain a judgment by default, and after the default has been rendered, it is worthless if opposition is made to it, as in that event the whole case has to be tried over again. All the proceedings in a case have to be reduced to writing. When testimony is ordered, it must be taken in the presence of a judge. On the Continent, where officials are so miserably paid that governments can afford to have them in great numbers, as in France, for instance, where the first president of the Court of Cassation receives thirty-six thousand francs a year, and his colleagues eighteen thousand, and where a judge who receives six thousand francs considers himself a happy mortal, such a cloud of officials may be well enough; but it must be admitted that the system which makes it necessary to have five judges in a court of first instance, and to pay thirty thousand francs per annum to a mere commissioner to take testimony, is a reckless one, in a country at least which is notoriously insolvent.

The same remarks apply, and with equal force, to the enormous number of employees attached to these courts. In the court of appeals there are forty-six; in the tribunal at Alexandria, seventy-four; at Cairo, fifty-five; at Mansourah, forty-five; not to mention procureurs, substituts, etc. It is true that the judiciary is, for the present, self-sustaining. Fortunately for those who compose it, and for those who are employed in it, the receipts from costs are now sufficient to pay all its expenses. But this only proves that law in Egypt, as well as elsewhere, is an expensive luxury. After all, this is only momentary. Up to two years ago the cost of the courts to the Government was enormous—some

twelve hundred thousand francs per annum. At that time the fees were increased, and this, added to very large sums which have been received for the recording of mortgages, has enabled them to get along without assistance. It is possible that the funds now on hand, added to those which may reasonably be expected to come in, will suffice to pay current expenses; but whether they will be sufficient to pay all the indemnities as they fall due is more than doubtful. Fortunately for the judges of the court of appeals, the term for which they were originally appointed has expired, and as they found, somewhere in Dalloz, the maxim "*La charité bien ordonné commence chèz soi*," they have helped themselves. It is proper to add that those judges of the tribunal whose term has also expired have also been paid. But whether it will be a case of "the devil take the hindmost" as regards those who come last, remains to be seen.

The most serious objection to the present system is the power which it places in the court of appeals—or rather the power which has been allowed it, to assume over the entire judiciary department of the Government, and in many circumstances, a control over the Government itself. No judge can be removed from office during the term for which he was appointed; that is, he can not be removed by the Egyptian Government. But he may be removed by the court. Not only, therefore, are the judges of the inferior tribunals at its mercy, but it holds the official existence of its own members in its own hands. An independent judiciary, under such a state of facts, is impossible. The majority required by the regulations (regulations drawn up by the court and adopted by the Government) may remove any judge, and as that majority is the sole authority of what constitutes a cause for removal, a judge, whether he be attached to the court or to the tribunal, if dismissed, is without recourse. The court itself may violate any law—even a law which it has procured the enactment of—with perfect impunity. It has done so in many instances. It has arrogated to itself powers to which it is not entitled, and its power, in its sphere, over the Government is so extensive that the Government is forced to allow it to do as it likes. As it can not afford to quarrel with it, it submits to whatever it choses to dictate.

A few examples will suffice to show how it has assumed powers which it does not legally possess, and how it has violated laws which it caused to be passed.

One article of the "Reglement" provides that no judge of first instance can change from one tribunal to another without the approval of the court, after having taken the opinion of the tribunal *from* which he wishes to go, and the opinion of the tribunal *to* which he wishes to go. Yet it has happened, in one instance at least, that a judge has been allowed to change from one tribunal to another notwithstanding the protest of the tribunal to which he wished to be sent.

The convention between the Powers and Egypt stipulates that the judges of the court of appeals (as well as of the tribunals) shall be appointed by the Egyptian Government, but the Egyptian Government binds itself to appoint to these positions only such persons as may be recommended by the different Powers, parties to the agreement.

The number of European judges of the court of appeals was fixed at seven. The number might be increased if, in the opinion of the court, the necessities of the service required it, but it was not stipulated that the court, if increased, should be increased by judges appointed by the court. The nomination of those who were to be appointed, in case more were needed, would necessarily be made as the original appointments had been made. In the mean while, however, as it might occasionally happen that one or more of its judges might be ill, or absent, or excused, thus causing the court to be left without a quorum, it was provided that, in such a contingency, one or more of the judges of the tribunal might be called to sit in the court. No one, however, would suppose that this article gave to the vice-president of the court the right to attach one or more judges of the tribunal permanently to the court. In this connection it is proper to remark that the advancement of the judges of the tribunal can not, in so far at least as the courts are concerned, take place except upon the advice of the tribunal. In the face, however, of these stipulations in the conventions, as well as in violation of its own interior legislation, the vice-president of the court has, for ten years past, attached two of the judges of the tribunal to the court of appeals as supernumeraries, who sit alternately at its sessions, and lately they have been attached to it permanently, with the increased pay belonging to the rank. It is true they have not been appointed, *eo nomine*, judges of the court of appeals, but they have been, as has just been stated, attached to it permanently, with an increased salary. That is to say, they remain judges of first instance, and, as such, receive thirty thousand francs from the treasury of the tribunal, but, being attached to the court, they draw from its treasury an additional ten thousand francs. It is not away from the truth to say that they are paid by the vice-president, although not with his money, for (Dalloz again), "il n'amarre pas ses chiens avec des saucisse."

This procedure was not a straightforward one, besides being utterly illegal. If there were not a sufficient number of judges in the court of appeals to enable it to transact the business before it, the law provided how the number was to be increased. It was never contemplated that it could be enlarged by a *coup d'état*. Certainly no one ever supposed that the power of preferment rested with the vice-president of the court, a power which has enabled him to benefit a favorite at the expense of the public treasury, in disregard of conventions, and in express violation of the law, which the court itself caused to be adopted, which declares that all judges of the same rank shall receive the same salary, and that the acceptance of any remuneration outside of his salary, *or of an increase of salary*, or of valuable presents, or other material advantages, entails upon the judge destitution from his office and loss of salary, without any right to his indemnity. Now it is perfectly well known that the appointment of these two supplementary judges was not necessary. The business of the court did not require an increase of judges. It is farcical to say that seven men, deserving the name of judges (leaving out the Arabs), can not dispose of the cases which are carried before that tribunal. A contrary admission on their part is a confession of incompetency. If they are incompetent, then they should go, or be sent, home. Before the "supplemental" era each judge, in addition to his regular four months' yearly vacation, had, during term-time, an occasional "off month"—that is, he had nothing to do. Now, each judge sits *one* day in each week! And it is perfectly well understood that the idea of adding to the court was born of the wish of the vice-president to advance and benefit one of his friends. Knowing that he could not accomplish this if he attempted it single-handed, being a man of expedients, he conceived the plan of appointing *two* instead of one, and as he knew he would find in the French consul the greatest obstacle to his success, in order to forestall his opposition, he appointed, as the second man, a Frenchman. And this sand which he threw in every one's eyes, he thought blinded everybody, because no one said anything about it. In point of fact, no one was blinded by it but himself and his beneficiaries. No one has ever said anything about it because every one is afraid to speak, for no one can speak without, in some way, suffering.

Do you know Brussels? If you do, you will remember the Wirtz Gallery of Paintings. Among them is an enormous one, taking up the entire side of a room, entitled "Un Géant sur la Terre." It represents, if you remember, a man of immense stature, striding over the earth, placing those whom he wishes to serve on his shoulders; those whom he wishes to make use of, in his pockets; kicking out of his way those for whom he feels a contempt, and cropping off the heads of those who dare to oppose him in his march, as an ordinary mortal would chop a tender radish. Well, this painting finds its interpretation—perhaps its model—in Egypt. Those whom the vice-president of the court of appeals wishes to reward, he places on his shoulders; those whose services he requires, he puts in his pockets; those who are in his path, and who won't get out of it, he bites off their heads. And the Government itself no more dares to oppose him in any of his schemes or ambitions for himself, or for the advancement of his favorites, than would the worst paid servant who is employed at the Palais de Justice.

By their own governments the two gentlemen who were supplemented into the court of appeals had been designated to the Khedive as proper persons to fill the position of judges in the tribunal of first instance. By the edict of the vice-president of the court they were made judges in the court of appeals. Now, this is a serious matter. England might willingly recommend the appointment of a man to a position in the tribunal whom she would be unwilling to recommend to be appointed in the court, precisely as she might appoint as puisne judge a man whom she would never think of making Lord Chief Justice. England, and the other Powers as well, might be willing to have controversies in which her people are interested passed upon, in last resort, by a court composed of judges appointed thereto by the different Powers, and still be unwilling to submit them to the arbitrament of a court composed, in part at least, of judges appointed by the vice-president of the court, or, still worse, by the Khedive himself. A question of "balance of power" also comes into the case. The Great Powers should be equally represented in the court. Originally they were, now they are not. England, Russia, etc., have each only one judge there. France has two, and one Power, Greece, is represented there, which is not entitled to a representative.

The court adjourns from July to October 15th, leaving one judge behind to attend to such matters of detail as may occur during the interim. The tribunal sits the year round. It holds, however, only three sessions per month. The *Justice Sommaire* sits once a week. Judicial sales take place once a week.

Before the session closes the judges of the tribunal agree among themselves as to the time when each judge shall take his vacation. Their agreement among themselves is transmitted to the court, which approves or modifies it, and when it comes back to the tribunal approved or modified,

it becomes the law which regulates the distribution of the several parts which each judge is to take in the summer comedy. I call it comedy, but in reality it is a farce, and a nuisance as well. It is a farce, because few cases are ever tried during the so-called vacation; it is a nuisance, because it keeps lawyers at home who would otherwise go away, and who can not leave because they can never tell when their clients may need their services; and as regards the public service, it is not necessary that there should be any session of the tribunal during the months of July, August, September, and October. The court does not sit in either of these months. No case, therefore, in which an appeal lies, is advanced by having a decision of the tribunal therein, when the court is not in session, for the court is as far behind in its business as the tribunal is. One judge would be sufficient to issue such conservatory writs as an exigency of some sort might require, and in this respect the tribunal would be on the same footing with the court. Why the court should adjourn and the tribunal remain in session, it would be difficult to find a reason for. But so it is, and the why matters not.

P. H. MORGAN.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

THE STORY OF ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

A FEW words may not be out of place concerning the great actress and charming woman whom Scribe made the chief character of the drama recently played in London by the French company at the Gaiety Theatre. Scribe's departure from the truth of history is not perhaps above the average in such cases; but his play is unsatisfactory and even somewhat repulsive to any one who knows the true Adrienne—"her whose great merit, both on the stage and in life, was that she was truth, nature, and simplicity itself." She was born in 1690, at Fismes, between Rheims and Soissons. Her real name was Couvreur, to which the "Le" was subsequently added for euphonic reasons. Born in a relatively low station (her father was a hatter in a small town), she had one of those rich, spontaneous natures which do not seem to need education. From her earliest youth she showed great talent in reciting verse, and at fifteen took the part of Pauline in Corneille's "Polyeucte" in private theatricals, for which a grocer in the Rue Feron lent his premises. Her real apprenticeship on the stage took place in the provinces, and it was only in 1717, when she was twenty-seven years old, that she appeared in Paris, a consummate and original *actrice*. No words, we are told, can describe the *éclat* and brilliancy of her *début;* and it was said that she began where others ended. An extraordinary yet natural dignity of carriage which gave her the appearance of a real queen amid the vulgar populace of the stage, a voice of exquisite harmony, a handsome person and face, with eyes "full of fire," were some of the qualities by which she riveted her audience. But she showed her originality by two innovations in the histrionic art. Up to her time it had been the custom on the French stage to declaim verse in a sort of recitative or chant. She replaced this stilted style by a natural and impressive speech, doing at the same time full justice to the meter. A greater achievement was the expressive intelligence and delicacy of her by-play—the art of listening and acting while saying nothing. For thirteen years she filled the Paris stage with a radiance and charm which surprised the public as something novel and extraordinary. She was a most conscientious artist, never allowing languor or ill health (from which she suffered much) to interfere with her engagements, and ended by being surrounded with a respect and homage such as had never before been accorded to any *actrice*.

It is, indeed, off the stage that the romance and indefinable charm of Adrienne Lecouvreur properly begin to emanate, and have lent that grace and perfume to her harmonious name which still reach us across one hundred and fifty years. She was not only a great actress, she was a good, tender-hearted, high-minded woman. Before her, those of her profession, and especially of her sex, were a class of tolerated outcasts, from whom a Pharisaical world was content to derive its pleasure, but which it despised as unworthy to touch the hem of its garment. Adrienne, by her lofty simplicity of life and manners, brought down this insolence till at last, as is usual with insolence, it groveled at her feet. Not only men, but the highest dames in Paris, crowded to her *salon*. "It is now the fashion," she writes to a friend, "to dine or sup at my house, because a few duchesses have thought fit to confer on me this honor." It is regretable, but will be in no way surprising to those who have studied the history of manners, to learn that the duchesses showed themselves on these occasions very ill-bred, and passed remarks on their graceful hostess which

she was too quick not to hear and too proud to notice. She lived in a small house, which had once been inhabited by the poet Racine, in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain. There it was her pleasure and relaxation, after the fashionable ladies had retired, to receive a choice circle of intimate and tried friends, with whom she could converse with ease and frankness. "I do not find that numbers make up for the want of personal worth. I do not care to shine, and I have a hundred times more pleasure in saying nothing and hearing good conversation, in being surrounded by good and sensible people, than in being bewildered by all the mawkish flatteries which are showered upon me." Fontenelle and Voltaire were among her guests. In spite of her liberal mode of life, Adrienne amassed a large fortune for those days, and died worth three hundred thousand francs, which fact those who estimate at their true value the qualities implied by judicious expenditure may be inclined to consider the most striking evidence of her sterling and self-contained character.

It is not easy to determine when the romance of her life—her acquaintance with the Comte de Saxe—began. He came to Paris in 1720, three years after her brilliant appearance on the stage. He left on his adventurous expedition to Courland in 1726, and at the latter date they were on such terms that she was ready to accomplish that memorable act of generosity of selling her jewels to supply him with requisite funds. She ran great risk of never seeing him again. Two years of pensive separation followed: the depth of sentiment which filled them is betrayed rather than shown by the veiled pathos of a few sentences in which she refers to his return. "One who has been long expected," she wrote, "will come back this evening, as far as one may judge, in fairly good health. A courier has arrived who was sent on before, as the carriage had broken down thirty leagues off. A light *chaise* has started, and to-night some one will be here." (It is impossible to render the tenderness of "*On* sera ici.")

It was nearly two years after the return of Maurice from Courland that Adrienne received a mysterious visit from a poor hunchbacked miniature-painter, the Abbé Bouret, who, not finding her at home, left word that he had a communication of the highest importance to make to her if she would meet him in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would make himself known by a concerted signal—three taps on his hat. The *actrice* drove to the place of rendezvous, and there was informed that the painter had received the offer of a large bribe if, under the pretext of taking her portrait, he contrived to leave with her some poisoned lozenges given him by a great lady of the court, whom jealousy prompted to murder Adrienne. Several versions of the story are handed down, which do not agree, and the whole affair is sufficiently obscure. In any case, it is certain that Adrienne was not poisoned. For a long time her health had been failing, and it was several months after the incident in the Luxembourg that she played at the Comédie Française for the last time. We have the vivid account of an eye-witness, the lovely Greek beauty, the rival of Adrienne Lecouvreur in charm of mind and person, Mdlle. d'Aïssé, who was at the theatre that night, and pained and shocked by the manifest suffering of the actress, who, nevertheless, went through her part with heroic fortitude. She appeared in the "Œdipe" of Voltaire as the first piece, and then, ill as she was, played again in the after-piece, "Le Florentin," in which, long and difficult as was her part, by force of genius and nerve she acquitted herself to perfection. She was carried home in an almost dying state, and five days afterward expired of acute internal inflammation. Her friend Voltaire, who owed her much of the success of his early tragedies, says she died in his arms. In her death-throes a priest of Saint-Sulpice forced his way to her bedside. "Do not be uneasy," she said, "I know what brings you here. I have not forgotten your poor in my will." Then, turning to a bust of the Comte de Saxe, she exclaimed, "Voilà mon univers, mon espoir, et mes dieux." As she had died without having renounced the stage, she was refused Christian burial, and her body was hurried away by night in a cab, and thrust underground in a wood-yard in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

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FROM FAUST TO MR. PICKWICK.

IF Schopenhauer, his forerunners and successors, are right, and life is not worth having, it must still be confessed that those who practically decide the question have, apart from the practical decision of living on and on with more or less relish, shown a wonderful interest in the story of the human soul from age to age. Magnificent is the spectacle by which the not-worth-while has represented itself to itself; endless the drama of human art. Generation after generation, the stage is set, and the pictures and people come and go, and the interest never abates. From Job and the Canticles down to the last poem or story, the play proceeds. The plot and the personages seem in every age and every land new to the mass of the spectators; and there is indeed novelty in the midst of the sameness; but the farther back in time, and the farther afield in place we happen to go, the more we are struck with the essential sameness of the interest of the drama, and the human "characters" who enact it. There is a vast gulf between the story of Job and the Indian drama of "Harichandra"; and a gulf still more vast between both and Goethe's "Faust"; but in these two very ancient books, as in that which is usually held to be the most essentially modern of poems (I include the second part), we recognize a tie of kinship. Wis Wamitra is not Mephistopheles, but whether we read the Indian play first or the German, we recognize a likeness. Hiawatha and his company we can parallel a score of times in world-literature. And so it is with other types, let the reason be what it may. But the reason is not obscure. Dr. Goldziher or Professor Steinthal may make out the story of Samson to be as certainly a sun-myth as the story of Hercules, but there is a good deal more of the brooding and wondering human heart in Samson than there is of the sun, as we are soon made to feel when Milton tells his story over again for us; and, indeed, it is lucky for the myth theorists that the story of the sun and the weather is so much like that of human life. But, passing by this, with any apology that may be needful or acceptable, we should none of us feel the slightest hesitation in placing the Book of Job, "Harichandra," "Hiawatha," Bunyan's "Pilgrim," Goethe's "Faust," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Mr. Horne's "Orion" in the same category; as efforts made by different types of the human mind, under different circumstances, to dramatize the whole world-story in some form outside of itself.

Taken by themselves these may be called commonplaces of criticism. It is plain that as soon as men began to think about themselves and their lot they must have been puzzled, and sometimes distressed; and in proportion to the activity of the sense of justice, tenderness, and the comparing, inferring, and artistic faculties, they endeavored to picture their story and their lot over again to themselves in order that they might contemplate it more at leisure, with less of direct personal interest, and with the advantage of the coöperation and criticism of other minds. All suppositions of this order should be made under reserve; for, in spite of the confidence with which we now talk and write of "the childhood of the world," we know nothing about it, and it is yet to be found that something corresponding to what is known as "the Fall" does not lie at the back of all human story. Of course this would not help us to explain anything—it only places the elephant on the tortoise—but it might alter many of our intermediate conclusions. There is a sonnet by Blanco White—said by Coleridge to be the finest sonnet ever written—in which he supposes Adam and Eve overwhelmed with amazement at the first descent of night over Eden, and the disclosure of the heavenly fires which the night brought with it—the burden of the poem being that death may, like the darkness, bring new worlds to us or take us to them. The poem may be received as a parable. Generation after generation has now wondered at the sun-setting and the nightfall, the rising of moon and stars, and the birth of the new day, and the wonder stands reproduced in the literature of every nation. In the ordinary course of life, the average human being does not think of such things. Night is the time for sleep; to-morrow there will be a bill to take up; and so it goes on. But all men feel thrilled at death, and must have been in some way stirred by the passions, by love, grief, disappointment, and sense of injustice. Nearly all have known what it is to feel helplessness, and a large majority of men and women have at some time had the idea, true or false, that the "something-not-themselves," which disposes of them against their will, might have treated them more kindly. This idea is of course quickened into vehement activity when there arises any startling case of disparity between the lot and the "deserts" of some human being; and then, if literature have taken form, we may have a Book of Job, or a tragedy by Æschylus, or a mediæval romance, or a story like "The Newcomes," or some other such product of the aroused imagination. The

poem or the romance answers no question, and solves no problem; but it may and usually does help us in more ways than one. It shows us, for example, that other hearts have been wrung as well as ours, and are as desirous of our sympathy as we can be of theirs; that these other hearts have kept faith and hope, or at least have sustained and acquiesced through all; sometimes, that they have not only kept the faith and hope they started with, but have won more—have ten talents to show instead of the one. But we always find the problem essentially the same. First, we are in absolute subjection to the power which is behind all the great cosmic changes, and even when, if ever, we have clearly traced the connection of the sun-spots with the weather, the sun-spots will go on without consulting us. Even when, by following the indications of what we call natural laws, we seem to have acquired some measure of conquest over our lot, we discover that absolute rest is forbidden to us, because some new task is given us to do in the very moment of victory—so it has been, century after century, and so will it be with our children after us. But, besides our subjection to the power behind Nature, as it is exhibited in more or less calculable cosmic forces, we find that the working of the human will has some of the effects of fatality. To any given man the onrush of another man bent on stabbing him is as much a fatality as the march of the planets. And to multiply this idea by millions is to represent an awfully large portion of the story of man. History resounds with the "many tramplings" of murderous hosts leaping forth out of the darkness and flinging themselves upon other hosts more or less prepared. Napoleon said it was folly to accuse him of crimes—"Men like me do not commit crimes"—and the saying had a diabolic plausibility about it. We stop at plausibility, and we unhesitatingly condemn the individual—but, when we take things in the mass, the story of the world may easily be made to look like a series of convulsions for which no one is responsible any more than for an earthquake, and in which millions of men, women, and children are, on this side or that, blind sufferers or blind instruments of suffering. An illustration of the general drift here is ready to our hands. Human will and choice are clearly concerned in the continuation of the human race. Any man, for example, in England at this moment, may say, "I will never become a father," and he may keep his word. And we sometimes find numbers of human beings agreeing together to lead single lives. But no one ever dreams of the discontinuation of the race any more than of the suspension of the law of gravitation. That mankind should continue to *be* is assumed as certainly as that the sun will rise to-morrow. And, apart from great calamities arising from more or less traceable physical causes, and apart from wars and the like, men and women, by the nature of the case, exist together in large numbers; and we find minorities and individuals subjected to majorities quite irrespective of any laws of justice or kindness: particularly irrespective of justice. There is not a corner of life in which the inequalities of human character and intelligence do not tell with painful force on some one in some way; nor in which the individual is not reminded that his relations to his fellow creatures are such that, if he is to be free, he must fight for his freedom. There is a saying of Goethe's, that every man has strength enough to enforce his convictions if he will; but it is a very doubtful saying; more doubtful, in some points of view, for the strong than for the weak—unless, indeed, the strong man read the doctrine of "renunciation" as Goethe read it, and sacrifice, like him, others as well as himself, or more than himself. The finest, fullest, most high-strung natures feel the yoke more than others; for the larger the character, the more room for points of collision; and the more full of life, the more risk of impulses which may end in the pain of baffled longing and labor all in vain.

Of late years, the idea which we may roughly describe as that of the partial subjection of the individual to the mass—subjection without reference to justice or injustice, good desert or ill desert, noble or ignoble purposes—has taken shapes which are both exasperating and bewildering. Theories of evolutionary determinism meet us with swords or bludgeons in the most unexpected places. It was simple and sufficing (one used to think) to say, in the old-fashioned style, that there were limits to our power to do as we pleased; that we had duties to our kith and kin and to mankind at large; and that choice between apparently conflicting claims of love and prior obligation might sometimes tax conscience and courage to the uttermost. But this is far *too* simple; for we have been told, in eloquent speech variously pitched, that the sole key to our duty lies in the past. We do not now too hastily saddle George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" with a moral: but it looks very uncomfortably as if it were intended to bear one; and we find the same suggestion, not to say teaching, elsewhere. If we *are* to apply the word teaching, it comes to this—that claims made upon us out of the vague by a past as to which we could exercise no choice should supersede claims arising out of our own deliberate present choice. But surely this is a hard saying. A close examination of one's own consciousness brings out the result that ideas of

moral obligation in the strict sense arise only out of some foundation of complete and absolute choice on our own part. Rank of motive is a different question. Grateful service, for instance, is due to a good parent, and may be due to any other benefactor not chosen by one's self; a person who preferred his own lower pleasures to any work of grateful service that was due would be a proper object of scorn or dislike, but not of the severe and strictly moral disapproval which would be shown toward a man who neglected to fulfill some obligation which he had voluntarily taken upon himself in its whole extent—from choosing those first circumstances which made the *nidus* of the obligation onward to the last incident of the case. In fact, the ingenuity which professes to find in "the past" the ruling guide of life is a recent perversity, and when we hear less of evolutionary determinism we shall hear less of that; and less also of our duty to posterity. For the present, however, among "positive" students of the old problems, who find humanity the only real existence, or who feel driven to obey "a stream of tendency," we can not be surprised to see another yoke invented for our necks—one more addition made to the burden and mystery of life. Nor, whatever fine words may be found to cover the nakedness of the new fatalism, is there anything essential in it by which it can be distinguished from pessimism. There is, of course, a vast difference possible between the reception which this new fatalism may find in votaries of differing character. It is one thing to say: "We are all in one boat, rushing to the rapids; I shall sit and enjoy myself." It is another to say: "Life is a poor thing; let us stand by each other." But, happily, the difference here is much more than formal; because, the latter form contains an implicit adoption of a higher faith than can be got out of evolutionary determinism.

In the face of the inequalities of the human lot and of human character, and the absence of what Hume calls "distributive justice" in the dispensations of the gods (we copy his phraseology pretty closely), good and thoughtful men have in every age fallen back upon the affirmations of the moral sentiment in the human heart. And they have done well—apart from the fact that they could do no other. There, or nowhere, is solid rock. But to have the feet always planted there is to have the temperament of the saint or the hero. The affirmations of the moral sentiment, too, as they present themselves disconnectedly in human story, do not immediately carry with them all the force that is desired—they must be passed through some alembic first. Treat them just as the mind off-hand treats the facts of life and history, they yield but sorry comfort. It appears to be not only hypocrites and fools who compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to—it is all of us. We do not mean that it is so finally or really, but that that is the aspect of the case which presents itself to the mere speculator. The old familiar saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world is in point here. In practice the line is drawn somewhere, but in speculation from the outside it seems as if toleration must be sufficient. A world full of men and women of the heroic type, or the saintly type, or the artistic type, or the always-busy type, or the always-enjoying type, would be intolerable, impracticable; and we can not conceive of a given type without supposing it to assert itself in act; and in some act which, measured by the developments of some other type, will take the name of excess. For example, the genial type must do something *too* genial before we know it for what it is in the story of human life; just as the saintly type must tilt over toward asceticism before we can recognize it as opposed to any other—and so on, and on, indefinitely.

The pressure of these ideas is, of course, felt in various ways, in various degrees, in different ages, among different people, and in various stages of human progress. But it is always felt, and it always helps to shape the religion of the time—tending, on the one hand, to ceremonialism or sacerdotalism; and on the other to skepticism or laxity, along with what might be termed a ceremonialism of police.

There is yet one other point. However we may at certain times and in the interests of order condemn impulses which break through boundary-lines, we find, upon voluntary or involuntary self-scrutiny, that it is from the least amenable of our impulses that we derive our first impressions of what is sacred. Law, we say in our hearts, is sacred, but something else was sacred before law was, and law is not sacred for its own sake. Hence, in all the human story, we are sensible, in a manner and degree more or less vague, of a conflict between the human heart at its highest tides of emotion, and the laws of conduct. One illustration is as good as a thousand, and the very stupid story of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, will do very well. This uncomfortably minded pagan is said to have made a law that whoever committed a certain crime should lose both his eyes. As it happened, the first man to break the law was his own son. Upon which, Zaleucus, in a strait between what he would have called justice, and what really was parental love, put out one of his own eyes and one of his son's. Again, apologizing for reproducing a hackneyed story, we

will only add that, however simple the general problem may appear when looked at from the level of ordinary life, it is one which always floats in the air of human experience, is sometimes apprehended even by the dullest, and is never finally solved or put away.

In these paragraphs we have laid the finger, however lightly, upon most, if not all, of the elements of human experience which may be said to ferment the human imagination until we get from it the wine of poetry or the drama in all its different orders; from a drama like "Job" or "Harichandra," or "Faust," which are attempts at a theodicy, down to the last novel, which is scarcely to be called an attempt at anything at all. Whenever self-consciousness is quickened, poor human nature feels "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and does something in picture, poem, or philosophy, to get it off its mind. For the present we leave out pictures, philosophy, and with equal, if not better reason, music. But, through all these media, or by some function of them, we are helped to stronger, or clearer, always to more permanent impressions of the countercharms of the human lot.

We use the word countercharm in the sense in which it is adopted by the lover in "Maud," when he says that he has found in his new-born love for the "simple girl," a "pearl" which is "the countercharm of space and hollow sky." Indeed, the sense of beauty, upon which all forms of art are founded, is one of the most potent of the talismans by which we defeat or keep at a distance the evil genii of what we call fate. Then there is the sense of humor, which is not less potent. And, lastly, there is what we may for the moment distinguish as the heroic sense—that which is appealed to in tragedy and pathetic story. All these things help us, because they have promise in them. For instance, the heroic sense inevitably suggests to us that if human nature is capable of so much, the anguish of the tragedy must have a sequel which will justify it. The exaltation connected with the sense of beauty may bring with it a total insensibility to suffering and difficulty; and, lastly, for the present, the sense of humor, acting by methods which it is not at all easy even to grasp in the imagination, does, in its way, as much for us as the rest.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to name any modern book, dealing with life on a wide scale, which contains so little humor as Goethe's "Faust." And we may, without perhaps a qualification, affirm that no book of any age or purport contains so much humor as "The Pickwick Papers." There is, of course, mockery in "Faust," and there is some humor in the dialogues between Mephistopheles and Martha; but it is of the unpleasant caustic order, and when the odious Martha disappears, we feel that the case is decidedly one in which enough is as good as a feast. In "Pickwick" there is, of course, some vulgarity, and there are many blunders and false touches; but it is a great mistake to treat the book merely as a collection of cockney caricatures. This character has clung to it, chiefly if not exclusively, in consequence of the circumstances under which the story (such as it is) was begun—namely, as justificatory letter-press to certain sketches of Mr. Seymour's. Fortunately for the world, this plan fell through, and Mr. Pickwick is before us. Dickens frankly admitted—as indeed he could not help admitting—that his hero grew upon him, and that at the end of the book he was a very different character from the figure placed before the reader at the opening; but so much the more honor to Dickens, and so much the better for us all. Mr. Pickwick belongs to the same category as "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and, of course, at a very great distance, the King Arthur of the "Idylls." It is quite evident, indeed, that Gil Blas and his man Scipio were somewhere in the background in the mind of the author, and Sam Weller is a better Scipio, but it would be profanation to compare the always honest and chivalrous Pickwick with Gil Blas. Once or twice, for instance in a stray speech or two at Eatanswill, Mr. Pickwick speaks like a man of the world, but on the whole he is a singular example of simple-hearted unworldliness. Because the book makes us laugh from end to end, we forget the Quixotic simplicity of the man. The circumstances are ludicrous and trivial to the last degree, and we laugh, and were intended to laugh, at Mr. Pickwick himself; but we certainly were not intended to miss feeling his childlike enthusiasm and truthfulness. There is nothing in the book which is so entirely farcical as the episode of the double-bedded room and the lady whom Mr. Peter Magnus had wooed and won by taking Mr. Pickwick's advice; but Mr. Pickwick's superfluous and reiterated apologies to the lady as he is backing out of the apartment, are in themselves touches of the same order as his resolve to see Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, and his indignant surprise when he finds the latter bidding good-day to Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, though they are on opposite sides of the same cause. The whole episode of the visit to Snubbin is painted with a quill of the same feather as that which threw off my Uncle Toby. That Mrs. Bardell should sue Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise is farce, but it is something very different, though we still laugh on, when Mr. Pickwick insists to Mr. Perker, his attorney, on seeing Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, who has been retained for the defense. "See Sergeant Snubbin,

my dear sir!" exclaims good-natured little Mr. Perker; and then follows that delicious scene with the clerk, and the interview—arrived at after so much effort—with the abstracted Sergeant at his dusty chambers. Mr. Pickwick's sole object is to assure Mr. Sergeant Snubbin, as a man, that there is not the slightest foundation for the charge against him, and that if he was not strong in conscious innocence, he would not avail himself even of the aid of so learned a gentleman as the Sergeant. The Sergeant puts up his eye-glass, crosses his legs, and looks at his visitor with astonishment. "Has Mr. Pickwick a strong case?" is his very practical and pertinent question to Mr. Perker, who can only shrug his shoulders and take snuff. Then, after some more simple-hearted earnestness on Mr. Pickwick's part, the learned man getting more and more absorbed in a right-of-way case before him, Mr. Phunky, the junior, is sent for, and Sergeant Snubbins asks him to "*take Mr. Pickwick away.*" We may and do laugh at this; it was meant to be, and it is, most exquisitely ludicrous—but there are some of us, let us hope, who have done similarly absurd things, and found themselves just as much astray in the world, without being ashamed of it, or, indeed, conscious of it. We have here in every-day colors one of the old problems, only without a touch of bitterness, and so it goes on through the whole of the book. Very early, indeed, Mr. Pickwick presents himself as so perfect a gentleman, and so utterly abandoned in simplicity of heart, that the little episode of the "Bill Stumps" stone is resented by us as a vulgar and artificial intrusion. The scenes in the Fleet prison, and two or three of the minor pieces introduced casually (for instance, the Inns-of-Court stories told by the old man at the "Magpie and Stump"), bring us face to face with all the dark images of human suffering, and yet there is enough in the thorough-paced, childlike, unsuspecting goodness of Mr. Pickwick to carry us through the worst without a heart-ache. The rascality of Dodson and Fogg is amazingly relieved by their being placed in juxtaposition with Mr. Perker, who, being quite sharp enough himself, but too good-hearted to abuse the power the law gives him, seems to look upon Dodson and Fogg rather as exaggeratedly clever than as villains. The one really loathsome figure in the book, Lowten, Perker's clerk, we see very little of. The two elaborated rascals, Jingle and Job Trotter, are made better men by the kindness of Mr. Pickwick; and if we feel, as we do, that two such scamps were past reformation, we have still a faint sort of fancy at the bottom of our minds that if we had known *all* that passed between them and Mr. Pickwick, it would have seemed more natural that they should turn good. No finer touches of intelligent human sympathy are to be found in any novelist than in the part played by Mr. Pickwick in the scene with the old lady, Mr. Wardle's mother, in Chapter VI, slight as these touches are.

It was a work of the finest art to make a hero so often ridiculous, yet never contemptible; a point which has hardly been reached in works where the poetic pretension is infinitely higher. We often despise Ulysses; we certainly despise King Admetus in the "Alcestis"; and King Arthur in the "Idylls" does not quite escape—not that his purity is contemptible, but that there is a subtile feeling in the reader's mind (echoed by at least two doubtful passages in the "Idylls") that he failed in duty to Guinevere. Colonel Newcome we certainly do not look up to as we ought to do; nor Colonel Dobbin. But Mr. Pickwick, formerly of Goswell Street, and lastly of Dulwich, always commands our homage. And, so far as any work of the poetic order (we use the word poetic in the largest sense) can make us feel that the problem of life is solved, the character and bearing of Mr. Pickwick do that good and great work for us.

It would be almost comically obvious to remark that between "Pickwick" and "Faust" there is a gulf of distance which might be set down as thrice from the center to the utmost pole. But the contrast between the two works does not take them out of the same category, as we see if we place "Don Quixote" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" somewhere between them, leaving intermediate spaces to be filled up. Nothing can well be more superficial as to the "motive" and "movement," or less avowedly intellectual than "Pickwick." Nothing can well be more intense, or more intellectual, both as to motive and movement, than "Faust." If Faust escapes our contempt—and he barely escapes it in some passages of the Second Part—it is purely by intellectual force, and by what he stands for. The part which is played in the Dickens squib by the good and simple-hearted Pickwick is in the great poem played by Gretchen. In "Pickwick" there is no problem *put* at all; but we feel that the problem put by our own hearts is solved for us. In the great poem, the problem is put in a hundred forms; in the Second Part tiresomely and fantastically—till we come to the end. In the closing scene there is a suggestion which may be pronounced at variance with the mediæval machinery by which Faust is at last saved. Mephistopheles, the Evil, is on the stage, when the Angels, the Blessed Ones, come crowding on and on, in ceaseless troops, carrying garlands of celestial roses. Mephistopheles is alarmed. The faster the loving Angels troop on, the more there are of them, the more room there

seems to be. He snatches at one of the garlands and the roses burn him. Where is he to go to? This question distracts him, but not the Loving Ones, who keep crowding on in infinite numbers, and still there is room. They tell him, when he complains of want of standing-ground, that there *is* room still, and for ever, and that he may stay *if he can*. But he can not; and escapes out on to the proscenium, while the heavenly show proceeds.

This portion of the play may be a reminiscence of Swedenborg, or it may be merely a case in which a genius widely different from his takes up a similar parable. But Swedenborg as a philosophical theosophist was at variance with Swedenborg the *Christian* moralist; and Goethe certainly did not himself hold Gretchen to be "magna peccatrix" in any sense which "Doctor Marianus in der höchsten reinlichsten Zelle" would recognize. The poet simply took up one of the mediæval forms of the Faust legend, added new matter, and treated the story mediævally, with the mediæval faith and social conditions as machinery for tragic results. If he could have gained the *other* ear of poor Gretchen in the cathedral, he would have whispered her to come out into the sunshine, to forget the chanting monks and the *dies iræ*, and take a cheerful view of the natural and the inevitable.

This, of course, would have made the poem as false in art as if Dante had treated the Rimini romance in the spirit of Pulci. But still Goethe is Goethe, and can not help being inconsistent here and there. In Dickens, who never starts from the intellectual side, and always adopts the conventional philosophy of life and the conventional morality, we have no such puzzles. It can not be said that their presence would be inconsistent with immense and ever-recurring humor, or what shall be done with "Tristram Shandy" and "Don Quixote"? But the creator of Mr. Pickwick had his eyes open upon life, and felt "the burden and the mystery" in his own way—as he dealt with them in his own way. The scenes in the Fleet prison, and some of the stories told at Lowten's "Magpie and Stump" supper, show, as we have already noticed, that the iron had entered into his soul a little even then. His way of dealing with life was that of the humorist. What the bearing of that is, one great bearing of it at all events, we may, if we please, find suggested to us in Shelley's little speech, that the world would never be reformed till laughter was put down. It is not clear what he meant by this, for he had been complaining of the manner in which the more fortunate of us make laughing capital out of the poverty, ignorance, and wrong-doing among the less fortunate. But what it may be allowed to remind us of is this, that humor irresistibly "takes the rough edge" off even wrong considered as a topic of art. Sydney Smith wrote some not too-well-considered words about the "moral" dangers of humor. But what is the real truth upon this subject?

Let us recall the well-known mediæval folk-tale of "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Froude and many other writers more or less ingenious have taken up the old nut to crack in connection with that poem. How is it that Reynard carries off so much sympathy? First of all let it be noted that his rascalities affect different minds in different ways. The writer of these lines has never been able to relish the book, and there are no doubt others who find it almost exclusively painful reading. But the story has been read and enjoyed as much as "Pilgrim's Progress," and Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and Goethe—men of very different tastes and differing moral standards—openly speak of it as delightful. Now, what is the source of this delight—where is it felt? In some minds there is a natural congenital love of trickery, even though this be accompanied by what is called honesty, or even honor. These, of course, will like Reynard. Again, most men have a strong love of power and an almost immoral sympathy with success as such. These also must find "Reynard" agreeable reading. We may presume, however, that the life of *a man* who was as greedy and treacherous as Reynard would give unmixed pleasure to only a very few readers, and this helps us to a clew. The story is openly told as having a human *reference* or sub-meaning; and the final triumph of selfishness and worldly wisdom on the one hand, helped by stupidity and openness to flattery on the other, is meant to be a representation of what takes place in human society, and that not as an exceptional thing, but generally. Yet we could not endure without violent disgust the success of the rascal of the story, if the whole thing were put before us in terms undisguisedly human—scarcely any one could—Barnes Newcome himself would revolt at it. What pleases us is the unfailing resource, the *savoir-faire* of the rascal; and as foxes, badgers, wolves, and bears are supposed to have no souls and no future, the reader does not usually look at the tale from any moral point of view, in spite of the under-current of meaning. The levity of the writing, too, tends to make it all tolerable. If the poem were written with the savage earnestness of Swift's adventures of Gulliver among the Yahoos, it would not please. And some of the more fastidious among us may after all think that there must be a vein of hardness in the nature of any modern reader who can really enjoy "Reynard" without reserve. Perhaps if those adult students who like it best were to speak the whole truth, they would tell us that

they come to Reynard's triumph with a pang. What they really like is not his success, *as* his success, but they all feel pleasure in the irony, and the human bearing of the dexterity with which he turns the greediness and vanity of others into weapons against themselves. It is as if Uriah Heep "sold" Dodson and Fogg. But we should not be pleased with the cunning which "sold" a faithful dog, making his simple-hearted love for his master the instrument of his humiliation. If there were anything laughable about the process we should laugh, but pain would be uppermost in our minds.

In fact, humor is always more or less of a leveler. Not that it turns the hero into a quack or a weakling, but that it takes down our prides all round by suggesting the points in which we are all weak. It says, "Thou art the man!" in a smiling whisper. Often it says what is not true, or says it with a touch of spite, but in that case it has quitted its proper function—perhaps it is too intelligent, as in the case of Thackeray. If it is to *relieve* our breasts and do us good, it must be, above all things, simple and childlike. A child could, of course, never have drawn Dogberry, or my Uncle Toby, or Mr. Pickwick, or Don Quixote; but, for all that, the spirit in which such figures are drawn is childlike. It is certain that Dogberry would be a very dangerous character if he were an emperor instead of a parish beadle, but it is only a critic or student who thinks of such things—and only upon a sort of compulsion which is no pleasure to himself—so we will not push that matter any further than just to mention Mr. Winkle in "Pickwick." The late Emperor of the French was about as genuine a ruler of men as Mr. Winkle was a sportsman; but Mr. Winkle suggests no grave problem; his little quackeries only make us wince because they remind us of our own. He is drawn, as Mr. Pickwick is drawn (and Dogberry and Don Quixote and Toby Shandy), as a child draws figures on a slate. "I think I shall kick out this leg a little more," says a child drawing a cow in one of Hawthorne's Note-books—"as being the creator of the cow," adds Hawthorne. It is the spontaneity that does it. And this spontaneity is the correlative of that sense of fatality in the universe that comes more or less to all, but specially to men of fine sensibility (no *theory* is now in question). Sometimes we feel it with bitterness, sometimes with an inward smile. It is only when we think about it that the burden becomes intolerable, or threatens to be so. *After* we have thought—"looking before and after"—we may find help in "King Lear," or "Prometheus Unbound," or "Faust," but we could not do without humor, the great leveler. In some way or other we must become as little children, and take life as it comes, before we can be reconciled to ourselves. We must be helped to feel as at heart beneficent the paradox created by the conflict of conscience and free-will on the one hand and the seeming fatality of character and circumstance on the other. This is what a great humorist like Dickens may do for us as well as a great poet like Goethe. And he may sometimes do it better, especially in times like ours, when the head has threatened and still threatens to be too much for the heart, and too many of our best and wisest barely escape the taint of cynicism. It has been said that the great poem of Goethe presents the whole problem of modern life as no other book does, and the dictum, repeated in various forms by many authorities, is probably true:

> "When Goethe's death was told, we said—
> Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head,
> Physician of the Iron Age,
> Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear—
> And struck his finger on the place
> And said—*Thou ailest here, and here.*—
> He looked on Europe's dying hour
> Of fitful dream and feverish power;
> His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
> The turmoil of expiring life;
> He said—*The end is everywhere,*
> *Art still has truth,* take refuge there;
> And he was happy, if to know
> Causes of things, and far below
> His feet to see the lurid flow
> Of terror, and insane distress,
> And headlong fate, be happiness."

"Art still has truth, take refuge there." That is what the age has done, or tried to do, but not successfully or happily. Our "high-art" painting is sad and subdued; so are the colors we affect in dress and furniture. In spite of our love of burlesque—which can only in rare cases be a high form of humor—we do not find either in literature, or art, or society, the free, simple gayety that was once ours. Animal spirits are almost gone from us; we import them now from America, but only in small quantities. With this state of things comes the tendency to get the utmost possible enjoyment out of life as it is—in fact, the love of luxury; but this is accompanied with extreme fastidiousness, and the death's-head is visible behind the flowers of the banquet. No living writer has embodied all this with such exquisite skill as Mr. Matthew Arnold. When we read his "Scholar Gysy," his "Mycerinus," his "Obermann Once More," we find the secrets of "the modern malady," as it is termed, told in music the most original that this generation has heard. Undoubtedly the chief secret is the want of lifting power in religious faith; but we should

deceive ourselves if we attributed this to any merely intellectual causes. It is owing to some laws of action and reaction which we have not yet got at. The strong men have "the malady," as well as the weak. Victor Hugo is not free from it, nor was Mr. Mill. The only intelligent and cultivated persons who escape it are those who have a firm hold of religious dogma of some kind.

The difference between the simple, wholehearted, boyish sense of enjoyment which is diffused through the sketches of which Mr. Pickwick is the central figure, and the fastidious searching for pleasure in "artistic" forms, which is so familiar to us all, is obvious upon the surface. The art-spirit had not come into fashion when "Pickwick" was written, and people drank more than was good for them. The odor of rum is seldom out of those friendly familiar pages for long together. But the difference is much more than the difference between coarseness and elegance. It is not Bob Sawyer and milk-punch against Mr. Burne-Jones and Château-Yquem (will Mr. Burne-Jones excuse the reference?), nor between the loud hospitality of Manor Farm and the unceremonious refinement of a garden-party of yesterday; it is much more, and it is not easily to be defined, or even apprehended. But one thing is clear enough, "Pickwick" must take its place among the beneficent books that help to make life intelligible to us in days when we ask too many questions, and try in vain to put off the devouring sphinx with *ballades* and sad-colored pictures; and it is mainly through the essential beauty of the character of Mr. Pickwick that the book does us the good service we receive from it. Rascals, fools, malignant persons, and pompous sneaks get the better of him for a time, as they do of others, and we laugh at his way of showing fight just as we do at Don Quixote's. Mr. Pickwick's method of dealing with Dodson and Fogg was about as sensible as Don Quixote's procedure in behalf of the apprentice whose master he compelled to give up flogging him (till the Knight was out of sight, when the master, of course, laid on the scourge worse than ever), and we smile at his simplicity. But we love him for his goodness and faith, and we find that for his sake we do not quite hate the worst rascal in the book. The general result is the blessed and beautiful work of humor, the kindly leveler. Everybody is made more or less laughable; we feel that this picture of life is essentially true, and that Schopenhauer himself, if he had been present at old Weller's interview with his son's master at Dulwich, would have fallen in love with all there, and said with Paley, "It is a happy world, after all."

We have more than once called humor the great leveler, and it deserves its name, because, keeping among ordinary heights, it does its work more easily, more comfortably, for the majority of mankind than poetry, which adopts, or seems to adopt, the reverse method. Take, as an example, a few characteristic lines from Mr. Browning's poem of "Christmas Eve." The dreamer of that powerful though inconclusive poem has been in the lecture-room at Göttingen, and listened to the Professor's argument in favor of a purely humanitarian religion. But the dreamer sees that in this "exhausted air-bell of the critic" there is really no element at all which can sustain religious faith or energy:

> "The goodness—how did he acquire it?
> Was it self-gained, did God inspire it?
> Choose which; then tell me on what ground
> Should its possessor dare propound
> His claim to rise o'er us an inch.
>
> "A thousand poets pried at life,
> And only one amid the strife
> Rose to be Shakespeare! Each shall take
> His crown, I'd say, for the world's sake—
> Though some objected—'Had we seen
> The heart and head of each, what screen
> Was broken there to give them light,
> While in ourselves it shuts the sight,
> We should no more admire, perchance,
> That these found truth out at a glance,
> Than marvel how the bat discerns
> Some pitch-dark cavern's fifty turns,
> Led by a finer tact, a gift
> He boasts, which other birds must shift
> Without, and grope as best they can.'
>
> "No nearer Something by a jot
> Rise an infinity of Nothings
> Than one: take Euclid for your teacher!
> Distinguish kinds: do crownings, clothings,
> Make that Creator which was creature?
> Multiply gifts upon his head,
> And what, when all's done, shall be said,
> But the more gifted he, I ween!"

And the argument, addressed to the humanitarian, concludes thus:

> "Go on, you shall no more move my gravity,
> Than, when I see boys ride a-cockhorse,
> I find it in my heart to embarrass them
> By hinting that their stick's a mock horse,
> And they really carry what they say carries them."

This is the poetic or philosophic way of putting the case, and it is common with Mr. Browning—another illustration occurring in the song of Pippa—

> "All service is the same with God,
> Whose puppets, best and worst, are we."

But this may easily slide into Antinomianism, and, whether we take it in the shape in which it

is offered to us in Goethe's "Faust" or Bailey's "Festus," or in any other, it puts us in dread of a paradox, and the next step is naked Pantheism. Keeping, however, upon the lower levels, what, under shadow of any view of this kind, is to keep us from an uncomfortable approach to cynicism?

Many things may help us. Firm adherence to religious dogma may do it; and humor may do it. It is with the latter we are now concerned. Certain critics of humor as a moral agent (from the Shelley or Sydney Smith point of view) have not, perhaps, borne in mind that there must be, at the bottom of it, an intense enjoying power which has the element of faith in it, and something, too, of another element—namely, love; the latter being, if you please, the clay out of which, when the furnace has done its work, comes the high divine grace of charity. Hence, when the worst is said against men like Fielding and Sterne, our hearts continue to warm to them. We are not *finally* repelled even by their worst grossness, because we see, by a true instinct, that the element of kindly sympathy—*kindly* in the old strict sense—is after all uppermost; that so much laughter implies enjoyment of life; and that life can not be enjoyed without faith in its value and purposes. Perhaps, the most delightful examples of the function of humor, as a kindly leveler, are to be found in Charles Lamb. Some of his little speeches are typical. For instance, "Do you mean to say, sir, that a thief is not an honest man?" Or that other one, not so good in one way but better in another—his reply, when he was asked how he could bear to sit with some improper person: "Sir, I will sit with any one but a hen." This kind of thing may easily degrade to "miry clay"; but it may be "fine clay" also, and it may be wrought into vessels for which no wine of life is too sacred. It may certainly go to teach us humility; and there is no book of similar pretensions so admirably sure to knock the conceit out of a sensitive reader as "Pickwick." One would hardly go to "Faust" for *that* lesson. But there is something pathetic in the apology at the close of "Pickwick" for the triviality of some parts of the book. It is inartistic; but it shows that Mr. Dickens felt that, though his hero was laughable, he was fit for something else than to be laughed at.

MATTHEW BROWNE (*Contemporary Review*).

STORY-TELLING.

THE most popular of English authors has given us an account of what within his experience (and it was a large one) was the impression among the public at large of the manner in which his work was done. They pictured him, he says—

"as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime; who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity beyond all measure to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds, enter into such a career . . . correction and recorrection in the blotted manuscript; consideration; new observations; the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose; and the patient separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it—these would be unicorns and griffins to them—fables altogether."

And as it was, a quarter of a century ago, when those words were written, so it is now: the phrase of "light literature" as applied to fiction having once been invented has stuck with a vengeance to those who profess it.

Yet to "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" is not (though it may seem to be the same thing) so easy as lying.

Among a host of letters received in connection with an article published in "The Nineteenth Century" in December last ("The Literary Calling and its Future"), and which testify in a remarkable manner to the pressing need (therein alluded to) of some remunerative vocation among the so-called educated classes, there are many which are obviously written under the impression that Dogberry's view of writing coming "by nature" is especially true of the writing of fiction. Because I ventured to hint that the study of Greek was not essential to the calling of a story-teller, or of a contributor to the periodicals, or even of a journalist, these gentlemen seem to jump to the conclusion that the less they know of anything the better. Nay, some of them, discarding all theories (in the fashion that Mr. Carlyle's heroes are wont to discard all formulas), proceed to the practical with quite an indecent rapidity; they treat my modest hints for their

instruction as so much verbiage, and myself as a mere convenient channel for the publication of their lucubrations. "You talk of a genuine literary talent being always appreciated by editors," they write (if not in so many words, by implication); "well, here is an admirable specimen of it (inclosed), and if your remarks are worth a farthing you will get it published for us, somewhere or another, *instanter*, and hand us over the check for it."

Nor are even these the most unreasonable of my correspondents; for a few, with many acknowledgments for my kindness in having provided a lucrative profession for them, announce their intention of throwing up their present less congenial callings, and coming up to London (one very literally from the Land's End) to live upon it, or, that failing (as there is considerable reason to expect it will), upon *me*.

With some of these correspondents, however, it is impossible (independent of their needs) not to feel an earnest sympathy; they have evidently not only aspirations, but considerable mental gifts, though these have unhappily been cultivated to such little purpose for the object they have in view that they might almost as well have been left untilled. In spite of what I ventured to urge respecting the advantage of knowing "science, history, politics, English literature, and the art of composition," they "don't see why" they shouldn't get on without them. Especially with those who aspire to write fiction (which, by its intrinsic attractiveness no less than by the promise it affords of golden grain, tempts the majority), it is quite pitiful to note how they cling to that notion of "the corn-sieve," and can not be persuaded that story-telling requires an apprenticeship like any other calling. They flatter themselves that they can weave plots as the spider spins his thread from (what let us delicately term) his inner consciousness, and fondly hope that intuition will supply the place of experience. Some of them, with a simplicity that recalls the days of Dick Whittington, think that coming up to London is the essential step to this line of business, as though the provinces contained no fellow creatures worthy to be depicted by their pen, or as though, in the metropolis, society would at once exhibit itself to them without concealment, as fashionable beauties bare themselves to the photographers.

This is, of course, the laughable side of the affair, but, to me at least, it has also a serious one; for, to my considerable embarrassment and distress, I find that my well-meaning attempt to point out the advantages of literature as a profession has received a much too free translation, and implanted in many minds hopes that are not only sanguine but Utopian.

For what was written in the essay alluded to I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I told no more than the truth. Nor does the unsettlement of certain young gentlemen's futures (since by their own showing they were to the last degree unstable to begin with) affect me so much as their parents and guardians appear to expect; but I am sorry to have shaken, however undesignedly, the "pillars of domestic peace" in any case, and desirous to make all the reparation in my power. I regret most heartily that I am unable to place all literary aspirants in places of emolument and permanency out of hand; but really (with the exception, perhaps, of the Universal Provider in Westbourne Grove) this is hardly to be expected of any man. The gentleman who raised the devil, and was compelled to furnish occupation for him, affords in fact the only appropriate parallel to my unhappy case. "If you can do nothing to provide my son with another place," writes one indignant *paterfamilias*, "at least you owe it to him" (as if I, and not Nature herself, had made the lad dissatisfied with his high stool in a solicitor's office!) "to give him some practical hints by which he may become a successful writer of fiction."

One would really think that this individual imagined story-telling to be a sort of sleight-of-hand trick, and that all that is necessary to the attainment of the art is to learn "how it's done." I should not like to say that I have known any members of my own profession who are "no conjurers," but it is certainly not by conjuring that they have succeeded in it.

"You talk of the art of composition," writes, on the other hand, another angry correspondent, "as though it were one of the exact sciences; you might just as well advise your 'clever Jack' to study the art of playing the violin." So that one portion of the public appears to consider the calling of literature mechanical, while another holds it to be a sort of divine instinct!

Since the interest in this subject proves to be so widespread, I trust it will not be thought presumptuous in me to offer my own humble experience in this matter for what it is worth. To the public at large a card of admission to my poor manufactory of fiction—a "very one-horse affair," as an American gentleman, with whom I had a little difficulty concerning copyright, once described it—may not afford the same satisfaction as a ticket for the private view of the Royal Academy; but the stings of conscience urge me to make to *paterfamilias* what amends in the way of "practical hints" lie in my power, for the wrong I have done to his offspring; and I therefore venture to address to those whom it may concern, and to those only, a few words on the Art of Story-telling.

The chief essential for this line of business, yet one that is much disregarded by many young writers, is the having a story to tell. It is a common supposition that the story will come if you only sit down with a pen in your hand and wait long enough—a parallel case to that which assigns one cow's tail as the measure of distance between this planet and the moon. It is no use "throwing off" a few brilliant ideas at the commencement, if they are only to be "passages that lead to nothing"; you must have distinctly in your mind at first what you intend to say at last. "Let it be granted," says a great writer (though not one distinguished in fiction), "that a straight line be drawn from any one point to any other point"; only you must have the "other point" to begin with, or you can't draw the line. So far from being "straight," it goes wabbling aimlessly about like a wire fastened at one end and not at the other, which may dazzle, but can not sustain; or rather what it does sustain is so exceedingly minute that it reminds one of the minnow which the inexperienced angler flatters himself he has caught, but which the fisherman has, in fact, put on the hook for bait.

This class of writer is not altogether unconscious of the absence of dramatic interest in his composition. He writes to his editor (I have read a thousand such letters): "It has been my aim, in the inclosed contribution, to steer clear of the faults of the sensational school of fiction, and I have designedly abstained from stimulating the unwholesome taste for excitement." In which high moral purpose he has undoubtedly succeeded; but, unhappily, in nothing else. It is quite true that some writers of fiction neglect "story" almost entirely, but then they are perhaps the greatest writers of all. Their genius is so transcendent that they can afford to dispense with "plot"; their humor, their pathos, and their delineation of human nature are amply sufficient, without any such meretricious attraction; whereas our too ambitious young friend is in the position of the needy knife-grinder, who has not only no story to tell, but in lieu of it only holds up his coat and breeches "torn in the scuffle"—the evidence of his desperate and ineffectual struggles with literary composition. I have known such an aspirant to instance Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" as a parallel to the backboneless, flesh- and bloodless creation of his own immature fancy, and to recommend the acceptance of the latter upon the ground of their common rejection of startling plot and dramatic situation. The two compositions have certainly *that* in common; and the flawless diamond has some things, such as mere sharpness and smoothness, in common with the broken beer-bottle.

Many young authors of the class I have in my mind, while more modest as respects their own merits, are even still less so as regards their expectations from others. "If you will kindly furnish me with a subject," so runs a letter now before me, "I am sure I could do very well; my difficulty is that I never can think of anything to write about. Would you be so good as to oblige me with a plot for a novel?" It would have been infinitely more reasonable, of course, and much cheaper, for me to grant it, if the applicant had made a request for my watch and chain;* but the marvel is, that folks should feel any attraction toward a calling for which Nature has denied them even the raw materials. It is true that there are some great talkers who have manifestly nothing to say, but they don't ask their hearers to supply them with a topic of conversation in order to be set agoing.

"My great difficulty," the would-be writer of fiction often says, "is how to begin"; whereas in fact the difficulty arises rather from his not knowing how to end. Before undertaking the management of a train, however short, it is absolutely necessary to know its destination. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that an author "does not know where to stop"; but how much more deplorable is the position of the passengers when there is no terminus whatsoever! They feel their carriage "slowing," and put their heads expectantly out of window, but there is no platform—no station. When they took their tickets, they understood that they were "booked through" to the *dénouement*, and certainly had no idea of having been brought so far merely to admire the scenery, for which only a few care the least about.

As a rule, any one who can tell a good story can write one, so there really need be no mistake about his qualification; such a man will be careful not to be wearisome, and to keep his point, or his catastrophe, well in hand. Only, in writing, of course, there is greater art. *There* expansion is, of course, absolutely necessary; but this is not to be done, like spreading gold-leaf, by flattening out good material. That is "padding," a device as dangerous as it is unworthy; it is much better to make your story a pollard—to cut it down to a mere anecdote—than to get it lost in a forest of verbiage. No line of it, however seemingly discursive, should be aimless, but should have some relation to the matter in hand; and if you find the story interesting to yourself,

* To compare small things with great, I remember Sir Walter Scott being thus applied to for some philanthropic object: "Money," said the applicant, who had some part proprietorship in a literary miscellany, "I don't ask for, since I know you have many claims upon your purse; but would you write us a little paper gratuitously for the 'Keepsake'?"

notwithstanding that you know the end of it, it will certainly interest the reader.

The manner in which a good story grows under the hand is so remarkable that no tropic vegetation can show the like of it. For, consider, when you have got your germ—the mere idea, not half a dozen lines, perhaps—which is to form your plot, how small a thing it is compared with, say, the thousand pages which it has to occupy in the three-volume novel! Yet to the story-teller the germ is everything. When I was a very young man—a quarter of a century ago, alas!—and had very little experience in these matters, I was reading on a coach-box (for I read everywhere in those days) an account of some gigantic trees; one of them was described as sound outside, but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. If a boy should climb up birdsnesting into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first and hands overhead, and never be heard of again. How inexplicable too, as well as melancholy, such a disappearance would be! Then, "as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek," it struck me what an appropriate end it would be—with fear (lest he should turn up again) instead of hope for the fulcrum to move the reader—for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box I had thought out "Lost Sir Massingberd."

The character was drawn from life, but unfortunately from hearsay; he had flourished—to the great terror of his neighbors—two generations before me, so that I had to be indebted to others for his portraiture, which was a great disadvantage. It was necessary that the lost man should be an immense scoundrel to prevent pity being excited by the catastrophe, and at that time I did not know any very wicked people. The book was a successful one, but it needs no critic to point out how much better the story might have been told. The interest in the gentleman, buried upright in his oak coffin, is inartistically weakened by other sources of excitement; like an extravagant cook, the young author is apt to be too lavish with his materials, and in after-days, when the larder is more difficult to fill, he bitterly regrets it. The representation of a past time I also found it very difficult to compass, and I am convinced that for any writer to attempt such a thing, when he can avoid it, is an error in judgment. The author who undertakes to resuscitate and clothe with flesh and blood the dry bones of his ancestors has indeed this advantage, that, however unlifelike his characters may be, there is no one in a position to prove it; it is not "a difference of opinion between himself and twelve of his fellow countrymen," or a matter on which he can be condemned by overwhelming evidence; but, on the other hand, he creates for himself unnecessary difficulties. I will add, for the benefit of those literary aspirants to whom these remarks are especially addressed—a circumstance which, I hope, will be taken as an excuse for the writing of my own affairs at all, which would otherwise be an unpardonable presumption—that these difficulties are not the worst of it; for, when the novel founded on the past has been written, it will not be read by a tenth of those who would read it if it were a novel of the present.

Even at the date I speak of, however, I was not so young as to attempt to create the characters of a story out of my own imagination, and I believe that the whole of its *dramatis personæ* (except the chief personage) were taken from the circle of my own acquaintance. This is a matter, by the by, on which considerable judgment and good taste have to be exercised; for if the likeness of the person depicted is recognizable by his friends (he never recognizes it by any chance himself), or still more by his enemies, it is no longer a sketch from life, but a lampoon. It will naturally be asked by some, "But, if you draw the man to the life, how can he fail to be known?" For this there is the simplest remedy. You describe his character, but under another skin; if he is tall you make him short, if dark, fair; or you make such alterations in his circumstances as shall prevent identification, while retaining them to a sufficient extent to influence his behavior. In the framework which most (though not all) skilled workmen draw of their stories before they begin to furnish them with so much even as a door-mat, the real name of each individual to be described should be placed (as a mere aid to memory) by the side of that under which he appears in the drama; and I would strongly recommend the builder to write his real names in cipher; for I have known at least one instance in which the entire list of the *dramatis personæ* of a novel was carried off by a person more curious than conscientious, and afterward revealed to those concerned—a circumstance which, though it increased the circulation of the story, did not add to the personal popularity of the author.

If a story-teller is prolific, the danger of his characters coinciding with those of people in real life who are unknown to him is much greater than would be imagined; the mere similarity of name may of course be disregarded; but, when in addition to that there is also a resemblance of circumstance, it is difficult to persuade the man of flesh and blood that his portrait is an undesigned one. The author of "Vanity Fair" fell, in at least one instance, into a most unfortunate mistake of this kind; while a not less popular

author even gave his hero the same name and place in the ministry which were (subsequently) possessed by a living politician.

It is better, however, for his own reputation, that the story-teller should risk a few actions for libel on account of these unfortunate coincidences than that he should adopt the melancholy device of using blanks or asterisks. With the minor novelists of a quarter of a century ago it was quite common to introduce their characters as Mr. A and Mr. B, and very difficult their readers found it to interest themselves in the fortunes and misfortunes of an initial:

"It was in the summer of the year 18—, and the sun was setting behind the low western hills beneath which stands the town of C; its dying gleams glistened on the weathercock of the little church, beneath whose tower two figures were standing, so deep in shadow that little more could be made out concerning them save that they were young persons of the opposite sex. The elder and taller, however, was the fascinating Lord B; the younger (presenting a strong contrast to her companion in social position, but yet belonging to the true nobility of nature) was no other than the beautiful Patty G, the cobbler's daughter."

This style of narrative should be avoided.

Another difficulty of the story-teller, and one unhappily in which no advice can be of much service to him, is how to describe the lapse of time and of locomotion. To the dramatist nothing is easier than to print in the middle of his play-bill, "Forty years are here supposed to have elapsed"; or, "Scene I: A drawing-room in Mayfair; Scene II: Greenland." But the story-teller has to describe how these little changes are effected, without being able to take his readers into his confidence.* He can't say, "Gentle reader, please to imagine that the winter is over, and the summer has come round since the conclusion of our last chapter." Curiously enough, however, the lapse of years is far easier to suggest than that of hours; and locomotion from Islington to India than the act, for instance, of leaving the room. If passion enters into the scene, and your heroine can be represented as banging the door behind her, and bringing down the plaster from the ceiling, the thing is easy enough, and may be even made a dramatic incident; but to describe, without baldness, Jones rising from the tea-table and taking his departure in cold blood is a much more difficult business than you may imagine. When John, the footman, has to enter and interrupt a conversation on the stage, the audience see him come and go, and think nothing of it; but to inform the reader of your novel of a similar incident—and especially of John's going—without spoiling the whole scene by the introduction of the commonplace, requires (let me tell you) the touch of a master.

When you have got the outline of your plot, and the characters that seem appropriate to play in it, you turn to that so-called "commonplace-book," in which, if you know your trade, you will have set down anything noteworthy and illustrative of human nature that has come under your notice, and single out such instances as are most fitting; and finally you will select your scene (or the opening one) in which your drama is to be played. And here I may say that, while it is indispensable that the persons represented should be familiar to you, it is not necessary that the places should be; you should have visited them, of course, in person, but it is my experience that for a description of the salient features of any locality the less you stay there the better. The man who has lived in Switzerland all his life can never describe it (to the outsider) so graphically as the (intelligent) tourist; just as the man who has science at his fingers' ends does not succeed, so well as the man with whom science has not yet become second nature, in making an abstruse subject popular.

Nor is it to be supposed that a story with very accurate local coloring can not be written, the scenes of which are placed in a country which the writer has never beheld. This requires, of course, both study and judgment, but it can be done so as to deceive, if not the native, at least the Englishman who has himself resided there. I never yet knew an Australian who could be persuaded that the author of "Never Too Late to Mend" had not visited the underworld, or a sailor that he who wrote "Hard Cash" had never been to sea. The fact is, information, concerning which dull folks make so much fuss, can be attained by anybody who chooses to spend his time that way; and by persons of intelligence (who are not so solicitous to know how blacking is made) can be turned, in a manner not dreamed of by cram-coaches, to really good account.

The general impression perhaps conveyed by the above remarks will be that to those who go to work in the manner described—for many writers of course have quite other processes—story-telling must be a mechanical trade. Yet nothing can be further from the fact. These preliminary arrangements have the effect of so steeping the mind in the subject in hand that, when the author begins his work, he is already in a world

* That last, indeed, is a thing which, with all deference to some great names in fiction, should, in my judgment, never be done. It is hard enough for him, as it is, to simulate real life, without the poor showman's reaching out from behind the curtain to shake hands with his audience.

apart from his every-day one; the characters of his story people it; and the events that occur to them are as material, so far as the writer is concerned, as though they happened under his roof. Indeed, it is a question for the metaphysician whether the professional story-teller has not a shorter lease of life than his fellow creatures, since, in addition to his hours of sleep (of which he ought by rights to have much more than the usual proportion), he passes a large part of his sentient being outside the pale of ordinary existence. The reference to sleep "by rights" may possibly suggest to the profane that the story-teller has a claim to it on the ground of having induced slumber in his fellow creatures; but my meaning is that the mental wear and tear caused by work of this kind is infinitely greater than that produced by mere application even to abstruse studies (as any doctor will witness), and requires a proportionate degree of recuperation.

I do not pretend to quote the experience (any more than the mode of composition) of other writers—though with that of most of my brethren and superiors in the craft I am well acquainted—but I am convinced that to work the brain at night in the way of imagination is little short of an act of suicide. Dr. Treichler's recent warnings upon this subject are startling enough, even as addressed to students, but in their application to poets and novelists they have far greater significance. It may be said that journalists (whose writings, it is whispered, have a close connection with fiction) always write in the "small hours," but their mode of life is more or less shaped to meet their exceptional requirements; whereas we story-tellers live like other people (only more purely), and, if we consume the midnight oil, use perforce another system of illumination also—we burn the candle at both ends. A great novelist who adopted this baneful practice and indirectly lost his life by it (through insomnia) notes what is very curious, that, notwithstanding his mind was so occupied, when awake, with the creatures of his imagination, he never dreamed of them; which I think is also the general experience. But he does not tell us for how many hours *before* he went to sleep, and tossed upon his sleepless pillow till far into the morning, he was unable to get rid of those whom his enchanter's wand had summoned.* What is even more curious than the story-teller's never dreaming of the shadowy beings who engross so much of his thoughts is, that (so far as my own experience goes at least) when a story is once written and done with, no matter how forcibly it may have interested and excited the writer during its progress, it fades almost instantly from the mind, and leaves, by some benevolent arrangement of Nature, a *tabula rasa*—a blank space for the next one. Every one must recollect that anecdote of Walter Scott, who, on hearing one of his own poems ("My Hawk is tired of Perch and Hood") sung in a London drawing-room, observed with innocent approbation, "Byron's, of course"; and so it is with us lesser folks. A very humorous sketch might be given (and it would not be overdrawn) of some prolific novelist getting hold, under some strange roof, of the "library edition" of his own stories, and perusing them with great satisfaction and many appreciative ejaculations, such as "Now this *is* good"; "I wonder how it will end"; or "George Eliot's, *of course*."

Although a good allowance of sleep is absolutely necessary for imaginative brain-work, long holidays are not so. I have noticed that those who let their brains "lie fallow," as it is termed, for any considerable time, are by no means the better for it; but, on the other hand, some daily recreation, by which a genuine interest is excited and maintained, is almost indispensable. It is no use to "take up a book," and far less to attempt "to refresh the machine," as poor Sir Walter did, by trying another kind of composition; what is needed is an altogether new object for the intellectual energies, by which, though they are stimulated, they shall not be strained.

Advice such as I have ventured to offer may seem "to the general" of small importance, but to those I am especially addressing it is worthy of their attention, if only as the result of a personal experience unusually prolonged; and I have nothing, unfortunately, but advice to offer. To the question addressed to me with such *naïveté* by so many correspondents, "How do you make your plots?" (as if they were consulting "The Cook's Oracle"), I can return no answer. I don't know, myself; they are sometimes suggested by what I hear or read, but more commonly they suggest themselves unsought. I once heard two popular story-tellers—A, who writes seldom, but with much ingenuity of construction, and B, who is very prolific in pictures of every-day life—discoursing on this subject.

"Your fecundity," said A, "astounds me; I can't think where you get your plots from."

"Plots?" replied B; "oh! I don't trouble myself about *them*. To tell you the truth, I generally take a bit of one of yours, which is amply sufficient for my purpose."

This was very wrong of B; and it is needless

* Speaking of dreams, the composition of "Kubla Khan" and of one or two other literary fragments during sleep has led to the belief that dreams are often useful to the writer of fiction; but in my own case at least I can recall but a single instance of it, nor have I ever heard of their doing one pennyworth of good to any of my contemporaries.

to say I do not quote his system for imitation. A man should tell his own story without plagiarism. As to truth being stranger than fiction, that is all nonsense; it is a proverb set about by Nature to conceal her own want of originality. I am not like that pessimist philosopher who assumed her malignity from the fact of the obliquity of the ecliptic; but the truth is, Nature is a pirate. She has not hesitated to plagiarize from even so humble an individual as myself. Years after I had placed my wicked baronet in his living tomb, she starved to death a hunter in Mexico under precisely similar circumstances; and so late as last month she has done the same in a forest in Styria. Nay, on my having found occasion in a certain story ("a small thing, but my own") to get rid of the whole wicked population of an island by suddenly submerging it in the sea, what did Nature do? She waited for an insultingly short time, in order that the story should be forgotten, and then reproduced the same circumstances on her own account (and without the least acknowledgment) in the Indian seas. My attention was drawn to both these breaches of copyright by several correspondents, but I had no redress, the offender being beyond the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

When the story-teller has finished his task and surmounted every obstacle to his own satisfaction, he has still a difficulty to face in the choice of a title. He may invent, indeed, an eminently appropriate one, but it is by no means certain he will be allowed to keep it. Of course, he has done his best to steer clear of that borne by any other novel; but among the thousands that have been brought out within the last forty years, and which have been forgotten even if they were ever known, how can he know whether the same name has not been hit upon? He goes to Stationers' Hall to make inquiries; but—mark the usefulness of that institution—he finds that books are only entered there under their authors' names. His search is therefore necessarily futile, and he has to publish his story under the apprehension (only too well founded, as I have good cause to know) that the High Court of Chancery will prohibit its sale upon the ground of infringement of title.

JAMES PAYN (*Nineteenth Century*).

LAZY BEPPO.

A SKETCH.

AMONG the active and industrious people of Capri, young Beppo was looked upon as being the very embodiment of everything that is lazy and worthless. It was, in fact, utterly impossible to do anything with him. His parents had tried in various ways to make him work as other young men of his class were wont to do, but all in vain. He might have been serviceable in the olive-groves and the vineyards; he had been sent out on the sea with the fishermen; he had been set at carrying stone, like the young women; but everywhere, after a few days, he had been discharged on account of his unparalleled laziness.

"*E una bestia!*"

This was the universal verdict; from this opinion there was not one to dissent, and so generally was Master Beppo known as a *bestia* that no one could be found who would give him a hand's turn to do, which was a circumstance that fell far short of giving him a moment's uneasiness.

His indigent parents were to be commiserated; they were compelled to yield a place at the meagerly supplied family-table to the drone, because he unfortunately was of their blood and bone; which, however, did not suffice to give him any consideration even at home, for under the paternal roof as well as elsewhere he was only "*una bestia*."

Beppo himself had long since been convinced of the justice of this reproach; in fact, felt that he was, in some measure, justified in founding his claim to existence upon the title, for it was associated with the earliest recollections of his childhood. He distinctly remembered how, on the occasion of his having been found guilty of some offense, his father, after having administered a goodly number of energetic stripes to his bare back, had added the sententious expression, "*Sei una bestia!*"

Perhaps his recollection was sharpened by the extreme satisfaction one always feels at the cessation of what is hard to bear. Even now, when he felt himself unusually happy, it seemed to him as though an invisible voice cried out to him in a kindly tone, "*Sei una bestia!*" He remembered further how, after he heard the word *bestia* for the first time, he wandered about, looking at the various beasts he found in

town and field, wondering which of them all he was accused of being most like.

Now, as on the island of Capri there were almost no beasts of burden, such as horses, donkeys, and oxen, the animals he found on his tours of observation were of the more favored sort, such as cats, dogs, hogs, and the like, that one and all led gay and careless lives, and yet were kindly cared for by their owners, who had never a word of reproach to make them for their idleness, but seemed rather to encourage them in the course they pursued, until finally many of them by their end proved that, despite their idleness, they had lived to some purpose.

So Beppo argued in his simplicity that the significance of the nickname "*La Bestia*" was in no wise opprobrious, and as a consequence he accepted it in good part from whomsoever saw fit to designate him by it, narrowing his ambition to the limits it defined for him.

Lazy Beppo lay in the sun on the broad *marina* and seemed to be asleep, though he was not. He was indulging in one of his day-dreams with his eyes half open. It was contrary to his habit to sleep during the day, for the simple reason that by sleeping he would deprive himself of the pleasure of feeling that there is no enjoyment like that of the idler.

Occasionally he glanced benignly toward a small steamer that approached, puffing and blowing, and inwardly congratulated himself on not being compelled to exert himself as the poor, groaning engine did. The steamer discharged her passengers, and about the boats that brought them ashore there gathered a crowd of boys, girls, and men, crying and pulling and elbowing one another, so that they presented the appearance of a lot of evil-minded persons who had designs on the lives and goods of the arriving strangers, though their object really was to earn a few honest *bajocchi* by serving as guides or by carrying luggage.

Beppo silently watched the spectacle before him, remaining at his place on the soft sand without moving, except to raise his head and support his chin on his hands.

The greater part of the travelers, bewildered by the noise and confusion around them, confided their packages to the first assailant. But there was a young and stylish married couple among them who did not seem to be at all edified by the turmoil. They fought their way bravely through the crowd, keeping possession of their satchels despite every importunity to intrust them to other hands. In this way they came where our youthful philosopher lay stretched out on the sand. The contrast the picture presented and the strife and struggling they had just passed through seemed to interest them; they approached the youth and stopped to look at him, and he, in no wise disconcerted, gave them unmoved gaze for gaze.

"He seems to be a genuine lazy-bones, at all events," said the gentleman, a little piqued by Beppo's independent air. The handsome young blonde by his side, however, was disposed to be better natured. With a nod and a smile she asked in tolerable Italian:

"Won't you carry our satchels up to our hotel for us, please?"

The reply to the suggestion was an admiring glance from Beppo's big brown eyes, which so excited the lady's interest in him that she determined he should perform the trifling service for them in order that she might have an opportunity to learn more of what, in his way, seemed a character. Beppo's first impulse was to refuse, but, either because he felt flattered by the respectful manner in which the lady proffered her request, or because he was fascinated by her beauty, he changed his mind and decided to undertake the task. He arose from the sand with a certain dignified deliberation which seemed to say, "If I accede to your request, I shall at least take my time about it"; but when he glanced at the two satchels a melancholy expression came over his finely-chiseled features as though, upon reflection, he already regretted having pledged himself to undertake so Herculean a task. But a kindly look from the lady gave him the courage to make the trial.

The weight of the two satchels was certainly not half what he could easily have carried, still he made such hard work of it that the gentleman, had he not been prevented by his fair companion, would have soundly berated him. He was so slow that they were far behind all their fellow travelers who, like themselves, had chosen the Hotel Pagano as their stopping-place. Still, if they were longer on the way than the others, they had probably more enjoyed the lovely views of the route, to which Beppo kept continually calling their attention, proving thereby that, if he had an aversion to taxing his muscles, he had none to keeping his eyes open to the beauties of nature.

Arrived at the hotel, and before the travelers could reward Master Beppo for his unwonted exertion, and let him go his way, he gave them additional evidence that his lazy body was animated by a thoughtful and sympathetic soul. On the way from the *marina*, despite the attention he had given to the various landscapes that presented themselves, he had found time to closely observe the youthful pair he was temporarily serving, and had arrived at the conviction that they were unusually happy and wonderfully fond of each other. As evidence that this was the

conclusion he had come to, he turned to the lady, after putting down the satchels, and asked with the utmost *bonhomie:*

"La signora is very happy, is she not?"

"Why, of course I am happy; why shouldn't I be?" she replied, laughing heartily, the gentleman joining her.

"Because your *signor marito* is very rich, I suppose?" continued Beppo.

Now they both laughed more heartily than before. Beppo did not feel at all offended at being laughed at, but fixed his big, handsome eyes on the joyous young lady and patiently waited. Why should he not be laughed at, he—*una bestia?*

Finally, the lady replied to him, and this time in a somewhat more serious tone than before: "Oh, no, there you are very much in error; if that were the cause of my happiness, it would fall far short of being what it is. My husband is not at all rich, quite the contrary in fact. All he has and all he gives me he earns from year to year by his industry and attention to business. No, it is because I love him and he loves me that I am to-day the happiest wife in all your beautiful Italy." And she leaned lovingly on her husband's shoulder, while he pressed her delicate white hand to his lips in response to a confession he had heard a good thousand times before.

"Give him an extra franc, he is so droll," she whispered, and the good-natured husband rewarded Beppo as richly as he would have deserved had there been any excuse for the ado he had made in rendering the trifling service. And he, in his simplicity, never suspected that the money he received was rather for the amusement he had afforded than for the Herculean task he had performed.

After the travelers had disappeared in the hotel, Beppo remained for some time standing before the door. He seemed more than ordinarily thoughtful. Was it the statement of the young wife that all they had—and they seemed to be well provided—was the reward of industry and attention to some calling, or was it the love the young couple evinced for each other that had impressed him so deeply and was at the bottom of his reflective mood? This would have been no easy question to answer, if he had not suddenly given his thoughts breath and exclaimed:

"If my poor sister Concetta could only be as happy as she!"

With the utterance of this fraternal wish, he turned toward home, which was distant only a few minutes' walk.

It was a dingy little house, in a narrow, out-of-the-way street, in which his people lived. His mother and sister were busy spinning when he entered. Both were as much amazed as pleased at the little sum of money Beppo produced, and immediately added it to the general store.

But their cheerfulness was not of long duration. In a few minutes the tears began to fall rapidly from Concetta's dark, lustrous eyes on her flax, and Beppo, on inquiring into the cause, learned that her lover, Giuliano, had just been there with the intelligence that his hard, miserly father still persisted in refusing to give his consent to his son's marriage with a girl who brought no dowry.

That grieved Beppo to the heart, for he was very fond of his sister; indeed, he cared more for her than for any one else, not even excepting his parents. Not that she treated him any better, or seemed to care more for him than the other members of the family; but she was so handsome and graceful and light-hearted, except when something occurred to temporarily cloud her horizon, as, for example, the refusal of her Giuliano's Harpagon of a father to accept her as his daughter-in-law. There was nothing Beppo enjoyed more than to see her busy at her spinning-wheel, humming the while little snatches of familiar love-songs. Beppo was very proud as well as fond of Concetta; and how just he, *una bestia*, chanced to have such a lovely sister, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, was an enigma he could never solve.

And it was a conviction he had long since arrived at that so beautiful and sunny a creature was born to make the journey through life without encountering the ills and being burdened with the cares that fall to the lot of the less favored. Never had Beppo sympathized so deeply with Concetta as to-day, on account of his having the picture of happiness afforded by the two travelers so fresh in his memory. And, as he compared the lovely, blue-eyed stranger with his dark, lustrous-eyed sister, he was sure he did not err in thinking Concetta was the more beautiful of the two, and hence, according to his philosophy, ought to be the happier.

After a while the father came home, the bearer of sad news:

"The post-packet has arrived," said he, "and brings word that my sister in Naples is dead. One of us must go over there to see about her effects; we are the only relations she had. She can't have left much, but even a few scudi we shall be glad to get, especially as we have a drone in the house to feed; and then it's only proper that some one of us should be at the funeral."

Beppo, as usual, paid no attention to this side-thrust, but Concetta felt that in judicial fairness it was her duty, this time at least, to defend him.

"So, so!" cried the father. "He is beginning to bring home money, is he? Well, we'll give him an opportunity to practice the art without taxing his muscles, which, if I know him, will be much more to his taste than carrying travelers' luggage.—Beppo, you will go over to Naples to-morrow, by the packet, attend the funeral services, and bring home whatever of value your aunt may have left behind her. Do you hear?"

Beppo had heard, and intimated that he was quite willing to yield obedience to the paternal command. In fact, the mission was most agreeable to him: he looked upon it as a pleasure-trip, and rightly argued that it would add something to his knowledge of the world. And yet, soon afterward, he seemed to have fallen into a train of thought that—much to the surprise of them all, he was usually so phlegmatic—exercised him greatly. Was it the importance of the mission he was to set out on the next day, or was it the obstacle Giuliano and Concetta had to contend with, that occupied him; or was it, perchance, something else—reflections, possibly, that were suggested by his adventure with the two travelers? Certain it is that he was restless, a prey to some inward commotion, for that night he was heard to groan and mutter as we are wont to do when we have something on our minds that will not allow us to sleep soundly. Nevertheless, he arose betimes the next morning, and, to all appearance, in the best possible frame of mind. He might have suggested the philosopher who has succeeded in arriving at a satisfactory solution of a problem that has taxed all his powers of thought. He set out on his journey as joyously as he could have done had it been his own wedding he was going to instead of the funeral of a near relation.

But, when the time arrived for him to return, he did not come. The Naples packet had made four or five trips, and not only did the absent Beppo not appear, but there were no tidings from him.

Meanwhile the whole village was thrown into a state of excitement by an occurrence the like of which had not till then been known in the history of Capri.

Giuliano, Concetta's lover, one morning burst unceremoniously into the house of his lady-love, with the startling intelligence that in the night his father had been robbed in a most unaccountable manner of all his money.

The old man, after the fashion of the indigenous miser, kept nearly his whole possessions, in gold and bank-notes, in a little box that stood under his bed, and this box had now disappeared, with its entire contents. The old Harpagon, in one night, therefore, had become a comparatively poor man, for the portion of his wealth that was productive was small. True, by the loss of this dead, unproductive capital, he was not really any the poorer, but this was a view of the case his philosophy was not prepared to take. Nor did Giuliano seem any more inclined to look upon the occurrence in this light than his money-loving father; it is not pleasant to be suddenly forced to exchange the position of heir to a considerable fortune for that of a poor man's son, even though wealth thus far has been a hindrance rather than an aid in attaining one's ends.

With the neighborhood, the authorities also were awakened from their wonted lethargy, and with praiseworthy zeal they considered every circumstance that could possibly throw any light on the case. But they discovered nothing beyond the simple facts that the thief must have entered the house either at the door or at the window, and with cat-like stealth have possessed himself of his booty. As to who the thief was, whence he came, or whither he had gone, no one had a plausible theory.

Fortunately, public attention was soon diverted from a subject to which it seemed useless for it to be turned, by another event of equal import and of a more pleasing character. Beppo returned, bringing a very considerable sum of money—a small fortune, in fact. He stated that the Neapolitan aunt, in her later years, according to universal report, had been exceedingly miserly, and that, when they came to examine her effects, it was discovered that she had amassed a sum of which no one had the least suspicion.

The general joy was great, and the poor aunt, like many another, never did half as much in all her life to commend herself to her relations as she did by thus opportunely taking leave of the flesh. And the whole town, it is safe to assert, was far more rejoiced to see the poor laborer thus suddenly enriched than it had been grieved to see the rich old miser suddenly impoverished.

Beppo heard the news of the great robbery with that phlegmatic indifference which became his philosophy; he, however, made a suggestion which excited general admiration for its magnanimity. It was that, as Concetta was now the daughter of a well-to-do man, while her lover was the son of a poor one, and that, as a consequence, the objections which had heretofore been urged against their union no longer existed, they be united at once. True, Concetta's mother intimated that it was very doubtful whether she and her husband, under existing circumstances, would condescend to give their beautiful, well-dowered daughter to a young man who was now not only poor, but had no expectations; but when Concetta swore by all the saints in the calendar that she would marry Giuliano, though the heavens objected and the sea interposed, the mother was so impressed by the daughter's vehemence

that she concluded to accept, with the best grace she could, that which, from time immemorial, good mothers have found it hardest to endure—an indigent son-in-law.

Without discussing the matter further, Concetta's parents decided to go immediately to the unhappy miser with the marriage proposition. They were hardly on the way when Concetta, in her joy, threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him, and thanked him as though he were not "lazy Beppo," but a sensible young fellow and an honor to the family; and he!—he had never before been half so happy!

"How beautiful she will look on her wedding-day," soliloquized Beppo, "and how the people will look at her when she's on her way to the church! I hope the foreign gentleman and lady are still here, and that they may see them. I'd like to have them know there are people here just as handsome and just as happy as they are, for Giuliano, too, need not be ashamed to show himself anywhere."

In about an hour the parents returned. The old miser had not been found difficult to persuade, and the wedding, it had been decided, was to take place in the course of a few days. Concetta and Beppo were overjoyed.

The wedding-day came. Concetta looked more beautiful than ever in her bridal costume—quite as beautiful as her admiring brother had pictured her, and his pride and delight knew no bounds when he discovered among the throng of spectators the blonde signora, who, in his opinion, did not look half so lovely as the bride.

After the ceremony, the guests repaired to the house of the groom's father, which, despite its present impoverished condition, was comparatively well suited to the wants of the occasion, to partake of the modest collation that had been prepared. Besides a few intimate friends, the *curato* and *sindaco*, as the representatives of the spiritual and temporal authorities, had been invited.

Beppo sat unnoticed at the most remote end of the table, where first and foremost he did full justice to what had been provided to eat and drink. And, when he was able neither to eat nor to drink any more, he sat back in his chair, folded his arms across his breast, and fixed his eyes upon the young couple before him with a look of proud satisfaction.

"Now she is not only as beautiful, but she is as happy, as the little signora," he thought.

Suddenly he arose from his chair, and, in a loud and measured tone, inquired of the curate and the mayor whether Giuliano and Concetta were husband and wife in accordance with all the rites of the Church and the state—whether, in short, they were now inseparably united. And, when they had both positively and earnestly assured him that they were, he asked a second question, that excited the curiosity of the listeners still more than had the first—whether people who were sent to prison and to the galleys were compelled to work. This question they answered in the affirmative also, adding that all convicts were made to apply themselves very industriously, as this was deemed best for their health, as well as the surest means of effecting their reform. Beppo smiled, but in his smile there was more of melancholy than of joyousness, which still further hightened the curiosity of all present; and now, addressing himself to the mayor, Beppo made the longest speech of his life:

"Since, then, this marriage can not be set aside, I will confess what I have done," he began. "Know, Signor Sindaco, that I robbed this hard-hearted old miser here, in order that he might no longer stand in the way of my sister and her lover, Giuliano, his son, getting married. I walked from Naples to Massa, and from there I rowed over here in the night and crept into his house at the door, for, not being bolted, it was easy to open. But I was terribly afraid he would wake up, and I must have been a whole hour in getting the box from under his bed. But, then, I ran all the faster and was still able to get back to Massa before morning. I filled my pockets with his money and threw the box into the sea; I then returned to Naples, where I took the packet for home just as though I had been there all the time, and as though I was really bringing home the inheritance from my aunt, who, in truth, died so poor that she did not leave a scudo behind her. Now he can have his money back again, but, if he don't treat Concetta right, I'll rob him again, if I ever get a chance! And, Signor Sindaco, when I am sent to prison, I should like to be sent over to the island Nisida, because from there I can see over to Capri."

Hereupon Beppo stretched out his hands as though he expected to be immediately manacled, while the tears trickled down his olive cheeks. Now all was confusion; some scolded and some indulged in cries of lamentation, while others, seeing the affair in its humorous aspect, indulged in a hearty laugh. Beppo was the only one who remained really calm. But there was only one course for the *sindaco* to pursue: he was compelled to put Beppo under arrest, and to hand him over to the authorities, unpleasant as the duty was. He, however, exerted himself to console the friends and relations of the youthful criminal, and especially Concetta, whose grief surpassed that of all the others.

"It is just and proper that he should be punished," said the *sindaco*, "for the majesty of the law must, at all times, be upheld, and theft is

theft, no matter what the circumstances may be under which it is committed; but the punishment in this case, it is to be hoped, will not be over-severe, for judges are men, and will consider the motive the criminal had in view, and also the fact that his confession was entirely voluntary."

And then he promised to use all his influence in Beppo's behalf, adding that he was quite confident the *curato* would take pleasure in doing likewise. Those most nearly interested in his welfare were, in some measure, pacified by these representations and promises, still, when the prisoner was being taken to the mainland to be tried, his father's grief and anger so far overcame him that he could not refrain from crying out to Beppo, as he stepped into the boat:

"O Beppo, who would have believed that you would one day have brought this disgrace upon us! *O che bestia che tu sei!*"

"But, father, you know I can't be a *bestia* always—I must learn to work some time," Beppo replied, with a complacent smile.

And, as the boat pushed off, he cried out once more: "Greet the beautiful blonde lady at the Pagano, if you should see her; you owe her more than you think."

At that moment he saw his sister fall on her knees in the sand and bury her face in her hands; but Giuliano raised her up and pressed her to his breast, and there she remained, her forehead resting against his shoulder, as long as Beppo could see them. Then he stretched himself out in the boat, gazed, dreaming, at the blue heavens above him, and enjoyed to the full his last *dolce far niente*.

HANS HOFFMANN (*Die Rundschau*).

MODERN FRENCH ART.

THERE is an interesting chapter in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, which records a conversation between Socrates and the painter Parrhasius. The latter, then a young man, was doubtless already showing that tendency to occupy himself with ignoble and even vicious subjects for which he was afterward notorious, and we find Socrates endeavoring to persuade him to abide by the traditions of the olden time, which allowed nothing to be represented but what was noble and beautiful. He argues that it is the business of the artist to portray not only the outward form of man, but also, as he puts it, "the workings of the mind as they are expressed by the form. . . . 'Surely,' he asks, 'nobleness and generosity, meanness and illiberality, self-control and wisdom, insolence and vulgarity, make themselves seen in the countenance and postures of men as they stand or move.' 'It is so,' answered Parrhasius. 'Can not, then, these things be represented?' 'Undoubtedly they can.' 'Which do you think, then, that men look upon with more satisfaction — pictures in which noble and good and lovable characters are portrayed, or those which exhibit what is deformed and evil and detestable?' 'By Zeus,' he said, 'Socrates, there can be no question about the matter!'"

What Socrates seems to imply in these remarks is, that works of art which represent the actions and feelings of men produce the same sort of effect on the beholder as would result from actual intercourse. As we see men in real life consorting with the good to their own satisfaction and profit, so a picture which portrays good actions, and pure or noble feelings, imparts a moral influence of an elevating kind. There is, therefore, an obligation on the artist so to choose his subjects that those who look on his work shall come in contact only with what is ennobling.

This view of art is not one, however, which finds universal acceptance. In opposition to it it is urged, and urged with considerable force, that this importation of moral ideas into art opens the door to sentiments and prejudices which may easily be destructive of sound criticism. A work of art, it is said, must be judged on artistic grounds alone; if it is good as art, this is all we ought to require of it. This contention that art stands by itself, and exists, as the phrase goes, for its own sake, is in English minds especially associated with the art school of France, where artists, as a rule, in choosing their subjects, seem to care only that the situation shall be striking, and where critics are content if these situations are represented with force and technical skill.

It is no part of the intention of the present article to enter on a discussion of these opposing views. There can be no doubt, on the one hand, that it may be often advisable to protest strongly against the intrusion of certain moral and religious prejudices in a militant attitude into the domain of art criticism; and nothing which is here said about the necessity of adopting, to some extent, the moral point of view must be taken as

implying that technical excellence is not of essential importance in all works of which the critic is to judge favorably. No matter what may have been the intention of the painter in his work, no matter how full his mind has been of pure and elevated ideas which he has sought to convey by it, if the work fails as art, it fails altogether. Such things as awkward composition, unnatural posing, bad drawing, slovenly execution, neither gods nor men nor hanging committees can be asked to tolerate.

Yet, on the other hand, to make his work technically blameless is only a part of what the artist has to do. We can not accept this as the all-in-all of art without finding that we are doing violence to a part of our nature. It is true that, where a work of art is purely ornamental, it appeals only to the artistic sense, and can be dealt with on artistic grounds alone; but, whenever what is represented is some aspect of human life, the work at once evokes a different set of feelings. It is a plain fact of experience, as Socrates pointed out, that we look on certain scenes with delight and profit, and turn from others in disgust. It is equally certain that these feelings arise naturally in the mind when we look at representations of those scenes, and it is only by making an effort that we can avoid taking such considerations into account.

Whether or not it is worth while to make such an effort is a matter which may be left for discussion. Common sense would suggest that we should accept the facts of our nature as they stand, and give full importance to all the feelings that are natural to us in each situation. And, if any further argument were needed to enforce this view, it could be found in the practice of the great art schools of the past. What gives to Greek art and to that of the early Renaissance period their high position is not only the mastery of the workman over his materials and his fine sense of artistic effect, but his effort in everything to express ideas. The statues of the best period of Hellenic art are not merely beautiful shapes, not merely finely posed and accurate representations of the human form, but are the embodiment of the moral conceptions of the people—forcible presentments of that type of human character, strong at once and reposeful, which Greek moralists inculcated, and the best men of the nation strove to realize. In the same way, those deeper experiences of human nature which the mediæval world owed to Christianity were wrought by the great Italian masters into their work; and, if we find them dwelling at times upon sorrow and pain, it was not for the sake of mere effect, but for the sake of some spiritual expression associated with them. To come in contact with works of this order at once raises our ideal of the true function of the artist. He becomes, in view of these great achievements of the past, no mere minister to our sense of the beautiful, no conjurer surprising us by startling effects, and taking our eyes captive by feats of dexterity; but one rather who has the power of calling forth our deeper feelings, and of giving us a clearer insight into human nature in all its capacity for tender or noble emotion. It is his to show the spirit of man victorious over circumstance and trouble and death; to keep bright before our minds the ideals which are apt to grow dim to those involved in the business of the world; and, as Bacon finely observes about the function of poetry, to feed our aspirations after perfection, and "to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it."

If there is any truth in these suggestions, it is allowable to look at modern art, not of course exclusively, but to a certain extent from the moral point of view; that is, with reference to the effort in it to represent what is pure or tender or dignified in human nature. This does not mean a demand for grand subjects or exalted sentiment; a child—a peasant-girl—a simple scene of charity—affords ample scope for that sympathetic treatment which at once gives to a painting the higher artistic value; and it is the grievous scarcity of work of this kind, as well as of the worthy treatment of great themes, which is the first and most important point to notice about the art of modern France.

The Fine Arts section of the International Exhibition of 1878 gave an opportunity for a comparison of the schools of the different European countries. As a result of this, it was difficult to resist the conclusion that the work of the most important school, that of France, though excelling the rest in academic qualities, had really less of true interest to offer. For example, whatever were the shortcomings, from a technical point of view, of English art, there was in it a feeling for beauty and for nature, a delight in brightness and color, and a wholesome freshness, which had a value above all the hard and unsympathetic cleverness of the French painters. With the notable exception of the "Cierge à la Madone" of M. Laugée, with its quaint and serious presentment of the religious life of the thirteenth-century peasant—a picture now in the Luxembourg—there was hardly anything which had the poetic feeling which gives charm to art. What were most conspicuous upon the walls of the French section were vast canvases, executed, it is true, in a very vigorous and workmanlike manner, which represented, for the most part, scenes from which in real life we should have been glad to turn our eyes.

For instance, it was impossible for the eye to travel far without lighting upon some scene of death, and death in its least noble aspects. There was death in battle, death in the waters, death by pestilence, death by the stroke of the headsman, death by slow lingering after wounds. There were the seven sons of Saul, bound and pierced, in every possible attitude of crucifixion, and hanging dead, dying, or tortured aloft, while Rizpah, a strong virago, fought with the vultures below. There was St. Sebastian, after his first martyrdom, with all the apparatus of death about him, appearing before the Roman Emperor, and feigning that he had risen from the tomb. Nor was the grave permitted to keep its secrets; but in one picture, and that by one of the most serious of the French painters, M. Laurens, a dead man was shown dragged from his coffin, and set up to answer at a mock trial for the acts he had done in life. A powerful picture by M. Sylvestre, which gained the *Prix du Salon* in 1876, and now hangs in the Luxembourg, represented Locusta trying upon the person of a slave, in the presence of Nero, the poison prepared for Britannicus. On the floor the dying man had flung himself in horrible convulsions, while the murderers looked quietly down upon him. In all this class of work, however, M. P. P. L. Glaize carried off the palm with his "Conjuration of Roman Youths," in which the conspirators were ratifying their oath by drinking the blood of a slain man, whose hideous figure, with all the ghastly detail necessary to explain the subject, was a prominent object in the composition.

It is pleasant to find that in this year's *Salon* such work as this is far less obtrusive than in previous exhibitions, while pictures and statues conceived with earnest feeling and carried out in a poetic manner, it is by no means impossible to find. At the same time the criticism offered above applies to a very large extent; the subjects of many of the most important pictures are dealt with without any regard for the dignity or pathos which might be given to their treatment, and this want makes itself all the more felt the higher the technical qualities displayed. Thus, to take a very conspicuous instance, the "Flagellation of our Lord," by M. Bouguereau, is one of the great pictures of this year. In composition and drawing, and especially in finish, the work takes a high place; but, in the case of the principal figure, the artist seems to have had no other aim but that of portraying the extremity of physical suffering. The form of the Christ hangs from fastenings round the upstretched arms, and would but for them sink helplessly upon the floor; the body is bent inward to avoid the blows, and the head hangs back. The representation of any figure in miserable agony like this would be wholly painful; but, when we attempt to realize for a moment what this scene must have been, and remember the noble and pathetic treatment of it by the Italian masters, we are amazed that one of the foremost painters in France should give us such a representation of the sufferer. Nor can he be justified on the plea of realism. A Roman scourging was severe, but a brave man could bear it without that agonized contortion of the body which is all that can be seen in M. Bouguereau's figure; and, even if some such violent gesture were demanded by the subject, the expression of the head might surely be used to restore dignity to the whole. Yet it is precisely here that the painter surrenders most completely all attempt to represent the character of Christ. Looking at the subject from the merely human point of view, how is it possible in that head flung wildly back, and those eyes turned up under half-closed eyelids with a ghastly expression, to recognize the man of whom it is written that, not many hours before, at his simple profession of himself, "I am he," armed men had gone backward and fallen to the ground!

The same kind of remark applies to another prominent work of this year's *Salon*, the "Job" of M. Bonnat. If this were merely an academic study of an old man, nothing could be said about it but that it is very ugly. But with what sense of congruity can we connect this nearly naked figure, under a strong studio-light, which brings into relief every tendon and vein and every fold of skin on the emaciated form, with one of the grandest forms in the literature of the world?

And if these powerful and learnedly handled pictures fail so utterly in dignity of expression, no less unfortunate is the French school in its effort to deal with Greek subjects. Paris possesses some of the masterpieces of ancient art, but it is not easy to find a trace of true classical feeling at the yearly *Salon*. The noble example of Ingres and David seems entirely lost, and classical subjects are at present chosen for the most part as convenient cloaks for modern indecency.

For instance, even M. Gérôme's masterly picture of "Phryne before her Judges" misses the true sentiment of the scene. The moral of it, as it is described to us by Greek writers, is simply the powerful effect of pure beauty upon the Athenian mind; an effect which was produced on other memorable occasions, and which had nothing in it connected with sensual appetite. Phryne was a courtesan, but it was not as a courtesan that she appeared on this occasion. She seemed, we are told, to be some priestess of Aphrodite, and struck a superstitious awe into the beholders. Her attitude, we may be sure,

was one of conscious power rather than of shamefaced shrinking, as M. Gérôme has represented it. The picture, in other words, is modern, not Greek, in sentiment.

A most astonishing example of the extent to which it is possible to travesty a fine classical motive, is to be found in a "Bacchus and Ariadne," by M. Ranvier, in this year's *Salon*. Here, the figure of "Ariadne," who is making a pretense of being asleep, is only saved from being seriously offensive because we can not imagine it to represent anything but a French *soubrette*.

Beautiful, too, in finish and in composition of line and light-and-shade as is "The Birth of Venus," by M. Bouguereau, the great ornament of last year's *Salon*, and now in the Luxembourg, we miss in it the old Greek simplicity. Any look of self-consciousness, any air of being observed and thinking how one appears, is out of place in a mythological subject. The Venus and the attendant nymphs of M. Bouguereau are Frenchwomen, not creatures of the primeval religion of ancient Greece. It may be said generally on this subject that in France, with the exception of Ingres's pure and graceful figure, "La Source," now happily in the Louvre, it would be difficult to find the naked female form dealt with in that classical simplicity which in Mr. Poynter's work is so admirable, and which alone renders it a fit subject for treatment in modern art. M. Bouguereau's group of water-nymphs, which gained a medal in 1878, though on the whole purely conceived and drawn with exquisite grace, and fortunate, moreover, in some simple poses which looked like studies from models resting, was utterly ruined, so far as feeling goes, by the introduction of two male figures peeping through a bush, and the detestable expression of one of the nymphs who had caught sight of them.

In the above remarks the modern French school has been regarded mainly with reference to its choice of subjects and its treatment of religious and classical themes. If it has been necessary to point to a great want on the one hand of dignity, on the other of simplicity, in such treatment, and to a morbid delight in scenes of horror, which marks some of its ablest painters, it must at once be added that there are other points of view from which we must regard work of this kind with the highest respect. English pictures may, as a rule, give more pleasure and exercise a more wholesome influence than those of France; but we must not forget that they are mostly on a small scale, and even then are often not altogether free from faults in the matter of drawing, tone, and perspective, which would be painfully apparent were the size of the work increased. There are not a few English painters, whose work has beauty and true poetic value, who would be helpless before those vast canvases upon which young French artists can set to work at once with vigor and correctness. It is easy, for instance, to call such work as M. Doré's "theatrical." It means something, however, to be able to carry out, without any appearance of hesitation or confusion, works on such a colossal scale; and it is something of which English art-students have very often but little idea.

It means, in the first place, long application to artistic study over a wide field; and, next, the knowledge of sound methods of work, and of all the various matters which go to the making up of a picture. How various and how important these are—what thorough mastery of perspective, what knowledge of costume and of architecture, what ingenuity in the mechanical appliances of the studio, are required for these great works—is hardly realized among art-students on this side of the Channel, but is understood down to the smallest detail in France.

This is no doubt partly due to the painstaking character and love of method of the people; but it is also to a great extent the result of long tradition. Notwithstanding the social storms that have swept over France, art has there had a more unbroken history than anywhere else in Europe. Through Nicolas Poussin, who spent much of his life at Rome in ardent study of Raffaelle and the ancients, the French school is linked on to the schools of Italy. It was Le Brun, however, at one time a pupil of Poussin, who gave to French art its distinctive character. A man of masculine genius and untiring industry, Le Brun found no canvas too large, no space of time too short, for his vigorous compositions and rapid execution; and the example he set has been kept before the eyes of French students ever since. It is true that art in France, like literature, had its period of pettiness, which succeeded to the days of the "grand style"; but at the close of the eighteenth century we find the same sort of power displayed in the works of David and his pupils, and of that splendid but short-lived genius, Géricault. From that time there has been an unbroken tradition of good, methodical work in the French school, which has won for it the position it holds in Europe.

The character of French art is best described by the word "academic." By this is meant that it stands at the opposite pole to an art which closely follows Nature like that of England. An academic school rests on traditions, and educates its students to abide by certain laws and methods. A school like the English, on the contrary, sends its pupils directly to Nature, and leaves them to deal with the impressions they receive in a spirit of individuality. There are here, of course, strong

and weak points on each side. There is no intention in the present article unduly to depreciate academic methods. In our own country, genius unhampered by tradition has, in a Shakespeare, a Turner, a Shelley, achieved such splendid results that we are perhaps inclined to undervalue the aids of rule and system in the domain of art. But by these aids is secured a result of no small importance—a certain general level of excellence all through a school. They can not supply the place of genius; but they can obviate the blunders and mishaps to which, as some modern English pictures may teach us, individuality without true genius is liable.

Now, this is the strong point of the French school. It is not too much to say that, of all the part of the artist's work which can be *learned*, it has a mastery. For the points of excellence which go to produce a work of art may be divided roughly into two sets, of which one is a matter of training, and the other a matter of taste and natural sensibility. To begin with, there are the academic qualities, which comprise the power to draw correctly, and in such a way as to exhibit structure; to model, or give solidity by light and shade; to put a scene in perspective and represent distance by changes in size and strength of tone; to group masses together so that each helps the effect of the others; to lead the eye of the spectator to the right point in the composition, and to make the picture tell its story, while every accessory works in with the idea of the whole. These are points which training enables the student to master. On the other side are those qualities which must to a great extent depend upon his individual genius. Foremost among these is a sense of beauty. Then comes the power of rendering expression; and under this head may be included a fine appreciation of form as distinct from mere correct drawing, for it is by very subtile changes in line that a figure is made to look noble or the reverse. Next there is the eye for color, which seems of all the artist's stock-in-trade the most distinctly a gift of nature; and, lastly, we have, what is perhaps the rarest as well as the finest of all artistic qualities, the power of fine handling in painting. Painting is not the mere representation of solid forms by the use of the brush instead of the chalk. It involves an exquisite lightness and dexterity of hand, by which solidity is expressed with crisp touches laid on side by side, leaving the whole texture open. The true painter avoids mixing up his shades upon his palette, but breaks pure tints one into the other with rapid, unerring touch. Looked at closely, each passage seems a sort of mist of blending hues, but a little way off it assumes its proper local color, while in each of these patches of local color the painter's skill has introduced a hint of all the rest. What painting means, in fact, is all that loving care in handiwork which makes a fine passage of color by Titian, Reynolds, or Millais, as full of charm as a song of Shakespeare.

If the first set of these qualities has been mastered by the French, we may fairly claim for English artists a great natural feeling for some of the latter. The knowledge and skill of our neighbors, though often thrown away upon repulsive subjects, give much power to their treatment of scenes which appeal to their best emotions; while the freedom and grace of the English, though often wasted on frivolous themes, produce in works like Mr. Millais's "Huguenot" a result of high poetic value. The love of the French painters for scenes of death has been already noticed. In some pictures, where what is dwelt upon is not the horror but the calm of death, the air of mastery in the work gives it at once a high position. There was, for instance, in the Exhibition of 1878, a picture by M. Laurens of the Austrian staff-officers before the dead body of Marceau—a very solemn and noble representation of the respect of brave men for a brave enemy. Still finer, perhaps, was "The Body of Cæsar," by M. Rixens, in the *Salon* of 1876. The corpse was being borne along by three slaves through empty streets. It was difficult to know which to admire most—the drawing and composition of the figures, or the air of impressive stillness over the scene. The striking picture of M. Moreau de Tours, in this year's *Salon*, of the death in battle of La Tour d'Auvergne, well sustains comparison with these.

Such works do not, however, admit of much beauty in the treatment, and beauty is just the quality most difficult to find in French art. It is not to be seen in their portraits of women and children, which are, as a rule, hard and unpleasing; not seldom, as is the case this year with the work of M. Carolus Duran, pictures rather of a costume than of a person. It is not to be found in the nude figures of a pseudo-classical type, which are as plentiful this year as ever. There is about these a want of any fine feeling for form, and the small waists of the Parisian *modiste* appear instead of the more simple line from shoulder to hip of the Greek statues. In this respect England possesses in Mr. Poynter a finer draughtsman than France can boast, notwithstanding all the delicacy and precision of the pencil of M. Bouguereau. Even the work of M. Meissonier, of which it is impossible to speak without high admiration for its power of conveying subtile expression and its inimitable finish, makes little effort after beauty, and possesses no imaginative or poetic quality.

It is but fair to say that this year's *Salon*

shows more endeavor after expression and beauty than has been visible before. In the picture of Charles VI and Odette, by M. Zier, there is much pathos in the head of the unfortunate king as it lies helplessly upon the bosom of the young girl who is supporting him; though the painter has failed in the more difficult task of rendering the face of Odette. The two pictures of M. Cazin, "Ismaël" and "Tobie," are full of feeling, though this effect may be in great part due to the extreme slightness of the painting. The face of Hagar is hidden; but the boy Ishmael looks up at her with a good deal of wistful longing and at the same time tenderness for her sorrow, while the loneliness of the wanderers in the desert is admirably expressed. It is, however, in the pictures of M. Laugée and M. Laugée *fils* that French art shows its most interesting side—pictures of peasant-life, painted in thorough sympathy with the poor, and without any carelessness for the beauty which is quite compatible with true realism. With these may be compared the expressive but rather melancholy pictures of M. Jules Breton, who appeals perhaps more readily to English sympathies than any other foreign artist. The fault in these works is the same that may be observed in the painting of the last-named artists; they are very low in tone, with the result that the shadows are too dark to please an English painter, and the color is laid on with a somewhat heavy hand. Though they possess in M. Meissonier a painter of matchless precision of touch, a great part of whose work has a brightness which is beyond all praise, they seem, both in historical pictures and in landscape and portraiture, to be content with a dull, monotonous style of painting, which is the thing the English make most effort to avoid. The reason of this is not far to seek. Owing to their academic training, the French can make up their minds exactly what to do, and how to do it. Every object in their pictures looks solid and in its proper place. At the first glance the work can be seen to be *right*. A second look makes us, however, conscious that it wants just that character which gives their charm to works like those of our Scotch landscape-painters. It is not, as these are, the expression of delight in Nature. Our students, only half educated as they may seem when judged by foreign standards, respond with genuine enthusiasm to the beauty of the world about them. Their works are like poems; they do them because they can not help it. The color, the brightness, the delicacy, the myriad complexities of Nature touch them with true delight and wonder, and, in an artless way, they set themselves down to copy them. The French student knows that he must keep his picture, as it is said, "together," and down go the high lights, which in Nature sparkle from point to point, and fall often where the artist does not want them. He is anxious to secure solidity, and can do this in brown and white; so he sets no store by color. He has to cover large spaces of canvas, and has no time to bestow on care in the mere handling of pigment. The result is, that a French composition looks often better as an engraving than in its original form; and it is with a sense of disappointment that we come to see French pictures which have been familiar to us in reproductions.

There has been no attempt in the present article to survey the whole field of French and English art, but only to touch upon a few of the strong and weak points in each. There is more intellect, more power to grasp a large subject, more command of the technical side of art in France than in our own country. Our artists possess, on the other hand, natural gifts which have already won for our school a high position in Europe. We may assume that to English painting will always belong those qualities which have here been claimed for it, A great work of art demands, however, something more than these; and it is here, in the conception and working out of subjects, that our art is weak. At the same time this very weakness springs in a way from what is best in it. It results mainly from that loving study of Nature which marks our young painters. Their ideal in work is to follow out all the intricate markings, catch all the subtile gradations of hue, in some natural object. Such patient, self-forgetful labor as they will bestow on bits of foreground is an end in itself, and brings its own reward; those who give themselves up to it are not unnaturally careless of "ideas" and "high art," and the "traditions of the ancients." Upon this subject Mr. Poynter makes some most valuable remarks in his recently published "Lectures on Art," where he administers a robust rebuke to any sentimental dwelling on leaves and flowers, and insists upon the view, which all experience confirms, that nothing great in art can be achieved without imagination and thought.

We are said, however, to be an unimaginative people. The generation that has seen the enchanted canvases of Turner in their first freshness, whose patriarchs have stood by the newly made graves of Shelley and of Keats, and who still listen, in the voice of John Ruskin, to the utterance of one of the most ideal and aspiring spirits that has adorned literature, need not trouble itself much about this imputation. Nor can there be really wanting to English painters that capacity for great work which the men of our nation have shown, and are showing, in a hundred different fields. There is imagination

enough in the English to rise to the height of any conception, and intellect enough to carry it out with perfect mastery. What is needed is the sort of system that they have in France, and the very want of it, with the consequent weakness of our technique, might well inspire some of our leading painters to become the founders of such a tradition. What modern art requires is an example of work which shall be as strong as that of the French, and beautiful with all the poetic feeling and delicate handling of the English school of Nature—work, too, which shall be the expression of delight in what is pure and lovely, and of good report, and shall have about it, in the often quoted words of Plato, "the effluence from noble deeds, like a breeze that wafteth health from salubrious places."

GERARD BALDWIN BROWN (*Nineteenth Century*).

TWO AMERICAN DIVINES.

DR. BUSHNELL AND DR. MUHLENBERG.

DEAN STANLEY has observed that one noteworthy effect of the absence in America of a state Church, or of a predominant theological creed, is, that not only is there a greater number and variety of sects, but that within each sect there is a wider diversity of opinion, a freer movement of independent thought, a more pronounced and jealously guarded individuality. Every one who has familiarized himself with recent and current theological literature must have been impressed by this significant fact; and its truth is very strikingly illustrated by the just published biography of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell.*

Dr. Bushnell is declared by one who knew him well, and who did not speak lightly, to have been "one of the great quickening thinkers of the world"; and though his conceptions, to our mind, partook rather of the character of speculation than of conclusive and demonstrative thought, yet there can be no doubt that he exercised a profoundly stimulating, vivifying, and, on the whole, healthful influence upon the religious ideas of his time—an influence which disseminated itself in multiform and indirect ways, and which could not always be traced back to its origin. From Dean Stanley's point of view, however, the most striking feature of Dr. Bushnell's career is the fact that so original, so independent, and so aggressive a thinker could find "room and verge enough" within the limits of one of the orthodox churches. Fifty years ago there was no lack of precision and definiteness in the creed of New England Congregationalism, nor is there any apparent lack now; and it is a striking testimony either to the elasticity of an apparently cast-iron creed, or to the essential liberality of those who interpret it, that a man like Dr. Bushnell was able, during a long career of growing, not to say fluctuating, opinions, to maintain his standing within the fold.

For it can not be denied that, whether the differences were "fundamental" or not, Dr. Bushnell's views upon nearly every one of the leading points of Christian belief differed very widely from those previously and commonly held by his denominational brethren. In the early and more rigid days of New England theology he would have been incontinently and peremptorily cast out as a heretic, and, even as it was, he did not escape persistent suspicion and bitter denunciation; but from first to last he maintained and retained his right to be regarded as an orthodox Congregationalist, and long before his ministry was ended he had come to be accepted as one of the great and shining lights of the sect. It would be difficult to find a better example than Dr. Bushnell's career affords of the modern tendency of the churches to "comprehension" rather than to "exclusion"; that is, to dealing with deviations from the commonly accepted creed by regarding them as allowable differences of interpretation instead of as "fundamental" errors or "damnable" heresies.

It is to this, we may say, more than to any other one fact or quality that the vitality, vigor, and variety of religious life in America are due. Within the old rigidly exact and formally precise definitions of the creeds there was and could have been no room for such a mind as Dr. Bushnell's; and yet a more fatal method than that of casting out such as he could not possibly be devised, for it would tend to show that even Protestant Christianity was losing that power of adjustment to the changed and changing needs of the time which has preserved it as a living faith,

* Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

while so many barren aggregations of dogma have come to be looked upon as fetters which the human race has discarded and left behind.

Any tolerably adequate record of such a career and character as that of Dr. Bushnell could hardly fail to be profoundly interesting, and certainly the biography before us possesses this interest in a very high degree; but it is less satisfactory than it might easily have been made, because the author or editor appears to have had no clear or definite conception of what was required or desirable. In writing the life of a man whose work is before the public, two modes of procedure are open to the biographer. He may either assume that his readers are already familiar with the nature of that work, and consequently confine himself to personal portraiture and the details of private and domestic life, or, if he aims to furnish in his biography all the information required concerning the work and opinions, as well as the life and character of his subject, he should do so systematically and adequately. In the "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," neither of these plans has been consistently adopted, the work being a sort of compromise between the two. Copious citations are introduced from Dr. Bushnell's published writings, and much attention is bestowed upon his system of thought and the development of his religious views; yet, when we come to ask ourselves at the end what precisely were Dr. Bushnell's opinions upon any given "point" or dogma, we find that the materials for an answer have been only partially supplied. For example, a large part of the biography is taken up with an account of the controversy which for ten years raged around the bold thinker because of the views expressed in his two treatises on "God in Christ," and "Christ in Theology"; yet, in spite of all that is written about them, we are left to infer or divine what those views were, though they might have been satisfactorily summarized in a paragraph of fifty lines. Of course, it is open to a biographer to say that, in the case of books so long published and so well known, the reader should go to them direct for his knowledge; but, then, such a suggestion should be acted upon by the biographer himself, and, had it been consistently followed in the present case, the book would have been reduced in dimensions by nearly a half, and thus rendered more readable as well as far more vivid in its personal portraiture.

To be perfectly fair to the authors of the biography, it should be admitted that the vagueness in which we are left as to the precise nature of Dr. Bushnell's opinions is due, in part at least, to the vagueness of those opinions themselves. In regard to nearly all his theological writings, Dr. Bushnell was accused of an intentional obscurity of language, but close attention suffices to show that the obscurity of the language is but a reflection of the vagueness of the thought. Indeed, the Doctor distinctly repudiated clearness and precision as objects to be aimed at in this kind of writing, and constructed a brand-new theory of language to show that in the nature of things words can not do more than shadow forth thought, as soon as thought begins to deal with abstractions or ideas as distinct from things. Another explanation of such defects as are noticeable is to be found in the somewhat composite character of the work. It is not the homogeneous product of a single responsible mind, but the joint-work of several collaborators, working together indeed, but on independent lines. The major portion of the task appears to have been performed by Mrs. Mary Bushnell Cheney, with the assistance of several "critics, revisers, and helpers"; but one of the longest and most valuable chapters was written by the Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, and the closing years are portrayed by Miss F. L. Bushnell. If something is gained in being thus enabled to view the subject from several different standpoints, the gain is more than compensated, perhaps, by a loss on the side of artistic construction.

In spite of all defects, however, the book affords a really vivid and touching picture of a singularly fine and noble character. Dr. Bushnell's work is before the world, and it is evident already that he must always hold a conspicuous place in the history of American theology; but nothing that he himself ever wrote will do more for the cause of that righteous and holy living which he had at heart than this loving record of his own pure and good life. After all, it is conduct rather than creed that tells. It used to be said that, but for the beauty of his character and the saintliness of his life, Dr. Bushnell would have had but small strength to stand up against his assailants on merely theological or doctrinal grounds; and this same sense of the predominance of personal character over theological opinions is derived from the book before us. Indeed, when once we become thoroughly acquainted with the noble lines upon which that character was built, we grow impatient of the continually recurring debate and controversy as to his opinions upon esoteric questions of theology. If ever the world had assurance of a good man, it had it in the case of Dr. Bushnell; and before that ultimate and all-important fact we rightly feel that dogmas, creeds, and formulas sink into comparative insignificance.

And it is no slight testimony to the substantial if late-coming justice of the popular judgment that in the end Dr. Bushnell, by no concessions of opinion, but by sheer force of right

living, won the amplest and most loving recognition. Beginning his career in doubt, almost in unbelief, he suffered during all his middle life something like persecution for opinions which could never be made to run smoothly in the conventional grooves; but he gradually lived down opposition, and in his venerable age he was reverenced, even by those who had formerly assailed him most bitterly, as little less than a prophet and a seer.

In the spring-time of his youth, almost any career might have been more plausibly predicted for Horace Bushnell than that of a clergyman. With rugged physical strength, a strong will, and no special liking or aptitude for study, such ability as he then manifested was of a mechanical and practical turn; and so strong was his bent in this direction that at the age of sixteen or seventeen he declined a college education urged upon him by his parents, who placed a higher estimate upon his mental quality at that time than he himself could be induced to accept. His mother, indeed, with fond devotion, had designed him for the ministry almost before the beginning of his conscious life; but in his father's mill for finishing domestic cloths he found his most congenial occupation, and at the age of fourteen, having entire charge of the carding-machine, and finding it out of order, he took it entirely apart, repaired, improved, and reconstructed it. A friend relates that, one day when he was suffering from a toothache, he built a rod or two of stone wall as a remedy; and his daughter, describing the pride with which long afterward he showed it to her, says that "it is doubtful if he was ever as well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall." This combined taste for mechanical invention and for manual labor remained a prominent trait of Dr. Bushnell's throughout his life, and there was scarcely any department of work, into which engineering and mechanics enter, upon which he could not furnish valuable assistance and suggestions.

Even when, at the age of twenty-one, he repented of his former refusal, and decided to take a course at Yale College, his favorite studies were still scientific, and he devoted himself especially to chemistry, though geology and astronomy were also deeply interesting to him. When, however, he came to select a career, he turned toward the professions, instead of, as might have been expected, to civil engineering or some practical pursuit; and, after a brief experiment with journalism (which he found "a terrible life"), qualified himself for the practice of the law. His plan was to go to some Western city, there to enter a law-office and work his way into the arena of politics; but, just as he was on the point of starting, he received an invitation to become a tutor in Yale College, and his acceptance of this, under the gentle urgency of his mother, decided his future career: for here he was surrounded by influences which drew him gradually but irresistibly into the ministry.

At home the religious ideas imbibed by the youthful Horace were rigidly orthodox—almost Calvinistic—in character. Veneration for his mother prevented his reacting against these with the violence natural to his temperament; but a silent alienation grew with his growth, and, when he left college at the age of twenty-five, he was a rationalist in opinion, and an anti-Christian in sentiment. His unbelief, however, remained a matter of opinion and sentiment, and did not touch the purity of his moral purpose or the sensibility of his conscience; and herein lay the germ of that "salvation" which he ultimately worked out for himself. Indeed, in his case, as in so many others, conscience proved to be the strait gate opening upon the high-road of religion. Finding, during his tutorship, that his attitude of aloofness toward one of the then frequent religious revivals was holding back his class of young men from participation in the currents of influence around them, his sense of responsibility became too acute to be borne, and he resolved, for their sakes if not for his own, to lay aside the weapons of his logic and yield himself to the impulses of his heart. He could not honestly avow belief in the dogmas of the several creeds; but he could yield to the feeling of need for a God, and acknowledge the wisdom of seeking him with all possible earnestness and zeal; and he found that in opening the door for others he opened it also for himself.

The history of this most important crisis in Dr. Bushnell's life throws interesting and valuable light upon one of the great questions at issue between believers and unbelievers. The latter maintain that, with every disposition and desire to do so, one can not yield assent to a creed unless the reason is convinced. The former affirm that the reason is not so predominant as is here assumed, but that, if a man only *will* believe, he *can* believe; and certainly Dr. Bushnell's life seems to show that this is indeed the case. Dr. Bushnell was never "converted," in the ordinary sense of the term. He voluntarily and deliberately prostrated his reason before a situation which a sensitive conscience declared to be intolerable; he only succeeded by very slow degrees in bringing himself to unqualified assent; his reason, he tells us, always remained rebellious as long as he harbored any respect for formal logic; yet, before the close of his life, he became almost unearthly in the purity and fervor of his faith.

It should be said, however, that Dr. Bushnell

never quite became a typical clergyman of the orthodox school. His versions, even of those doctrines that are commonly regarded as essential, differed widely, as we have said, from those current among his brethren; and he always looked upon religion as rather a progressive and vivifying spirit than a matter of formularies and observances. Furthermore, he took a decidedly latitudinarian view of the function of the pulpit. To all the great secular questions of the time his mind was peculiarly alive; and nothing that could interest man as man or as citizen seemed to him beyond the scope of the preacher's guidance and instruction. Upon all the "burning questions" of American politics, from slavery to reconstruction, the pulpit of the old North Church of Hartford was heard with no uncertain voice; and Dr. Bushnell's great influence upon the public opinion of his time was obtained quite as much by his secular utterances as by his religious teachings. A single quotation (from a sermon on "American Politics," delivered in December, 1840) will suffice to show at once the nature of these utterances, and how pertinent many of them are to topics that are still urging themselves upon public attention:

"Again, we are admonished, in our history, of the depravity of the doctrine which proposes to give the spoils of victory to the victors. Let me take you to the scene where your Lord is crucified, and, after the work is done, I will point you then to four men, not the most worthy, sitting down to parcel out the garments of the crucified Saviour, and casting their lots for the seamless robe he wore. These, too, were receivers of the spoils. Now, this doctrine which proposes to give the spoils to the victors has been imputed mostly to one of our political parties, and, as some suppose, has been avowed by that party. Of this I am willing to doubt. . . . We shall see, perhaps, how far the opposing party will abjure this doctrine of the spoils, and whether it is not yet to be the universal doctrine of politics in the land. If so, then we shall have a scene in this land never before exhibited on earth—one which would destroy the integrity and sink the morality of a nation of angels. It will be as if so many offices, worth so much, together with the seamless robe of our glorious Constitution, were held up to be the price of victory, and as if it were said: 'Look, ye people, here is a premium offered to every discontent you can raise, every combination or faction you can mention, every lie you can invent. Cupidity here is every man's right; try for what you can, and as much as you can get you shall have.' . . . Only conceive such a lure held out to this great people, and all the little offices of the government thus set up for the price of the victory, without regard to merit or anything but party services, and you have a spectacle of baseness and rapacity such as was never seen before. No preaching of the gospel in our land, no parental discipline, no schools, not all the machinery of virtue together, can long be a match for the corrupting power of our political strifes actuated by such a law as this. It would make us a nation of apostates at the foot of Sinai."

Many thoughtful and worthy persons regard such topics as alien to the uses and opposed to what should be the true spirit of the pulpit. Dr. Bushnell's idea was that the pulpit, as one of the great moral forces of society, should come down at times from its cloud of abstractions, and aid in showing that in many of the so-called "topics of the hour" are involved principles which go to the very roots of the social fabric and strike at the stability of religion itself.

Contrasted upon nearly every point of temperament and of destiny with the bold and somewhat turbulent New England theologian was the late Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, the most eminent practical philanthropist that the Episcopal communion has nurtured in this country. Serene in temper, settled in conviction, and absorbed in schemes of practical benevolence, Dr. Muhlenberg knew nothing of the questions, differences, and doubts that disturbed the quiet of Dr. Bushnell's life; and the record of his career, if somewhat deficient in incident, impresses the mind like the soft strains of one of his own graceful hymns.*

The great-grandfather of Dr. Muhlenberg was the founder of the Lutheran Church in America, having emigrated to this country from Germany in 1742; and very early in life, William Augustus (who was born in Philadelphia in 1796) exhibited the strong hereditary bent of his mind toward the ministry. "With the first dawn of reason," says his biographer, "he seems to have known the fear and love of God. Questioned upon this point, he replied: 'I think I can say there never was a time that I was unmindful of the presence of God, or without reverence for divine things, and I always looked forward to being a clergyman. When not more than eight years old, I remember, I used to have church on Sunday evenings, going through a kind of preaching, at which the family would attend to encourage me with their presence. I recollect very well that, when I didn't behave myself, they would say to me, "William, that will not do for a minister."' The youthful sermons here alluded to were much thought of by his relatives, but no notes of any of them have been kept. They were not childish gibberish or 'make-believe' church, but as serious an explanation and appli-

* The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg. By Anne Ayres. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

cation of a text as the thoughtful little preacher knew how to give. At the same time, child-like, he would always have a crimson shawl placed over a piece of furniture for a pulpit, and never forgot to take up a collection, the man-servant being usually present with a plate for the purpose."

The biographer also tells us that "William Augustus Muhlenberg was innately a church boy, and a devout appreciation of sacred offices and of the meaning of fast and festival was intuitive with him." Page after page of his boy-journal were filled with notices of the festivals as they came, and how he observed them; also with confessions of his faults and shortcomings, and with resolutions to lead a better life. He appears, indeed, to have been one of those exemplary children who are rarely met with outside the pages of Sunday-school books, and who in them are usually predestined to an early death; and certainly such promise as his childish years held forth was rather of a sort of ecstatic religiosity than of the career of liberal thought and practical usefulness which he subsequently pursued.

Completing in his twelfth year his course at the Philadelphia Academy, he attended for three years the grammar-school of the University of Pennsylvania, and then finished his education in the university proper. Within ten days after his graduation, at the age of nineteen, he called upon the Bishop in reference to his study of theology, upon which he entered at once, and which he prosecuted with such zeal and success that, at the earliest canonical age (twenty-one), he was ordained deacon and appointed assistant or chaplain to Bishop White. Some time before this the love of and talent for music, which distinguished him throughout his life, had manifested themselves; and he had not only taken charge of the singing-class at St. James's, but had been mainly instrumental in dislodging the parish clerk from his time-honored supremacy in the "organ-loft." Later, he formed a choir there, and published a collection of chants for their use.

At the age of twenty-four he was ordained to the priesthood, and almost immediately afterward accepted an invitation to a charge at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he remained during the ensuing six years. It was a natural consequence, perhaps, of his taste for music, that Christian hymnody became at this time a subject of great interest to him. "There were then," says his biographer, "only fifty-six hymns in the prayer-book, and the meter-singing was confined almost entirely to Tate and Brady's crude version of the psalms. This poverty of our worship he set forth in a tract entitled "A Plea for Christian Hymns," which he addressed to a friend in the Special General Convention, meeting in Philadelphia in 1821. Eventually this paper accomplished its mission, but Mr. Muhlenberg was much disappointed that at the time it gave rise to no action. It was characteristic of his perseverance and of the tenacity with which he held to an idea he knew to be right, that he prosecuted his object in another direction. He prepared a selection of meter psalms and hymns from various authors, which he entitled "Church Poetry," and put the volume into use in his own congregation. It was quickly adopted by several other pastors, in different parts of the country, who agreed with Mr. Muhlenberg that in the use of hymns the clergy were free. In this opinion they were sustained by Bishop White. Mr. Muhlenberg obtained permission to express the Bishop's sentiments on the subject in an article that he published in one of the periodicals of the day, and which thus brought the matter into wider notice, and gave rise to the remark, at the next General Convention (1823), that 'it was high time the Church acted in the matter, for, if not, the clergy would take it into their own hands.'" Mr. Muhlenberg, who was a member of that convention, became one of a committee appointed to consider the subject of psalms and hymns; and the noble collection of hymns now possessed by the Episcopal Church was largely selected and arranged by him. It contained, indeed, several of his own compositions—"I would not Live alway," "Like Noah's Weary Dove," "Saviour who Thy Flock art feeding," and "Shout the Glad Tidings."

Verse-making was a favorite source of amusement to Dr. Muhlenberg throughout his life, and his biographer thinks that he might have been a poet, had he devoted himself to that one thing. "One very rare gift he preëminently possessed: that of making not only songs and hymns, but the appropriate melodies for singing them. It was with his musical as with his poetical endowments, he had both taste and talent, and produced, with much ease, numerous chants and airs, as he wanted them; but the exercise of this gift was simply an incident in his occupied life, or a chance refreshment by the way."

During his stay at Lancaster, Dr. Muhlenberg took a leading part in establishing public schools and a free library there; and his work in connection with these probably led to the conception of the idea to which he devoted the best years of his life—the idea that churches should accept as a cardinal part of their duty the providing of a distinctly Christian education to youth. Full of this conception, he resigned his charge at Lancaster in 1826, and started to Europe for the purpose of examining educational methods there; but, while in New York, a chance call to Flushing led to his acceptance of a temporary pastorate in that place, and this in turn opened the way to

the establishment of the famous Flushing Institute and St. Paul's College. For eighteen toilsome years Dr. Muhlenberg presided over these institutions, and then left them only because he had accomplished the main object with which he had undertaken them, in showing that "the Christianizing of education" was not a fantastic dream, but that schools in which it was done could be made eminently successful and popular merely as schools.

Removing from Flushing to New York in 1846, Dr. Muhlenberg resumed his ministerial functions, and took charge of a free church which had been erected by his sister, Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, and which he christened the "Church of the Holy Communion." The object of both the founder and the pastor of this church was to make it a church for the poor as well as the rich; and in pursuance of this aim Dr. Muhlenberg began those beneficent labors which have endeared his name and memory to so many thousands in the great, overcrowded, festering city. The Thanksgiving feasts to the poor, the church Christmas-trees, the Fresh-Air Fund, and many other charities that have since become systematized and general, were originated by him; and it was his observation of the needs of the poor of his parish that suggested to him the great work with which his memory is most intimately associated — St. Luke's Hospital. To this noble charity he devoted himself with all the energy of his nature; to him its magnificent success and its profoundly stimulating effect upon similar schemes were chiefly due, and in its exacting and unrewarded service he spent the last seventeen years of his life.

There was one other philanthropic scheme, however, which occupied much of his attention during his closing years, and from which he probably derived more genuine satisfaction than from any other of his enterprises. This was the Church Village on Long Island, known as "St. Johnland," and designed to furnish country homes, under sound sanitary and religious conditions, to the virtuous and toiling poor who would otherwise have to spend their lives and rear their children amid the vice and misery of the metropolis. Though truly benevolent, this was not, strictly speaking, a charitable undertaking, inasmuch as the beneficiaries were to be for the most part self-supporting, and able by their work to pay rent for their cottages. The gain was that, for the price paid for a wretched room or two in a crowded and filthy tenement-house in the city, a beautiful country home and the advantages of a cleanly and Christian society could be obtained; and, together with these, the participants secured the benefits of a sort of coöperation under intelligent and skillful guidance which cost them nothing. Various charitable institutions were afterward superadded to the original scheme—such as a home for crippled and destitute children, an "Old Man's Home," and a "Boys' Home"; but the original scheme was never allowed to be subordinated, and, in carrying it out, Dr. Muhlenberg literally made a wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The briefest possible account of the numerous public and private charities in which Dr. Muhlenberg engaged would occupy more space than we can spare; and, to our mind, it is an unspeakably touching fact that he who had begun life with an independent fortune of his own, who had had the wealth of his mother and sister at command, and who had been the channel through which untold thousands of other people's money had found its way to the needy and suffering, died himself at last, in his eighty-first year, a pauper! "On a certain occasion," observes his biographer, "replying to some counsels of prudence, he had said, 'I only need to leave enough to bury me.' He did not do this. All he possessed at his death was forty dollars, in two gold-pieces, given him shortly before his illness."

The biography in which this noble and, as William Cullen Bryant called it, grandly successful life is recorded, is the work of a loving and painstaking but unskillful hand. Varied as it was in its activities, the career of Dr. Muhlenberg was too lacking in incident to be narrated with so much of detail as that at which Miss Ayres has aimed; and the general impression which the narrative leaves upon the mind is that of being too long drawn out. Its tone, moreover, is too laudatory. If ever a man could afford to have his story plainly and simply told, that man was Dr. Muhlenberg; but, in her anxiety to do justice to a character which she reverenced, Miss Ayres has fallen into that indiscriminate use of highly colored words which usually has the effect of weakening the force of the very facts which they are intended to emphasize.

TOM TAYLOR.

LONDON literary society may justly regret Mr. Tom Taylor. He was not, it is true, a great artist, even in the lines that he had chosen, and very little, if any, of his work can be classed as a permanent addition to the English reservoir of thought. He was a considerable playwright, rather than a great dramatist. We should not rank him as a tragedian at all, though he had an art of making pathetic scenes; and, as a comedian, which was probably his true line, he was rather skillful than original, rather a man who wrote for the stage than one who wrote either for all time or even for his own generation. Still, he composed a great many dramas, most of which succeeded, having, at the worst, a certain quality of interestingness, all of which display a clear appreciation of the necessities of the stage, and of the powers of his actors and the limitations on those powers, and two or three of which may live for a considerable time. "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," indeed, is better than that, and, had it been written in a less conscious age, when men were more easily moved, might have been reckoned a performance of the first class, and have given its author an enduring reputation. There is a function in literature akin to that of a manager in a theatre, a distributive rather than a creative one, which requires very considerable and very varied capacities, and Mr. Taylor fulfilled that exceedingly well. He was a good playwright, who knew what his customers wanted, and gave it them, without ever pandering to them; an honest and capable, though over-kindly critic, whose judgments, ephemeral as they were, constantly influenced artists; and a very good versifier—indeed, a poet, if one could by that word describe a man who did not intend his verses to live beyond their day. In fact, he was a man of varied powers, who did the work he elected to do—which was work slightly below what he could have done—very well indeed. This may seem scant praise, but it is all of it true; and it is not intended to be scant, but to imply that Mr. Taylor did well and in an intellectual way work a little below him, which inferior artists could have done, though in a far inferior way. It is well for the second-class work of the world that there are men conscious of a possibility of higher aims who yet will do this.

We should give Mr. Taylor just the same praise as editor of "Punch." There is probably no position in the world more difficult than that of the editor of an English comic paper, with a great reputation already made. He must secure an audience, that is, must make his paper sell, and must, therefore, prepare a supply of the good-humored, domestic or political, but, in either case, very patent and intelligible, fun which the British lower middle-class appreciates, and will pay for. It is a very good public in its way; it is easy-tempered, intelligent, and quick about ordinary things, such as it knows well, and extremely amused by a joke it comprehends; but it will not do the author's or actor's thinking for him, it will not ponder—except when called upon to sympathize with some rather ghastly form of suffering—and it will not endure the smallest infraction of its idea of the proper and becoming, whether the infraction take the form of a jest for or against chastity, or for or against religion, or for or against the more important social *conveniances*. Cham would succeed in London as little as Rochefort, and Rochefort as little as Veuillot. The public which buys comic papers will have the pulpit, and poverty—except in its extreme form of pauperism—and Cremorne, all kept out of sight together, and obtain its fun either out of politics or out of decent middle-class interiors and the sights of respectable streets, or it will cease to buy at once. "Punch," which is as much an institution as the "Times," could be destroyed as a property in a single number. The editor must do all his work in perpetual recollection of that fetter—a most valuable fetter, be it understood, which no admirer of "Punch" wishes to relax, but a real fetter on the humorist—and also of another, not quite so visible. The editor of "Punch" is like a West-End clergyman, who desires, first of all, to benefit his parish, but who can not quite forget, as he preaches, that people accustomed to much stronger intellectual food are listening to him, not altogether lost in reverential awe. The artists and writers in "Punch" can not forget the cultivated public altogether; must show themselves equal to entertaining them also, if only to foster their own self-respect, and so have occasionally to play to two audiences at once—one fastidious to the last degree, and one content if only it may have its solid, respectable fun. A third of the diners like and understand ortolans and quenelles, and two thirds are connoisseurs in beef, and both must be sent away filled. It is difficult for the *chef*, and it is part of the very curious history of "Punch"—perhaps the most separate paper that ever existed—that the double demand is so fairly, though, of course, often imperfectly, supplied. It is much to keep up such

a tradition, and Mr. Taylor, succeeding what is now quite a line of successful editors, kept it up very fairly well. We do not know that he improved "Punch"; indeed, we should say that he did not. It may be that the difference is in ourselves, but, to our minds, the slowly growing defect of "Punch" is a certain want of acid flavor, a certain flatness in tone and want of cutting effect in its hits, as if everybody on it were middle-aged and in good temper with most things, Irishmen excepted, and disposed to be rather jolly than effectively humorous. We should say, if we were permitted to criticise "Punch"—and why should we not criticise him, when he has become a personage in the state?—that in his late middle-age his temper had improved, and very often his looks—quoting in proof of the latter remark Mr. Du Mauriers's often wonderful interiors, in which a dozen persons are portrayed, each with a character, yet each helping toward the picture—but that his wit had not. Wit, satire, sharp and ringing epigram, these seem to us the features which tend to become too infrequent in "Punch," and which are not replaced altogether by parody, however good, or jest, however humorous. We seem to want, though we were of those who found a fund of laughter in "Happy Thoughts" and "Mokanna," a little more Jerrold and a little less Burnand. Mr. Taylor did not contribute this needed flavor, partly, perhaps, because he was so good-natured, which Jerrold, with all deference to his biographers, was not, philanthropy not being, as they fancy, identical with intellectual good nature; but he kept "Punch" well on its feet, still in the fore-front, though moving even more strictly than ever along the old lines; and that was a considerable thing to do. He had a thorough appreciation of good work, too, though it was the tendency of his mind to prefer good work of an accustomed kind, and possessed in himself a fund of genial and sometimes sly humor which he hardly cultivated sufficiently. What was lacking to make him a great humorist was probably a touch of the insanity or abandonment often visible in such men. There was a deep stratum of solid common sense in Mr. Taylor. He regulated the political tone of "Punch" very wisely—for example, keeping it Liberal, as most Englishmen are, resisting sore pressure to be Jingo when Jingoism was rampant, but allowing fair-play to individual tendencies, so that sometimes it was hard to say which party "Punch," in his heart, considered the ridiculous one of the two, and so that, though both parties were often momentarily incensed, neither deserted the paper. He was himself a steady Liberal, being outside his work a thorough humanitarian, who hated to see human beings suffer, and believed in rights, though not necessarily equal rights, for all men, and had in him a fund of benevolence which sometimes disturbed his judicial impartiality. The thousand friends he possessed, and who knew him better than we did, must, we think, regret that he did not get the best out of himself in some one department; but he did an immensity of work of very different kinds very much better than most people could do it, and was, when it was done, a thoroughly sincere and humble-minded man. He will be missed, and justly.

London Spectator.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE American citizen, especially in the rural sections, has usually a decided taste for questions of law. He frequents assizes; the right and wrong of laws and rulings, and the merits and demerits of local counselors, are subjects which he always delights to discuss with his neighbors at the country store or post-office; and, if among his sons there is a specially bright boy, he aspires to place him in the profession. Hence Mr. B. V. Abbott's new volume, "Judge and Jury" (or, as it is further described, "A Popular Examination of Leading Topics on the Law of the Land"), is devoted to a theme likely to interest a very large public. A book of this kind rightly prepared is calculated to correct misconceptions, and to enlarge the popular knowledge in a direction of great importance. A knowledge of the law and its bearings upon the duties and rights of the people is peculiarly incumbent upon the citizens of a republic. Hitherto our people have derived their information on questions of law incidentally, from popular discussions, or from more or less familiarity with the proceedings of courts, and it is easy to see how misapprehensions may arise where the sources of information are so irregular. A book like Mr. Abbott's is therefore valuable, but its usefulness depends upon the absolute accuracy of its statements. For the most part, Mr. Abbott's book may be trusted, but we notice one instance in which the author falls into an error that is very prevalent, and one which a book of this character ought above all things to have corrected. In the first chapter, under the heading of "Constitutional Government," occurs the following:

"It is well established that the Supreme Court has final authority to annul any law which conflicts with the national Constitution, and that the superior judiciary of

the State has like authority to annul an act of the Legislature for violating the Constitution of the State. The growth of this principle has brought the judiciary permanently forward as a repository of important power."

Now, whatever may be the powers and functions of the Supreme Court of the United States, they are the same to-day that they were at the beginning. There has not been any "growth of principle," and there could not be; no change in the functions of a court can occur without specific enactments to that effect. But there undoubtedly has been a growth or development of popular sentiment in this matter, until it has come to be generally assumed that the Supreme Court exercises a special and distinct authority in all constitutional questions. Judging from our own experience, we should say that a very large proportion of the people confidently entertain this view of the powers of the Supreme Court. And yet it is an erroneous one. The Supreme Court has no special power to annul laws. It is not its function to "revise acts of legislation" (as Mr. Abbott in another sentence declares). It has really no other power or function in this particular than that possessed by all other courts, with the exception that, being the court of last resort, its decisions can not be revoked. The power that it possesses in regard to constitutional questions is wholly incidental; it is inevitable; it exists because the court would not be a court if it did not possess it. It was never bestowed; and it could not be withdrawn, or circumscribed, or changed, without the court becoming something more or less than a judiciary. To assert that the Supreme Court has within itself a special right to "annul any law which conflicts with the national Constitution," is to make the judiciary greater than Congress or the Executive, not a coördinate but the supreme branch of the government. All that the Supreme Court really does or can do is to determine questions between suitors, and this is just what all other courts do. Whenever in any court a question arises as to whether any given case is in conflict with the Constitution (no such question can arise in any court, high or low, except in determining issues between suitors), the court is not only competent to decide the question, but it could not avoid doing so, and continue to exercise its legitimate functions. If A sues B under a statute law, and B succeeds in showing that he is justified under the Constitution, the court has no choice in the matter—it must decide whether A or B is right; it must say whether in its opinion there is or is not a conflict between the statute and the Constitution, and, if such a conflict exists, then necessarily the act of Congress or of the Legislature is null and void. The Constitution is supreme. All laws that conflict with it cease to be laws. Every court in determining causes between suitors has occasion to declare whether such a conflict exists or not; the only difference between the Supreme Court of the United States and all other courts is that its decisions are final; being final, they are assented to by all other disputants, and the law practically ceases to be.

We should not have written all this had we not been aware that erroneous impressions prevail in this matter. We have met well-informed persons who supposed that the Supreme Court possesses some power in the premises specially bestowed upon it; that its distinct function is the right to revise acts of Congress; and we have met also many persons who have been unable or unwilling to see the difference between a specified and a merely incidental power. The fact that a decision of the higher court is final does not change the essential function involved in that decision: such a decision is of much more practical importance than the decision of a lower court, but it is not different in its character, it does not spring from any special function, nor is it an exercise of any greater power. Mr. Calhoun's doctrines are not much in favor now; but, whatever may be our views as to his State sovereignty principles, we all know him to have been a man of legal astuteness, and hence his opinion on this subject is entitled to respect. He says:

"It will be asked how the court obtained the power to pronounce a law or treaty unconstitutional, when it comes in contact with that instrument. I do not deny that it possesses the right; but I can by no means concede that it was derived from the Constitution. It had its origin in the necessity of the case. When there are two or more rules established, one from a higher, the other from a lower authority, which may come in conflict in applying them to a particular case, the judge can not avoid pronouncing in favor of the superior against the inferior. . . . It is a power which, so far from being conferred exclusively on the Supreme Court, as is insisted, belongs to every court—inferior and superior—State and general, and even to foreign courts."

THE proposed International Exhibition in New York in 1883 is so far under way that, ere this reaches the eye of the reader, a commission, consisting of members representing the States and Territories, and appointed by President Hayes, under the act of Congress of April 23d, will have met in the city of New York for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

Now, of course, comes prominently forward once more the question of situation. Where can a suitable place be found for the Exhibition? Which is the best site for it? It is greatly to be hoped that no mistake will be made in this important preliminary step. One can but feel alarm, however, when he hears that the open wastes near Harlem, and the dreary, half-submerged plains at Port Morris, have been suggested and urged for the purpose. Port Morris has one single advantage, it being on the water border. To our mind this feature should be the *sine qua non* of the place adopted. It would be fairly impossible, as New York is shaped, to devise adequate means for conveying the immense crowds that will visit the Exhibition to and from any interior situation. Nothing would be sufficient for the purpose but transit by water. An almost intolerable feature of every one of the great exhibitions hitherto has been the time consumed and the fatigue and discomfort experienced in getting to and fro; and,

if the New York Fair is so placed and conducted as to remedy this evil, there is not a visitor that will not rejoice, and bless this Exhibition above all others.

But there are other reasons why the New York Exhibition should be at the water's edge—even on the water itself, if possible. New York is a commercial metropolis—a city of the sea. It lies upon a magnificent bay, and two superb rivers wash its shores. And in view of the noble waters that encompass it, of the identity of the place with commerce, and all the interests that pertain to the great waterways of the world, being also the open portal on the sea through which the Old World enters the New, the sea-border conspicuously asserts itself as a significant and appropriate place for our Exhibition. Let it by all means be placed somewhere on the bay. Let the salt breezes from old Ocean blow through its courts. Let it stand where ships from the Old World can discharge their cargoes at its gates; where great steamers from the East and from the North and from the South can bring their multitudes unobstructed to its landings; where innumerable swift-moving steamboats can connect it with every point of our water-bound metropolis. A water-situation has every conceivable advantage: it would be more accessible to visitors; it would be cooler and more healthful; it would be easier to erect the structures; and the ease of transportation for goods as well as for visitors would be immensely enhanced. There ought not to be a moment's question of these facts. For New York to select an interior site for an exhibition, would be to deliberately turn its back upon all the unparalleled advantages of its situation—to ignore the best part of itself—to confess that broad bays and noble rivers confer nothing upon a great city.

When the Exhibition was first proposed, we ventured to suggest in these columns Governor's Island in the bay as a suitable place for it. The available area of the island is much too small, but it would be practicable to build on piles out to low-water mark. But it is likely a better place could be found along the shore at Bay Ridge, or near Fort Hamilton, at the Narrows; or possibly a sufficient stretch of the Staten Island shore could be secured. It is, we believe, not more costly to build on piles than on a foundation of masonry, and hence the buildings, wherever erected, could be extended over the water. In places where the beach shelves gradually, a large area could be conquered from the sea. But with the swift and easy communication that could be established between all the shores of the bay, it would not be necessary for the Exhibition to be held all at one place. One building for a specific purpose might even stand at the Battery; another at Governor's Island; others at Bedloe's and Ellis's Islands; still others at Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton, and on the Staten Island shore. The bay would thus be environed with the Exhibition. Brilliant iron and glass palaces would line our shores and encircle our waters, making as a whole a magnificent picture. And visitors, in hieing from one place to another in swift and commodious steamboats, would, instead of enduring fatigue, gain rest and pleasure by the transit. Would not this picture be a sight to see? And by that time we are promised the Bartholdi statue, so that "Liberty enlightening the World," with her circlet of stars and torch, would stand as an appropriate column in the midst of all the splendid edifices at her feet devoted to "art enlightening the world." A happy conjunction surely.

But there is another idea—if ideas are at all wanted. If the Commissioners have audacity and pluck and a fine originality—if they dare do a bold, fresh, and unique thing—let them cast their eyes toward the shallows that lie near the New Jersey shore, and conjure up a vision. Visions, we all know, are permitted to take impracticable, illusory, and fantastic forms; therefore it would not be strange if the Commissioners, in a summer afternoon's nap, should see rising on these shallows an array of grand floating arks, a vast fleet of superb marine palaces, not perhaps unlike Longfellow's Great Harry, in "The Building of the Ship"—

> "With bows and sterns raised high in air,
> And balconies hanging here and there,
> And signal-lanterns, and flags afloat,"

and many more than "eight round towers"—a very Industrial Venice, a new and wonderful City of the Sea. Of course, this is all a dream. All audacious new ideas are only dreams—at first; and are laughed at and scorned as "baseless fabrics," until, despite the scorners, they at last take definite shape. But the wise reader need not be alarmed. The Commissioners are sure to be cautious and conservative gentlemen, who know the value of precedent, and admire the art of copying successfully. Why, indeed, should there be new ideas, when there are at hand well-tried old ones? Who ever heard of a World's Fair on boats in an open bay? But, then, who had heard of a steamboat before one was built? We have seen magnificent palaces of iron and glass, and even of granite, spring up like magic for other great exhibitions; and a venturesome person might surmise that no more skill or greater expenditure of money would be required for floating palaces than for immense structures such as those that four years ago graced Fairmount Park. And we who are familiar with the gigantic boats of the Sound and the Hudson—floating cathedrals some traveler has named them—should not doubt the possibility (in a vision at least) of bringing into place on those shallow waters a group of lofty and imposing structures, adapted in general plan for exhibition purposes, uniting space, accessibility, continuous connection, and splendor. But this, again, is a dream. Nobody ever heard of a floating Exhibition, and this fact ends all discussion.

And yet we here in New York, after so many World's Fairs, ought to mark our Exhibition with new and unique features. We should give it a decided individuality and character of its own. It is not enough to copy, however well we may do so, the models and plans of former exhibitions. We must originate something. We must separate our

Exhibition from other exhibitions. We must have a surprise; we must create new means of delight; we must produce a spectacle such as the world has never seen. How shall this be done?

A MORE significant illustration of the change that has come over popular taste in respect of poetry could hardly be imagined than is afforded by the case of Alexander Pope. Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," bowed before Pope's shrine with a cordiality of homage which was not aroused in equal degree by either Milton or Dryden, and for nearly a century Johnson's opinion was tacitly accepted, if not openly avowed; yet so rapidly and so completely has his reputation dwindled that in our days there is, at least among critics, "none so poor as to do him reverence." Difficult as it is to say, in a given case, what will be the final verdict of criticism, it can hardly be doubted that the little books contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters"—written, as they are, by specialists and masters in their respective fields—will do much in future to shape and crystallize popular sentiment in regard to the subjects with which they deal; and, for this reason, it is interesting to note what sort of measure is being meted out in them to the great autocrat of letters and arbiter of taste in the eighteenth century. In his recently published study of Cowper, Mr. Goldwin Smith has frequent occasion to compare Cowper's work with that of Pope, and it may be said that he never mentions Pope save to depreciate or discredit him. In one place he is "that arch-versifier"; in another, we are told that Pope's translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" is "not a version of Homer, but a periwigged epic of the Augustan age"; and in a third, quoting Pope's famous description of a landscape in Windsor Forest, Mr. Smith says, "Evidently Pope saw all this, not on an eminence, in the ruffling wind, but in his study, with his back to the window, and the 'Georgics,' or a translation of them, before him." Substantially the same estimate is expressed by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the monograph on Pope which he has contributed to the series. Indeed, with a cordial admiration for Pope's literary skill, and a warm appreciation of the single-mindedness with which he devoted himself to his art, it is with obvious reluctance that Mr. Stephen concedes that his verse is poetry at all. He acknowledges him to have been "a man of genius," and admits that he discharged "a function, not of the highest kind, with a perfection rare in any department of literature"; but, in the last resort, if pressed for his opinion, Mr. Stephen would probably say with Mr. Smith that Pope was an "arch-versifier" rather than a poet.

IT should be said, however, that the severity of Mr. Stephen's judgment appears to be due, in part at least, to his aversion to Pope's character as a man, and to his shame at the disclosures which, as a biographer, he is compelled to make. No man ever set himself more deliberately than Pope to drape and pose his figure for posterity; and it is a curious tribute to that Nemesis "which never yet of human wrong left the unbalanced scale," that no man has ever been more thoroughly and disgracefully exposed. In the catalogue of the "meaner vices"—from lying to levying black-mail by slander—there is scarcely one of which Pope was not guilty; and even so brief a record of his life as that of Mr. Stephen is filled with incidents which cause positive pain and a sense of degradation in the mere reading.

Here, for example, is one. Finding that his "Wycherley correspondence," as it was called (which, by the way, he had himself surreptitiously published and then repeatedly denied its publication), was "filling the nation with his praises," Pope conceived the idea of getting before the public the letters which he had written to Swift during a long series of years. In order to accomplish this, and at the same time to avoid the ridicule of publishing his own correspondence, he devised a scheme so tortuous and elaborate that it would take a page so to analyze it as to reveal at once its ingenuity and its turpitude. Suffice it to say that, having succeeded, by an incredible course of deceit and cajolery, in inducing Swift (whose intellect was then failing) to publish the letters himself, Pope actually turned upon his victim and reproached him for a "breach of confidence"! Commenting upon this singular transaction, Mr. Stephen says: "The most humiliating words ever written by a man not utterly vile, must have been those which Pope set down in a letter to Nugent, after giving his own version of the case: 'I think I can make no reflections upon this strange incident but what are truly melancholy, and humble the pride of human nature. That the greatest of geniuses, though prudence may have been the companion of wit (which is very rare) for their whole lives past, may have nothing left them but their vanity. No decay of body is half so miserable.' The most audacious hypocrite of fiction pales beside this. Pope, condescending to the meanest complication of lies to justify a paltry vanity, taking advantage of his old friend's dotage to trick him into complicity, then giving a false account of his error, and finally moralizing, with all the airs of philosophic charity, and taking credit for his generosity, is altogether a picture to set fiction at defiance."

THE history of fiction shows a great many changes in the form and spirit of the novel, and almost a complete revolution in its scope and purpose. It began with weird and improbable romance; it shifted to the picturesque and descriptive; it went thence to the romantic and sentimental, from which it soon entered the domain of domestic life. It took up the grotesque and the humorous; it glided from the objective to the emotional and the subjective; it became analytical and psychological; it shifted its ground from the narrative of incident to the portrayal of character; it ascended from the simple to the complex, and has descended again from the complex to the simple. It began by assuming that only great

people were worthy of its attention, using inferior folk only as foils, whereby to set off the graces and splendors of the mighty; but ere long it began to depict heroes and heroines without titles, and soon did not disdain to stoop to the lowest levels of humanity. It has considered pomp and splendor necessary, and abandoned pomp and splendor; it has assumed sharp contrasts between virtue and evil to be essential, and has changed its theory on that score; it has believed mystery to be indispensable, and come to learn how to dispense with it; and, while for the most part it still adheres to the belief that some measure of plot and complication is requisite, there are recent instances showing that even these things may be discarded.

The immense range which the romance and the novel have covered, and the tendency to abandon every theory that has been entertained at different times as to the requirements of fiction, are well illustrated in Edmond About's new novel, "Le Roman d'un Brave Homme," or, as it is rendered in the English translation, "The Story of an Honest Man." In this novel almost everything once supposed necessary for a work of fiction has been rejected. There are no great people and no contrasts of life; there is no splendor, no passion, no love-making, and no sentiment; there are no complications, and no incidents or situations; there is no mystery, nor anything that may be called a plot; there are no fascinating ideals of men or women, and no humorous or grotesque portraitures (although the heroine is rather a unique figure); there is no plotting or counter-plotting; there are no villains; there is no vice, and only the plain, practical virtues. "Great wonder!" exclaims the reader, "then there is nothing!" Nothing? There is fairly everything—for there is human nature; there are genuine men and women, in whose fortunes and in whose selves the reader is profoundly interested; there are admirable pictures of homely French provincial life; there are revelations of French schools, French inns, and French factories, forty years ago; and there are consummate literary art and a style full of brilliant vivacity. These things are there, and they are enough to hold the reader from first to last. But there is more. In this book industry is made romantic. One gets in love with sturdy strength, honest effort, and the intelligent application of ideas. A factory becomes as interesting as an old castle; commercial travelers appear as a new order of knights; buying and selling and manufacturing are shown to have fascinations of their own. School-life has been made interesting in many novels, but here the philosophy of education is made delightful, and the reader champions the innovation that reforms as earnestly as he ever championed a hero in the lists; and he is as much delighted at the overthrow of stupid and dreary convention, intrenched as it is, as he ever was at seeing the devices of a villain brought to naught. The book is really a romance of industry and endeavor. In our age of toil it exemplifies how labor has its fascinations, its heroisms, and its achievements; and it is peculiarly interesting to the student of literature in exemplifying that art is everything and material nothing. Just as modern landscape-painters are showing that the greatest canvases can be painted from apparently the most commonplace conditions—a bit of plain and a stretch of sky—masterly treatment being the secret, so does M. About exemplify, in "The Story of an Honest Man," that the simplest pictures of men and women can be made entrancing if the workman is only master of his art.

THOSE who are familiar with Professor Huxley's skill in this field will hardly need to be told that his "Introductory Science Primer" is a masterpiece of luminous exposition; but it should be said, also, that it is unique among his works for the epigrammatic force and finish with which he has stated the more important of his propositions. To cover the whole field of elementary science in a little book of less than a hundred pages has involved the utmost attainable condensation and precision of language, and a dozen of Professor Huxley's sentences could be selected which might be fairly said to contain the distilled quintessence of scientific knowledge. What a copious fountain-head of errors would be dried up, for example, if the general public could be made firmly to grasp the truth that science and common sense are not opposed, as people sometimes fancy them to be, but that "science is simply perfected common sense"; that, in strictness, "all accurate knowledge is science, and all exact reasoning is scientific reasoning"; that "scientific reasoning is simply very careful common reasoning, and common knowledge grows into scientific knowledge as it becomes more and more exact and complete"; and that "Scientific experiment is scientific observation performed under accurately known artificial conditions"! These conceptions once definitely lodged in the mind, the student is prepared for another series of propositions designed to make plain to him what is meant by the commonly used but often misunderstood phrase, "laws of Nature." To begin with, "Natural laws are not commands, but assertions, respecting the invariable order of Nature"; further, "The laws of Nature are not the *causes* of the order of Nature, but only our way of stating as much as we have made out of that order"; more precise still, "The laws of Nature are the general rules respecting the behavior of natural objects which have been collected from innumerable observations and experiments, or, in other words, they are inductions from those observations and experiments"; finally, "A law of man tells what we may expect society will do under certain circumstances, and a law of Nature tells us what we may expect natural objects will do under certain circumstances." Supplement these aphorisms with such pithy sayings as that "chance and accident are only *aliases* of ignorance," and the student who has once thoroughly mastered their significance will have been more profitably "introduced" to the special sciences than if he had groped his way through half a dozen conventional text-books.

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ALL ALONE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

I.

AT THE HUISSIER'S.

IT is a lovely morning in August; one of those mornings when the sky, the clouds, and the sun seem to combine to distribute light and shade, with delicious harmony, over everything terrestrial.

On the Quai des Augustins, where the high façades of the old dwelling-houses still retain a semi-obscurity, a fresh breeze plays among the branches of the poplars and plane-trees.

Through the trembling foliage, above the parapet, where the dealers in second-hand books vie with one another in their endeavors to attract the attention of the curious, the Seine is seen, its placid surface glistening in the sun.

The flower-women push their wheelbarrows gayly forward, laden with carnations, jasmines, and heliotropes. All the cries of matutinal Paris are heard above the hoarse rumbling of the innumerable vehicles of every sort that pass and repass, intermixed with the shrill whistle of the martinet and the occasional sound of a church-bell.

There is joy everywhere: in the heavens above, on the water, and on the earth. I, alone, am not gay!

I walk on with a slow and weary step. I complain—to myself—of the sun, of the loiterers who take up the walk, of the omnibuses that pass with every seat occupied. I complain especially of what I have to do at the huissier's,* who lives at the farther end of Rue Saint-Denis, and where M. La Guêpière asked me to meet him at nine o'clock.

The object of my going is to sign a *référé*. As nearly as I can understand, this is a new expedient that my husband resorts to to delay a levy that threatens us, and which is likely to come sooner or later. It threatens him as principal debtor, and me as security. In accordance with his usual custom, he has failed to pay the interest on the moneys due, and his creditors are having recourse to the processes of the law to obtain their own. The debt is secured by a claim on Chânois, a little domain that constituted wellnigh my entire dowry. Thus I find myself once more interested in a legal proceeding, which always quite unnerves me. This new expedient of my ingenious and not over-scrupulous husband exasperates me, and, as I wend my way to the place of meeting, I more than once mutter to myself:

"This is the last! Never again, never, never!"

I pass the market. The clock has just struck nine. The small market-people hasten to remove the piles of cabbages, of carrots, and of other vegetables that encumber the walk. The whole neighborhood is buoyant, busy, gay; but nothing can dispel the melancholy humor that possesses me. On the contrary, these piles of green vegetables remind me of my poor Chânois, where now I do not harvest a single cabbage-leaf. Thanks to M. La Guêpière, Chânois brings me for the moment nothing but leaves of stamped paper.

I hurry forward and enter Rue Saint-Denis, dark, damp, and teeming with busy men. In some five minutes I recognize in the distance, on the sidewalk, my amiable husband. He flourishes his cane with a juvenile and conquering air as he walks to and fro before the house of the huissier. He also has seen me, but he does not at first pretend to be conscious of my approach. With a peculiar twist of the neck he adjusts the position of his head in his inordinately high collar, pulls down his cuffs, and then, when he feels

* Deputy Sheriff.

that he is quite *au point*, he deigns to perceive me. He approaches with a nonchalant air, and salutes me with an "Ah! here you are!" as though it were only a question of a party of pleasure.

We enter the house. He ascends the stairs with the elasticity of youth, in his little sacque-coat of black alpaca. His manner is ridiculously young, and in no wise in accord with his wrinkled lids and the deep lines in his neck. I follow at a distance. The stairway is dark and dirty. At the head of the first flight is the lodge of the *concierge*, from which issues the odor of fried cabbage; at the head of the second there is a plate with these words, "Day-School for Young Ladies"; and, although the door is closed, you plainly hear the buzzing of a multitude of voices, apparently repeating an exercise in chorus; finally, at the head of the third flight, you find an unpolished, oval brass plate, on which are engraved the words, "Turn the knob, S. V. P." M. La Guêpière turns the knob and passes on before me.

No man knows better than M. La Guêpière how to carry himself on occasions like the present. He enters with inimitable grace, his hat in his hand, and with an expression that is the perfection of frankness and *bonhomie;* while I follow him, with my eyes cast down, like a repentant criminal.

The huissier, M. Plumerel, has already gone out on business connected with his office, and we are received by his head clerk, a man of fifty-odd years, with a big, bald head, large, round eyes, thick lips, heavy eyebrows, a deep, coarse voice, and yet, with all that, a shrewd, politic mien. He is seated at a mahogany desk, protected by a sort of balustrade, painted black. On his desk there are piles of stamped papers, a kind of documents with which I, alas! am only too well acquainted, thanks to the peculiar experience I have had in worldly affairs since I have been married. I could name them one after the other without reading a line of them. This simple sheet, folded in the form of a letter, is a *commandement;* this double sheet, with a heading in Gothic letters, is an order to appear before the tribunal of commerce; and this *cahier*, tied at the top and the bottom with a red cord, is a notice of judgment. I see all this from the corner of my eye, and all the disagreeable and humiliating things I have experienced since my union with M. La Guêpière pass before my mind's eye.

"Pray, be seated," says the head clerk; "your *référé* is not yet ready."

And M. La Guêpière drops into a chair with an obsequious gesture of the hand, signifying that he is in no haste. There is a chair near him, but I do not take it; I go to another in a corner of the room, near a dust-covered stove, on which there is a *carafe* half filled with yellowish water. This *carafe*, without a glass, sets me to thinking: Do the clerks all drink directly from it?

I examine the office. It is lighted by a high window that looks out on a rather obscure court. Under this window, and standing against the wall, there are three black desks, and at two of them there are two men in threadbare coats, who are writing very rapidly. You hear the scratching of their pens as they run over the stamped paper. They work on without raising their heads, as though they feared they would never get done.

In an angle opposite the corner occupied by the head clerk, there is another desk—this one of oak, covered with green portfolios. At it is seated a young clerk with a provincial air and a pleasing face; he has large brown eyes, black hair, cut very short, and a light mustache, which shows a rather large but good-shaped, honest mouth. His neat attire, without being elegant, together with his ingenuous mien, is in strong contrast with the unbrushed heads and the seedy apparel of his two colleagues.

He is the second clerk. He is occupied in preparing the *référé*, and is writing at the dictation of his superior. Now and then I hear the judicial phraseology:

"Estelle-Noémi-Geneviève Passerah, consort *séparée de biens*, of the said Raoul Lancelot de la Guêpière," etc.

"*De biens*, only?"* asks the head clerk, turning to my husband.

"*De biens* only," replies M. La Guêpière, with a malicious smile.

I could have killed him!

The door opens, and a short, thick-set man, with a dilapidated look, enters. He has an uncleanly appearance, and his whole person is impregnated with a look of vice and misery. His beard and his hair are of the woolly sort, and their color will perhaps be most nearly described by calling it a dirty gray. His clothes, much the worse for wear, look as though they have never been brushed, and his shoes have not been subjected to a cleaning for a week or two at the least. His waistcoat is too short, and of many colors, and the sleeves and collar of his coat are very smooth and shiny. He is the poster of notices.

"So early?" says the head clerk, with a cold, ironical look. "No danger of your overworking yourself—you take your time. One sees that you have no need of money!"

The two clerks at the black desks look up for a moment at the head clerk, and then their

* Deprivation of property only.

pens go over the paper again faster than ever, seemingly to make up for the lost time. Meanwhile the poster, without being in the least disturbed, lays off his straw hat, and replaces it with a greasy, black-silk cap. He seems to have become used to such receptions from his fellow workers; he takes from the pocket of his coat a large piece of bread and a piece of cold meat of some sort, and places both carefully in his hat. Then he turns toward the head clerk and asks in anything but a respectful tone:

"Where are the notices?"

"There, in the drawer—always in the same place."

"Always in the same place—always in the same place!" grumbles the poster. "They might have been put somewhere else."

"True, but they were put there. Do you understand, Benjamin?—they were put there!" cries the head clerk, impatiently.

"All right, all right!" replies Benjamin, as he goes to the drawer and takes from it a bundle of rose-colored paper, which he weighs in his hand with a sneer.

"Is that all there is? Pity there weren't some more!"

"You're never satisfied! Come, no more grumbling, but get at your work!"

The grumbler goes to his desk and begins to paste a piece of stamped paper to each copy of the notices.

The door opens again, and admits a worthy-looking man, who approaches the head clerk with a hesitating, anxious mien, that immediately excites my sympathy. He brings a small sum of money, and asks for two days more to pay the balance of his indebtedness.

"Impossible," replies the clerk, in a decidedly emphatic tone, as he counts the money; "that is a responsibility I could not think of taking."

"But," says the poor man, "I ask for a delay of only two days."

"Only two days! And your creditor—what is he to do during that time?"

"Oh, sir, what are two days to him in a small matter like this? He is rich."

"Return at two o'clock. M. Plumerel will see you after his luncheon, and, if he chooses to grant the delay you ask for, well and good; as for myself, I could not take the responsibility."

"But, sir, you forget that I am to be sold out to-day at twelve o'clock!" exclaims the man, with a look of despair.

"I can do nothing for you—I am sorry," the clerk replies, with a shrug. "Good morning."

And the man turned away, seemingly crushed with his misfortunes.

During this colloquy, I hear in an adjoining room the fresh voice of a young woman or young girl humming the "Valse des Roses." The voice goes from one corner of the room to another, and I imagine the daughter of the huissier, in a little white apron, putting things to right in her bedchamber, watering her flower-pots, feeding her canaries, and arranging the objects of *virtu*. What a difference between the poor man who has just left us and the possessor of this fresh young voice! How is it possible for huissiers to have such pretty daughters as I imagined M. Plumerel to have?

The sound of this fresh voice carries me back to the time when I too was a young girl and knew no care—when I sang as I gathered flowers in the little garden of Chânois. I see it now, that little garden with its richly laden fruit-trees, its fragrant lilacs, and its flower-beds bordered with carnations, and my early youth passes before me. I was, however, not always happy, for it was not always sunny within our little country home. Gayety can never be of long duration when there is difficulty in making ends meet.

My mother, vain and extravagant, thought only of outdoing our neighbors and of appearing rich; my father, very plain and economical, entirely occupied with the cultivation of his little farm, never ceased to complain when his crops were bad, and always cried like a peacock when he had to pay any bills for us. Our domestic relations, as may be imagined, were not so harmonious as could have been desired, but I was at that age when, unless the circumstances are very adverse, we see everything in the colors of the rainbow. Although the dowry I was able to bring a husband was a very modest one, I could at that time have married a worthy young fellow, the son of a neighboring farmer, who would have taken me for my handsome eyes rather than the little sum he would have received with me; but my mother had a horror of country-people, and was determined that her daughter should marry a man of the world. With this object in view, she took me to all the balls given at the prefecture, and it was there that I met M. La Guêpière. He was a Parisian, and wore a foreign decoration, which looked very like that of the Legion of Honor, and then his visiting-cards read, "Viscount de La Guêpière." Further, he pretended to descend from the famous chevalier of that name, which accounted, perhaps, for his love of *baccarat* and *bouillotte*;* it was in the blood. This illustrious descent and the title of viscount were sufficient to captivate my mother. Moreover, she was dazzled by the diction of M. La Guêpière's oily tongue: every nerve was strained to marry me to the descendant of

* Two games at cards.

Lancelot to whom I brought as dowry my twenty years and the unencumbered ownership of Chânois. My fault in the matter was in allowing myself to be united to a man more than double my own age for whom I had no love. I was tired of the life I led at home and of my father's ill-humor, and then I was fascinated with the prospect of living in Paris as my mother was with the idea of seeing her daughter a viscountess. And to think that three quarters of the marriages are effected in this way!

I have thoroughly repented it during the seven years that have passed since then, and I shed many and bitter tears when I think of the happy years I spent at dear old Chânois. Oh! during these seven years, what a lamentable succession of humiliations, of contentions and concessions! We had been married only three months, when the descendant of the famous chevalier had mortgaged Chânois and quarreled with my people. He was over-ears in debt, passed his nights at play and his days in manipulating schemes of questionable honesty. And this still continues! All the huissiers of Paris know our address, and we always live between a protest and an execution. But my patience is at an end: I have had enough of this life, in which the scenes with our creditors alternate with the scenes I have with M. La Guêpière, when he comes home in the morning after an unfortunate night at play. An attorney whom I have consulted tells me I have grounds more than sufficient to obtain a separation. If I had children I should hesitate, but I am alone, and I am determined to take a decided step. The coming winter shall witness no more quarrels at our fireside, and the errand I am on to-day will be the last of the sort I shall ever go on. I prefer to be a lady's companion, a governess, no matter what, than to pass the rest of my days under the same roof with Lancelot de La Guêpière.

While I consider my project, I can not refrain from glancing in the direction of my husband. He has put on his eye-glasses, and, with one hand thrust part way into the opening of his waistcoat, he is reading the "Petit Journal." I turn away with a movement that betrays my indignation, and as I look up again I encounter two eyes that are fixed upon me—two honest, limpid eyes—those of the second clerk, the young man with his hair cut *en brosse*. In his look there is an expression of compassionate admiration that for a moment quite disconcerts me. How long has he been thus observing me?

I have one of those unfortunate, telltale faces which is as easy to read as a book. My eyes, my eyebrows, and the corners of my mouth betray my most secret thoughts without my being conscious of it. He has certainly divined, from the expression of my face, the whole drift of my thoughts. I am so confused that I dare not look again in his direction, which is doubly embarrassing from the fact that his desk is directly in front of the chair in which I am sitting. Fortunately, an accident comes to my rescue and enables me to regain my self-control.

The sun has got round where it falls, as it shines through the court window, directly on the three desks that stand in a line against the wall. One of the clerks rises, pulls the left shutter toward him and resumes his work. This makes the office comparatively dark, and the poster Benjamin finds himself in a light that is quite insufficient for his purposes. At first he mutters to himself, then suddenly he mounts a stool and with his ruler he pushes the blind back with such violence that it makes a loud noise as it strikes the wall.

Hereupon Benjamin's two neighbors spring to their feet and cry out as though their movements were governed by a single piece of mechanism.

"In Heaven's name what's the matter there?" cries the head clerk. "Put him out—the ruffian!"

"How can I see in the dark, I should like to know?" says Benjamin. "The sun doesn't inconvenience me, quite the contrary; and then they say sunshine is good for your health. Close the shutter on your side, if you like, but leave me to do as I please with mine."

"Quite right," replied the head clerk, "quite right!—Gentlemen, you forget the respect due to age."

The second of the two copyists closes the right shutter, and Benjamin alone finds himself in the sun. It nearly blinds him; he twists about on his chair, presents a three-quarter face, then only his profile to the sun, until finally he begins to mutter again. This has not continued long when suddenly he mounts his stool once more and again closes the left shutter. Total darkness. The two copyists utter another cry, and in the same breath appeal to the head clerk, who speaks to Benjamin in a tone that causes him to make haste to mount his stool for the third time and partially open both shutters, and then return to his work without venturing an observation.

The head clerk resumes the dictation of the *référé*, the pens of the copyists are again heard scratching their way over the paper, and all is peace if not harmony again.

After some ten minutes the *référé* is finished, and the second clerk rises to have me sign it. As he offers me the pen he heightens color again. I hasten to write my name, and M. La Guêpière follows me with his most consequential air.

"We will keep the papers for a few days," says the head clerk to me; and, designating his second, he adds, "M. Pascal will bring them to you."

M. Pascal bows low, and pulls back his chair to let me pass.

At last I can go my way. I button my glove, while the two copyists, almost without retarding the movement of their pens, glance in my direction, and leave the office, this time first, followed by M. La Guêpière, who, it seems to me, will never get done his leave-taking.

At the head of the first flight of stairs we meet a gentleman, dressed in black, who has much the appearance of a Protestant minister. He raises his hat to me as I pass: it is M. Plumerel, the huissier. M. La Guêpière has never seen him, but his perceptions have arrived at that state of cultivation that he is able to recognize an huissier at sight. He speaks to him, and they stop to chat for a moment on the landing.

I am already on the sidewalk, and morally shake the dust from my feet, when my husband overtakes me. He assumes his most gallant air, and, putting his arm in position for me to take it, he says, smiling:

"Well, you see, it was not such a killing matter as you expected. Which way are you going?"

"Home!"

"Shall I get a cab for you?"

"Thank you, I can walk."

And I turn my back to him and take the road toward our lodgings.

II.

THE ABBOT.

IT is over. After a last and lamentable scene, I found the courage to act, and went again to my lawyer. He notified M. La Guêpière that I was determined to obtain a separation—if not amicably, then before a legal tribunal—and desired him to meet me at his office. Yesterday, at the hour fixed, my husband deigned to comply with the request. I was already seated in the lawyer's private office when Lancelot de La Guêpière entered, fresh gloved and with a bunch of flowers in his button-hole. We had not seen each other for a week. After our last quarrel he passed his nights at his club, and did not return home in the morning till I had gone out. His appearance and manner seemed to me to betray more of the charlatan and the bully than usual.

At first he formally refused to separate from me, protesting that he adored me, and that I did not do him justice. I was one of the most charming of women with everybody except with him, who had always sacrificed himself for me, and who could not live without me.

"Besides," he added, in a very confident tone, being deceived by my silence and my lawyer's, "no tribunal will ever decree this separation. What can you plead? My life is as pure as a child's."

In reply, the lawyer placed before the "innocent" a bundle of papers, letters he had written to me, and letters addressed to him relating to certain episodes in his life, the details of which he would be naturally desirous to withhold from the public. By way of conclusion, the lawyer volunteered his opinion that no tribunal, in view of certain facts which could be easily established, would hesitate to grant the separation desired.

This little discourse visibly affected the manner of M. de La Guêpière. He immediately changed his tactics.

"It would ill become me," said he, in a most deferential tone, "to oppose my opinion to that of a man so competent to judge in the matter. I submit; but madame, I am sure, will regret the course she is pursuing. I am the victim of circumstances. Some day she will do me justice."

In short, after all his protestations and his declamation about his honesty, his virtues, and his self-denial, he consented to subscribe to a compromise which my lawyer had taken the precaution to prepare in advance. By the terms of agreement, he recognized my rights to demand a separation, authorized me to live where I chose, and promised to pay me the sum of three hundred francs monthly. As soon as the paper was signed in duplicate he retired with a high head, without deigning to look at me, but declaring to the lawyer that he was delighted to have made his acquaintance, and assuring him of his high esteem.

"What a comedian!" exclaimed the lawyer, when M. La Guêpière finally spoke his last little speech and the door closed behind him. "Well, we have, at all events, what we wanted, and this consent to your quitting the conjugal domicile will serve us well in the event of our being compelled to have recourse to the law."

Now that that which I looked upon as being the most difficult to compass is over, it is necessary for me to find modest apartments in which to establish myself, and then to look for some situation in which I can earn my bread, for I have little confidence in the promptness of M. La Guêpière, and then it seems to me that the man's money will burn my fingers. I think of all this, seated before a little fire lighted with a few sticks of wood left over from last winter's provision. It is now October, the weather is damp, and this first fire, meager as it is, serves me as company. Without, the rain strikes against the windows,

and the west wind whistles an air lamentably sad, and poorly calculated to give me courage. I rest my elbows on my knees, clasp my temples with my hands, and look with envy at Metete, my yellow-and-white cat that, oblivious of care, lies purring on the rug before the fire. Suddenly there is a ring, and Naniche comes to tell me that a "Monsieur le Curé" wishes to see me.

I am in anything but a humor to be social, and, besides being only moderately devout, I have no special love for the clergy in general. Nevertheless, as Naniche assures me that the appearance of this *curé* is much in his favor, I yield, as much to curiosity as to deference, and the visitor enters with one of those salutations, half worldly half devotional, peculiar to the gentlemen of the Church.

Very true, the ecclesiastic has a pleasing face, and, although he has the appearance of being wellnigh sixty, there still remains in his small blue eyes an engaging vivacity. His rather low forehead has not a single wrinkle, and is surmounted with a wealth of silver-gray, wavy hair. His thick, firm lips have a purple tint that reminds you of the color of a white-heart cherry. Their expression is indulgent and accommodating. His nose is a poem: short, with one nostril more prominent than the other, which makes it look as though it were turned to one side. Its expression is *naïve*, epicurean, and almost mirthful.

While I stand with my hand resting on the back of my chair, he informs me that he is the Abbot Micault: I remember having heard the name mentioned by M. La Guêpière. After having told me his name, the abbot adds that he is one of the officiating priests of the Church of Saint-Séverin, and a teacher at the Bossuet School. I immediately suspect an ambassador sent by my husband, which prompts me to assume the defensive. Nevertheless, having pushed a chair toward him, I invite him to be seated. As he sits down he opens his threadbare cassock, puts his hat on his lap, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he confesses, with the greatest *bonhomie*, that M. La Guêpière, one of his aforetime pupils, has confided to him the story of his domestic dissensions; that my husband seems most unhappy in consequence of our prospective separation; and that, in his character of servant of the Church, he has ventured to make me a visit, in the hope that he may be the means of bringing about a reconciliation.

In spite of me, I feel that my face puts on its most tragic expression, but I retain my self-control, and confine myself to an energetic and expressive shrug.

The abbot sighs, and pushes back his Absalomian head-covering.

"Let us see, madame," he continues; "have you duly considered the gravity of the step you are taking? At your age it is an unnatural, a sad thing to live alone. And, then, have you thought of what the world will say? Perhaps it will accuse you, wrongfully I am willing to believe, that you have not used all the means in your power to reclaim your husband."

At these words I sprang to my feet.

"If it is at my husband's instance you come," I cry, "you may tell him that my resolution is irrevocable!"

Hereupon I move my chair away, in order to give my interlocutor to understand that I have no wish to prolong the interview; but the abbot remains quietly in his chair, and looks at me with an air of obstinate commiseration, in consequence of which I repeat, with all the emphasis I am mistress of:

"It only remains for me to thank you, sir. It is your mission to preach peace, but with me you will lose your time. I have decided on my course."

"Come, come!" says he, rising, "we'll not lose our temper, whatever we do. You interest me, if I do not find you inclined to be as conciliatory as I could wish. Allow me to come and see you occasionally, here, or in your new residence. I hear that you are desirous to obtain a place as reader. I myself have been a preceptor in some of our better families, with whom I have preserved my friendly relations: perhaps I can be of service to you. I will return, and we will speak about it, while at the same time I will talk to you a little about the goodness of God, which, I trust, will do you good."

"I am not very devout, sir, and am quite sure a place as reader will do me more good than anything you can say to me about God's goodness."

"My daughter, we should all put our trust in Divine Providence."

"Providence has never sent me anything but trouble," I reply.

"We should pray that we may endure the ills of life with resignation," is his response.

"Resignation!" I cry out—"resignation! Never will I pray for that virtue. I do not understand it, and I do not like those people who pretend to have it."

The abbot opens his little eyes and contemplates me with a look of commiseration which is not at all calculated to improve my humor.

"And you wish to live alone, with a disposition such as yours?" he replies, evidently much amazed. "My child, you terrify me; but, despite your erroneous ideas, you excite my sympathy. I will return."

In a somewhat embarrassed tone, I repeat:

"I am much beholden to you; but it would be very wrong for me to encourage you to spend your time with me, as it would be to lose it."

"And why to lose it?"

"Because, if you come to me with the view of converting me to your way of thinking, I would rather forego the pleasure of your visits."

The abbot's nose indulges in a grimace, his cherry lips contract, then dilate, and finally he bursts out laughing.

"Reassure yourself," he replies; "we never use compulsion. Devotion and resignation are things that come of themselves."

"Perhaps," I reply, with an incredulous shake of the head—"perhaps they will come to me when Providence sends me a little happiness."

"Patience, patience!" he exhorts, laying his hand gently on my arm; "I will see what I can do for you: I trust I shall be able to find a situation in which you will be comparatively independent. I have found such places for others, and have no doubt I shall be equally successful in my search for you. *Bon courage, et à bientôt.*"

He bows and disappears behind the folds of my *portière* of faded blue reps. No sooner do I hear the door of the antechamber close behind him than I give a loose rein to my ill humor.

"A well-meaning man, no doubt," I soliloquize; "but he bores me with his persistency. Humph! what do I want of an abbot?"

Still grumbling to myself, I set furiously to work dusting off the mantel, when the sight of my *porte-monnaie*, in its collapsed condition, operates as a mental sedative and turns my thoughts into calmer channels. I reflect that despite his fine promises, M. La Guêpière is more likely to consult his own convenience than mine in sending me my three hundred francs; that I possess in my own right only two thousand francs a year, which, fortunately, Lancelot could not touch, as it is inalienable; and, finally, that I can expect no assistance from my family, who have never been able to recover from the expense they incurred on the occasion of my marriage. It is therefore imperative that I shall in some measure provide for myself. And this abbot—perhaps, thanks to him, I may be able to ensnare the *merle blanc*, that is, place as reader to some old lady. Ay, ay, the Abbot Micault is a person to cultivate.

While I resolve all these things in my mind, I suddenly discover that my *huit* is badly adjusted. I take out my comb and some of my hairpins, and standing before the mirror, my chignon half unrolled, I proceed to rearrange my hair. Thus occupied, I am struck with my serious and melancholy expression, and the pallor of my face. My eyes, too, seem unnaturally large and somber.

"How you do look!" I said to myself. "Seven years of married life have certainly not improved you!" And suddenly I discover that the glass reflects another figure besides my own—the figure of a man with brown eyes and close-cropped hair. I turn, amazed and indignant at being surprised thus with my hair down, and cry:

"Who are you? and what do you mean by coming into people's houses thus unannounced?"

The owner of the close-cropped head begins to stammer out a reply, when I recognize M. Pascal, the second clerk of the huissier, M. Plumerel. He emerges from the folds of the *portière*, holding in one hand his felt hat and in the other a bundle of papers. He finally explains that he entered at the moment the abbot went out, and, finding no one to announce him, he had found his way thus far in search of some one.

The poor fellow is so embarrassed that he wellnigh loses all self-control. I really pity him, and, after having temporarily adjusted my chignon, I do my utmost to conceal my displeasure and beg him to be seated. In making his way to a chair, he runs against a center-table and nearly falls over a footstool, and when finally he is seated he seems at a loss to know what to do with his hands, and to be equally embarrassed with his feet. "Poor fellow," I think; "what a misfortune to be so bashful!" I take the papers, and, as it is necessary to give a receipt for them, I go to my desk to write one. I am ashamed of the ill humor I betrayed, and endeavor to be social, in order to show him that my second impulses are better than my first.

"You have not been long in Paris, I judge?"

"No, madame," he replies, adding, "That is easily seen, is it not?"

By way of reply, I confine myself to a faint smile, and inquire from what province he comes.

"From Bourgogne, from Grancey, a little village quite surrounded by forests."

From the manner in which he pronounces the name of Grancey, and in which his face changes expression, it is evident that he loves his native village. It is thus that my face often lights up when I speak of Chânois, and this resemblance renders my interlocutor more sympathetic.

"I would wager that you love the country," I say to him.

"Indeed I do, madame, and there are moments when I feel something akin to homesickness."

"Then how did it come that you quit your forests and green fields to shut yourself in a horrid office like M. Plumerel's?"

"Ah! that is because," he replies, as he pulls at the brim of his hat with his ink-stained fingers—"because I had taken it into my head to become a musician, and to do that it was neces-

sary to come to Paris. I was brought up by an Alsacian schoolmaster who was music-mad, and who taught me all he knew on the piano. When he was at the end of his knowledge of the art, he said to me: 'Now you must go to Paris; it is only there that you can perfect yourself.' From that time I could think of only one thing —of setting out. But it was not such an easy thing to do."

"Why?"

"Because I am the second of six children, and because my father, who is only a small farmer, could ill afford the expense."

"And how did you manage it?" I inquire, beginning to become interested in his history.

"The most difficult of all was the journey. True, we have a railroad that passes Is-sur-Tille, but the fare to Paris is eighty francs in the third class, and my savings amounted to only fifty; I was, therefore, compelled to find some way by which I could travel gratis."

"And did you succeed?"

"I did," he replies with a certain degree of pride, "and this is the way I did it: With us the stock-raisers send their cattle to Paris by special trains, under the care of men who accompany the animals to the market at Poissy, and who, of course, are carried on the train gratuitously. I arranged with one of the farmers of Montsaugeonnais to take the place of one of his men, and in that way I was enabled to make the journey to Paris without depleting my purse."

"But I hope you didn't all have to travel together—you and the cattle—in one compartment?"

He laughed.

"Well, pretty nearly; but I didn't mind that. I put on a blouse, a *biande* as they call them with us, and with my warm woolen cloak around me I was well protected against the wind. I kept thinking, 'I shall soon be in Paris, where I shall hear so much good music and where I can perfect myself as a piano-player,' and that made me forget the discomforts of the journey."

At this moment, in spite of his rustic *gaucherie*, his ill-fitting coat cut by the tailor of his village, his homespun trousers, and his coarse, shapeless shoes, I thought him almost handsome. Leaning against the mantel, with one hand in my hair, I ceased to think of myself as I continued to question him.

"And arrived in Paris, what did you do then?"

"Ah! I soon discovered that all my difficulties were not over. All the money I had amounted to something less than fifty francs. I thought twice before I ventured to spend a sou. Fortunately I had worked in the office of a notary at Grancey who knew M. Plumerel, and his recommendation procured me my present situation, where I get bread and wine for my *déjeuner* and forty francs a month, and am allowed to go three times a week to the Conservatory to take lessons in harmony and composition."

"And the lessons—do they cost much?"

"Quite enough for my small means, but I have another little resource. In the evening I sometimes do copying, for which I am paid extra."

"And how much can you make at that?"

"Three or four francs in an evening, when there is any work to do."

It is on my tongue to ask if he does not think it would be possible for me to find some copying to do; but a false pride deters me. We look at each other in silence. He divines that I have something more to say, and waits, still fumbling his hat and betraying scarcely less timidity than at first. Finally I renew the conversation:

"Monsieur Pascal—that is your name, I believe?"

"Yes, madame, Pascal Nau."

"I spoke very rudely when you entered the room. I hope you will pardon me; you took me so by surprise. And, to prove to me that you bear me no ill will, play for me a little."

I open the piano. He does not wait to be urged, but immediately seats himself at the instrument; not, however, without catching the nails of his shoes in the carpet as he crosses the floor. He tries the piano for a moment.

"I will play one of my little pieces for you," says he, in a tone that betrays his nervousness.

He begins very *piano*. It is a sort of romance without words; the melody, in a minor key, is very simple, and the rhythm, now hurried and now slow, reminds one of the songs of the peasantry. I listen surprised. In this simple composition there is something wholesome, something large and invigorating. It exhales the odor of mown meadows and ripened grains: in it you seem to hear the long lowing of the cows in their pastures and the melancholy calls of the herdsmen at evening. I close my eyes, and immediately a panorama of Chânois appears to my imagination. The breeze brings me the perfume of the lilacs and the sound of the merrymakings of dear old Chânois; the gurgling of the brook that runs along the high-road; the scent of the hemp-fields of Fossedes-Dames; the humming of the threshers and the cracking of the whips of the plowmen; the babble and hallooing of the women and children on their way to gather beechnuts in the woods already tinted by the approach of autumn. All these impressions succeed one another in rapid succession as the notes vibrate under the fingers of the rustic pianist. I am so moved that my eyes are suf-

fused, and, when finally, after the last accord, he stops playing, I can not find words to thank him.

Embarrassed by my silence, he rises awkwardly and leaves the piano.

"But I fear they will begin to wonder what has become of me at the office—I must hasten back," he stammers, balancing himself like a trick-bear leaning on a stick.

I offer him my hand.

"Thank you, Monsieur Pascal," I say; "your music has done me good. You have genuine talent, and play far better than I expected. *Bon courage!*"

He bows low and finds his way out, while I reproach myself for not having sufficiently complimented him,

"Who knows if I shall ever see him again?"

III.

THE DEPARTURE.

"MADAME, here are the men to move you," says Naniche, as she thrusts her head in at the door, which stands ajar.

Alas! here is also my most painful day, that of my departure. I open the curtains and look into the street. It is raining hard. The sky is the color of soot; the mud of the pavements the color of ink. The cabs hasten past, throwing the mud over the projecting show-windows of the shops, and the umbrellas run against one another in trying to avoid the puddles on the walks. The weather is in perfect harmony with my humor. Only yesterday I went through a disagreeable scene, which gave me a foretaste of what was to come to-day. I had been to notify M. La Guêpière that my new lodgings were ready, and that I expected to move to-day. I found him in his bedchamber, occupied in shaving himself.

"I know, I know!" he replied, puffing out his cheeks, covered with lather. "Well, go! Who hinders you?"

There was a moment of silence, which he profited by to wipe his chin and apply his powder-puff.

"So you're really going, eh?" he continued, with a sarcastic smile, as he proceeded to apply the puff to his thin cheeks. "You think I am used up, and you throw me aside as you would an old lemon from which you had pressed all the juice. But be patient! The day is not far distant when I shall be out of my monetary embarrassments; my Vigo speculation bids fair to yield me millions, and that soon, too, when you will be only too glad to return and warm yourself at my fireside. But the fact is," he cried with a dramatic flourish, "you are one of the worst of ingrates. You have a husband of whom any other woman would be proud. But tell me, if you can, what do you need that you have not?"

"Everything!"

"That's no answer," he replied, with a shrug.

Then, seeing that my eyes were filled with tears, he continued:

"You weep? Humph, you're a fool! Don't take things so serious; do as I do, and, come what will, make light of it. There is no road that has no turn. Instead of moping, submit gracefully to the unalterable. Go and make yourself look your prettiest, and I will take you to Brébant's for dinner, and from there we will go to the theatre. We will have the appearance of having unveiled a segment of our honeymoon, which will give the gossips something to talk about. To which theatre would you prefer going?"

I could contain myself no longer. The man's cynicism was so revolting to me that I hastened back to my apartments without pausing to make him any reply; but he followed me, repeating his proposition to go to the theatre. After having vainly endeavored to tempt me with a prospect of pleasure—he knows that the theatre is my weakness—he tried the effect of an exhibition of sentiment. He protested that he adored me, that I was everything to him, and implored me to remain at "his fireside." All that had such a false ring that I was utterly unmoved. Then, when he saw that his honeyed words produced no effect, he took to abusing me.

The same impassible silence.

Finally, finding me impregnable to all his assaults, he returned to his chamber to finish making himself ready to go out. When he had finished, he sallied forth with, it seemed to me, even more than his accustomed airs. I was now alone, and occupied myself with my packing. I dined sparingly, and slept anything but well.

This morning, while the heavy steps of the men engaged in moving me are heard in the antechamber, I put on an old dress and proceed to select the furniture I will take. By the terms of the separation all the furniture was given to me.

I have since discovered that it was simply a move on the part of my astute husband, to prevent the furniture falling into the hands of his creditors.

Legally, then, everything here belongs to me; but I have already told M. La Guêpière that I will limit myself to the strictly necessary, and will leave him the rest.

I myself direct the men. While they are taking the sideboard and the table out of the

dining-room, I hear M. La Guêpière rise and walk to and fro in his chamber. It makes my heart bleed to see these first pieces of furniture taken out. I think how my husband's *amour-propre* must suffer, and, despite the aversion I have for him, I can't help feeling sorry for this man who, by his own fault, 'tis true, is about to be left alone, without wife and without friends, in these half-furnished rooms.

I profit by a moment when he goes into his dressing-room to place, by stealth, the portraits of his ancestors in his chamber, which I have no desire to take with me; then I slyly slip my photograph, which is on his mantle, into my pocket. I do not wish to live any longer with him, not even in effigy, and I replace my picture with that of his mother, which is in the *salon*.

He comes in just as things are at this stage, shrugs his shoulders, looks around at the furniture, and never opens his lips. Despite the terrible state of the weather, he has taken as much pains as usual in making his toilet. He has even put on his triumphant gray-pearl trousers. In the button-hole of his coat he has the ribbon of the Order of Christ, which he wears, I always think, because, unless closely observed, it is taken for that of the Legion of Honor. He evidently wishes to inspire me with regrets for what I lose in leaving him. Still continuing to adorn himself, he goes and comes, whistling the while, with seemingly an utter absence of care, the waltz from "Faust"—"Ta ra ta, lal la la." He does not skip a single bar, but pauses from time to time to pull out a white hair or to adjust the knot of his cravat; then, taking up the air just where he left off, "Ta la la, te la la," he becomes languishing, almost sentimental. Finally, when he is satisfied with the lay of each individual hair, he stops short on one of his fullest notes, puts on his hat and exits, crying out at the head of the landing that he will be back in half an hour.

Meanwhile I continue my packing. I choose such things as will be most serviceable to him, or as he most prizes, and arrange them in the *salon*, the furniture of which I leave him. When he returns, my arrangements are pretty nearly completed. He glances into the room, the doors of which are wide open.

"Humph!" he grunts, "you are making a clean sweep of things, I see; you are taking everything."

The crying injustice of this remark exasperates me, and, taking from my pocket a little bundle of rose-colored papers, which I offer him, I reply:

"No, I do not take everything; I leave you these papers. They are the receipts for my jewelry, which you have pledged."

He starts and bites his lip, for he is not yet entirely lost to all sense of manly pride, but he takes the receipts and locks them carefully in his portfolio.

"Thank Heaven, the day is not far distant when I will pay back ten fold!" he replies; "my luck is beginning to turn, and it will not be long till I shall have an abundance."

Then, with a flourish that would become a prince who gives by the million, he hands me a bank-note of one hundred francs.

"Here is some pin-money for you," says he. "Within a week I will send you more."

This bill burns my fingers; it so humiliates me to accept money from the man that I can not prevent the tears coming to my eyes when I am compelled to do it. He sees my tears, and misconstrues their significance.

"You weep!" says he. "Is it because you have a dread of poverty? Ah, madame, your days of ease and comfort are past; you are now about to learn what life really is. You have misunderstood the best of husbands, a man to whom statues ought to be erected, and to whom statues will some day be erected, my word for it! And when you pass by them you will say to yourself, 'And how I, his wife, misunderstood him!'"

All this is declaimed so theatrically, with such emphasis of tone and gesture, that I could not refrain from laughing, if my heart were not so full. I make no reply. I remain seated on the sofa, while the tears roll slowly down my cheeks. He walks to and fro for a minute or two, evidently undecided what to do, then he approaches me, and in a somewhat hesitating tone says:

"If you weep, it is doubtless because you have not enough money. Do you want another napoleon?"

And he takes one from his pocket and throws it on my lap.

This time my indignation is beyond my control. I take the piece of gold and throw it across the room; then, rising and going toward him, while he retreats, completely disconcerted by my menacing manner, I cry:

"You are much in error! If I weep, it is less for myself than for you. I weep because I foresee that when I am no longer here you will do one foolish thing after another, till you are ruined, perhaps worse than ruined. My presence, alone, kept among your acquaintances a few worthy people. I sustained you on the edge of the abyss which has long threatened you. I have been your good sense, your judgment, your respectability, and it is because I knew all this that I have remained so long with you. I weep because I know that when I am gone you will be abandoned by everybody; that you will no longer have either counsel or friends, and I am so weak as to pity you!"

But Lancelot de La Guêpière does not wish to be pitied, the pity of others is a mortal wound to his vanity. He is disgusted, and, again resuming his melodramatic tone, he cries:

"O woman, woman! No, you are not human—you are a serpent, a monster! I, a Guêpière, abandoned? I, whom all Paris is proud to know! But for you I would have now stood high in the world! Ay, high in the world—do you understand me? If you had seen fit to second me with your imagination, your beauty, and your cleverness—for you have these qualities, I am frank to confess—I say if you had seconded me, we could have done what we would, have stood where we would!"

He raises his hand to his head as though he would at least disarrange the small remnant of a fine head of hair that still remains to him, but he regains his self-control and continues:

"When I think" (here he flourishes his cane frantically)—"when I think of the sacrifices I have made for you, of the mountains I have clambered, of the tempests I have breasted!—and it is now, when I am on the eve of reaching the haven I have so long been struggling to reach, that you desert me! For I am on the eve of reaching the haven of opulence; the last great obstacles have been overcome!" (Here he pauses for a moment to outline the obstacles on the floor, with the end of his cane.) "I tacked here and sailed close there, when I saw at last the goal I was striving to reach." (Here he continues his sketching on the floor by making a circle which is supposed to represent the ideal haven.) "I said to myself, 'Here it is—I am about to enter it, and'—"

"Shall we pack the bust of monsieur?" suddenly cries out one of the movers from the farther end of the *salon*.

M. La Guêpière interrupts his topographic demonstration and does not give me time to reply.

"Certainly!" he cries in a peremptory tone.

I knit my brow, and he gives me a look of defiance before returning to the sketch of his haven. But it is given that neither my new lodgings nor posterity shall know the rare piece of sculpture which represents Lancelot de La Guêpière, with his hand thrust into the breast of his buttoned coat, his head thrown back, and his hair picturesquely disposed. At the moment when my husband lowers his cane to describe another rhetorical figure—rattletebang!—a crash and an oath which prompt us both to go see what has happened. The mover has let the plaster bust fall, and it is broken into a hundred pieces!

M. La Guêpière looks for a moment at the mass of *débris* in mute consternation, while I, heavy as my heart is, can not conceal a disposition to smile. He perceives it, flies into a passion, pretends that I am the cause of the accident, and even intimates that I have bribed the men to destroy this work of art; then after having abused the men, who do not fail to give him as good as he sends, he seizes his hat and hastens out of the house.

The moving is now finished without any further notable incident. Naniche has gone on before to receive the furniture as it arrives at our new domicile. When all is gone, I make ready to follow; but before starting I go once more through all the rooms, followed by my cat, who seems to realize that something unusual is afoot and keeps up a melancholy mewing. The doors wide open, the windows without curtains, the rooms empty, the floors littered—all that combines to give the place a forlorn and desolate look. The one room that remains intact, M. La Guêpière's, adds to the forbidding aspect of the others. Each piece of the furniture of this apartment seems to cry out to me:

"It is over—all is over!"

And I feel for the unfortunate La Guêpière that profound pity I always feel for him when he is not present. I restore a little order in his chamber, in order that it may not seem to him wholly desolate when he returns. Then taking Metete in my arms, I descend the stairs, pass rapidly by the porter's lodge, and here I am in the street.

It continues to rain. Protecting my cat under my umbrella, I go up Rue Bonaparte, my heart sad, my mind wellnigh a blank, having only these three words in my head, which keep repeating themselves as regularly as the tic-tac of a clock:

"It is over—all is over!"

The rooms I have taken were recommended to me by the Abbot Micault, whom I have now seen several times, and who has proved very kind and considerate. My new home is situated at the extremity of Rue Cassette in the third story of an old dilapidated mansion, whose windows look out on the garden of the aforetime Carmelite convent. When I arrive there, everything is already unpacked and thrown pell-mell into three rooms with very high ceilings, which, however, seem lower than they are on account of the disorder that reigns everywhere.

I have no longer any heart to do anything. Seated on a large basket with Metete in my lap, I look about me almost terror-stricken; indeed, I feel truly miserable. Everything that surrounds me has an aspect so strange, so forbidding, so inhospitable! The color of the wall-paper is somber; through the high, naked windows I see the leafless tops of the trees swaying to and fro in the wind and rain. This new life I am about

to enter frightens me. I am no longer anything —neither spinster, wife, nor widow. I am in the neutral, equivocal condition of a *femme separée*. For the first time in my life I am about to be solely responsible for my acts. It seems to me that I have suddenly become twenty years older, and I contemplate with fear and trembling this same independence which I have been so intent on achieving. Although M. La Guêpière never was capable of advising me, far from it, still the idea of being compelled, in future, to rely wholly on myself has something appalling in it. I see only the dark side of my position; I feel that liberty, for a woman, is full of perils against which she is rarely sufficiently armed. I do not regret the step I have taken; but I am afraid.

And then the money question troubles me. I have little faith in the promises of M. La Guêpière, and besides I have a horror of accepting anything from him. What is more revolting than the idea of being supported by a man whom one despises? And then the situation is aggravated, when one knows that the sources whence he receives his money are questionable.

When I was under his roof, "at his fireside," as he expresses it, I had my scruples, and considered myself the moral accomplice of his hazardous speculations; now that I am separated from him, I am still more reluctant to be indebted to him for shelter and support. I am determined to work; but I know how difficult it is for a woman, who has learned no vocation, to earn her bread. Nevertheless, I must make an effort, I must try; and yet I feel quite unnerved, in fact almost disheartened, at the prospect before me.

While I give myself up to these gloomy reflections, the merry sound of fresh, young voices reaches my ear from the other side of the wall, which separates me from my co-tenants. They are the voices of my neighbor's children. From what the Abbot Micault has told me, the husband is *sous-chef aux cultes*,* and the wife is a little older than I am. These are pious, right-thinking people, and the abbot hopes, doubtless, that their example will have a wholesome influence on me. I can hear, from time to time, the familiar sounds of their interior: the noise of a table that they place and dress for the *déjeuner*. Some one, the little girl doubtless, practices the scales at the piano—"*Do ra me fa sol*—" The sounds rise and fall with now a hitch, and now a false note, and now a word of reproof from the mother, and now one of commendation. This routine of a household in which there are children, and those occupied with the duties of rearing them properly, reminds me only too painfully of the desolateness of my situation. My heart bleeds afresh when, glancing at my four naked walls and my furniture scattered chaotically around me, I contemplate my new home in which I am to live alone—all alone.

* Officer of Public Worship.

IV.

A COURSE OF DEVOTIONAL READING.

I BEGIN to think that in this troublous world, by dint of perseverance—and the grace of God —as the Abbot Micault says—we sometimes obtain what we desire.

Whether this be true or not, the good abbot has kept his word with me. He had exerted himself to the utmost to find suitable apartments for me, and toward the end of January he found an old lady, a little deaf and with quite poor eyesight, who wanted a well-bred, intelligent young woman, who was endowed with a pleasant voice and had a clear articulation, to read devotional books to her. It was arranged that every day, Sundays and holidays included, I should spend three hours, from 4 to 7 P. M., with the Countess de Seigneulles, and that I should receive therefor the sum of ninety francs per month. It is little, but it is a beginning, and moreover it puts a bit of blue in my horizon which was so very black. With this modest sum per month and my little yearly income of two thousand francs, I can, by living very economically, do without the humiliating subsidy from M. La Guêpière. When, therefore, the abbot brought me this welcome intelligence, I found it difficult to refrain from embracing him.

It was not, however, without a violent beating of the heart and many a misgiving that I began my apprenticeship. I spent the morning of the first day of my service in sipping lemonade to clear my voice, so much did I fear having *des chats*.* The countess lives in the second story of an old house of cloistral aspect in Rue d'Enfer. When I entered her large, cold *salon*, with its furniture covered with gray linen, I felt a chill run down my back, and I looked at myself a moment in a mirror to see if my appearance and bearing comported with my errand. My thoughtful face was framed in a profusion of chestnut hair, whose rebellious curls I had been at great pains to smooth.

"Very well, Geneviève, my child," said I to myself, with a faint smile; "with your little black dress, yours is quite the regulation air, I should say, of a reader *de bonne maison!*"

I was conducted to the chamber of the count-

* *Un chat dans la gorge*, something sticking in one's throat.

ess. It is a room of a severe aspect, in the style of the *salon*. No carpet on the waxed floor, which glistened like polished rosewood. The Louis XVI furniture is of mahogany, with brass-mounted corners. The only ornaments on the black-marble mantel are a clock and a pair of rock-work candlesticks. On the wall above the bed, hung with heavy damask curtains, a large figure of the Saviour extends its arms over a black-velvet background. Not a knickknack, nothing in the way of *bric-à-brac* is anywhere to be seen; and nothing adorns the walls but a portrait of the Count de Chambord, and a photograph representing three children's heads, the granddaughters of the mistress of the house. In the center of the room is a small table covered with a cloth, and, near the table, a large easy-chair upholstered with Holland velvet, in which sits Madame de Seigneulles, bolt upright, in a plain, steel-gray silk dress, and a lace cap with mauve ribbons, with her hands, palms down, resting on her knees.

The countess is about seventy-eight years old, but she is exceedingly well preserved, and must have been very handsome, though her beauty was evidently of the cold, unsympathetic sort. She is tall, and has a very grand air, though somewhat lacking in grace. Her complexion must have been quite fair. Her eyes are blue, well-shaped, but rather deep-set; her lids are a little red and quite veinous, like those of a person who has often wept. She has few lashes and almost no eyebrows; her nose is decidedly aquiline, and long and delicately chiseled, without being very sharp; her mouth is full of goodness, and when she opens it she shows a glistening set of false teeth. As for her hair, it was long since replaced by a brown foretop, verging on the sandy, dressed with a heavy curl on each side of the face. Her neck is always imprisoned in a fluted collar; her hands, thin and tapering, are of the genuine patrician mold; her figure is far from being very spare for one of her age, and her bust still retains a certain symmetry of contour that incites to speculation. I ask myself if it is genuine, or if it participates in the artificial nature of her hair and teeth. The whole forms an *ensemble* correct and distinguished, with, at the same time, something of the proud and affable.

Madame de Seigneulles at first had me come very near to her.

"Allow me," said she, in a slightly tremulous tone, "to become more familiar with the face of the person with whom I am to spend a portion of my time—I saw you so imperfectly when you were presented to me. Take off your bonnet, and make yourself quite comfortable."

I obeyed, and, reddening to the ears, I seated myself as near as possible to the easy-chair. The countess looked at me very closely for a moment, and then, with a singular curl of the lip, which reminded me of a movement peculiar to the rabbit, she continued:

"The Abbot Micault has told me that you are not happy; that is easily seen, although it is clear, from the expression of your mouth, that you are no misanthrope. Well, I am glad to be able to tell you that I already love you with my eyes, and I hope soon to love you with my heart."

Her tone, as well as her words, was very encouraging. I was still too much embarrassed to make a fitting reply, but I felt that my eyes conveyed what my heart had to express. She asked me some questions concerning my marriage and M. La Guêpière, and seemed almost shocked at my resolution to live alone, without, however, criticising it too severely. After having chatted for some time, she pointed to a volume lying on the table.

"We will begin, if you please, with this book," said she; "it is said to be very interesting, and was recommended to me by our worthy *curé* of Saint-Jacques. It will, I trust, enable us to pass the hours agreeably."

I opened it and looked at the title. It was "The History of Christopher Columbus."

"There are five volumes," resumed the countess; "it is a little long, but that does not matter when a work is interesting and instructive. Do not forget, please, that I am a little hard of hearing. It will not be necessary, however, for you to speak very loud, but only to articulate distinctly."

I felt most uncomfortable when I began. My voice sounded to me like that of another; but I was resolute, and did as well as I could. I read like a pedagogue, pausing slightly at the commas, was more respectful to the semicolons, and so on, rendering to each mark the deference I had been taught at school to show it. I was in mortal fear that I should stumble and stammer; but, fortunately, all went well—much better, in fact, than I expected.

I read on for over an hour, almost without a pause. I was conscious that I was monotonous, and feared that I was wearying my listener; but my style was certainly quite up to the level of the book, for never in my life had I read anything more thoroughly insipid.

"Very interesting! a very instructive work!" the countess would remark, from time to time. "I am greatly indebted to the *curé* for recommending it to me."

At the end of an interminable introductory chapter, I was overjoyed to hear Madame de Seigneulles say, in a tone that argued entire sincerity:

"Ah, my dear madame, how glad I am to have you! Your voice is so clear, so agreeable, and so fresh! I do not lose a word; besides, you know how to read. The outlook promises well."

Although it had struck seven, I did not venture on this first sitting to have the appearance of being in haste to get away. I therefore remained seated until my employer herself gave me leave to go.

"The clock tells me our time is up," said she, "so good evening. I hope we shall be well pleased with each other. *A demain!*"

It was thus that I made my *début* as a reader to the good Countess de Seigneulles. I returned home proud, almost happy, where, after supper, Naniche would have me drink some egg-flip, insisting that I must be quite exhausted. I went to sleep dreaming of Christopher Columbus, the five volumes of whose history multiplied like the loaves and fishes of the evangelists.

Since that, to me, memorable day, nearly four months have passed, and every afternoon the old countess and I have penetrated further and further into our author's account of the discovery of America. I serve this not over-savory intellectual nourishment to her in slices, and she assimilates it without a single grimace. At first I used often, when I was reading, to glance at her to see if she was not asleep, saying to myself, *in petto*, "What a nap I would have, if I were in her place!"

But there she always sat, bolt upright and utterly impassible under this *douche d'ennui* which fell in one continuous and steady stream. Little by little, however, I have had the satisfaction of seeing her unbend, which has, naturally, resulted in putting me more at my ease. Sometimes we pause in our historical studies, when she questions me concerning my years of married life. At such times I yield to my natural promptings, and I can see that many of my reflections amuse her. She is in sympathy with my frank and perhaps impulsive nature, which is evinced by her becoming gradually more communicative.

I suspect that she, too, was not very happily married. She has intimated to me that the late Count de Seigneulles was a very handsome man, but that he was inordinately fond of play, and had a supreme dislike for anything like restraint. Further, she seems to have often suffered from his changeable humor and ungovernable temper. After having, one day, told me of some of his escapades, she added, with a sigh, which seemed to me to be rather a sigh of relief than of regret:

"But, poor man, he's dead!"

The life she leads now is rather monotonous, and her son neglects her in winter for society, and in summer for the watering-places. Alone in her spacious domicile, with her three servants of whom she is afraid, she has become devout rather from *ennui* than from inclination.

Having been, in her time, very handsome, much admired, and much followed, she has found it difficult to grow old philosophically. In her despair she cultivates the society of men of the Church. Her purse is always at their disposal, and at least once a week she has some of them at dinner. As a natural consequence, they are assiduous in their attentions, and she—she relishes their adulation all the more as it recalls the days of her social triumphs.

It is probably to please her friend the *curé* of Saint-Jacques that she persists in her seeming determination to hear the whole of the insipid story of Columbus. Oh, what a tiresome wretch he is! He nearly drives me mad! But I avenge myself. When the countess seems to me to be dreaming or napping with her eyes open, I do not hesitate to profit by her quasi-somnolency to turn three or four pages at a time. Generally she does not notice it; sometimes, however, she will ask:

"The narrative is very disconnected—don't you think so, *ma chère petite?*"

And I have the effrontery to reply, with the utmost seriousness:

"No, madame, I don't see that it is."

I keep hoping that she will tire of the stupid book. I should say that she will confess she is tired of it, for I know that, in reality, she is already as tired of it as I am, and half the time hardly knows what I am reading about, for from time to time she will interrupt me with such observations as—

"Dear me, my child, what little ears you have!" or, "How beautifully your eyebrows are arched!"

I find that she has been only half listening, and profit by the discovery to introduce some topic that I think may make her forget the book; but I rarely succeed. She told me a day or two ago that, cost what it may, we must go through the whole five volumes in order to do honor to the recommendation of the worthy *curé* of Saint-Jacques.

I imagine that he must have imposed this reading on her as a penance. The sin was great, or the confessor most severe. Since the beginning of spring, the history of the pious navigator seems to me more tedious than ever. The bright sun of April and May has given me ideas of revolution and dissipation. I wish for a book more in harmony with the renewal of the verdure and blue skies. Through the closed windows I hear the whistling of the blackbird in the neighboring gardens. It seems to me that,

in passing the Luxembourg, I have taken with me, in my hair or the folds of my dress, an odor of lilacs, which makes me giddy and absent-minded. I skip whole sentences and turn three leaves at a time; but what do I gain by it? We don't seem to get on; we are still in the third volume.

"What in the world did this man ever want to discover America for?" I mutter, scarcely able to contain myself.

Yesterday I went to my daily task feeling almost spiteful. I passed through the garden, which made my heart rebel against the idea of being shut up in this old monastic pile of a lovely May afternoon, when the sun was smiling so cheerfully through the branches of the trees, and the air was laden with the odors of spring. On entering, I found my old lady wearing an unusually grave and devotional mien.

"My child," said she, "we will let Christopher Columbus rest to-day; I go to communion to-morrow, and will ask you to read to me, by way of preparation, a few pages of some devotional work. It is quite the same to you, is it not?"

"Oh, quite, madame," was my reply; but that was not true, for anything was preferable to the discovery of America.

The "Imitation" was on the table, with the "Life of Saint Theresa." Madame de Seigneulles having bid me choose in the first of these books what chapter I pleased, I turned to the one headed, "The Admirable Effects of Divine Love." I have long been familiar with it, and it has always pleased me. I know not whether it was due to the spring air I had just been inhaling, or to some other cause, but certain it is that I read this morning in an entirely different tone from that in which I was wont to read the history of the tiresome Christopher. I occupied myself less with the punctuation, and I threw into my utterance an animation and a fervor that were quite foreign to my usual mode. The countess opened her eyes with amazement. When I came to the passage, "Nothing is more gentle than love, nothing more powerful, more elevated or delicious; nothing is more perfect in the heavens above or on the earth beneath," she placed her hand on mine, and interrupted me by saying, in a slightly tremulous tone:

"Why, my child, you read admirably; this is a revelation, and I am overjoyed! Continue—you do me great good."

And I continued. Alas! poor countess, how much you were deceived if you thought it was my extraordinary appreciation of divine love that made the tones of my voice so effective. Much of their eloquence was due, I fear, to a very mundane alloy, and perhaps also to some malice.

But I achieved my greatest triumph when I came to the words, "O my best beloved!" I threw an indescribable something into the utterance of these words which seemed to thrill my listener. It doubtless awakened mundane recollections in her which were not altogether seasonable on a day of preparation. In the midst of these mystic effusions she suddenly cried out to me:

"Ah, child, child, what soul you put into your reading to-day! Is it, indeed, of our good Lord you are thinking?"

When the hour for me to take leave came, she drew me toward her with a vivacity I had never before seen her exhibit, and kissed me tenderly on the forehead. I was scarcely less moved than she was. The captious liquor of mystic love had, I think, slightly inebriated us both.

I returned home by way of the Luxembourg garden. The chestnut-trees, covered with white and rose-colored flowers, stood out in large masses on the deep-blue background of the evening sky. The hawthorns and the cherry-trees, too, were in full bloom. The blackbirds chased one another merrily from branch to branch, and a delicious odor of bitter almonds was exhaled by the clumps of gillyflowers. Here and there were couples of promenaders who were following the windings of the walks, while on every side was heard the merry laugh of joyous childhood. When I was in the midst of these surroundings I involuntarily sighed:

"And I am all alone—all alone!"

Never had my isolation weighed upon me so heavily; never had I so fully realized my misfortune in being condemned to a life of solitude at the age of twenty-seven.

I had never before felt so little inclined to return to my somber and deserted domicile. I strolled carelessly through the little gardens that border Rue de Vaugirard and the extension of Rue Bonaparte. I listened dreamily to the *Angelus* that echoed from the belfries of the neighboring churches.

My nostrils dilated when I passed the grass-plots, the grass of which had been recently clipped, and which exhaled an odor that reminded me of the meadows of my native village.

As I turned round a clump of rose-bushes, I came near running against a big fellow who was occupied in breaking up a piece of bread and throwing it to a flock of sparrows. As I said what I could to excuse my awkwardness, and the young man raised his hat rather awkwardly to me, I recognized the close-cropped head of M. Pascal Nau.

He could only blush and stammer, and stare at me with his big, honest brown eyes. At any other time I think I should have returned his salutation and continued on my way, so little

patience was I disposed to have with his bashfulness; but that day the benign teachings of Saint Theresa, the odor of the newly clipped grass-plots, and the invigorating air of spring, made me charitable as well as bold. I felt a longing for companionship, a desire to communicate my impressions to another; and, as the demi-rustic M. Nau is neither redoubtable nor compromising, I ventured to be the first to speak.

"Good evening, M. Pascal," said I. "Are you distributing to the sparrows what remains of your dinner?"

At the word "dinner" he smiled, though evidently embarrassed, and hastened to put a large piece of bread in his pocket. It suddenly occurred to me that this small loaf comprised the entire bill of fare of his evening meal, and this thought developed in me a feeling of compassion and disposed me to be affable.

"I am only out for a stroll," said he, evasively. "Such weather as this I can not box myself up between my four walls. I laid my copying aside, and came out to enjoy the fresh air and the flowers."

"Then you have still plenty of copying?"

"More than I can do; in fact, I have lately been compelled to refuse half they offered me."

For a long time I had been ambitious to be entirely independent, by adding in some way to my modest earnings. I therefore overcame my pride and replied:

"If you have more copying than you can do, I should be very glad if you would send me some of it."

He looked at me as though he did not believe his ears.

"What!" he exclaimed, "would you—would you like to do some of it?"

"Why not? I write a good, bold hand. I am sure that M. Plumerel would be satisfied with me."

"But it's so tiresome—not the least interesting. And, then, you have to do so much for a little money!"

"No matter! People who are compelled to work for a living are often obliged to do that which is distasteful."

"Very well, if you are really in earnest, I shall be glad to serve you. I will bring you something to copy to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad to do it."

For a few seconds we walked silently down the walk; then I asked:

"And your music? How are you getting on?"

"Pretty well. I think I have found a publisher for some of my melodies. But I feel so lazy since the weather has begun to get warm! I am tired of the routine, humdrum life I lead, and feel a desire to mix with the throng, or to wander about where there are trees and grass. It is a strange longing that I can not account for, and that I never experienced till quite recently."

Alas, how perfectly I was able to sympathize with him!

"Are you, then, so entirely alone?" I asked. "Have you no friends, no comrades?"

"I have neither friends nor comrades, nor—nor anybody," he replied, with a smile.

I pretended not to understand.

"You see, when the feeling of loneliness becomes greater than I can bear," he continued, "I come here and look at the people as they go and come, and, above all, at the students of this neighborhood as they stroll through the walks, and sit under the trees with their sweethearts, and, like Jean Jacques, while I eat my dry bread I snuff the odor of the roast meats of others."

At this remark I could not refrain from laughing. The ice was now pretty thoroughly broken, and, like two old comrades, we chatted as we strolled through the walks, until the night was wellnigh upon us; until, in fact, I was suddenly reminded that it was getting late by the guardians' announcement that the gates were about to close.

"Dear me! is it so late? I must hurry home," I exclaimed, quite ashamed, and suddenly mindful that Naniche would be alarmed about me. "I shall expect to hear from you to-morrow, M. Pascal. Good-by;" and I quickened my pace toward home.

He paused, seemingly in doubt whether he should offer to accompany me or not. Finally, he saluted me, and I hastened through the gate of Rue de Fleurus, when, as I looked back, I saw him standing motionless before a clump of lilacs.

V.

A CHAPTER OF TEMPTATIONS.

PASCAL NAU kept his promise. The day after we met in the Luxembourg garden he brought me some legal papers to copy, and very kindly gave me all sorts of directions as to the manner in which it should be done; the character of the writing, the regulation number of lines on a page, and of syllables in a line. My head is rather thick for such details, and consequently I put his patience to a somewhat severe test, without going out of my way to do it. He is certainly an excellent young fellow, as sensible as he is honest; all he seems to lack—and that he assuredly does lack—is a knowledge of the world. If I were not compelled to be continually on my guard against *What will people say?* I would like

nothing better than to undertake, in a friendly way, to make him appear a little less like a country bumpkin; but my peculiar situation as a *femme séparée* obliges me to be rigorously reserved and careful. Even now, circumspect as I am, the good Abbot Micault makes a wry face if he chances to be with me when M. Pascal comes to bring me or to take away any work.

As the copies are generally wanted at the earliest possible moment, I give the early morning to them, when I am fresh, and can work fast. I push my little table up before the open window, and, while the bells ring the *Angelus*, while the swallows describe their circles and fill the air with their cries, I apply myself closely to my task. I copy strange phrases, expressed in barbarous French; my pen flies with rapidity over the stamped paper; I cover sheet after sheet, until my head swims, and the letters dance before my eyes.

When my fingers get stiff, and my vision blurred, I lean out of the window and rest my eyes by looking at the verdure of the garden of the Carmelites. There is something calm and pacific about the inclosure; it breathes a somnolent or rather a sedative atmosphere peculiar to those spots where we find the clergy domiciled. Above the linden-trees, I can see the gray façade of the old convent, with its irregular windows and small, greenish panes, its grass-grown steps, and its moss-covered roof. The dumpy cupola of the chapel raises its slate dome above the roofs, and, in an angle, an old square tower supports an open and slender bell-turret, from which, from hour to hour, comes the monotonous ringing of the morning masses. Between two parallel walks, shaded by trees, there are plots artistic and regular in their form, and separated from one another by narrow pathways. On every hand there are young priests, professors at the Catholic university, walking silently to and fro with their noses thrust into their breviaries.

About eleven o'clock, every other day, the Abbot Micault, who attends a course of lectures at the university, clambers up my three flights of stairs to make me a visit. Since I have been installed, he has continued to evince a lively interest in everything that concerns me. He is obliging, and is very discreet on the subject of religion; he rarely says anything to me about the salvation of the soul or about our Holy Mother the Church, and, as a consequence, my suspicion and distrust have little by little disappeared, and we have become very good friends. I occasionally invite him to share my noonday breakfast with me, and on those days I am careful to have a copy of the "Figaro," for I have discovered that the good abbot has a great fondness for profane reading. In his turn, he prepares little surprises for me. Having discovered that I am something of a gourmand, he not unfrequently, when he comes to see me, takes from the vast pocket of his cassock a little package of delicacies. He calls that bringing his course. When he removes with the greatest precaution the paper that envelops his "surprise," his eyes sparkle and his lips smile. Inordinate love of gratifying the organ of taste is the habitual sin of us both; and it is that, more than any other one thing, perhaps, that has tended to cement our friendly relations. At table the abbot appears to great advantage. He is affable, talkative, and tolerant. He laughs at my whims, and eats with an evident relish that is refreshing to witness. His nose never fails to assert itself at our modest festivities by putting on a look that may, perhaps, be best characterized as one of *naïve* sensuality.

"The dish seems quite to your taste, Monsieur l'Abbé," I recently remarked to him, on one of these occasions.

"And why do you think so?"

"Because I see your nose enlarge like a circumflex accent," I replied, irreverently.

He chuckled heartily, but managed to do it without losing a single movement of his jaws.

As soon as he has finished his coffee, he goes to a school near by, in which he has some classes. Then I am alone again, when I occupy myself with my copying, if I have any to do, or with my needles, until the hour when I go to the countess—unless, perchance, my neighbor, Madame Lobligeois, the wife of the *sous-chef*, comes in to see me. She seems to have taken a liking to me, and visits me oftener than I care to have her. She is a piquant brunette, rather slight, with handsome teeth, very red lips, and large, phosphorescent gray eyes, but with a flat and bony figure. Her character offers a singular combination of rigid piety and unrestrained worldliness. In her the saint and the sinner appear in colors that are unmistakable: she divides her time between good works and bad books; occupies herself with public charities, and lets her children go out with holes in their stockings, and winter clothes in midsummer. The husband, absorbed in the affairs of his office and the editing of a religious journal, works like a slave, seems to take no interest in his home affairs, and leaves his wife to go on her own way and do as she pleases. He is a little, stunted man, unbrushed, uncombed, and threadbare. Everything about him is black, from his coat to his teeth and nails. A very good father of a family, nevertheless, really fond of his children, though not at all demonstrative. Madame Sabine Lobligeois seems to me to hold him in mediocre esteem; his appearance is not sufficiently commanding, and

then she can not forgive him for still being only *sous-chef* of his bureau.

Our acquaintance was made through the children. The windows of our story open on to a sort of external gallery, which is common to the two suites of apartments. During their hours of recreation, the little Lobligeois frequently resort to this balcony, where there is nothing but some steps with a few flower-pots to mark the boundary-line between their territory and mine. Being fond of children, and seeing these somewhat neglected, I naturally felt interested in them. They did not hesitate to enter my apartments, and, finding that I occupied myself more with them than any one occupied himself with them at home, they soon became my frequent visitors; then Madame Lobligeois, who seems to have few resources within herself, profited by this circumstance to make my acquaintance.

She is very demonstrative in evincing her interest in me, and volunteers a great deal of sympathy for my unfortunate position. It would be impossible for me to tell how her indiscreet condoling irritates me. I have noticed that when M. Pascal comes to bring me any copying, or to get any I have done, she rarely fails to find some pretext for appearing on the balcony, and finding her way into my rooms. The amiable rustic seems to interest her.

The other day, after he left me and she and I were alone, she inquired where I made his acquaintance; in reply I narrated the circumstance that led to the relations that exist between us, whereupon she donned the mien of a prude, and did not hesitate to express her astonishment at my venturing to receive him; "for," said she dropping her eyes, "some people might think it dangerous."

"What! M. Pascal dangerous!" I cried, laughing. "I assure you, madame, he is not at all dangerous to me."

"A handsome young man is always dangerous," she replied, with a sigh, "and we should never defy the fiend. Are you quite sure, *ma chère*, that this gentleman never thinks of making love to you?"

"Quite sure, and, were I to see anything that changed my opinion, I should immediately ask him to discontinue his visits."

"And you would be right. In your position, one can not be too circumspect."

It would seem that *her* position does not render it necessary for her to be so much on her guard, for, whenever he is here, she never ceases to ply him with languishing glances, to which, however, he—thanks, perhaps, to his rusticity—pays the least possible attention.

She continued in a pathetic tone:

"Oh, I pity you from the bottom of my heart! Your situation appears to me at once so perilous and so hard to bear, for at our ages the heart is still alive to all the tender emotions, and it is with difficulty that we can resign ourselves to a loveless life."

"The life I lead does not allow me time to think of such things," I replied. "Besides, one should be sufficiently philosophic to endure what can not be cured."

"Alas! And then you can gather some consolation from the reflection that your husband is not immortal, and that his death—"

"Oh, M. La Guêpière enjoys very good health, and has no notion of dying," I interrupted.

"The ways of Providence are impenetrable," she replied, feelingly. "Prayer may do much. In your place, I would go often to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours."

"To pray for the death of my husband?"

"Why not? I have the most unlimited confidence in the intercession of the Holy Virgin."

I could not help laughing. The manner in which this bigot viewed the interpositions of Providence appeared to me very singular. Nevertheless, this conversation resulted in my recalling many unpleasant things that I had in some measure succeeded in banishing from my thoughts. Lacking in both moral and common sense, the woman had cruelly opened a very painful wound.

I am not quite twenty-eight years old, am young physically and morally, and solitude is as distasteful to me as the society of others is agreeable; nevertheless, I am condemned to live alone until the death of M. La Guêpière gives me back my liberty—that is, probably till I am old and ugly, till life will no longer have any, or, at all events, but few charms for me. Some things in this world are surely very badly ordered. Here I am, at twenty-eight, reduced to the odious alternative of wishing my husband dead or of outraging public opinion by remembering that I have a heart and listening to its promptings. Could anything be more absurd and unjust! Around me, at this moment, there are people who enjoy the flowers, the azure of the sky, the prattle of their children, the affection of their friends, who gorge themselves with the pleasures of life as the epicure does with the luxuries of the table. Why all this for others and nothing for me, whose only fault consists in having married M. La Guêpière at an age when I was inexperienced and irresponsible?

These reflections injure my temper and tend to make me misanthropic. I feel that I am getting bad daily, and the poor Abbot Micault has to suffer by it. I am sometimes almost rude to him; I tease him, and practice all sorts of school-

boy tricks, to disturb his humdrum ecclesiastic existence.

One of his most cherished distractions when he comes to see me is to read a newspaper. Of late, out of sheer wickedness, I have provided a copy of one of the most scandalously radical journals for him. He is hardly seated in my arm-chair, when he looks about for his daily allowance of such secular things as are to be gleaned from one of the political papers.

"Where is your paper, my child?"

"I have put it out of the way." And I put on my most hypocritical mien.

"Why?"

"Because—because it is the 'Voltaire,' and there are some things in it that would shock you. I will send out for the 'Union.'"

The abbot having already read the 'Union,' and not being averse to varying his pleasures, makes a grimace, hesitates a moment between his conscience and his love of reading of secular things, and then says:

"Well, give me the 'Voltaire'; once does not make it a custom, my child."

I do his bidding, and he adjusts his glasses and proceeds to enjoy the forbidden fruit. The radical doctrines outrage all his convictions, but, on the other hand, the local news, theatrical criticisms, and the like interest him deeply; and, while he alternately scowls and bites his lip to keep from laughing, he swallows the poison to the last drop.

Sometimes I tease him atrociously, and not unfrequently I am ashamed of myself afterward; but I seem to be urged on by some demon. I become bold and malignant, like the fly in a storm. I ask him the most embarrassing questions, and amuse myself by leading the poor abbot on the most perilous ground, and take a fiendish pleasure in seeing him so bewildered that he is at a loss to know which way to turn.

We had taken our *déjeuner* together in my little dining-room, and still sat at the table. The sky was cloudless, and through the open window a sunbeam played with the iron-gray locks of my venerable *convive*, who was occupied in sipping his coffee, which is his special weakness. When it is just to his taste, as it was on this occasion, nothing makes him so communicative and confidential. While I sat and contemplated him as he sipped the contents of his cup with such evident satisfaction, a ridiculous idea came into my head, and I suddenly asked:

"My dear abbot, tell me, you who know the world so well, do you believe we can live without loving?"

He replaced his cup in the saucer.

"Don't begin on that theme, my child."

And, with a look of abstraction, he began to hum a church air, in the hope, seemingly, of turning my thoughts into another channel.

But I was obstinate, I would not allow them to be turned into another channel, and I determined to be answered. He had not yet finished his coffee, and I felt sure he would not leave it to escape my embarrassing questions; I therefore resolutely rested my elbows on the table, and, looking my interlocutor full in the face, I repeated:

"Tell me, do you believe in Platonic love?"

"Certainly, my child, certainly. That is—understand me—I believe that that alone is excusable. Tum te te, tum te te—"

And he resumed his humming.

"Really?" I reply, with the rising inflection and a hypocritical sigh. Then, after pausing a moment, I continue:

"But the Church admits that there is another, since the *Pater* says, 'Let us not yield to temptation.' You have never been tempted, have you, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Good gracious! My child, what are you thinking of?"

"But you must tell me. Have you never, when thinking of profane love, regretted that you were a priest?"

"Never—no, never have I had such wicked thoughts!" cried the abbot.

"Indeed! Well, in that case, allow me to tell you that you can not claim to be really virtuous."

"Eh, what! How so?"

"There can be no real virtue where there is no sacrifice. You say you have never been tempted; you have, therefore, never made any sacrifices, and, as a consequence, are not virtuous."

"What sophistry! There is temptation and temptation, and— But, my child, I do not understand."

"Then I will explain. You must have been a handsome young man, Monsieur l'Abbé, and you lived among very worldly people. It seems to me quite impossible that you have never had one tiny little regret, one tiny little temptation. Why need you hesitate to confess it—to me (and I employed my most insinuating tone and my most winning mien)? Tell me all about it. I like to be confided in."

The poor abbot, red and embarrassed, looked, with comic indecision, first at his hat, on a chair in the corner, and then at his cup, which was still half full.

"My child," he entreated, "let us change the subject; I have nothing to tell."

"What, nothing? You have never met a woman at sight of whom you have said to yourself, 'Ah, if I were not a priest, I, too, could have a wife and children?'"

The abbot ran his fingers through his hair, and, raising his eyes toward heaven, in his perplexity exclaimed:

"But, what do you want to know such things for? I am sixty years old, and never in my whole life—never—did any one ask me such questions before."

"But I may take a liberty that would be improper in another," I replied. "Am I not, like you, of a neutral sex, neither maid nor wife nor widow? I see no harm in your making me the confidant of your little temptations."

"What a woman! what a woman!" sighed the abbot. "No, really I can think of nothing—nothing!"

And he spoke truthfully, the good abbot!

Finally, harassed and perplexed by my persistency, he cried, with an admixture of complacence and anger:

"Well, yes, once—just once, I suppose the devil did tempt me a little. There, are you satisfied?"

I had pushed my elbows farther forward on the table, and, with my chin in my hands, waited anxiously.

"Just once," he continued, leaning back in his chair and putting his hand over his eyes like a shade, while a melancholy smile played about the corners of his lips. "It was in Touraine, at the château of the Duke of Rochecotte, where I was preceptor. We were setting out on a little excursion, on donkeys, in the neighborhood."

"Ah! And there were ladies of the party?"

"Certainly, certainly there were ladies," replied the abbot, pausing to take a sip of coffee.

I. Well?

The Abbot (*as one half dreaming*). There was one who was lovely, so modest in manner, and as pure in mien and as beautiful in feature as Raphael's Madonna.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

I (*in an encouraging tone*). La Belle Jardinière. And then—?

The Abbot. She came a little late, and there was no one to assist her to mount her donkey.

I. And you?

The Abbot. Well I—I approached and offered my assistance. (*Pause.*) She accepted, and—

I. And then—?

The Abbot. I was compelled to take her by the waist.

I (*in a more and more urgent tone*). Certainly! And then—?

The Abbot (*very hurriedly*). When I felt this supple form in my arms I also felt that I, too, was young, and that my blood warmed. She noticed that I was agitated, for she looked at me and blushed deeply. The next moment she trotted away on her donkey to join the others. In the evening I excused myself and did not go down to dinner, and that night I thought more of the young lady than became me; so much, indeed, did she absorb my thoughts that I deemed it prudent to ask the duke for a leave of absence the next day, and I did not return to the château until the lady had left. I never saw her afterward.

The abbot remained silent for a moment; then, as he arose, he added:

"That, my child, was the only time the devil has ever tempted me in that way; only that once, I assure you."

The dignified simplicity of the tone in which he spoke made me regret that I had so tormented him, and caused him to awaken the recollection of this solitary sin of his youth. I took the good man's hand, and said to him, in as earnest a tone as I could command:

"My dear abbot, you are a saint. I will never tease you again."

ANDRE THEURIET.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS OF EGYPT.

II.

IN the summer of 1876 Mr. Hackman presided over the "Justice Sommaire"—a tribunal which has jurisdiction over contests arising between a master and his servant for wages, rent due, and civil obligations involving small amounts, as well as, in certain cases, possessory actions. During the same summer M. Lapenna, the vice-president, represented the court. The designation of Mr. Hackman by the tribunal to the "Justice Sommaire" had been approved by the court before the adjournment and the scattering of the judges thereof. About this period the first judgment of the courts was pronounced against the Khedive. He had declared that he was not subject to their jurisdiction. The court of appeals decided that he was. Execution issued and property belonging to him was attempted to be seized. The officers of the law were driven off the premises, or rather prevented from entering upon them, by the servants of his Highness. The incident

necessarily created great excitement. At the next session thereafter of the "Justice Sommaire," Mr. Hackman declared that, inasmuch as the Khedive would not allow judgments to be executed against him, he (Hackman) would not render judgments in cases which were litigated. So he gave judgments by default, but contested cases he continued until the month of October, or until such time as the Khedive should allow judgments to be rendered against him. In this he was clearly wrong. In the first place he did not refuse to try every case on his docket; he only refused to try and determine those which were contested. Why a judge should be willing to render a judgment by default, and refuse to render one in a case which was contested, it would be difficult to find a reason for. His idea seems to have been that the refusal of the Khedive to allow a judgment to be executed against him was a suspension of justice throughout the land. But, if justice, in his opinion, was suspended, it should have been suspended in all cases, and not in any particular class of cases. If he was willing to decide a case between a master and his servant in which the master made no defense, he should have been willing to decide a case between similar parties when there was a defense set up. Besides, the action of the Khedive did not concern him. The judgment which he complained that the Khedive would not allow the execution of was not a judgment emanating from his court; the judgments which he was called upon to render could never be placed in the same category; they were not cases in which the Government, the Khedive, or any of his family were interested. They were simple cases where servants were claiming their wages, landlords their rents, etc. No one can well see, in the refusal of the Khedive to allow a judgment to be executed against him, a reason why a chambermaid should not be entitled to a judgment against her employer who was in her debt, or why a landlord should not be allowed to collect his rent, or a baker his bill. His duty was simply to render judgment. It would have been time enough for him to act when the judgments which he might render should have been interfered with by the Government. But he would not wait. Without being called upon to do so, he jumped into the arena to "fight Grimshaw's battle." He got his head broken for his pains, and the thanks which usually are bestowed upon a volunteer.

The opposition which the Khedive had interposed to the execution of the judgment which had been pronounced against him had created great excitement in Alexandria. It was looked upon as a violation of his treaty stipulations, as it was. The course which Hackman had decided upon pursuing was known, and, when taken, he was applauded to the echo. The course which the vice-president of the court had determined upon with regard to him was also well known. Hackman was called upon by the acting vice-president of the tribunal—acting under instructions from the vice-president of the court—who warned him, before he took his seat upon the bench, that, unless he promised to desist from carrying out the resolution he had come to, he (the vice-president) would preside in his stead. Hackman defied him. The representative of the procureur-général, who was to assist at the audience, told him that if he continued any of the cases fixed for trial on that day, for the reasons which it was stated he would be governed by, he (the substitut) would leave the court-room. Hackman paid no attention to him, and, when the court was opened and the cases were continued, the substitut did leave.

Immediately thereafter the vice-president of the tribunal called an "assemblée générale," where it was proposed, in view of Hackman's course, that the distribution of the judges should be changed. To this Hackman objected, and he also declared his intention to hold his court in the future; whereupon the assemblée declared that there was no occasion to make any change. Here the matter should have rested. But the vice-president of the court thought differently. He had made up his mind, before the meeting of the judges in the assemblée générale had been called, that Hackman should no longer sit in the Justice Sommaire; and so, when the judges had presumed to act in opposition to his wishes, he assumed to himself the power of annulling the distribution which had been made by them prior to, and in view of, the vacation, which distribution had been ratified by the court, and, making a new one himself, he assigned another judge to the "Sommaire," and sent Hackman into the civil and commercial chamber, where he would only be one of five, and where, as judgments are pronounced by a bare majority, and where a judge who differs in opinion from his colleagues has no right to dissent, he would be unable to make any trouble or impede the regular course of business.

In this the vice-president's policy was wrong, and his conduct was illegal and despotic. His policy was bad, because Hackman had declared his intention to hold his court, and, the flurry into which he had worked himself having passed over, he would have gone on regularly with his business. Even if his own good sense had not come to his aid and showed him the error into which he had fallen, the landlords, grocers, and chambermaids, who were litigants before him, would have raised such a clatter about his ears that he would soon have left the creditors of the

Khedive to fight their own battles. He was greatly applauded by these creditors at the time, it is true, but he afterward found, to his cost, what this applause was worth. When, at last, trouble came upon him and he was driven off, no hand was held out to help him. In the war which he inaugurated in their behalf, he fought their battles, but the expenses of the war were all his own, and he was the only casualty.

The vice-president's course was despotic, because it was really no concern of his how the judges of the tribunal distributed their work among themselves. It was illegal, because the distribution made by the judges of themselves had been approved by the court, as a court, and no one judge thereof had the right to disregard it, or to set it aside. It is true that the judges of the court, before leaving Egypt, had delegated their powers to him; but this power could, in the nature of things, only apply to acts of administration, and upon circumstances which might arise while they were away. Certainly it could not be held to apply to cases which had already been disposed of by them before their departure. The ratification of the assignments of the judges of the tribunal to the different posts therein was, to a certain extent at least, a judgment which could not properly be annulled, or set aside, or modified, except by the court itself. No judge can act by proxy. If he could, there would be no necessity for more than one judge to sit at a time. By proxy he could represent three others, and this would make the court complete. Such an absurdity need not be dwelt upon. The action of the vice-president was, in effect, a reversal of the judgment of his colleagues. If he has the power to do this in one instance, he has the power to do it in another, and so any course which may have been mapped out by the court for the working of the tribunal during the absence of the judges of the court might be amended or reversed by him as the whim might move him. It would give him the power to do a great wrong. For instance: The seasons allotted for the vacations of the judges of the tribunal are arranged among themselves, subject to the everlasting supervision and approval of the court. Now, judges of the court of appeals, as well as other mortals, have their pets. Suppose a pet of the vice-president's should be assigned to remain in Cairo during the roasting months of July, August, and September, and one of his antipathies (for judges of the court of appeals, as well as others, have their antipathies as well as pets) should have had these months assigned to him in which to take his holiday. The distribution has been ratified by the court. The members of the court are all away before the first of July—all, indeed, except the one who is left behind to keep things straight. Suppose this one should happen to be the vice-president. As soon as the coast is clear, the pet seeks him out and begs that the hot months be assigned to the antipathy and he (the pet) be allowed to go away in his stead. All the vice-president (or whatever judge should have replaced him) would have to do would be to follow the precedent *in re* Hackman, and change the programme of distribution. He would thus be enabled to kill three birds with one stone: he would reward his friend, punish his enemy, and make his supreme power felt. If it is contended that this is not likely to happen, I admit it; but that is not the question. It may happen, and that is enough. And, between you and me, I would not, under such circumstances, be one of the vice-president's antipathies. In Hackman's case he not only made the change, but he made it in defiance of the judges of the tribunal, who alone had the power to order it.

Hackman protested against all this, of course. But there was no resisting fate or force, and both these were against him. The vice-president, however, does not seem to have been very easy in his own mind as to what his course might lead to, and he appears to have been willing to let the matter drop. But Hackman's blood was up. He refused to sit in the civil chamber of the tribunal. An angry correspondence took place between them. The vice-president was thus in a difficulty. To get out of it, he, at the request of Hackman (as he said), relieved him from sitting during the month of August, whereupon Hackman denied that he had ever made such a request. Matters, however, quieted down after this, and probably the whole thing would have blown over, for the Powers, in the mean while, had been appealed to with respect to the refusal of the Khedive to allow judgments against him to be executed, and in a short time the answer came back that he must. Before the end of August the obstacle which was in Hackman's way would have been removed; he would then have taken his seat in the "Sommaire," would have decided cases as usual, and, in all probability, would have been in Egypt still. But the vice-president had thought it necessary, in replying to some statements which had been published in a German paper, to take occasion to say that he (Hackman) was liable to be proceeded against for a breach of discipline when the court should meet in the fall. Whereupon Hackman issued a "pronunciamiento!" He declared that he would not sit at all, anywhere, until the prosecution with which he had been threatened should have been instituted and determined.

Time and reflection did not show him how injudicious his course had been, and so, when

the court met in the fall, he sent in a lengthy "Mémoire," in which he recapitulated all the occurrences of the three months which had passed, and demanded that the threat which the vice-president had made against him should be carried into execution. In obedience, therefore, to his own request, he was called upon to appear before the court, there to answer to charges of disobedience of orders and neglect of duty.

In the court, to which one may say he invited himself, his fatal facility for making mistakes followed him still. He commenced by challenging the vice-president and the English judge, upon the ground that each of them had expressed an opinion adverse to him, and were not proper persons to sit in judgment upon his case. When these gentlemen declined to sit, he challenged the entire array!—which, of course, was not to be listened to. He had invited them to try him, and then declined to be tried by them. But this was not all. Not content with replying to the charges which had been brought against him, he embodied, in his answer, an attack upon the vice-president and the avocat-générale, which, in conformity with the extraordinary rules of procedure which prevail in the courts of the reform, were, by the prosecuting officer—who was the one attacked — tacked on to the original charges. When his case was called, he did not appear, either in person or by counsel; but contented himself with protesting that the court had no right to try him in the then condition of the case, because they had decided upon the recusation which he had opposed to them all, without having heard him. Result—he was destituted.

Hackman always contended that his condemnation was illegal upon the ground that there were not the number of votes cast against him which the law required. He claimed that it was necessary that eight votes should have been given against him to convict, whereas there were only six. The discipline of the judges, he said, belongs to the court of appeals, and not to a *quorum* of that court, and therefore, as the destituting of a judge can only be decreed by a two-thirds vote of the court, it required eight votes against him to find him guilty. In this view of his case he was clearly wrong. He had reduced the number of the court by his own motion. A *quorum* forms the court, and two thirds of the court, as constituted, voted against him. It was a bare majority, however. Egypt is the country of mysteries, but there are no secrets there; and so it is quite well known that if he had not recused the two judges he did, there would not have been the required eight votes against him.

The vice of the judgment, however, is that it was utterly without foundation in law.

The discipline of the judges is reserved to the court? True. Their removal can only be pronounced by the court? True. But, by the law, they can only be destituted for conduct which compromises their honor as magistrates, or the independence of their votes. Against Hackman's honor as a magistrate, or the independence of his votes, not a syllable was ever whispered. He had acted unwisely, foolishly if you will, but never corruptly. His conduct was quixotic but chivalric. He was acting "in the name of the Khedive"; he could not understand why the Khedive, who was daily obtaining judgments against others and executing them, should not, in his turn, be compelled to comply with the judgments which were rendered against him, thus making of the courts a weapon in one hand to be used against his debtors, and a shield in the other to protect him from his creditors. He claimed that the sovereign who demanded that justice should be done to him should be compelled to do justice to others, and the powers to whom the matter was referred decided it as Hackman did. He mistook the remedy which the case required, but he had done nothing disreputable or dishonorable, and he went out of the magistracy of the reform as pure as when he entered it. To have censured him was the extreme limit to which his punishment should have been pushed; destituting him was an outrage.

But what was his offense in comparison with the act of the vice-president of the court of appeals, who, in the absence of his colleagues, arrogated to himself the power, and exercised it, of annulling their solemn proceedings, and overturning their decision! These colleagues, under the circumstances, should have commenced their disciplinary exercises upon him. If any man ever merited rebuke, if not punishment, it was he.

The fact is, however, that it was the charges, or rather the insinuations, made against the vice-president, which put Hackman's official head in a basket. The judges of the court could not permit anything to be intimated by an inferior judge against their beloved chief. It was *lèse majesté* which was to be punished, and at once, with the extreme penalty of the law. An example was necessary, to show the judges of the tribunal that they were not to open their lips, except in praise, with reference to them; and they found an example in Hackman, and they have succeeded; for when the tribunal, as a body, remained silent under the blow which was cruelly and illegally inflicted upon their colleague, they became as schoolboys in the presence of the master, and as completely under control, and they have remained so ever since. There is, however, a silver lining to their cloud, for they have the grim satisfaction of knowing that the

vice-president of the court lords it over his colleagues as he does over them. No one ever speaks of the court. It is always "Lapenna." That Hackman was not removed, on the sole ground of having refused to perform his duty, is easily shown.

The first judge of appeals appointed by Russia came to Egypt soon after the courts were decided upon. It required nearly a year to organize them. When they were at length ready to commence work, he refused to sit, because, when on the bench, he would be obliged to wear the *tarbouche* (fez), which, he said, was a badge of servitude. One master (his own emperor) was enough for him. Now, here was an absolute refusal to even hear a case, or to sit in the court. What was done to him? He had already received his three months' allowance for traveling expenses; he had drawn his salary quite regularly; and he was allowed to go away, taking a year's indemnity with him! He was in Egypt nearly a year; he never did a day's work as a judge, and he received close on to one hundred thousand francs! The Hollander refused to decide a certain class of cases because the Khedive insisted upon not allowing judgments which had been rendered against him to be executed. The Russian refused to sit because the Khedive insisted upon his wearing a hat of a certain shape when in the discharge of his official duty. The Hollander was kicked out of office. The Russian was allowed to go away, taking with him a bonus of forty thousand francs!

Money received on account of fees was in the keeping of the clerk of the tribunal. As the amount in his hands was large, the court ordered that a safe should be purchased in which to keep it, the safe to be provided with two keys of different pattern, one of the keys to be in the custody of the clerk, the other to be in the custody of the procureur-général. The safe was not to be opened except in the presence of the latter, or of some person who should represent him, precautions which, if carried out, would have rendered pilfering impossible. The safe was purchased, but the procureur-général never saw to it that the order of the court with regard to the keys was carried into execution, as the court had made it his duty to do. An employee in the clerk's office went into the safe one day and carried off many thousand francs! Here was a situation and a scandal! The absconding employee was prosecuted, and, *in his absence*, was condemned to many years' penal servitude (which he will, perhaps, work out when he is caught). The clerk was also proceeded against —and, strangely enough, his prosecutor was the procureur-général—for neglect of duty, and was punished by having his rank reduced from chief clerk to deputy clerk. But, on the trial, when one of the judges asked why the procureur-général — if he had done his duty, the robbery would have been impossible—was not prosecuted as well, the reply was, in substance, "Ne touchéz pas à la Reine" ("Hands off the Queen!"). That is, the procureur-général was attached to the court; therefore, nothing must be said which might imply a fault in any one connected with that body. The Hackman lesson had been well taught. But when, in what is known as the "Incident Lapenna," where, in a communication to the Government, M. Lapenna had taken occasion to express his opinion rather freely as regards the character of a certain class of the European population in Egypt, which aroused all their indignation, the same procureur, in M. Lapenna's absence, took sides with the colonists. Shortly after M. Lapenna's return, Monsieur le Procureur took his departure—that is, he was removed. In the quiet town of Bruges, from which he came, and to which he has returned, he spends his enforced leisure in hearkening to the beautiful chime of bells which peal from the tower of its grand old church, and ruminates over the results of an exercise of power which he was one of the first to place in the hands of a single man.

A *protégé* of the vice-president, after having passed through several grades, was appointed superintendent over the officers employed in and about the courts; he was also given in charge of the "Palais de Justice," which he commenced to repair. His conduct was bad, and the illegalities which he committed were flagrant and notorious. Still, no one dared say a word against him. One day, when he was about leaving Egypt for his holiday, and having charge of the funds of the court, he paid himself in advance the salary which would be due to him for the months of his vacation. This was too much. Unfortunately for him, the vice-president was away at the time, and so the procureur-général instituted proceedings against him to have him dismissed from office. When the judges returned, they found the case ready for them. The law provides that "action disciplinaire" is extinguished by a resignation, *if the resignation is accepted*, as regards magistrates. In the section referring to clerks, etc., no such provision is found. In the present instance, however, the article referring to magistrates was stretched over the clerk, and he was allowed to resign. No one can justify the act of accepting his resignation. He should have been destituted. Accepting his resignation was bad enough, but what follows is worse: he was paid an indemnity of thirty thousand francs!

The languages used in the courts are the French, the Italian, and the Arabic. It was required by the Khedive that the persons who

should be recommended to him for appointment as magistrates should be familiar with one of these languages. There is a member of the court of appeals who, when he arrived in Egypt (and he was one of the first to arrive), could not speak or write a word in either. From the time he took his seat on the bench up to now, he has never drawn up a decree! In his person, Justice is not only blind, but is also deaf—

> "For all the purposes of ears in a parley,
> Her [his] ears might as well have been ears of barley."

—and not only deaf but dumb, and impotent as well. Indeed, if after the Government had been imposed upon to send him out here he had, instead of coming himself, sent his photograph, it would have answered the same purpose, and he would have been spared the discomforts of a sea-voyage. (His salary could have been forwarded monthly, by post.) If the vice-president of the court had made known his utter incapacity to the Egyptian Government, and that Government had revoked his appointment, upon the ground that it had been obtained under false representations, and had communicated the fact to the Government which recommended him, can any one doubt that it would have sent out another in his stead? But the judge in question soon became, and is now, a fast friend of the vice-president. Indeed, he constitutes the majority of one which the vice-president has among the foreign judges, and his allegiance has been worth to him, for five years and more, including his traveling expenses and indemnity, about two thousand pounds per annum! And *he* was one of the judges who tried Hackman, and who voted to destitute him!

An independent judiciary under such a condition of things is impossible. What would be thought in England of the proposition that a judge of Common Pleas should be liable to be removed from office by the Court of Queen's Bench, or that a judge in that court could not run down from London to Dover without first having obtained permission from the Lord Chief Justice? In Egypt, no judge may leave his official residence for a day, whether he has anything to do on that day or not, without permission! He may be removed at any time, and for any act which the court of appeals may deem dishonorable, and when removed he is without recourse! And as regards the court of appeals the judges thereof are only responsible to themselves!

That judicial system has always proved to be the best which has left least to the discretion of the judge. Patronage is, of all others, the thing which he should not be allowed to control. How many of them, the world over, have been ruined by it! Nowhere has a contrary system been more vigorously followed than in Egypt; nowhere has it given greater or juster cause of complaint.

A remedy must exist somewhere against improper conduct on the part of a judge. The power to appoint and to remove officials who are derelict in the performance of their duty must be placed somewhere. Admitted. But better that this remedy should be applied by any power, as regards offending magistrates, than by his colleagues, although of superior degree; and, as regards patronage, better that it should be in any hands than in the hands of a judge.

I do not believe that the Khedive will be willing to continue the courts—certainly not in their present form and power. Their *raison d'être* has ceased. They were established as a protection against the enormous claims which were then being made against him and his government, and which the Napoleon award in the Suez Canal arbitration showed could successfully be made. But, even from that standpoint, if the amounts which the judiciary has cost in the past, and which it is likely to cost in the future, be added to the sums which were placed in Nubar Pasha's hands "for persuasive purposes," it is more than doubtful whether the Government would not have saved money if it had made the best terms it could when claims were presented. There was at least this advantage connected with the old system: the Khedive could discuss the merits of the claims which might be pressed against him; he could put them aside or postpone them; he could negotiate for a reduction. But with the courts he could do nothing. He could neither postpone the pronouncing of their judgments, nor control the judges, nor question the justice of their decisions, for they were the arbiters appointed by himself, and from their decisions there was no appeal. True, the courts would not execute their judgments against his government, and in this respect they were as so many popery bulls against a comet. Indeed, they placed the Government, as it were, in a bomb-proof, which made it immaterial whether the artillery of the judiciary rained judgments upon him; he was secure, and was thus enabled to laugh at the wrath of the public creditors. But, because the late Khedive would not satisfy these judgments, he was deposed—for this it was which, at last, did the business for him—and his successor will not willingly be caught in the same trap.

Besides, all the claims against the Government have been, or will have been, passed upon before the experimental period will have expired. And as neither the Government nor the Khedive has any credit, and as the affairs of both will, in

the future, have to be carried on upon a cash basis, there will not be any cause for litigation. The poverty of the Government, too, will be sufficient to protect it. So long as the Treasury was overflowing with borrowed money, raids upon it were of course. Now, however, that the borrowing days are over, and it is seen that there is not enough money in the Viceroy's strong-box for everybody, or anybody, indeed, the Powers, one played against the other, after the manner in which the "Eastern Question" has always been managed, will see to it that whatever money comes out of the public fund will be appropriated to a legitimate purpose, and he will find in his poverty a protection against spoliation, at all events.

Should he consent to continue them, it will be with many modifications of their present jurisdiction. He will not subject himself and his government to their power. Neither will he consent to give them control over cases arising between foreigners and his people, for to the latter (except to the sharpers among them) they have proved a scourge.

Certainly, I do not mean to say that he may not be forced into continuing them, for he must do as he is bid. Whatever the Powers tell him to do he must do. He can no more resist their will than the poorest "fellah" who acknowledges him as master can resist his. What I do mean to say is, that he will not willingly consent. He may willingly consent that the Powers should establish courts in his territory, with jurisdiction over their respective subjects. This would be a great improvement upon the old consular court system, the objections to which have been sufficiently considered; but he will, or should, insist that, if established, the Powers appointing them should provide for the payment of the salaries of the judges thereof.

Should he be forced to continue the present system he will, and with the greatest show of reason, insist—or rather beg—to be allowed to reduce the expenses of the establishment. Why should he be forced to have judges fastened upon him by Belgium, by Holland, by Norway and Sweden? He has no relations, so to speak, with either of these nations. He does not stand in dread of them, or of all of them combined, and so could say "no" to the urgent demands of their subjects, should they make any such, which I am far from saying they would, and certainly, so far, they have not made any. If a representation in the new courts should be denied them, and they refused to allow them to be subject to their jurisdiction, they would only be forced to have consular judges of their own, which would be a useless expense, for there are few Belgians and fewer Hollanders or Swedes in Egypt, beyond those who are attached to the consulates of those countries or to the "reform." There are no litigants of either of these nationalities before the tribunals, and yet Belgium has two judges, with salaries of thirty thousand francs each, and, until lately, when M. Lapenna had him turned away, a procureur-général at forty thousand francs. Holland, Norway and Sweden have each two judges.

The Austrian and German commerce with Egypt amounts to about £1,000,000 per annum; Russia's about £300,000; the United States about £140,000. Each of these Powers is represented by one judge in the court of appeals, and by two judges in the tribunals. The commerce of Greece with Egypt amounts to a bare £70,000 per annum. She is represented in the tribunals by two judges, one of whom has been tacked on to the court of appeals. These gentlemen, when their term of service shall have expired, will have been in the judicial service of Egypt for six years. (Originally the term was for five years, but Nubar's late reform administration extended it another twelvemonth.)

For these six years of service they will have received:

THE FOUR JUDGES OF APPEAL.

	Francs.
For "frais de déplacement" (three months' pay)	13,332
For salary	960,000
For indemnity (one year's pay)	160,000
	1,133,332

THE FOURTEEN JUDGES IN THE TRIBUNAL.

For "frais de déplacement" (three months' pay)	165,000
For salary	2,520,000
For indemnity	420,000
The Belgian procureur	150,000
Total	4,388,332

And this exclusive of the additional indemnity which the judges will receive for their extra year, and exclusive also of the forty thousand francs which the first Russian judge of appeals was paid because he would not wear a "fez."

The yearly salary paid to the judges, appointed by the Powers I have designated amounts, to five hundred and eighty thousand francs, and represents a capital at five per cent. of about twelve million francs (say five hundred thousand pounds). It is no answer to say that, as the fees exacted from litigants suffice, at the present moment, to pay these salaries, the judges cost the Government nothing. As well say, if the customs officers absorbed all the revenue derived from duties on imports, that they cost the Government nothing, provided they took nothing out

of the general Treasury. The fees paid into the courts form a part of the revenues of the Government, and they should no more be wasted than the revenues derived from customs duties should be wasted. They are wasted, in each case, when more officers are employed in either of them, or when higher salaries are paid, than the exigencies of the public service require.

Certainly no just criticism can be made upon those of the Powers who accepted the proposition of the Khedive to give him judges, nor upon the acceptance of the gentlemen who fill them. I am not dealing with the past, when the country was considered rich, nor of the present, when their engagements are in full vigor. I am looking to the future, and endeavoring to contribute some suggestions which may benefit those who are interested in Egypt, without detriment to the public service or to the just and proper administration of the law. One half the number of judges now employed by the Government could, under a proper and less cumbersome but at the same time efficient, mode of procedure, determine all the cases, and without unnecessary delay, which would be brought before them.

Of course, I do not mean judges who, when the first healthy summer perspiration breaks out upon them, flush, like a covey of birds, and wing their flight to the different spas of Europe—an evidence, in their persons, of the reckless extravagance which pervades everything connected with Egyptian affairs; or men without experience or learning, who can not or will not, draw up a judgment, who take their "month off" during term-time, wandering about the streets of Alexandria like lost spirits, waiting for pay-day to come round. I mean judges who have the qualifications which go toward making a judge, and who, in consideration of a proper compensation, will do a proper amount of work. And it seems to me that the creditors of the Egyptian Government have a right to demand that the country should not be saddled with an unnecessary number of officeholders, magistrates included; that its revenues, from whatever source, should, as far as possible, be applied to the payment of its debt; and that the Khedive should be sustained in any effort which he may make to these ends.

Another great and most useless expense of the present system is what is termed the "Parquet." It consists of a procureur-général, with forty thousand francs salary; of an avocat-général, with thirty thousand francs salary; and to any number of substituts, all of whom are well paid. Of what use this "corps" is, it would be difficult to say. One member always sits with the court, and one with the tribunal. In all cases in which the Government is concerned, in all cases where the jurisdiction of the courts is called in question, in all cases in which minors are interested, and in all cases of bankruptcy, they are entitled to be heard—although they have no voice in the decision of the case. Now, in all cases between individuals, it is fair to presume that the lawyers on either side understand them as well as the gentleman who represents the "Parquet" for the time being possibly can. As regards cases against the Government, they are always defended by a member of the "contentiaux," lawyers in the regular employ of the Government, of whom there are many, some of whom receive as much as seventy-five thousand francs per annum salary. In France, where criminal proceedings are conducted, from the beginning, by the procureurs of the Government, and where the "Parquet" is a training-school from which judges are usually selected, it does very well. But in Egypt the international courts (if a court which never has an international question before it can be thus designated) have no criminal jurisdiction proper. Their powers, in this regard, are confined to punishing contempts of court, resistance by parties to the officers of the courts, etc. In point of fact, these gentlemen are merely counsel which the Government furnishes to one or other of a certain class of litigants, gratis.

The same remarks apply to the army of men who are employed in the different offices about the courts. One half the number would be more than sufficient for all the work they should have to perform.

In respect of the administration (or rather non-administration) of criminal law, there is nothing which calls more loudly for reform. There is no country where a man may kill with the same impunity as in Egypt. It is true that, if an Arab kills a European, his punishment follows swift and sure, and is merciless. If a European, on the other hand, harms an Arab, nothing is thought of it. If a European cuts another European up, the event is talked of for a few days, and is then put aside. There have been murders enough committed in Alexandria, Heaven knows! and yet I do not think an instance can be found where a murderer has been made to suffer the penalty of his crime (I mean a murderer of European origin). The reason is that, as regards foreign countries, England and the United States excepted, men charged with serious offenses are sent home for trial. Who is to prosecute them when they reach there? The result is simply an excursion for the accused at some other person's expense.

A man in Alexandria went to the apartments of his debtor for the purpose of collecting his bill. The apartments are up three flights of stairs. In coming out from them he *fell* over the railing, and dropped on the hall pavement

below, breaking his neck. The *boab* (porter), who was half a mile distant from the house at the time, was arrested! After having been in prison several days, he was released. Justice was satisfied, and there that matter ended.

Another man came tumbling upon the street pavement one night. The *boabs*, who were sleeping near the entrance to the house in front of which the man fell, were awakened by the noise occasioned by the fall, and, going to him, found his bones all broken, and life in him extinct. Shortly after, two white men came out from the house. They said they were on the terrace (roof)—a house in which they were not boarders—when they saw the man attempting to steal some clothes which had been left by the washerwoman; that they attempted to arrest him, when he ran from them and jumped sheer over the parapet into the space beyond; and, having made this statement, they walked away in the gloom of the dimly-lighted street, and there was an end of that matter! Not exactly, however: the *boab* was arrested! But as the local authorities, after several days' deliberation, came to the conclusion that it would be rather difficult for a man who was asleep on the ground-floor (as this *boab* was proved to have been), to hurl another man from the terrace of a five-story house, and as no one appeared against him, he was released.

A widow lady, with her two daughters, young ladies, was living in Alexandria. A "gentleman" pursued one of the daughters with the view to making her his mistress. She repulsed him. He asked her to marry him; she refused. He procured some "bon-bons," had them medicated, and sent them to the widow's house. Both the young ladies ate of them; both were driven immediately after to a frenzy; one of them died, and the other is still the inmate of an insane asylum! The occurrence created some excitement (that is, it was talked over) for a few days. The wretch who perpetrated the crime was quietly sent to his own country for trial, and there that matter ended!

These are cases picked out from a number happening within a twelvemonth. Does not the moral sense of every man cry out against the possibility of their being committed with impunity?

It is, of course, much easier to pull down than it is to build, and the questions will be asked, "If the Khedive is forced to continue the 'reforms,' how are the judges thereof to be selected, so as to bring the number within reasonable bounds?" "How should offenders be tried, and, when convicted, how should they be punished?"

In view of the interminable wranglings among the nations upon the everlasting Eastern Question (which, after all said and done, is only kept a question because it is necessary to have something to wrangle over, and is a school in which to train diplomatists), and the jealousies arising from the fear that they are not sufficiently considered if each of them is not allowed to take a pull at poor Egypt, it will be a difficult matter to arrange. But, in point of fact, it is a simple one. Let the Powers agree among themselves upon the number of judges necessary to properly conduct the business which might come before them, and then determine that those judges shall be taken from the nations which have the largest—or the smallest, if you like—relations with Egypt; that would settle the matter. If they could only be brought to an agreement upon the first point, the balance would be mere detail. As regards trial for and punishment of crime, the courts established by the Powers should have the power to try and punish all offenders upon the scene of their crimes.

These subjects have been discussed at greater length than was contemplated by me when I sat down to write. But they have grown upon me as I wrote. If not interesting, they are at least important not only to Egypt, but to all persons who have interests in that country, for no man who is actively engaged in the every-day affairs of life can tell when he may be forced to appeal to the courts for the assertion of his rights.

They are questions of particular importance to Englishmen, whose relations with Egypt are so various and so great. And as the question whether or no the courts of the reform shall be continued must soon come up for discussion, I have examined them at such length in the hope that, if continued, they may be so reorganized, and administered in such form, as will guarantee to English barristers in Egypt the same facilities and rights as barristers from other countries enjoy; insure to English litigants an administration of justice somewhat in accordance with the laws to which they have been accustomed; place the judges, of high and low degree, upon that footing of independence which all judges in England enjoy—an independence which is such a protection to them and is such a safeguard to the rights and liberties of the people; as well as to point out one means, at least, by which the creditors of the country may find a degree, however small, of relief, and the unfortunate country itself be exempted from—a very legal it may be, but nevertheless—a most decided spoliation.

P. H. MORGAN.

CURIOSITIES OF WILLS.

THERE is an old saying that has come down to us from classical times, to the effect that we never really know a man until we have read his will; and the saying might be very greatly widened in its application without losing any of its truth, for there are certain phases of human nature which could hardly be understood in their full significance, save as illustrated in a collection of "last wills and testaments." One would suppose that in the most solemn act of his life—standing by forecast, as it were, in the very presence-chamber of death—a man would lay aside his foibles and abjure, for the moment at least, his purely personal and egotistic sentiments; yet the record offices show that there is nothing in which the weaknesses, the eccentricities, the passions, and the antipathies of men are more likely to be displayed than in those solemn transactions by which they anticipate the decree of Fate and separate themselves from all merely selfish and earthly interests. History, colored as it is apt to be by the political and religious bias or other personal feeling of the historian, to say nothing of involuntary errors, is often only "that grand liar who ne'er yet spoke truth"; but in the autograph will we get unmistakable glimpses of the qualities that go to constitute individual character, and it is in the study of individual character that we must seek the clew that will enable us to thread the labyrinthine mazes of the human heart.

It is this which, aside from the entertainment to be derived from it, gives a sort of value to such a volume as that compiled by the author of "Flemish Interiors," and entitled "Curiosities of the Search-Room."* The volume is very desultory in character, and very far, indeed, from being complete; yet it illustrates with tolerable copiousness the whole history of wills, ancient and modern, and it subserves its purpose nearly as well as if it were much more systematic and comprehensive. Moreover, it is not merely or only a collection of wills, but is enlivened with numerous anecdotes and with personal and historical details which give a sort of atmosphere or "setting" to documents which might otherwise appear somewhat arid and formal. On the whole, the work is done with more skill than might have been expected, and that it is not without interest a running summary of its contents, accompanied by a few illustrative extracts, will probably suffice to show.

The custom of will-making appears to have been of very great antiquity, and long before the degree of civilization that led to their being left in writing was attained, they are said to have been made orally. It has been asserted by Eusebius, Origen, and other patristic writers, that Noah made a will; and Xilander took the trouble to translate into Latin the account of it given in Greek by Cadrenus; Philastrius, Bishop of Brescia in the fourth century, declares all persons heretical who deny the division of the world as made by the will of Noah to his three sons; and one writer even pretends to give the very words in which the deed was drawn up. These writers further declare that the usage was common in patriarchal times; but, if this be so, it is somewhat surprising that we do not find any such transactions recorded in the Scriptures.

Some antiquarians assert that written wills originated, like so many other of the supposed achievements of later civilization, with the Egyptians; and though no conclusive evidence of this has yet been adduced, there are good grounds for inferring that the practice of bequeathing property by will existed among Orientals as far back as the memory of man extends. The earliest authentic will cited by the author of the present work is that of Sennacherib, the Assyrian, which was found in the royal library of Konyunjik, and which bequeaths to his favorite son, Esarhaddon, "certain bracelets, coronets, and other precious objects of gold, ivory, and precious stones, deposited for safe-keeping in the temple of Nebo."

Among the Greeks the custom was well established, and among the "Wills of Remarkable Persons," which constitute Part III of the work under notice, we find the wills of Endamidas of Corinth, of Plato, and of Aristotle. Still earlier than these, and one of the most remote on record, is the will of Telemachus, cited by Homer, in which, lest they fall into the hands of his enemies, he bequeaths to Piraeus all the presents that had been made to him by Menelaus; but he adds, "In case I should slay *them* and survive, you are then to restore them to me in my palace—a task as joyous to you to accomplish as to myself to profit by." The Greeks seem to have exhibited a conscientious regard for the behests of the departed, and, although it sometimes happened that wills were forged and adroitly substituted for the originals, as Aristotle tells us, yet they adopted

* Curiosities of the Search-Room. A Collection of Serious and Whimsical Wills. By the author of "Flemish Interiors," etc., etc. London: Chapman & Hall.

as a precautionary measure the system of depositing them in a public office, and appointing witnesses to the fact. Demosthenes mentions in one of his orations that, at the end of a testamentary document, it was customary to imprecate the most formidable curses on those who should attempt to violate the wishes of the testator.

Among the Romans, wills do not appear to have been known before the Twelve Tables, on which foundation they were made to rest; but afterward the practice became greatly elaborated and systematized, and Justinian describes three different categories under which wills could be made. Of the Roman wills cited in the present volume that of Vergil is chiefly remarkable, because in one clause of it he ordered the "Æneid" to be burned, "Ut rem emendatam imperfectamque." Being assured, however, that Augustus would never consent to have this vandal behest carried out, he subsequently added another clause in which he ordered that, in case he should die before he had time to finish and revise his MSS., the verses should be published exactly as he left them. A long abstract is given of the will of Augustus Cæsar, which has an important historical as well as personal interest. In it the distinguished testator calls attention to the fact that he left to his heirs only one hundred and fifty million sesterces (about six million dollars), although he had received by testamentary donations more than five milliards of sesterces (about a hundred and sixty million dollars); and adds that he had employed all the rest in the service of the state, as well as his two paternal patrimonies (that of Caïus Octavius, his own father, and that of Julius Cæsar, his adopted father), and his other family inheritances.

Besides those mentioned above, the section of "Wills of Remarkable Persons" includes the wills of Saladin, Sultan of Egypt (1193); of Louis VIII of France (1226); of Edward I of England (1307); of Petrarch (1370); of Johann Ziska (1424); of Christopher Columbus (1506); of Erasmus and Melanchthon; of Hans Holbein, Rabelais, Mary Stuart, Tasso, Cardinal Richelieu, Scarron, Dryden, Racine, Bossuet, Lord Chesterfield, Garrick, Agassiz, Cardinal Antonelli, Harriet Martineau, and two or three score others. Of these the most impressive, as it is certainly the most original and characteristic, is that of Saladin; and we quote it as summarized by the author:

"Interesting to record is the last will and testament of the celebrated Saladin, born in 1136; he died in 1193 after filling the two continents of Europe and Asia with his fame. Sultan of Egypt, he conquered Syria, Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, and took possession of Jerusalem in 1187. His conquests suffice to enable us to judge of the extent of his power and wealth; at his death, however, he showed that no one was more intimately convinced of the utter hollowness of the riches and greatness of the world and the vanity of its disputes.

"He ordered, by his will, first, that considerable sums should be distributed to Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians, in order that the priests of the three religions might implore the mercy of God for him; next he commanded that the shirt or tunic he should be wearing at the time of his death should be carried on the end of a spear throughout the whole camp, and at the head of his army, and that the soldier who bore it should pause at intervals and say aloud, 'Behold all that remains of the Emperor Saladin! Of all the states he had conquered; of all the provinces he had subdued; of the boundless treasures he had amassed; of the countless wealth he possessed he retained, in dying, nothing but this shroud!'"

More curious than this, and also more suggestive, as showing how much more surely the passions are embittered by religious and partisan strife than by regular war, is the will of Johann Ziska, the blind chieftain of the Hussites. He left a dying behest to the effect that immediately after his death his body was to be flayed, his skin preserved and tanned, in order that a drumhead might be made of it. "The noise of such a drum," said he, "will alone suffice to scare the enemies of the tribe, and to preserve to it all the advantages I have obtained for it."

In the will of the great satirist, Rabelais, is the following highly characteristic clause: "I have no available property; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor."

The remainder of the wills of eminent persons are of a more commonplace character, though few are without some interesting feature; and it is in the other sections of the book that its more readable and piquant contents will be found. The classification, it should be observed, is not very exact, but it will be more convenient, perhaps, to follow it as nearly as may be. After the general introduction, the first chapter is assigned to "Eccentric Wills," though, as the compiler admits, other wills equally abnormal are found under other headings. This chapter begins with the will of a splendid Greek miser, Dichæus Dichæanus, which is too long to quote; but the immediately following "Will of a Jilted Bachelor" is both brief and pointed: "A French merchant, dying in 1610, left a handsome legacy to a lady who had, twenty years before, refused to marry him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance, and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him to a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom." Worthy of being placed beside this is the will of Lieutenant-Colonel

Nash, who bequeathed an annuity of fifty pounds to the bell-ringers of Bath Abbey, "provided they should muffle the clappers of the bells of the said abbey, and ring them with doleful accentuation from eight A. M. to eight P. M. on each anniversary of his wedding-day, and during the same number of hours, only with a merry peal, on the anniversary of the day which released him from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

A good example of abbreviated wills is that dictated by a North-country peasant dying in the year 1602: "I, William Apthorp of Aldboro'; soul to Almighty God; twelve shillings to poor-box; lease of farm, one corne wain, and the wood cutt this yr, also yoke of oxen, to sonne Robert; two black kine to my dau'r Alison. Between dau'rs Anne and Eliza three kine; to Anthony Robinson a stall. of four yr old and a met. of beans, and another met. to his children. Sonne Robert and three dau'rs all four exors." But the shortest will on record is that proved in the Lewes Probate Court in November, 1878, and consisting of eight words: "Mrs. —— to have all when I die."

A will which may fairly be called "eccentric" is that of Dr. Ellerby, who died in London in February, 1827. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and all his habits bore the mark of originality. In his will are to be found some singular clauses, among them the following:

"Item: I desire that immediately after my death my body shall be carried to the Anatomical Museum in Aldersgate Street, and shall be there dissected by Drs. Lawrence, Tyrrell, and Wardrop, in order that the cause of my malady may be well understood.

"Item: I bequeath my heart to Mr. W., anatomist; my lungs to Mr. R.; and my brains to Mr. F., in order that they may preserve them from decomposition; and I declare that if these gentlemen shall fail faithfully to execute these my last wishes in this respect, I will come—if it should be by any means possible—and torment them until they shall comply."

Akin to this is the will of Mr. S. Sanborn, who, in 1871, bequeathed his corpse to Harvard University, and especially to the manipulation of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Agassiz. This testator, who was a hatter (and therefore, perhaps, excusably mad), dwelt at Medford, Massachusetts.

"In his will he expressed his desire that his remains should be preserved in the Museum of Anatomy at Harvard, after having been dealt with in the most scientific and skillful manner known to the anatomical profession.

"He further requested, after the example of John Ziska, that his skin should be converted into two drum-heads, not for the same purpose as that intimated by the Bohemian chief, for the sake of frightening his enemies, but 'to become the property of his distinguished friend and patriotic fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer of Cohasset, on condition that he should, on the 17th June every year at sunrise, beat on the said drum the tune of Yankee Doodle on Bunker's Hill.'

"The drum-heads to be respectively inscribed with Pope's 'Universal Prayer' and the Declaration of Independence, as originally worded by its illustrious author Thomas Jefferson.

"'The remainder of my body useless for anatomical purposes to be composted for a fertilizer to contribute to the growth of an American elm, to be planted in some rural thoroughfare, that the weary wayfarer may rest, and innocent children may play beneath its umbrageous branches rendered luxuriant by my remains.'"

The reader has often heard, doubtless, of a woman being worth her weight in gold, but a Scotch gentleman, having two young daughters, bequeathed to each her weight, not in gold, but in one-pound bank-notes. The elder seems to have been slenderer than her sister, for she only got £51,200, while the younger received £57,344; but each was weighty enough to secure a tolerably ample provision.

Under the title of a "Bible Lottery," we are told of a minister who bequeathed a sum of money to his chapel at St. Ives to provide "six Bibles every year, for which six men and six women were to throw dice on Whit-Tuesday after the morning service, the minister kneeling the while at the south end of the communion-table, and praying God to direct the luck to His Glory." That all the clergy are not equally serene in waiting upon Providence seems to be shown by the will (dated March 26, 1874) of the Rev. William Hill, late of Lansdowne Villas, Springfield Road, Cotham, Bristol, in which the testator directs

"the payment of all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, as soon as conveniently may be after my departure to heaven; but, as this is to be my final public document, I shall here record my detestation of all state establishments of religion, believing them to be anti-scriptural and soul-ruining. I have for years prayed the King of Zion to overthrow the politico-ecclesiastical establishment of the British Empire, and I leave the world with a full conviction that such prayer must ere long be answered. I thirst to see the Church brought down, the Church by man set up, for millions are by it led on to drink a bitter cup. I desire all posterity to know that William Hill was a conscientious Trinitarian Baptist minister, and that he believed infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty, the keystone of Popery, therefore the parent of unnum-

bered terrible evils; this delusion must also pass away at the divinely appointed time, and the immersion of believers, as plainly taught by the Great Teacher, the Holy Ghost, and the Apostles, shall one day universally triumph. Man says, some water in the face, and that before the child has grace, is what is meant in Jesus' word, by being buried in the Lord. The deadly drinking customs of professors and non-professors are likewise doomed. Heaven dash all error, sin, and the devil from the earth, and cause truth, holiness, and Christ everywhere to prevail. Amen."

The last will quoted among the "eccentrics" is that of a New-Yorker, who died during the present year, and who is said to have left the following testamentary directions:

"'I bequeath all my fortune to my nephews and nieces, seven in number.

"'They are to share it equally, and on no account to go to law about it, on pain of forfeiting their respective shares.

"'I own seventy-one pairs of trousers, and I strictly enjoin my executors to hold a public sale at which these shall be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds distributed to the poor of the city.

"'I desire that these garments shall in no way be examined or meddled with, but be disposed of as they are found at the time of my death; and no one purchaser is to buy more than one pair.'

"As the testator had always been more or less eccentric in his ways, no one was much surprised at these singular clauses, which were religiously observed. The sale was held, and the seventy-one pairs of trousers were sold to seventy-one different purchasers. One of these, in examining the pockets, discovered in the fob a packet of some sort, closely sewn up. He lost no time in cutting the thread, and was not a little surprised to find a bundle of bank-notes representing a thousand dollars. The news soon spread, and each of the others found himself possessed of a similar amount.

"As may be supposed, all were well satisfied except the heirs, who could not find redress in law, this resource being prohibited."

The third chapter is devoted to what are called "Puzzling Wills"—wills, namely, that are puzzling from various causes: "some from a careless, some from an ignorant, some from an untechnical mode of expression, some literally from the testators taking a malicious pleasure in 'bothering' their executors, and some from want of reflection in the changes and eventualities which time and circumstances are likely to bring about, and which may render it ultimately impossible to carry out their behests." Of these we shall quote only two, the first being that of a mathematical testator who died in 1780:

"A native of Strasbourg, Fortunatus Dreynul, drew up a singular will: going back to the early age of eight years, he stated therein that at that period his grandfather had left him twenty-four livres, and that in sixty-four years this sum had increased to five hundred. This amount, which he now proposed to deal with, he directed should be divided into five portions, to be invested at the highest interest that could be safely obtained.

"At the end of a century, as he had calculated, each accumulated portion might be computed at thirteen thousand livres, and when that time should have arrived, portion No. 1 was to be employed in reclaiming a morass near his native village.

"No. 2 was to accumulate during a second century, when it would have reached 1,700,000 livres, and was then to be employed in founding eighty prizes for the encouragement and improvement of husbandry.

"No. 3, after a third century, would represent 220,000,000 livres, and was to be applied to the establishing of 'Lomber-Houses,' to supply to industrious men loans without interest; also to build twelve museums and twelve libraries in different cities, each endowed with an income of 100,000 livres for the support of fifty scholars.

"No. 4, at the end of a fourth century, was to be employed in building and peopling one hundred new towns of 150,000 inhabitants each, the sum of thirty milliards of livres being, the testator considered, sufficient for that purpose.

"No. 5, at the expiration of five hundred years, would have reached nearly four thousand milliards, and was to be used to pay off the national debt of the testator's country, the balance to be applied to that of England, with a cosmopolitan feeling of gratitude for Newton's beautiful work, 'The Universal Art of Arithmetic.'"

The other will which we propose to quote has obviously puzzled the compiler of the book, who, after describing the will as that of Mr. Smith Willie, of Pennsylvania, immediately afterward speaks of the "above city"—evidently supposing Pennsylvania to be a city. The will bears the date of 1880, and is transcribed as follows:

"A somewhat puzzling task has devolved upon a real or imaginary body of men in the *above city* [some city of Pennsylvania], a Mr. Willie having appointed as executors of his extraordinary will, a jury of honor consisting of all the householders in his native town, who can prove that they came honestly by their fortunes; each to receive for his trouble the sum of two hundred dollars. He computes that there can not be above twenty, and doubts whether that number will be reached.

"The will itself is thus indited:

"'Seeing that I have no direct descendants, and that I am wholly unacquainted with those I may possess collaterally, I bequeath my fortune to any one among them who, in the course of a twelvemonth from the date of my death, may distinguish himself by an act of heroism worthy of ancient times.

"'In case none of my collateral descendants

should be justified in making this claim, I then leave all I possess to be divided between all the women who can prove that they have been my mistresses, be it for ever so brief a period.'"

Of the "Wills in Obsolete Language and Rime," which form the contents of Chapter IV, the following is worth reproducing. It was proved in Doctors' Commons in the year 1737:

"The fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose o' my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother.
Because I foresaw
That my brothers-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I nowise intended,
Till their manners are mended;
And o't, God knows, there's no sign;
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which witness my hand,
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold,
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother—JOHN HEDGES."

We do not know what John Hedges's profession may have been, but here is an equally abnormal will, which we are assured was the authentic production of a London attorney named Smithers:

"As to all my worldly goods now, or to be, in store,
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.
I give all freely, I no limit fix:
This is my will, and she's executrix."

Of all the varied contents of the volume, perhaps the most curious is that collected in the chapter on "Vindictive Wills." "It seems strange," as the author truly says, "that any man should deliberately elect to go out of the world bearing in his heart feelings of malice, hatred, and revenge against any of his fellow-creatures, and leaving behind him practical proofs that they remain unforgiven . . . before us, however, lie incontrovertible proofs that there are men who can and do act thus; and it is equally remarkable that in the majority of cases they try to mask their uncharitableness by assuming a tone of jocularity." The most famous example of this class of wills is that of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who lived amid the political turmoils of the seventeenth century:

"I, Philip, V Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, being, as I am assured, of unsound health, but of sound memory—as I well remember me that five years ago I did give my vote for the dispatching of old Canterbury, neither have I forgotten that I did see my King upon the scaffold—yet as it is said that Death doth even now pursue me, and, moreover, as it is yet further said that it is my practice to yield under coercion, I do now make my last will and testament.

"In primis: As for my soul, I do confess I have often heard men speak of the soul, but what may be these same souls, or what their destination, God knoweth; for myself, I know not. Men have likewise talked to me of another world, which I have never visited, nor do I even know an inch of the ground that leadeth thereto. When the King was reigning, I did make my son wear a surplice, being desirous that he should become a Bishop, and for myself I did follow the religion of my master: then came the Scotch, who made me a Presbyterian, but since the time of Cromwell I have become an Independent. These are, methinks, the three principal religions of the kingdom—if any one of the three can save a soul, to that I claim to belong: if, therefore, my executors can find my soul, I desire they will return it to Him who gave it to me.

"Item: I give my body, for it is plain I can not keep it—as you see, the chirurgeons are tearing it in pieces. Bury me, therefore; I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all, put not my body beneath the church-porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and I would not that I should be interred there, where Colonel Pride was born.

"Item: I will have no monument, for then I must needs have an epitaph, and verses over my carcase: during my life I have had enough of these.

"Item: I desire that my dogs may be shared among all the members of the Council of State. With regard to them, I have been all things to all men; sometimes went I with the Peers, sometimes with the Commons. I hope, therefore, they will not suffer my poor curs to want.

"Item: I give my two best saddle-horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs, methinks, must soon begin to fail him. As regardeth my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some *horse* to command.

"Item: I give all my wild beasts to the Earl of Salisbury, being very sure he will preserve them, seeing that he refused the King a doe out of his park.

"Item: I bequeath my chaplains to the Earl of Stamford, seeing he has never had one in his employ;

having never known any other than his son, my Lord Grey, who, being at the same time spiritual and carnal, will engender more than one monster.

"Item: I give *nothing* to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor.

"Item: Seeing that I did menace a certain Henry Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sum of fifty pounds sterling to the lacquey that shall pay unto him my debt.

"Item: I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a mascarade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more; but all who shall have seen his 'History of the Parliament' will consider that even this sum is too large.

"Item: I should have given to the author of the libel on women, entitled 'News of the Exchange,' three pence to invent a yet more scurrilous mode of maligning; but, seeing that he insulteth and slandereth I know not how many honest persons, I commit the office of paying him to the same lacquey who undertaketh the arrears of Henry Mildmay; he will teach him to distinguish between honorable women and disreputable.

"Item: I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own.

"Item: I give to the wealthy citizens of London, and likewise to the Presbyterians and the nobility, notice to look to their skins; for, by the order of the state, the garrison of Whitehall hath provided itself with poniards, and useth dark lanterns in the place of candles.

"Item: I give up the ghost."

(Signed) ——

Worthy of being appended to this is the will of Dr. Dunlop, of Upper Canada, who made the following malicious bequests:

"To my eldest sister Joan, my five-acre field, to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck.

"To my second sister, Sally, the cottage that stands beyond the said field, with its garden, because as no one is likely to marry her it will be large enough to lodge her.

"To my third sister, Kate, the family Bible, recommending her to learn as much of its spirit as she already knows of its letter, that she may become a better Christian.

"To my fourth sister, Mary, my grandmother's silver snuff-box, that she may not be ashamed to take snuff before company.

"To my fifth sister, Lydia, my silver drinking-cup, for reasons known to herself.

"To my brother Ben, my books, that he may learn to read with them.

"To my brother James, my big silver watch, that he may know the hour at which men ought to rise from their beds.

"To my brother-in-law, Jack, a punch-bowl, because he will do credit to it.

"To my brother-in-law, Christopher, my best pipe, out of gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken.

"To my friend John Caddell, a silver teapot, that, being afflicted with a slatternly wife, he may therefrom drink tea to his comfort."

"While 'old John's' eldest son was made legatee of a silver tankard, which the testator objected to leave to old John himself, lest be should commit the sacrilege of melting it down to make temperance medals."

And, as a pendant to these, we cite the will of John George, of Lambeth, who died in London in June, 1791, and who provides for his wife as follows:

"Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who, ever since our union, has tormented me in every possible way; that, not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her, seeing we have lived apart during the last eight years, and that the only result has been the ruin of my son, whom she has corrupted and estranged from me; weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed, and I bequeath, to my said wife Elizabeth, the sum of one shilling, to be paid unto her within six months of my death."

Conceived in the same vindictive spirit is the bequest of an English gentleman who had, from his earliest years, been educated in the most violent prejudices against the Irish, and who came, when advanced in life, to inherit a considerable property in the county of Tipperary, but under the express condition that he should reside on the land. To this decree he very reluctantly conformed, but his feelings toward the natives only grew more bitter in consequence; and at his death, in 1791, his executors were surprised to find the following dispositions:

"I give and bequeath the annual sum of ten pounds, to be paid in perpetuity out of my estate, to the following purpose: It is my will and pleasure that this sum shall be spent in the purchase of a certain quantity of the liquor vulgarly called whisky, and it shall be publicly given out that a certain number of persons, Irish only, not to exceed twenty, who may choose to assemble in the cemetery in which I shall be interred, on the anniversary of my death, shall have the same distributed to them. Further, it is my desire that each shall receive it by half a pint at a time, till the whole is consumed, each being

likewise provided with a stout oaken stick and a knife, and that they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is, that with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other, and when, in the course of time, the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood at least may, perhaps, be colonized by civilized and respectable Englishmen."

In another will of this class, we read of a crabbed old German professor, who died in Berlin at the beginning of the century, and who, entertaining a great dislike for his sole surviving relative, left his property to him, but on the absolute condition that he should always wear white linen clothes at all seasons of the year, and should not supplement them in winter by extra undergarments. In still another case an estate of some value was left to his eldest son by a certain John Budd, on condition that he shaved off his mustache and never allowed it to grow again. An inhabitant of Leicester, named Sergeant, left a large fortune to his nephews on condition that they should rise at four o'clock in the morning in summer and at five o'clock in winter. And, finally, a testator, whose name is not given, bequeathed to his son and daughter one guinea each to balance accounts, throwing in his forgiveness, and the hope that Heaven would one day give them a better mind; while to his son-in-law he left one penny to buy him a whistle.

The chapters on "Bequests to Wives," on "Charitable Gifts, Art Gifts, and Gifts to Servants," on "Wills in favor of Dumb Animals," and on "Disputed Wills," all contain specimens over which it would be amusing to linger; but, after a paragraph or so on bequests to dumb animals, we must pass on to "Directions for Burial." That pet animals should be remembered in testamentary injunctions is not surprising, in view of the large part which they play in human life; but the eccentricities into which testators are sometimes betrayed in their behalf would be scarcely credible, if instances were not so numerous and so well authenticated.

Madame Dupuis, the famous harpist of the seventeenth century, directed that if her two cats survived her, thirty sous a week must be laid out upon them, in order that they might live well. "They are to be served daily, in a clean and proper manner, with two meals of meat-soup, the same as we eat ourselves, but it is to be given them separately in two soup-plates. The bread is not to be cut up into the soup, but must be broken into squares about the size of a nut, otherwise they will refuse to eat it. A ration of meat, finely minced, is to be added to it; the whole is then to be mildly seasoned, put into a clean pan, covered close, and carefully simmered before it is dished up." Among the archives of Toulouse exists the registry of a singular will, made by a peasant of the neighborhood in 1781, in these terms: "I declare that I appoint my russet cob [horse] my universal heir, and I desire that he may belong to my nephew George." As may be supposed, the will was contested; but, strange to say, it was ultimately confirmed. An Italian doctor, named Cristiano, of the faculty of jurisprudence at Venice, left by his will the sum of six thousand florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, but with a condition that at their death the sum should be added to the funds of the University of Vienna. A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, who died in London in 1813, bequeathed to a pet parrot an annuity of two hundred pounds, to be paid quarterly, as long as the parrot should live. Two cases are recorded in which handsome legacies were left to pet fish; others in which monkeys are the beneficiaries; and many others in which dogs are provided for. But cats appear to have secured the closest hold upon the affections of will-makers, and nothing of the kind on record equals the legacy of a Mr. Jonathan Jackson, of Columbus, Ohio, who died a few years ago, leaving orders to his executors to erect a cats' home, the plans and elevation of which he had drawn out with great care and thought. The building was to contain dormitories, a refectory, areas for conversation, grounds for exercise, and gently sloping roofs for climbing, with rat-holes for sport, an "auditorium" within which the inmates were to be assembled daily to listen to an accordion, which was to be played for an hour each day by an attendant, that instrument being the nearest approach to their natural voices. An infirmary, to which were to be attached a surgeon and three or four professed nurses, was to adjoin the establishment. The testator gives as his reason for thus disposing of his property that "it is man's duty, as lord of animals, to watch over and protect the lesser and feebler, even as God watches over and protects man." He does not, however, explain how it happens that on this principle he does not consider it his duty to protect rats from the "sporting" propensities of cats.

Nothing in the volume more forcibly illustrates the native whimsicality and *bizarrerie* of the human mind than the instances cited in the "Directions for Burial." Some of these are serious and solemn enough, exhibiting an almost morbid sense of the awfulness of the transaction; but others show that they were written under the influence either of despair or of an irreverent spirit of bravado. We can find space only for a specimen or two of the more eccentric. A Hertfordshire farmer inserted in his will his written wish that "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended

from a beam in his barn, and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. Less solicitous for the preservation of what Sir Thomas Browne calls "this lump of mortality," was Sir Charles Hastings, who directed that his body might "not be coffined, but swathed in any coarse stuff that would hold it together, and then buried in a spot designated by him; that the ground should then be planted with acorns, so that he might render a last service to his country by contributing to nourish some good English oaks." Dr. Messenger Mouncey, who was once physician to Chelsea Hospital College, bequeathed his corpse for dissection, and added that when the surgeons had completed their task, it was to be put into a deal box, in which holes had been made, and thrown into the Thames. Surpassing all, however, in whimsicality, is the will of a New York spinster, who ordered that all the money she should die possessed of should be employed in building a church in her native city, but stipulated that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone.

A characteristic example of those wills in which an attempt is made to put a humorous or jocose mask upon the grim face of Death is the following:

"An individual exercising the calling of conjurer at Rochdale, named Clegg, made a will in which he desired that, if he should escape hanging, and should die a natural death within two miles of Shaw Chapel, his executors, of whom he named two, should assemble threescore of the truest of his friends—not to include any woman, nor yet man whose avocations compel him to wear a white cap or an apron, nor any man in the habit of taking snuff or using tobacco. Four fiddles were to attend, and the company were to make merry and to dance. For the refreshment of the guests were to be provided sixty-two spiced buns and twenty shillings' worth of the best ale.

"The body, dressed in his 'roast-meat' (or Sunday) clothes, was to be laid on a bier in the midst. As each guest arrived sprigs of gorse, holly, and rosemary were to be distributed, and each was to receive a cake; then all were to make merry for a couple of hours.

"The musicians were then to play, in lively time, the tune of 'Britons, strike home,' while glasses of gin were being handed round to the company; after this the fiddlers, repeating the said tune, were to head the *cortége*, the guests to follow two-and-two, the whole being closed by the curate riding upon an ass, for which service he was to receive a fee of one guinea. No one was on any account to indulge in tears; and, as soon as the coffin had been covered over, they were to repair to the public-house at which the departed had been best known, and there to eat and drink as they pleased to the amount of thirty shillings, to be defrayed by the 'estate.'"

Before taking leave of a book from which much entertainment may be gotten, we should not fail to add that it is not without practical hints which may prove useful to every one who has anything to do with wills or will-making. To the uninitiated, nothing would seem to be more simple or easy than for a man to express his wishes as to the disposition of his property in such a way that there could be no question as to his intentions; yet costly experience has taught the world that few things are more difficult, and that, in general, where there's a will there's a—lawsuit. Even a lawyer of such recognized professional ability as the late Lord Westbury left behind him a will which gave rise to endless complications and disputes; and Lord St. Leonards, who was proverbially minute in the precautions he urged upon others, left a will which became the subject of a long and costly litigation.

"In making a will," says our author, "much mischief may be prevented by brevity, provided it be combined with lucidity; it is a mistake to suppose that many words or many repetitions tend to perspicuity; on the contrary, with these there is great danger of 'elucidating into obscurity.' All ambiguities should be avoided—'my black and white horses,' we have learned, does not bear the same meaning as 'my black and my white horses.' Prepositions must be vigilantly watched; the smallest monosyllable in the English language used or misused in a will becomes a gigantic power, and 'of' has before now been the cause of protracted and expensive lawsuits. Families have been thrown into chancery for years, their property shorn down to minute proportions, lawyers enriched, and succeeding generations beggared, by the omission or addition of half a word. 'Child' for 'child*ren*' has been known to occasion the most harassing litigation, and to have kept families who were brought up to large expectations, and were entitled to colossal fortunes, starving for years under the law's delay. . . .

"When a layman writes his own will he had better take as a model that of the ingenious testator of Lewes—('*Mrs. A—— to have all when I die*')—whose laconic style must have effectually thwarted all attempts to interfere with his intentions. 'When I die,' need scarcely have been inserted, and then the will would have been within the narrowest limits of brevity; but as it is not too long even with them, we can not but think he was right in making assurance doubly sure. Above all, let the layman avoid legal terms, lest the law insist on giving them a legal interpretation of which the poor man never dreamed."

A TALK ABOUT SONNETS.

BASIL. What were we to discuss this evening, Geoffrey?

Geoffrey. I am half inclined to say, Nothing. Let us instead breathe the sweet scents of the roses on your terrace, listen to the ripple of the lake which washes against it (scarcely audible, though, in this profound calm), search out the dim forms of the mountains opposite, amid the folded mists which are their covering for to-night; and disturb neither the Spirit of the Flood nor the Spirit of the Fell by any "rude invoking voice" from the deep sleep into which they seem to have fallen. But that is too lazy a proposition to make to your unconquerable activity, which can not be charmed into idleness, even by the unwonted warmth of this sultry summer's evening. And I do remember what we promised to talk over—though the air was brisker and the outline clearer than now, when you moved, and I seconded, the resolution. We were to try to settle by our joint wisdom, helped by the fresher perceptions of our young friend here, which are the six grandest sonnets in the English language.

Henry. You must not look for much help from me, I fear. In the first place, I am not sure that I know exactly what a sonnet is. It is a short poem, is it not?

Geof. Yes. But every short poem is not a sonnet; though I have heard people who ought to know better call lyrics like "The Coronach" in "The Lady of the Lake" sonnets—perhaps misled by the circumstance that song and sonnet both begin with an S.

Bas. Most men who have no special taste for poetry are content with such notions of it as they gained at college; and, as you and I know, there are no specimens of the sonnet to be met with in the poets of antiquity. The late invention of the troubadours, it is a wholly modern style of composition.

Geof. I will tell you a case in point. When I was a boy I wrote a somewhat irregular lyric, the thoughts expressed in which seemed to me fine; and I ventured, though with some trepidation, to show it to our worthy rector, who was a First Class man at Oxford. He suggested some alterations; made me feel, though very kindly, that my work was not quite so perfect as I had been tempted to believe; and then, quite unexpectedly, set up again the self-conceit which he had been knocking down, by showing me that at least there was one department of literature about which I knew more than he did. "With a little pains and polish, Jeff, you may make quite a striking *sonnet* of it," was the good man's kind conclusion. So you see, Henry, that if you confess yourself ignorant of the nature of a sonnet, you are ignorant in learned company. Had my rector given a tithe of the time to Petrarch or Milton which he had bestowed on Vergil and Horace, he would have seen that my juvenile poem was as like a sonnet as that carnation is like a rose.

Hen. His reverence's esteemed memory encourages me to ask you, without too great a shame at needing to put the question, What *is* a sonnet, then, exactly?

Bas. "Teach thy tongue to say, 'I do not know,'" is one of the best sentences in the Talmud.—Tell him, Geoffrey.

Geof. A sonnet consists of fourteen lines of iambics, the first two quatrains of which would be just like two stanzas of "In Memoriam," provided that the second of these stanzas repeated the rhymes of the first, and in exactly the same order. Thus, you see, the first eight lines of a sonnet can have only two rhymes, each four times repeated; and that is one of the chief mechanical difficulties in its composition. In the remaining six, more liberty is allowed: they may either have two rhymes, each three times repeated—or three, each employed twice; only they must be interlaced in a manner satisfactory to the ear. One method, and the simplest, is to dispose the first four in a quatrain of alternate rhymes, and the last two as a couplet; but the other plan is the more usual. Such is the sonnet's outward shape.

Hen. Thank you; I think I understand. If only I had one to look at, the whole thing would be clear to me. Shall I find one in this book?

Bas. No. Besides, if you did, it is growing so dusk that it would try even your young eyes to read it. Suppose I say you one instead?

Geof. Do not recite one of the great masters', which we shall want later on. Say us one by some forgotten author, which is technically correct; and which will exemplify the rules I have been giving without distracting our attention from them by any extraordinary beauty.

Bas. Do you think I should have wasted my time by learning sonnets of that sort? And yet, stay—I have exactly what you want. Here is one by a quite unknown author, cut to what you call the simplest pattern, for it closes with a rhymed couplet:

"The casket rude, that held the spirit kind,
Despised on earth, shall turn again to clay,
And all its former features pass away,
The while the spirit soareth unconfined:

But, when the archangel's blast shall stir the wind,
It, too, shall rise and seek the heavenly day,
Joined to its kindred soul to rest for aye,
Fashioned as lovely as its inward mind.
But the fair form whose habitant was sin,
And proud esteem of its own loveliness,
Shall be transformed like to the heart within,
As far from beauty as from holiness.
Then, since thy soul at last shall mold its dwelling,
See that in all things good it be excelling."

Hen. Thanks, many. I like the idea expressed in those words; though I see that this sonnet shows something of a 'prentice-hand. "Loveliness" and "holiness" ought not to have been used as rhymes to each other, as their last syllables are the same. And it seems a little bold to talk of the *features* of a casket.

Bas. I only repeated it to help out Geoffrey's explanation. It was the work of a child of fourteen.

Geof. Did your Mary write it?

Bas. Yes. Now she peacefully awaits the fulfillment of its promise beside the little church in the bay. She was taken from me when she was eighteen. Dear child! how she loved Spenser and all our great poets! Had she lived, she might have written something of her own worth remembering. A happy matron, with children of hers playing round her, she might have been sitting now beside me, and helping us in our poetic researches. *Deo aliter visum est.*

Geof. She listens to the angels now; and their discourse is better than ours.

Bas. You remember something, I see, of her unfulfilled promise.

Geof. (*aside*). *Remember* her? I could sooner forget myself. (*Aloud.*) Let me recall to your recollection that I spent a long vacation here the summer before she died. With you and Mary I climbed many a fell, explored many a waterfall, had many a delicious moonlight row on the lake. If there is any one in the world, besides yourself, who knows what you lost in her, I am the man.

Bas. (*Murmurs half to himself*)—

"In the great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from all evil, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom *we* call dead."

(*After a pause.*) We must return to our subject. I will give you a second example of the outward structure of a sonnet, in which the concluding six lines rhyme after a more usual pattern than those in my dear daughter's. This second one is my own, yet I can fearlessly bid you praise the thought which it strives to embody, since I have borrowed it from St. Augustine, who, in his great treatise on the Trinity, describes the happy condition of the humble believer in Christ, as compared with the proud Platonic philosopher, in these words: "For what furthers it one, exalting himself, and so ashamed to embark on the Wood, to see from afar his home beyond the sea? Or what hinders it the humble, that at so great a distance he sees it not, while he is drawing nigh it on that Wood whereon the other disdains to be carried?" By the Wood, I need not tell you, he meant the Cross.

Geof. Happy Augustine! His opponents, then, only differed with him as to the method of reaching the "home beyond the sea." They did not, as ours do, deny that that home existed anywhere. But let us hear how you versified the thought—a poem in prose as it stands.

Bas. Thus:

"Brother! my seat is on the mountain high;
The wind which bends thy mast but fans my brow.
Clear from my watch-tower lies to view what thou
Dost strain thy gaze 'mid swelling seas to spy—
The goodly land—the land of liberty
And peace and joy—land sought with prayer and vow
Of old by many a voyager, who now
Feeds on its beauty his unsated eye.
Yet does thy seeming fragile bark prove strong
To buffet with the waves, and day by day
Hold on its course right forward to the shore:
What now thou seest not thou shalt see ere long;
While I, ah me! *see* yet, but never more
May hope to *tread* that good land far away."

Hen. Praise from me would be an impertinence, whether directed to yourself or to St. Augustine; otherwise I should say that we have here a noble thought very nobly expressed.

Bas. I must ascribe the latter half of your remark to the generous enthusiasm of youth; but with the former I entirely agree. The difference between barren contemplation and fruitful action, the hopeless chasm (not to be spanned for man without divine aid) that separates *knowing* from *doing*, has seldom been illuminated by a brighter poetic flash than in Augustine's saying.

Geof. I wonder that poets do not oftener glean in the rich field of that great Father's writings. He, like Plato, was of the brotherhood, although he wrote in prose.

Hen. Do you ascribe to his poetic temperament those wonderful statements on natural history which occasionally enliven his sermons?

Geof. Give me an instance.

Hen. Surely you remember his explanation of the deaf adder in the psalm, which, he says, stops one ear with its tail, and the other by laying it against the ground; and thus disables itself from hearing the voice of the charmer. Is not that an ingenious notion? But then, you know, unfortunately, an adder has no ears.

Bas. They hear quick enough somehow; but

I allow the explanation in question to be as improbable as it is needless.

Geof. Come, Henry, confess. Your reading has been extensive, I know, for your age; but I doubt your having had time or inclination yet to read St. Augustine's long commentary on the Psalms. Who gave you that precious piece of information out of it?

Hen. My tutor. He was pointing out to us one day the superiority of the modern expositors of Scripture to the ancient, and he adduced this as an example of the faults of the latter. I remember thinking at the time that it did not prove much, because a man who had had no opportunity of getting up the facts of natural history correctly, might be great, nevertheless, at logic.

Bas. Give my compliments to your tutor, and tell him that you will do him credit some day. No thanks to him, though — unless his usual method of instruction is different from the sample with which you have favored us. A man who keeps a sharp lookout for the weak points of his intellectual superiors, and who feels no pleasure in surveying and exhibiting their excellences, is not a teacher to whom I should like to intrust a grandson of my own.

But we are not getting on very fast with our supposed subject. The next thing in order should have been an account of the true idea of a sonnet—the reason why its peculiar structure is the appropriate one.

Geof. That I take to be the following: A sonnet should consist of a thought and its consequence—a syllogism, in fact, but one more of the heart than of the head. The main proposition should be the subject of the first eight lines. The difficulty raised by it in the mind should be disentangled, or the consequences naturally flowing from it majestically and skillfully drawn out, in the concluding six; so that the last line should satisfy mind and ear alike with a sense of a completed harmony at once of ideas and sounds. Sometimes, however, the first four lines will hold what I may call the main proposition, which may be followed by correlative statements extending to the sonnet's close.

Bas. That is the sonnet which answers best to the fable of the sonnet's origin.

Geof. What is that?

Bas. Upon a day Apollo met the Muses and the Graces in sweet sport mixed with earnest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was present likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began; then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and finally, a low, sweet strain from Memory made an harmonious close. This was the first sonnet; and, mindful of its origin, all true poets take care to bid Apollo strike the key-note for them when they compose one, and to let Memory compress the pith and marrow of the sonnet into its last line.

Geof. That is a capital allegory: I never heard it before. Have you extemporized it for our instruction?

Bas. No; yet I forget where I found it. It sounds like an invention of an Italian of the Renaissance. But you had more to say about the sonnet.

Geof. Not much. I was merely going to add that at other times the sonnet seems to fall into three divisions—a major, a minor, and a conclusion. This is the case in which it is best ended by a couplet.

Bas. My little girl's sonnet comes under that definition. Instinct, or good examples, taught the child to circumscribe her picture of the death and resurrection of the just within the first eight lines, to give the next four to the resurrection of the wicked, and to sum up her simple moral lesson in her closing couplet. A grand sonnet, by Blanco White, cut out on a similar pattern, comes into my mind. But we shall want it later on.

Geof. Your own poem is a specimen of the sonnet in two divisions. Its first eight lines set out the apparent superiority of the contemplative philosopher to the practical Christian; while its last six skillfully reverse the statement, closing with a wail over the sight that is never to become fruition.

I think my definition is sufficiently exact for our purpose, and explains why, especially in sonnets molded like yours, the first eight lines are to be so intimately connected by rhyme. At their close there is a sort of natural halting-place, whence the mind surveys the ground already traversed, and then turns to the steps which remain to be taken, either by way of natural consequence, or in unexpected contravention of what has gone before.

Bas. One thing strikes me, though, and I hasten to mention it. Your correct definition, with which I have no quarrel otherwise, carries with it one most serious inconvenience. It is a fatally exclusive one. If we maintain it absolutely, we must deny the name of sonnets to some of Wordsworth's, to all Spenser's, to Drummond's—

Geof. Drummond, if I remember right, employs only two rhymes in his first eight lines, which is the essential thing, though he varies their position.

Bas. But what do you say to Shakespeare's? If yours is the description of the only receipt for a sonnet, then the name is a misnomer for any of his. They all consist, I think, of three qua-

trains like those in Gray's "Elegy" (and with no more connection as to rhyme than they have), loosely bound up at the end by a single couplet. Can you possibly maintain a definition of the sonnet which shall refuse that name to Shakespeare's, and deny Wordsworth's assertion that—

"....with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart"?

Geof. I see the difficulty, and I will make all the concessions that I can. I am ready to allow that had Petrarch written in English, our penury of rhymes, as compared with the Italian plenty, might—nay, probably would—have led him to modify his strict system; and that thus the deviations of Spenser and Shakespeare from their model are very excusable. I am willing, if you like, to make two classes of the English sonnet; the more loosely organized, at the head of which must stand Shakespeare's—and the more closely coherent, the type for which are Milton's: but I can not possibly consider the first class, whatever its merits may be, as fulfilling the requirements of the sonnet in the way in which Petrarch conceived them, and Milton and Wordsworth (in his happiest efforts) accomplished them.

Bas. Then you will give your vote, when we come to select our six, against even one of Shakespeare's best?

Geof. Decidedly. They none of them impress my mind as do Milton's; they lack his stately grandeur, and fail to give the same satisfactory sense of perfect finish. They may be perfect in their own line; but it is a line, in point of art, laid on a lower level than Milton's.

Bas. That may be true; but yet—but yet—what profound thoughts lurk in single lines of Shakespeare's sonnets! what a mysterious charm many of them possess! Who, that has seen as many years as I have, can read the one which begins, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry," and not own sorrowfully how true is its indictment against "the world we live in"?

Geof. Hamlet, in his far-famed soliloquy, says the same things better.

Bas. Yes; but without the inimitable touch of tenderness at the end. What generous love, too, though extravagant and unjust in its generosity, breathes in the sonnet which begins, "No longer mourn for me when I am dead"! What a powerful enchanter's wand is waved (though for what a sorrowful purpose!) in the sonnet that opens with, "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"! Before its sweet alliterative spell, grave after grave opens, and specter after specter of cares and losses long ago laid to sleep comes forth to torment the mind; till, at its end—oh, splendid tribute to friendship!—the beloved name, spoken in the heart, not pronounced by the lips, puts them all to flight. Think, too, of that noble sonnet which tells us that love which can alter is not love at all, but something else; for that real love—

"....is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is a star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom."

Hen. That is very fine.

Geof. And perfectly true.

Bas. Then, how well the diffidence of genius in its hours of despondency is expressed in the sonnet commencing, "If thou survive my well-contented day"! and how well its just self-confidence in another which I will repeat to you, for I happen to remember it!—

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand."

Geof. I wonder whether Browning had the first four lines of that sonnet in mind when penning the speech in "The Ring and the Book," in which the criminal on the point of execution consoles himself by the reflection that all men are like waves hastening to break on the shore of death; that the privilege of the more fortunate is but to arrive a little slower, of the gayest only to dance a little more wildly in the sunshine, than the rest. It is a fine passage; but, I think, scarcely in place in the mouth of the base man to whom its writer has given it.

Bas. I do not read Browning. He speaks a language which I have never learned. The taste for his poems is an acquired taste, and to me they have remained unsavory delicacies.

Geof. You have missed something, then. Is Browning in favor at your university, Henry?

Hen. One of our tutors often quotes him; but any of our men who read poetry talk of Swinburne or Morris.

Bas. They should be ashamed to talk of Swinburne. If I catch you listening to him I

shall feel inclined to scold you as Vergil did Dante, when he caught him hearkening to the ignoble discourse of Sinon and Master Adam, and to give his reason, "Chè voler ciò udire è bassa voglia."

Geof. I advise you to stick to Morris. I am fond of him myself. He tells a story something in Chaucer's way.

Bas. Has he written any sonnets?

Geof. I understand your rebuke. To show that the fine one which you last repeated was not wholly new to me, I will make one remark upon it, which is this: Being differently organized to one of Petrarch's sonnets, it does not present the same ebb of thought, after the flood-tide, that they often do. Its main idea, that of the ravages of time, flows on uninterrupted through twelve lines, to dash itself as against a rock, impregnable by the assaults of ocean, in the closing couplet, which so proudly declares the prerogatives of imperishable genius. Now by this an effect at once grand and simple is produced. Nevertheless, the more complex harmonies of the Petrarchan sonnet, as developed by our great English masters, are grander still.

Bas. I say not nay. Yet let us linger with Shakespeare a while longer. Which of us can remember another sonnet by him?

Hen. I think I can. I learned one at home many years ago. It is this one:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

What makes you smile?

Geof. I could not help thinking how very appropriate those lines were to the state of the reciter. They must have been even more so, if possible, when you first learned them, as you say, *many* years ago. You repeated them, too, with such feeling. But seriously, it is well, I think, to hear them from young lips, sitting, as we do, with all the flush of summer around us. Under some circumstances they might be too sad.

Bas. I can not walk under our lime-tree avenue in November without thinking of them. It is anything but a "bare, ruined choir" at present —in a week or two its incense will breathe more fragrance than any diffused by Eastern spices; but, when its green has turned to gold, and that gold paves the floor instead of enriching its roof, I see in it what Shakespeare saw—the image of a desolated temple.

Hen. The new-made ruins of his day must have been a sorry sight. We see them mellowed by the hand of Time.

Bas. There are sadder ruins (if people only had eyes to see them with) than even fallen church-walls—ruins, for which those who will have to answer should strive to place themselves in a moral attitude corresponding to Shakespeare's penitent, dying on his bed of ashes.

Hen. I wonder when Shakespeare wrote that sonnet? One would think at the very end of his life.

Geof. Men feel old at very various periods. Look at Coleridge, writing his pathetic "Youth and Age" before he was forty.

Hen. Did he really? Why, you would say its writer must have been aged seventy.

Geof. Look at Charles V resigning the empire, worn out with age and infirmities, under sixty; while our statesmen now fight hard to gain, or retain, the command of a much larger empire at seventy and upward; and not long ago our premier was over eighty.

But to return to the sonnet which you so well recited. You there see, as in the former one, a single idea prevailing up to the final couplet, which contains its consequence. The close of life is painted in three beautiful images, one for each quatrain, and then comes the moral which the friend is to draw from it.

Bas. Do you notice how the light fades away through the sonnet, answerably to the fading of life which it represents? In the first four lines you have daylight, although only that of an autumn afternoon; in the next four you have twilight, dying away into the night which prevails in the last four, only relieved by the red glow of embers, the fire in which will shortly be extinct.

Geof. That, perhaps, is the reason of the perfect satisfaction this sonnet gives one. Its somber tints are in such complete harmony.

Bas. Can either of you repeat the sonnet which begins, "Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth"?

Hen. I never even heard of it: my acquaintance with Shakespeare's sonnets is of the slightest.

Geof. I only remember its last line, "And death once dead, there's no more dying then," accurately; but I know that it is one of the finest of Shakespeare's sonnets, viewed from the spiritual side.

Bas. Yes. It gives one good hope—especially when taken in connection with the unde-

signed and compendious confessions of faith in several of the plays—that our greatest poet's "ruined choir" was not unvisited by the seraphim. I wish I could recall its words. As I can not, I will say you the only other of Shakespeare's sonnets that I remember just now. It is the pendant to one I mentioned before, and contains four yet more beautiful lines than it does. In that sonnet Love chases away sad memories; in this he consoles for present sorrows:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Geof. Truly a glorious sunrise of the soul. But oh, the weakness of human nature in its best estate! Fancy *Shakespeare* desiring another man's art, and discontented with his own vast possessions!

Bas. Should we not rather say, Great is the modesty, marvelous the unconsciousness, of the highest genius?

But you have indulged me long enough in wandering among what you have seen fit to call the more loosely organized sonnets. Let us now proceed to select our six best from those which present the higher type. I imagine that they will all be found in one volume, with "John Milton" on the title-page.

Geof. Possibly; but I propose, if only for variety's sake, that we should first choose three of his, and then find our remaining three elsewhere.

Bas. Agreed, since you wish it. Now, Henry, which are your two favorites of Milton's sonnets?

Hen. The one on his blindness, and that on the massacre of the Waldenses. But then I know them by heart: some of the others I only know slightly, if at all.

Geof. Further knowledge will scarcely lead to an altered choice. They are two of Milton's very best. What concentrated power there is in that on the Piedmontese martyrs! With what few vigorous strokes it paints to us the ancient faith, the simple life, the mountain habitation, the undeserved sufferings, of those hapless confessors whose

"moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they to heaven"!

Bas. Do you notice the added force given by alliteration to the lines immediately preceding, which tell us how the bloody persecutors

"*rolled*
Mother with infant down the *rocks*"?

and the way in which that verse seems to make us hear the fall of the victims; and to hold our breath with horror as we watch them reach their sad resting-place, and lie motionless, shattered and dead, at the foot of the precipice?

Geof. If the expression in that sonnet is the more perfect, the thought expressed in the sonnet on Milton's blindness is the nobler.

Bas. Both the sonnets on that theme are very noble. The second to Cyriac Skinner has in it a strain of manly courage, which it does one's heart good to read after the unmanly complainings of some poets; and the one Henry mentioned is better than a sermon in the clear insight which it shows into what serving God really means. We owe much to Milton's blindness. I suppose it was to some extent the cause, instead of being the effect, of those grand visions to which Gray ascribes it. You well know, too, the pathos to which it has given rise in "Samson Agonistes" and in "Paradise Lost." Also, did you ever reflect that it is a blind man who speaks in the beautiful sonnet on Milton's dead wife?

"Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom, washed from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

You observe he can not even dream of his second wife's face. He was blind when he married her; and therefore, when she visits his slumbers, her face is veiled.

Geof. But so is that of Alcestis, to whom he compares her, in Euripides.

Bas. For a different reason. There, on the one hand, Admetus is not to be startled by the too sudden revelation of his wife rescued from death; on the other, there is yet to hang about the restored Alcestis a shadow of the dark and sacred place whence she has come—hence her total silence, hence the veil which shrouds her

face. But Milton, not guilty of his wife's death like the selfish Admetus, looks forward in his fearless innocence to a "full sight of her in heaven without" the "restraint" which his blindness interposed on earth, and which her veil perpetuates in his dream. So, when his Catherine vanishes, like Laura from his master Petrarch's gaze, borne away on the pinions of departing sleep, it is a double night that day, by a strange contradiction, brings back to him—the loss of the bright vision and the sense of his own sightless state.

Hen. I am glad that Milton loved the "Alcestis"; it is a very favorite play of mine. I hope you have seen Leighton's picture of her as she lies dead by the blue Ægean, among her beautiful living handmaids.

Geof. With Hercules grappling with Death in the background. It is the most charming English picture I know from a classic subject, and deserves all that Browning has said of it.

Bas. I should like to see it. Not "Alcestis" only, but all the extant dramas of Euripides were dear to Milton. How often we find him imitating him! He even dares, with both Æschylus and Sophocles claiming the title by better right, to style him "sad Electra's poet." By the way, we must have the sonnet in which that expression occurs. Geoffrey, will you say it to us? and mind you give "Colonel" his three syllables in full in the opening line.

Geof. I will be French for the nonce. Why we English ever got to pronounce it in our present absurd way, I know not. You see that in Milton's day we knew better:

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

That seems to me an absolutely perfect sonnet. How well sense and sound correspond throughout it! The poet's right to be protected, the duty and the profit of guarding him, fill the first eight lines; while the two great examples of warriors who had acknowledged the claim, even allowing it to extend to inanimate things, echo through the two rhymes, thrice repeated, of the last six. The underthought is the imperishable quality of genius; typified by the standing of Pindar's house erect in the desolation, when the temples and towers of Thebes went down before the fierce assault of the Macedonian king.

Bas. You seem to hear the crash with which they came down, in Milton's lines; and the dead stillness after, in the pause which the most careless reciter must make after telling us how they "went to the ground."

Hen. Lysander must have been superior in poetic sensibility to most of the Spartans if he really spared the walls of Athens after listening to a chorus of Euripides.

Bas. It is an example of the power of what Plato meant by music to bring men's minds into a justly tempered state. Notice also that it was Euripides, a poet who died somewhat out of favor with the Athenian people, to whom they owed this great service; and mark the inference that the benefits conferred by true genius survive all discords of political parties or religious sects. How notably this is exemplified by Milton himself! Both his creeds, religious and political, differ widely from my own; yet it is my own fault if I ever read him without being the better for it.

But it is growing late; we must come to some conclusion about the four sonnets that we have been talking of. Which one shall we leave out? for we were only to choose three. Shall we omit that of the vision, on the ground of its imitation of the Italian school?

Geof. Certainly not; for here the pupil has surpassed his master.

Bas. Then, shall we give up the pleading on behalf of the poet's house, as on a less high theme than that on the Vaudois, and as on a less touching subject than that on the poet's own affliction? For my own part, I think the subject represented ought to count for something in art; and that though a mean one, artistically treated, should be preferred to a noble one not done justice to, yet that a grand theme, really well handled, should (in spite of inevitable defects) be held to surpass a low one, even if wrought to all the perfection of which it is capable. I have no doubt that Teniers accomplished all he undertook more completely than Raphael what he aimed at; but I would far rather possess a masterpiece by the latter than by the former.

Geof. True; but scarcely relevant here. Milton's danger and his blindness were both personal concerns—neither, in themselves, grand subjects; and I can no more refuse my admiration to the poetic fervor which, treating of the one, calls the old Greek warriors to admonish the furious cavalier, and the old Greek poets to defend the sacred head of their worthy successor, than I can to the holier ardor which, reflecting

on the other, unveils the order of the universe to us—the ministering angels, the obedient saints waiting patiently, with folded arms, till their own time for active service shall arrive.

Hen. What you have just said helps me out of a difficulty. I always thought it a little insincere in Milton to speak of himself in that sonnet as the man of the one talent in the parable—knowing that, at least in our modern sense of the word, his talents were so many. But may he not have taken "talents" more in what I believe to be their Scriptural sense—as opportunities for serving God? Those might well be few to a blind man.

Bas. I think he took talent in the usual sense—genius is very humble: reconsider the context, and you will see.

Speaking of our Lord's parables, the reference to that of the Talents has a fine effect in the sonnet on the Blindness; but there is one much finer in another sonnet to the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

Geof. Yes; I know it. If the first eight lines of that sonnet had equaled its last six, it would have been one of Milton's very best. These lines—it is addressed to a virtuous young lady, Henry—are as follows:

"Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with His feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure."

Bas. Can anything be finer?

Geof. Am I too fanciful in saying that Milton felt, not thought, that the orderly sequence of those three rhymes, each responded to in its turn without variation of place by the three succeeding, was the fittest to help us to image to ourselves the stately advance of that grand bridal procession which he here calls up before our minds?

Bas. I think you are right—especially in using the word *felt*. Those sort of correspondences are a matter of instinct, as I believe, to true poets.

Geof. But to your question, Can anything be finer? Perhaps the sonnet in memory of a departed Christian friend. Will you say it to us, and let us judge?

Bas. Willingly:

"When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams."

Geof. That sonnet always seems to me one of Milton's most perfect. How well his more usual interlaced arrangement of his last six lines suits his meaning here! And then you will not find a single weak place in all the fourteen, search them as you may. Thought and expression are alike elevated, and flow equally in one roll of majestic harmony from the beginning to the close. Then, too, it is so clear. You can take it in at one hearing. Indeed, so you can the Martyrs, the Alcestis sonnet, the sonnet where Ruth rhymes to ruth (a tiny blemish, I suppose), and that on the assault on the city. Now the long parenthesis in the sonnet on the Blindness makes it need a second hearing.

Bas. It is well worth one. Was I far wrong when I said that we should find the six best sonnets in the English language to be Milton's? for the worst of the half-dozen which we have been talking about will be hard to match, let alone to surpass, by a specimen culled from any of our other poets' pages.

Geof. That may well be; and as to settling which are the three best of these six of Milton's, I think we might discuss the subject till midnight, and yet remain uncertain. I incline, myself, to choose the one you have last said to us, the one on the assault of the city, and the one on the slain Waldenses, as the three most absolutely perfect; but a very little arguing might unsettle me.

I must ask you to leave the question about Milton undetermined, for this is nearly the hour at which my nephew and his friend were to call and row me home across the lake. Till their signal-whistle sounds through the darkness, let us try and settle our last three great sonnets. We must give Wordsworth a fair chance.

Bas. Yes; his sonnets are good, very good, but only a few of them great enough to set by Milton's.

Geof. How pretty his two sonnets on Sonnets are!

Bas. Yes; one of them a little irregular, though, according to your strict canons.

Geof. Those two fine sonnets of his on London asleep, and on our too great separation from nature by our artificial modern life—I mean that which begins, "The world is too much with us"

—are perfectly regular. So is that good sonnet on Milton, which has in it these two perfect lines:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."

Bas. Ditto the companion — less fine, but oftener quoted—sonnet about "Plain Living and High Thinking."

Geof. Chiefly known for those few words, as is the case with so many of Wordsworth's poems.

Bas. Often with better reason. They sometimes contain one gem, and a good deal of twaddle. A sensible reader treasures the gem, and forbears to treasure its *entourage*. Now Wordsworth's sonnets on the fall of Venice and the enslavement of Switzerland are both good throughout; but their structure is defective, by the Petrarchan standard, especially the latter.

Geof. I wonder why Wordsworth, who altered so many things in his poems, maintained that anticipation of the final "heard by thee" in his eighth line of the last-named? No doubt, for some reason that seemed satisfactory to himself.

Bas. I can not say that I think it would satisfy me if I knew it. I always, too, disapproved of "holy glee." It is an obvious makeshift for a rhyme. But, as you say, time presses. Give me therefore, reserving more minute discussion for some future day, your own favorite sonnet of Wordsworth, and then I will give you mine—incomparably his grandest, as I think.

Geof. My two favorites, on what I may call personal grounds though, are that written in the Trossachs, the autumn coloring of which is so very perfect—and that by the sea. They have each a slight imperfection of form, which I readily pardon; but which, if we were formally weighing Wordsworth's merits, would have to be considered. I will repeat to you the latter.

Bas. Say us both, please. I do not know the sonnet on the Trossachs so well as the other: I think it is not in my edition of the poet.

Geof. Here it is:

"There's not a nook within this solemn Pass
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy guest!
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest."

Bas. Yes, that is lovely. It would be a pity to strike out "Nature's old felicities," for the sake of more largely completing your rhymes, would it not? Our lake looked like the three within the poet's reach, this evening, clearer "than glass untouched, unbreathed upon." Now carry us to the sunset on the sea.

Geof. Willingly:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest 'in Abraham's bosom' all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

Henry. Do you like "not" rhyming with "thought"?

Geof. I can not say that I do. But then one can not stop to think about such things after having heard one of the greatest of God's works —the sea—interpreted, sight, sound, and all, in so splendid a manner. It leaves one "breathless with" admiration.

Bas. How beautiful, too, is the interpretation of the sweet unconsciousness of childhood! I wonder, however, at Wordsworth's use of "Abraham's bosom" as a synonym for God's presence with his little ones. It is an expression consecrated in Scripture to describe the end, not the beginning—the rest of the faithful departed.

Hen. As far as I understand you, sonnet four in your list is either to be one of the two last said, or one of several mentioned before, but not minutely discussed. I can not congratulate you on the exactness of the results attained by your criticism.

Geof. It is all the fault of this sultry, hazy evening. What clearness of idea can one attain at such times? To-morrow, if the wind changes, or the first day that the west wind blows away the vapor, and the rocks and peaks stand out sharp against the blue sky, we three will scale our highest fell and make up our minds about everything.

Bas. I told you that I had made up my mind about Wordsworth's grandest sonnet—No. 5, as Henry may write it down on the minutes of this important and most conclusive conference. It is not one of the sonnets thus far referred to. Its

structure is, I think, the same as the "Trossachs." It is the last of the ecclesiastical sonnets—that on Monte Rosa.

Geof. I am ashamed to say that I do not possess that little volume, and so have not read it for years. Do you know the Monte Rosa sonnet by heart?

Bas. Yes; and I have had to repeat it oftener than any of the others, because most people say what you say. Nearly always, too, I have had to repeat it twice, because the abundance of thought in it can not be taken in at one hearing. The Monte Rosa, with its pure virgin snows, lit up by the heavenly glory, is taken as the symbol of the Incarnation in the first eight lines; then in the last six it becomes the emblem of the Christian's progressive holiness and hope in death. The transition from one to the other is abrupt, and would constitute a defect in the sonnet, if we did not remember that the poet trusted his readers to supply the suppressed connection between the two parts — this, namely, that the member depends on the Head, that man's life can be transfigured by a light from heaven only because God himself has become man. Fine throughout, this sonnet's last three lines appear to me truly magnificent. But judge for yourselves. It is as follows:

"Glory to God! and to that Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
Which made his earthly tabernacle shine
Like ocean, burning with purpureal flame:
Or like that Alpine mount which takes its name
From roseate hues; far kenned at morn and even,
In quiet times, and when the storm is driven
Across its nether region's stalwart frame.
Earth prompts, Heaven urges—let us seek the light,
Mindful of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their luster won.
So, like the mountain, may we glow more bright,
Through unimpeded commerce with the sun,
At the approach of all-involving night."

Hen. What a splendid idea! The glories of heaven caught and reflected more clearly as death approaches.

Bas. Yes; here the poet shows himself what a poet ought always to be—a divine interpreter of the parables of nature. The Alps are among the most splendid of natural objects; and are fit symbols, therefore, for the most ennobling truth revealed to man.

Geof. I remember reading that sonnet in bygone years to my dear father. I recollect, too, his exclamation: "I like it all but the last word. 'Night' is not like death to a Christian. He goes by it from night to day."

Bas. That objection could not be maintained. There is a sense in which death is called night to all alike in Scripture: "The night cometh when no man can work." It is the cessation of all our present activities, and our rest after labor. Of death, considered in those aspects, even such a night as is now settling down upon us may make a good emblem—warm, still, and peaceful. But, depend upon it, Wordsworth's "all-involving night" was of another sort. It was a fit image of death, considered as the revealer as well as the concealer—as taking from us for a time the material world, in order to give us in exchange the higher world of ideas—as veiling from us of a truth the works of creation, but only that it may unveil to us their Creator. It was of the kind which indeed hides the sun, but shows the stars. It was such a night as that of which poor Blanco White wrote in what I have heard called the finest sonnet in the English language—a sonnet which, at all events, is among the first, and which I fearlessly propose to you to stand by the Monte Rosa one, which I see you have admitted to be fifth, as the sixth among the six greatest.

Geof. I hear my comrades' signal from the bay, so my words must be brief; for this is not going to prove one of those privileged nights on which you can see millions of miles farther than you can by day. But you and I, dear friend, who have seen what we loved best on earth pass into that sacred twilight which those better nights image to us, have an especial interest in a sonnet which all must own to be first rate alike in thought and in expression. Wish me good night by saying it to me, and take in advance my assent to your proposition.

Bas.:

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report alone, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

Blackwood's Magazine.

ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.

SWIFT is said to have amused himself in one of his cynical moods in drawing up an elaborate catalogue of things which ought to have succeeded. Should any one in our day be inclined to draw up a list of books which ought to be written, but of which our libraries contain at present no trace, he ought undoubtedly to give a foremost place to a history of literary discoveries. Such a volume would assuredly be one of the most entertaining books in the world. It would be a perfect Odyssey of curious incidents. It would show us, perhaps, more than anything what an important part that power, which in our ignorance we call Chance, has played as well in literature as in history; on what a frail thread fame hangs, how narrow the space between oblivion and a splendid immortality. Pascal has observed that, if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer, the history of the world would in all probability have been completely changed. This no one would hesitate to pronounce an exaggeration. But it would be no exaggeration to say that had the texture of a bit of parchment been porous, the greatest critic of antiquity would have been a mere name; had a mouse been a little more hungry, one of the most precious of Cicero's treatises would have been as irretrievably lost to us as the odes of Alcæus or the comedies of Menander.

There is one singular circumstance connected with the history of literary discovery, and it is this. Though many of these discoveries have been to all appearance the result of mere accident, occurring suddenly and unexpectedly, the majority of them, and those which are by far the most important, have been made just at the critical moment, been made at a time when further delay would have rendered them impossible. Had Poggio and those accomplished enthusiasts who surrounded him been born a few years later, we should in all probability have had to mourn the extinction of the Latin classics. Had Percy not applied himself to his researches at the time he did, many of the most precious of our old ballads would have vanished into oblivion. Had Malone confined himself to the study of the law, English poetry must inevitably have lost some of the masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama. We ought, therefore, to be doubly grateful—grateful to these indefatigable scholars who grudged neither time, money, nor health in their arduous task; grateful also to Providence for the timely appearance of these our common benefactors. "To be great one's self," says Mr. Ruskin, "is but to add one great man to the world, whereas to exhibit the greatness of twelve other men is to enrich the world with twelve great men." And to whom could this praise apply more appropriately than to those who have not only exhibited the greatness but even preserved the being of men of genius?

First among romantic discoveries will come the curious story which Strabo tells about the preservation of Aristotle's works—a story which, in spite of its intrinsic improbability, is corroborated by Plutarch, Athenæus, and Suidas. When the Prince of Philosophers died, he bequeathed his manuscripts to his disciple Theophrastus. Thence they passed into the hands of one Neleus. About the time they came into the possession of Neleus, the emissaries of the Attali—a very powerful family—were scouring Asia in search of manuscripts, and Neleus trembled for his treasure. Accordingly, he hid it in a cellar, and, dying soon afterward, forgot to inform his friends of what he had done with the papers. For two centuries the precious documents remained in their subterranean prison. At last Apellicon—the famous book-collector of Teos—found them out. Damp, moths, and worms had worked their will upon them—and in many places the text was illegible; but Apellicon, in ecstasy at his discovery, had them at once copied out, and hence the preservation of writings which have had more influence on the human mind than any other writings in existence. A still stranger story is the history of a work which has had no little influence on the romantic literature of Europe—"The History of the Trojan War," purporting to have been translated from the Greek of Eupraxis, who had in his turn translated it from the Phœnician. The preface to this book informs us that in the reign of Nero an earthquake took place in Crete, and that the effect of it was, among other things, to burst open the tomb of Dietys, one of the heroes who had fought in the Trojan war. Shortly after the shock, some peasants happened to be passing by the tomb, and, perceiving a gap, had the curiosity to peep in. They saw, to their great surprise, a chest, which they at once conveyed to their master Eupraxis. On opening it he found that it contained a manuscript, and that this manuscript was none other than a history of the War of Ilium, penned by one who had taken part in it. This story has usually been held to be an impudent fiction manufactured for the purpose of passing off an equally impudent forgery, that it is, in short, to be classed with Geoffrey of

Monmouth's story of Gualtier's "discovery of the ancient Cimbric volume in Brittany," with Chatterton's "discovery" of Rowley's poems in the steeple of St. Mary Ratcliffe's, and with Ireland's discovery of "Vortigern." However this may be, the story was held to be true for many centuries, and there are no means for positively refuting it.

Let us turn now to undisputed facts. In a dark and filthy dungeon—"a place which was not even a fit residence for a condemned criminal"—Poggio found, begrimed with dirt, and rotting with damp, the priceless work of Quintilian. Groping about in the same noisome cavern he rescued also the three first, and part of the fourth, books of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, one of the most vigorous and pleasing of the minor Latin poets, as well as the valuable "Commentaries" of Pedianus on Cicero. Many of Cicero's orations were discovered under similar circumstances, lurking in out-of-the-way corners, and becoming as each month rolled by more and more corroded and soiled. The oration for Cæcina, for example, he found in a monastery at Langres; the poem of Silius Italicus, and the grand and glorious masterpiece of Lucretius, in another monastery. Many other classics, among them Plautus, Tacitus, Manilius, Petronius Arbiter, Calpurnius, were stumbled upon in the monasteries of Germany, and it is difficult to peruse the rapturous exclamations in which the discoverers announce their good fortune without feeling, even at this distance of time, something of the enthusiasm which stirred so mightily their hearts. Propertius, the prince of the Latin elegiac poets, had a narrow escape indeed. The manuscript—and there is reason to believe the only manuscript that contained his poems—was found, stained, squalid, and crumpled, under the casks in a wine-cellar. The whole story may be read in "The Geniales Dies," a pleasant collection of gossip and antiquarianism written by a Neapolitan lawyer in the fifteenth century, named Alexander ab Alexandro. In Westphalia a monk came accidentally upon the histories of Tacitus, and to this happy chance we are indebted for one of the most priceless volumes of antiquity, a work which has had more influence on modern prose literature than any single book in the world. Miserable was the plight in which the best poems of Statius—the "Sylvæ"—were found, tattered, distorted, and scarcely legible. The most interesting treatise which Cicero has bequeathed to us was discovered amid a heap of refuse and rubbish near Milan, by a Bishop of Lodi, early in the fifteenth century; and the only valuable manuscript of Dioscorides was, when found in a similar state, "so thoroughly riddled with insects," writes Lambecius, "that one would have scarcely stooped to pick it up in the streets had one seen it lying there." Had the insects been able to enjoy a heartier meal, the "botany of the ancients" would have been almost a blank to us. Livy—or, rather, what remains of him (for out of one hundred and forty-two books we have, alas! only thirty-five)—was picked up piecemeal. Thus, part of the fourth decade was found in the cathedral church of St. Martin at Mayence; another portion, containing books forty-one to forty-four, in an out-of-the-way corner in Switzerland, while part of book ninety-one was found lurking under the writing of another manuscript in the Vatican. One of Horace's Odes (book iv, ode 8) was found sticking to an early impression of Cicero's "Offices," though not of course a unique impression, still the earliest we have. Part of the "Odyssey" of Homer, i. e., three hundred lines of book eighteen, was found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Monfalout. A very singular discovery in the fifteenth century created for the moment the impression that the lost books of Livy were on the point of turning up again. The tutor of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Ronville, chanced to be playing tennis. In the course of the game he noticed that his racket-bat was made of parchment which was covered with writing. He had the curiosity to attempt to decipher it, and in a short time he discovered that it was a piece of historical Latin prose. He was a good and widely read scholar, he saw that the style was the style of Livy, and as soon found that the fragment was evidently part of the lost books. He instantly hurried off to the racket-maker. But all was in vain; the man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment, and that all the parchment had long since been "used up"—had passed into racket-bats.

At the beginning of the present century it was fondly hoped that as the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii proceeded, many precious manuscripts might be discovered. Many supposed that the lost comedies of Menander, the odes of Sappho and Alcæus, or at least some relics of Roman literature might be found imbedded in the solidified lava. The Romans we know often kept their manuscript treasures in chests, and, if those chests chanced to be made of some metal impervious to fire, there was no reason why the most sanguine expectations should not be realized. But the hopes of scholars were destined to be disappointed: all that came to light were a few fragments of some of the later philosophers, a scrap or two of Philodemus and Epicurus, which were scarcely worth the elaborate pains necessary to unroll and decipher them. For the preservation of the celebrated digest of the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers, who came upon it amid the *débris*

of a city which they had besieged and taken in Calabria; and the preservation of the "Ethiopica" of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen, in 1526, a common soldier saw a manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was richly bound, he picked it up and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly afterward printed, and became one of the most popular romances of modern times. Not less singular was the rescue of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century, who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a bookbinder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to inspect it. He soon saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion. Before we leave ancient literature to come to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, had observed that *behind* the writing of many mediæval manuscripts there were traces of former letters. It occurred to him that as parchment was by no means abundant during the middle ages, it was just possible that the monks might have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment for their own purposes. His suspicions were soon confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to decipher, the original letters, and thus arose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms, he made the glorious discovery of at least one third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the "De Republica"—a work which, up till the time of Mai's discovery, was only known to us by one long fragment, and two or three isolated scraps. In 1817 the "Institutes" of Gaius were discovered in the same way in the Library of the Chapter at Verona, under the letters of a manuscript containing the epistles of St. Jerome. The herculean labor involved in such a task as this may be imagined! Another way by which fragments from the wreck of antiquity have been arrested has been by the identification of stolen passages. Thus, Porson was enabled to restore much of a play of Euripides by perceiving that a reverend father of the Church had taken the liberty to transfer whole lines from the Attic dramatist to adorn his own Christian play. In times when great works were unique, it was, we regret to say, by no means uncommon for the possessor of a manuscript to transcribe whole passages, and, destroying the original, to make them pass for his own. Thus, Leonardo Aretino, believing himself to be the sole possessor of a history of the Gothic war, by Procopius, translated it into Latin and passed himself off for the original author. Thus, there is good reason to believe that Petrus Alcyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole paragraphs from the "De Gloria" of Cicero, and then made away with it, that his base plagiarism might not be detected. In this way also Sulpicius Severus, the ecclesiastical historian, is said to have dealt with the fourth book of the histories of Tacitus, after plundering the great Roman's account of the capture of Jerusalem. But it is time now to transfer our gossip to more modern times.

Every one knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world, had it not been for the tumbling-in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu, letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, moldy old papers at Lymore, in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured, it might supply the lacunæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures, and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless apparently for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found

the long-lost and much-desired duplicate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly.

Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's "Table-Talk." In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casparus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation of which was based on a cottage which had formerly belonged to his grandfather. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in strong linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van Sparr's grandfather, to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII, making it death for any one to possess the work. Great indeed is our debt of gratitude to this prudent old gentleman, for the loss of this book would not only have deprived us of a work which is in itself singularly interesting, but we should never have understood the character of the great Reformer half so well, never have known his rich humor, his shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness, never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation.

If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window-sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream; which reminds us of a similar story told by Sir Walter Scott touching some valuable family documents. An interesting prose work of Milton, the "Tractate on the Doctrines of Christianity," was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches and state papers, by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the Rolls papers, in 1823, a discovery to which we are indebted for Macaulay's brilliant article in the "Edinburgh." How the manuscript could have found its way into such uncongenial company remains a mystery to the present day. Mr. Masson's discovery of a poem by Milton—if it was by Milton, for the subject is still hotly disputed—was not less extraordinary. The secret history of Sir George Mackenzie had been sold for waste-paper to a grocer, but, fortunately, before cutting the leaves up, struck by the old handwriting, he had the curiosity to read a few pages. Satisfied that they were papers of importance, he put them in the hands of Dr. McCrie, and thus was this valuable history saved from destruction. By far the most important manuscript of Benvenuto's celebrated memoirs of himself was accidentally discovered among the refuse of a second-hand bookshop in Florence, by Signor Poirot, in 1810, and the Porson papers were picked up in the same way on a stall at Cambridge. The existence of Laurence Minot, the spirited chronicler of Edward III's wars, the poet-laureate of the great French wars in the fourteenth century, was not even suspected till the end of the eighteenth century. Tyrwhitt, the Chaucerian scholar, had been much struck with the difference between the tone and style of a series of ballads attributed to Chaucer, and the usual style of Chaucer's poetry. This led him to examine very minutely the manuscript. He then found that the name on the manuscript was the name, not of the author, but of the possessor of the poems—that it was not, as the index-makers had supposed, Geoffrey Chaucer, but Richard Chaufer. Further investigation revealed the secret. Thus the sagacity and good fortune of a critic in the eighteenth century established the fame and revealed the existence of a poet in the fourteenth. It is not often a man of genius owes so much to a commentator.

The discovery of that pleasant work, Montaigne's "Journal" of his travels in Italy, is also another event for which the admirers of the immortal essayist ought to be devoutly thankful. It happened thus: The existence of the work had long been suspected, but many years had rolled away since the essayist's death, and no trace of the manuscript had been discovered. At last a prebendary of Périgord made his way to the old château with a letter of introduction to the gentleman—a descendant of Montaigne—who resided there. On inquiring whether there were any family archives, he was shown an old coffer covered with dust and corroded by dry-rot. Thence he drew out a mass of papers, and among them turned up the "Journal." Its authenticity was beyond dispute, as two thirds of it was in the handwriting of Montaigne, and the rest in the handwriting of his amanuensis.

The appearance of Sir Kenelm Digby's curious volume entitled "Loose Fantasies," which Sir Harris Nicolas came upon among the Harleian manuscripts, was another discovery which all lovers of biography will deeply appreciate. Its eccentric author probably little dreamed, when he penned his frank confessions, that the eyes of his countrymen would ever peruse them in print, and that his arduous courtship of Venetia Stanley would provoke the smiles of future generations. But one of the most interesting and extraordinary literary discoveries of modern times was made not many years ago by the late Mr. Dilke. Being

engaged in accumulating materials for an edition of Pope, he bethought him of examining the documents which had been in the possession of the Caryll family, thinking it not unlikely that there might be something which would bear on Pope, as John Caryll had been on very intimate terms with the poet. Accordingly, he was permitted to inspect the family archives. There, among a mass of moldy and tattered manuscripts, consisting for the most part of old account-books, farm registers, and the like, amounting in all to a dozen folios, he came across a bundle of papers differing little in appearance from their uninteresting surroundings. But in that bundle had lurked for more than eighty years a damning secret, a secret which, were it possible for the dead to feel, would have made the sensitive poet writhe in his grave. It will be remembered that in the course of his life Pope was anxious to publish his correspondence, and that, to furnish himself with a decent pretext for so doing, he permitted Curll to print an imperfect and surreptitious edition; that, on the appearance of this edition, he at once put himself in communication with his various correspondents, expatiated indignantly on the "foul outrage" which had been done him, and asserted that, in self-defense, and at whatever cost to his own feelings, he felt himself bound to publish a correct copy. Accordingly, he called in his letters. Among those with whom he had had a voluminous correspondence was John Caryll, who happened at that time to be in very precarious health. Caryll returned his correspondence, but, unknown to Pope, kept a copy. Pope constantly delayed the promised publication, expecting, no doubt, the death of Caryll. At last Caryll died, and out came Pope's "genuine correspondence." It excited some surprise at the time, that out of the whole collection there were only four addressed to Mr. Caryll. Mr. Dilke's discovery cleared up everything. Pope had not only almost rewritten the letters, but had composed out of them a whole mass of fictitious correspondence with illustrious men then dead. He had also redirected a great number, and addressed them to others. Caryll was not, in his estimation, a person of sufficient consequence to fill a large space in a collection of epistles which were to take their place by those of Cicero and Pliny. "The whirligig of Time does indeed bring its revenges," and yet one scarcely envies Mr. Dilke his "discovery." There are men perhaps who would, in loving gratitude for what Pope has done for posterity, have been not unwilling to suppress this contemptible and derogatory incident.

As years roll on, and curiosity is more and more awakened, important literary discoveries must of course become rarer. The enterprise of individual scholars, of antiquarian societies, and of government commissions, have left few corners unexplored. Still it is by no means improbable that some precious documents are still lurking in places where their existence is least suspected. Malone used to say that he saw no reason why the original manuscripts of some of Shakespeare's dramas should not turn up. Scholars still cling to the hope that they may one day see a comedy of Menander or an ode of Alcæus in their entirety. The chances are, it must be confessed, very much against such an occurrence, though perhaps it is neither chimerical nor over-sanguine to hope that some lucky accident may yet bring to light the famous copy of the "vellum, gilt" Junius which Woodfall sent in accordance with the request of his mysterious correspondent. We know from Junius himself that it was received by him. It is scarcely likely that he destroyed it.

Temple Bar.

AN ANONYMOUS ADMIRER.

I.

EDWARD LISTON was young, healthy, and successful; but to be thirty, the possessor of a competent digestion, and the author of a successful novel, does not necessarily insure happiness—especially if the novel be anonymous.

For seven empty years had this young gentleman followed, with apparent ardor, the humble though honorable calling of an art-critic; his knowledge of art was limited, but so was his income, and beggars can not be choosers. But the soothing movement of the literary treadmill is conducive to reflection, and Mr. Liston finally divided his flow of ink into two streams: one, thin and turbid, he trickled into the art-column of his paper; the other, strong and limpid, he employed in refreshing the arid wastes of modern fiction. In these seven years he produced four tales; three of these followed the course of imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay; the fourth was launched with *éclat*.

This, indeed, is the usual process; the crime for which a thief is first incarcerated is seldom his first offense, and an author's "first book" is more likely to be his third.

To be brief, "Sons of Sin" made a hit: if one knocks long enough, the door will open or break. The "Argus" ascribed it to Miss Flora Foliage, for, said they, "no other authoress at present before the public (and we recognize a woman's dainty touch in every line of this ower-true tale) unites so profound an insight into the human heart divine, with descriptive powers so unique and varied. . . . The humorous portions of the work, however, are decidedly inferior."

The "Morning Hour," on the other hand, laid it at the door of R. Bramwell Pollucks, who, they averred, "stands preëminent among American authors (for it is obvious that only a man could have penned these virile lines) in the portrayal of character and scenes of subtile humor. . . . We regret to say, however, that the descriptive passages (of which there are many) are unworthy the facile pen of Mr. Pollucks."

The same delightful divergence characterized private opinion. "It *must* have been written by a man," said the ladies, "because he utterly fails to fathom the depths of a woman's heart," etc., etc.

"Oh, of course some woman wrote it," said the gentlemen; "no man would ever have depicted men so lost to all sense of honor—so untrue to nature," etc., etc.

To tell the truth, both sides felt a little sore at seeing their modes of thought, their hidden springs of action set forth in the cold light of analysis; but, however they might differ, they united upon one thing—they all agreed to read the book. The publishers were pleased, but the author, strange to say, was not. Insatiable man! what more could he desire? He contrived to unearth several sources of discontent.

Provided one is weak enough, it is not unpleasant to be overrated, but a shy, reticent man, distrustful of others, but more distrustful of himself, prefers rather to be underrated, and Liston's friends kindly considered him a good fellow, but, on the whole, a dull dog, who, though he might by a fluke make his mark, would inevitably set to work and rub it out again. And Liston himself was not without anxiety upon this point, for, if it is hard to make a reputation, to keep it is harder.

He was eager to begin upon another novel; pen, ink, and paper were at hand, but he dreaded to make the attack—something was lacking. He began to distrust himself, and, though he had admired his novel when it was his own, now that it was the world's he began to despise it, and to dread a renewal of the throes of composition. Moreover, he observed that while one reader found one thing in the story, another found something else; and that nobody, in short, took it just as he meant it. He hoped, however, to eventually find a more sympathetic hearer, and indeed already had his eye upon the person. This was a young lady named Nora Banin, an actress by profession, a lady by nature and breeding. She belonged to a good family—that is to say, her maternal grandfather had accumulated a fortune, which her father had dissipated. He was the prince of good fellows—founder of a fashionable club, sponsor of the last new thing in cravats; and after mortgaging everything but hope, had the good taste to die and pay the debt of nature—the only *faux pas* of the sort he was ever guilty of.

At this his two grown-up sons left college and set to work like beavers to make a home for their mother and the children. Under these circumstances many young ladies would have been content to hold their hands and vegetate; but Miss Banin was too proud to be lazy, too intense to become limp.

She secured her mother's consent (which seemed the prime difficulty) and went on the stage; and found—that her troubles had only begun.

Her brothers were furious and threatened a commission *de lunatico*—all for her good, of course—it being obviously immoral for a girl to earn more than a man.

Miss Banin wept secretly and defied them openly—all for their good, of course—and at the end of the month loftily deposited one hundred dollars in the family treasury. The logic of events is irresistible, the charms of cash in hand potent, and, as her salary increased, her brothers' objections decreased; they even condescended to say that they always knew she had it in her.

About this time Liston sailed into her little world, and gave a new meaning to existence. What woman is averse to the unavowed admiration of a man, however humble? Besides, there were many reasons why she should tolerate Mr. Liston: for one thing, her brother Tom had once saved him from drowning; and this, by an involved logical process, gave him a strong claim on her gratitude.

At first, their acquaintance slipped on like time itself; she was all complaisance, he all devotion. Suddenly, however, a fine film of reserve seemed to spread between them. Miss Banin seldom addressed him directly, but talked at him or to him through a third person. She also began to ridicule him, behind his back. Her brothers warmly defended him, but all in vain; the more they praised him, the more she sneered. They all seemed to take it for granted, however, that their friend would die in the treadmill of journalism: perhaps his appearance had something to do with this, for people are apt to go by looks, and to consider emaciation a sign of intel-

lect. Mr. Liston was rather stout, a little below the middle height, head compact and roundish, face and hair dark; his eyes were brown and bright, his mustache long and bristling. He rolled a little in his walk, and had, on the whole, the air of a well-seasoned cavalry-officer on furlough.

As already intimated, he was not altogether contented; he could settle down to nothing—he could not even analyze his sensations: they were much too vague and evanescent for that. Something was evidently wrong; he concluded that his liver was at fault, for he had felt twitches in that organ, which seemed, by the way, to have set up an underground connection with his heart.

He was foolish enough to fly off to his doctor. That sage gave him a pill the size of a grain of canary-seed, and advised gentle exercise (such as looking out the club-window, for instance) and a change (character not specified).

Liston thought all this rather nonsensical, but, out of respect for the venerable assassin, made the change and took the exercise. This was the way he did it: he left the *Moldavian* for the *Stylus*, and looked out of a bay-window instead of an ordinary one. Will it be believed that he was so ungrateful as to rapidly grow worse? He became surly, hypochondriacal; even those parasites, the club-waiters, avoided him.

Meanwhile the crisis approached. One day as he was glaring out of the window at nothing in particular, he felt the same peculiar twinge, and the underground connection with his heart became even more pronounced. He concluded to go and see Pellet again.

"I might as well go down through Union Square," he reflected; "*I might meet her!*"

He suddenly remembered hearing that there was a rehearsal that day, and rolled along so rapidly that he forgot he had a liver.

II.

LIKE many young ladies whose daily lives are rather prosaic, Miss Banin doted on novels. She consumed them by wholesale; nothing was too light, nothing too heavy, for her powers of absorption. She demanded but one thing: the book must interest her; that accomplished, she was not particular as to the mode.

Now, Liston's novel was interesting. He had a lively pen, and, as he had chosen to depict a male character who acted from the motives that really actuate men, women found his book not only entertaining but instructive. Naturally, the story was written down as eccentric, for truth in art, like openness in a woman, is apt to strike some people unpleasantly from the very force of contrast. Nevertheless, the book was widely read; Miss Banin, in particular, could hardly tear herself away from it; she felt strangely drawn toward the anonymous author. At times the magic page seemed a veil, through which she caught tantalizing glimpses of something vague yet familiar. She sniveled furtively over the pathetic passages, and gasped and frowned when the selfish hero entered and did his best to walk two ways at once. She devoured each installment of the story at one sitting, and then, at intervals during the week, returned and went over it at her leisure, as a cow at night may be seen still ruminating on the morning cud. There was only one bad thing about it, and that was purely extraneous: the story was appearing as a serial, and a week is a long while to wait when lives are hanging on a thread.

One day as she was hurrying home from rehearsal, with the last installment of "Sons of Sin" in her hand, she espied Liston bearing down on her like a Dutch galliot upon a dapper smack.

He must have accosted her rather abruptly: upon that hypothesis alone can I account for her sudden access of color as she returned his salutation.

"Been out of town, haven't you?" she queried, carelessly. He had not been at the house for a month.

"A—n-o—not exactly. I have been rather busy lately."

Liston was conscious that this sounded like the ordinary fib of society, but he shrank from disclosing the true cause of his temporary seclusion; to proclaim himself the author of the most successful novel of the day would be too much like rebuking her for her lack of discernment.

"I—a—I am afraid you are working too hard," he continued, rather awkwardly; "you look tired."

"Oh, no! I'm not at all tired," said Nora, brightly.

"I must look like a fright," she thought, uneasily.

Liston, however, thought her more charming than ever. The faint marks beneath her eyes only increased their brilliancy, as a line under a word emphasizes it; and her pallor, instead of being unhealthy, was as suggestive of future bloom as the empty canvas is of the coming picture. He was right as to her jaded look, however; she was tired—tired of herself, tired of the theatre, and perhaps at that very moment a trifle tired of Liston himself.

Nora had always taken it for granted that her future would be brighter than her past. True, she had never said to herself in so many words, "Never mind, I shall be married some day"; but, for all that, in a dark corner of her heart the thought of marriage and its attendant joys lay snugly curled away, biding its time. And, as Liston looked down into her eyes, a dim con-

sciousness of this came and passed, felt but not analyzed, like a letter received but mislaid before reading. Nora was often troubled with palpitation of the heart when in company with Liston—which was perhaps one reason why she sometimes spoke so bitterly of him—and now, feeling the irrepressible color stealing into her cheeks, and the usual indescribable tumult at her heart, she sighed lightly, and made a few fluttering sidelong movements indicative of deep distrust. It suddenly occurred to Liston that it might possibly be disagreeable to her to be kept standing on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway so long, so he said, "I suppose you—a—were on your way home?"

"Yes."

And then, without any recognized thought or determination, they somehow found themselves walking northward, as if in obedience to an unformulated law of nature.

It was characteristic of Liston that, instead of endeavoring to make himself intensely agreeable, he should occupy these precious moments in building a castle in the air, of which Nora was the presiding genius. He was just putting the roof on this vast aërial structure, and admiring (incidentally, as it were) the long, graceful turn of her snowy throat, when she spoke:

"Walk a little faster, please; I am in an awful hurry to get home!"

"Ah! wants to get rid of me. Well, why shouldn't she?" he thought, despondently. "Anything wrong at home—any of the children sick?"

"N—no, not exactly," murmured Nora, somewhat crestfallen. "I've got a story here I want to read. Are you laughing at me?" she continued, looking at him severely. "I won't be laughed at! If it wasn't for books I should die."

At this Liston pricked up his ears.

"I shouldn't think of laughing. Hem! might I ask the name of the work which has come between you and an early grave?"

Something in his tone irritated Miss Banin; she would rather he had ridiculed her than her book.

"It is the novel everybody is talking about, 'Sons of Sin,'" she replied, tartly. "Of course you've read it. No? Oh, I remember—critics are said never to read the books they review."

"I—I—assure you I haven't reviewed 'Sons of Sin,'" said Liston, uneasily. A man can not well be jealous of himself, but he felt it to be a striking proof of the innate depravity of things in general that his book should come between him and the woman he loved in this underhand way.

"Oh, then you *have* read it? Then review it for me at once—provided the unusual preparation hasn't unhinged your critical faculties," cried she, satirically.

"You don't understand," he stammered; "I—I—haven't read it."

"*Haven't read it!* Haven't read a book everybody is wild about? But I suppose you never read novels—think yourself above them, I dare say," she continued, with a curl of the lip that maddened Liston.

She dreaded his reply, for she had had so high an opinion of him that at times she had actually avoided him, lest a closer inspection should reveal fatal flaws in his character. This young lady prided herself upon her penetration, and had long ago made up her mind that Liston was a rare bird; but as since then he had done little or nothing to warrant this belief, she began to fear that he had swindled her by catching her eye under false pretenses. It was easy to say, "Another mistake—let him go"; but to distend this bladder of speech with the pith of action was another thing. She could not help being interested in him, for she felt that she had discovered him—if there were anything of him to discover. She was therefore keenly on the alert when in his company, and watched him as a chemist scans the unpredicted changes in a new combination of old forces.

The topic she had introduced had the same morbid fascination for Liston that death has for an invalid, and, though he wished to turn the current of their talk, he could not divert his mind from its own familiar channel. He was at a loss what to say, and bit his lips, and turned his head away. Finally he blurted out: "That wasn't what I meant when I said I hadn't read it; I—I—meant I hadn't read it in print." This was true; he shrank from examining his story in print, as a man will sometimes dread the close inspection of a piece of property into which he has put his all. "But I had the pleasure of reading the manuscript."

"*The manuscript!*" exclaimed Nora. "Do you know the author?"

"A—yes, I—I—know him."

"Ah! Tell me his name. Come—hurry!"

She almost pinched his arm in her eagerness; he was no longer a man—he was a loaded gun, to be instantly discharged, provided she could find the trigger.

Liston felt the blood setting in his face.

"A—excuse me, it's a—a secret," he stammered.

"Of course. Tell me, and then—it will be all the more of a secret," cried she, so naively that he laughed outright.

"Oh, I don't know. I might, perhaps, if I thought that—" But, excuse me; I forgot you were in a hurry to get home." They had come

to a halt in front of Delmonico's, and the lazy sunshine was spreading itself on the brick walls, and making a golden halo out of Nora's clouds of crisp brown hair.

"Oh, I'm not in any hurry now," said she, frankly. "I'd give anything to know his name. I never knew an author. Tell me all about him. Oh, do! I've formed my own idea of him, and I should like to know if it is anything like the original."

Miss Banin was as open as the day, and fancied others were the same; she actually thought she could construct the character of an author from the fossil remains of his heart, deposited by accident in the strata of his books—an idea as erroneous as that of discovering the color of a baker's eyes by tasting his bread.

"What the deuce shall I say?" thought Liston.

He hated scenes and explanations; besides, she had tantalized him for two long years, and it was only fair that he should now have his turn; so he suddenly changed the subject, saying: "It's rather warm out here; suppose we go inside and have an ice, or—a—something?"

Nora was all complaisance; she almost fawned upon him as she took his arm; she was ready to go anywhere, to pay anything in reason for the possession of this wonderful secret. And so confident was she of her ability to worm it out of him, that, after he had given his order, she dallied with the matter, like an epicurean cat with a mouse, and actually made him think she had forgotten all about it.

Will it be believed that at this he was a little piqued?

"Well, where had you been when you met me?" she asked in her own frank way, after she had estimated the value of the table service, and observed what the other women in the room had on.

"At the club."

(*Artlessly.*) "I'm down on clubs; men wear their hats in them—*I have seen them through the windows.* What were you doing there?"

"Looking out of the window."

"Poor thing! What else?"

"A—let—me—see— Oh, I was looking at 'The Nation.'"

"Well, that is better than having the nation looking at *you.*"

(*Very dryly*). "Many politicians have found it so of late."

"Ha, ha!" (*tastes her ice*). "Do you love vanilla? I do."

"I shall rename that dog of mine 'Vanilla.'"

"Women ought to be politicians."

"Y—e—s, they wouldn't mind being looked at."

(*Disdainfully*). "How do *you* know? Did you ever look at one?"

"N—o—o, but it's never too late to mend, you know."

(*Indistinctly.*) "Women don't like to be looked at."

"*You surprise me!*"

"I thought I should. That is why they dress so much—merely to draw attention from their *own selves* to their *things.*"

"Eh? Oh, I see; you split hairs and make a distinction between a woman and her garments."

"No, I don't! the distinction makes itself, like an author's reputation. There is the same difference between a woman and her clothes, sir, that there is between a woman and a man—the first is necessary, the last is not."

The way in which Nora managed her spoon and stuck her little fingers into the air, as she delivered herself of these accumulated treasures of wit, so delighted Liston that he was deprived of all power of speech. He felt himself above language for the moment; even her artless prattle struck him as being, on the whole, a sweet superfluity, like the odor of a lily.

Nora was as gay as a lark, as bright as running water; she was young enough to eat for the sake of eating, to laugh for the sake of laughing, to live for the sake of living; and as for the pleasure of catching flying railroad glimpses of her bright beauty in the various mirrors and polished surfaces — why, that was perennial—immutable! and not in any wise dependent on age. As her happiness caught him in its radiations, Liston felt a certain thrill of power—of being more than others thought him, of living behind a mask, and of having others at a disadvantage. He despised himself for taking advantage of her simplicity, but to change his attitude would be to change their relations—and she was so near him! Presently Miss Banin became grave, almost sad, and casually mentioned the anonymous author whose immortal work had the honor of reposing in her lap. She spoke of him, not pertly, but rather timidly, as if he were an awesome animal of nocturnal habits.

"Excuse me, but why do you always refer to this author as 'he'?" said Liston, uneasily.

"Because I respect grammar. I *know* he is a man."

After considerable pressure in the way of oblique flattery had been brought to bear on her, she condescended to display the foundations of her belief.

"Well, I know he is a man," said she, patronizingly, "because his women, though they are consistent enough after he gets them started, are not 'founded on fact.'"

Poor Liston! he knew his men were dull, lifeless things, because he had compared them with himself; but, as his women were un-

tested, he had naturally regarded them as unsurpassed.

"He ought to marry," continued Miss Banin, innocently, "and then he would know all about it."

Liston felt as if he had stolen her diary, and were now gloating over its artless pages.

"That's what I—I—tell him," he stammered.

"But I am afraid he would never find anybody good enough for him—fit to be a *real companion* for him, I mean. Ah! such men must be very unhappy."

This was murmured with such a heavenly air of sympathy and pity that he could have fallen down and kissed her little feet.

"Yes—or very happy," he whispered across the dapper little table. "He is happy—or, at least, he might be. There is a woman he loves—"

"And doesn't she care for him? *not a bit?*"

"He—he doesn't know; he never asked her."

"Oh, a man who is so sensitive and sympathetic as *he* must be would know without being told. But he ought to ask her, all the same."

"Do you really think so?" said Liston, eagerly.

"Of course; she is only human, I suppose. Do you know her? Is she nice?"

"Charming!"

Nora began to feel discontented and inclined to pick flaws in herself; she consoled herself, however, by reflecting that this wonderful woman was probably a deceitful little minx.

"Should you like to see her?" cried Liston, recklessly. He had it on his tongue to tell her to look in the glass.

"Whom do you mean? Oh, the woman you were speaking of. No, I don't think it would afford me much pleasure." Her face stiffened coldly as she spoke; in a moment, however, she brightened up wonderfully, and exclaimed: "I should love to see *him* though, Mr. Liston! Do tell me his name!"

Liston's head swam, his eyes grew hot—he felt as if he were piercing the mid-Atlantic in a diving-bell.

"I can't tell you his name, but you can see him if you want to," said he, abruptly. "On one condition, that is—provided you will go to Central Park Garden with me to-night."

"Excuse me, that is not to the point," cried Nora, with a saucy laugh.

"Beg pardon, it's very much to the point! *He will be there.*"

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By the time he had convoyed her to her home the matter was decided, the preliminaries arranged; and he was about tearing himself away, when she paused, with her little hand on the half-opened door, and called him back.

"Excuse me, but will that *woman*—the one you spoke of—be there too?" she asked, with great disdain.

"No, no," cried Liston, "she won't be there—that is—I mean she—I give you my word you sha'n't set eyes on her."

Miss Banin seemed to imagine herself in the act of writing a letter, she had so many postscripts to add. He had hardly turned away again when she cried out, "Oh, I forgot—Edward—ah—!"

This was the first time she had ever called him by his first name, and he blushed to the temples with pleasure. Nora was not far behind him, but her flush was probably not altogether a thing of joy.

"Excuse me, I—I—forgot; I hear the boys call you so," she faltered, as if she did not always refer to him as "Edward" in her thoughts. "What was I going to say? Hem! Oh, I remember. You won't tell *him* that I am coming, will you? Please don't; it would spoil all my pleasure. You won't? Now don't forget! Remember!"

Remember! How could he forget—how could he ever forget—the quiet little street, the blinding blaze of the sun upon the worn brown steps, the shaded stretch of hall beyond, and through it all the gracious figure of this radiant young creature bending down to him from the deep shadow of the doorway, and eagerly whispering to him with a tremulous, childlike movement of the brow and lip? How she trusted him! how she confided in him! and how basely he had led her on! He rolled along so recklessly, he swung his big stick so wildly, that timid old ladies from the suburbs gave this metropolitan curiosity in blue flannel a wide berth.

"What a beast I am!" he cried aloud, in the bitterness of his heart. "I am a ghoul—a vampire!"

III.

MISS BANIN'S immediate connections perceived a great improvement in her that afternoon. Viewed solely as a dispenser of bread-and-butter, her little brothers and sisters had sometimes thought her discrimination as to butter, and the firm stand she took against superinduced layers of sugar, next door to parsimony; but on this occasion her lavishness opened their eyes—and mouths—and gave them all the stomach-ache.

Her grown-up brothers sarcastically insinuated, "This is a beautiful illustration of the power of love, which generates generous virtues in hearts naturally depraved." They even assumed to give her lessons in the fine art of courting, and intimated that, as Liston was inclined to corpulency, "it would be an act of kindness to let him down easy." These young gentlemen had a fine streak

of robust humor which no woman could ever appreciate, and Nora consoled herself by reflecting that brothers were of little consequence, being valued chiefly as clogged mediums of communication with the outer world. One thing, however, really annoyed her, and when they fancied her blushing at their sparkling sallies, it was her own thoughts that troubled her, for, though she was all eagerness to meet this mysterious genius, she continually found herself thinking, not of him, but of Liston. She was almost angry with him. What right had *he* to come into her mind and arouse thoughts which she herself dreaded to disturb?

When he called for her she hesitated a moment, as moths hover near the flame they can not break from, and then fluttered down into the dimly lighted hall, where her old world ended and the new one began.

Her chaste circumference of white draperies gave her an air of snowy purity, and the others a sense of remoteness: she was a star among candles, and received their admiration with artless *hauteur*.

At sight of the natty little *coupé* Liston had provided, this high-stepping beauty gave a little gurgle of delight, and then turned a reproachful eye upon him, for, though she detested horse-cars, she hated extravagance, and seldom soared above the percussive omnibus.

As they entered this trap on wheels, Nora flushed a little, and Liston's heart frisked playfully about, for, though they said nothing, the language of the eye would not be denied—and the cab was really rather narrow for two voluminous young people.

Having put her in with great solicitude, Liston banged the door, the driver briskly smote his steed, and so, amid playful inquiries as to where they would have their baggage sent, they rolled away into the soft summer night.

"Don't you think the carriage might be induced to open its eyes?" said Nora, with a shadowy laugh: a sense of being buried alive weighed upon her. "I shall enjoy it ever so much more, if I can see the lights chasing each other into darkness."

Liston opened the windows, with inward thankfulness that they were manageable, and in doing so came nearer her than ever he had been before. He began to wish that cabs had as many eyes as Argus.

Still, this thrill of delight carried a covert sting, just as the sunlight involves the shadow; for this outward contact only put a sharper edge on his sense of their inner remoteness. How far he still was from the hidden kernel of life that pulsed within those billowy wrappings of gauze, which gave forth, in their faint stirrings, a fugitive sense of color and perfume, that might be regarded poetically as a subtile expression of her individuality, or merely as something squirted on from a flask!

But this double-edged feeling was only a bubble on the ferment that was going on in Liston's mind. He had little of that vociferous vanity which leads the feeble *littérateur* to demonstrate the nobility of his calling and the breadth of his mind by the length of his hair, and had always consoled himself by reflecting that, though often tempted to attitudinize or to talk for effect, he seldom succumbed to the pressure; but now he felt that, when the truth was known, he should appear as one holding the light for the better inspection of his own talent. In general it is as hard for a man to realize that the very qualities upon which he plumes himself can ever turn round and clutch his happiness by the throat as it is for a mother to believe that her children will ever abuse her; but now Liston saw, as by a vivid lightning-gleam, that his subtile pride had turned and stung itself. He had often filled to overflowing a vacant hour, by picturing himself declaring his love to Nora, but he had naturally dressed this little drama with appropriate scenery; and, indeed, it had always seemed vaguely possible to narrow things down to so fine a point that the only loophole of escape for her would be by the relentless door of marriage; but here, instead, was an interminable vista of dangerous pitfalls and side issues. He tortured himself by looking forward to the ensuing scene at the Garden, and conjuring up dire possibilities; he arranged the chessmen in every conceivable way, all the while being numbly conscious that a totally different combination would arise.

So keen was Liston's sense of the dramatic in the domestic, that he would have angrily resented any attempt to turn his own passion into comedy; but here he was in the meshes of a web which he himself had spun, felicitating himself at the time that he was doing something enormously brilliant.

These dagger-like self-communings were suddenly dulled by the descent of the *coupé* into one of those irregular pits with which a beneficent Providence has elected to relieve the monotony of the New York avenues; and Nora shrank back from the window, in her fright touching Liston's arm as light as down. He could not see her face; she was only a white presence—a sweet, rustling shadow, with a voice from nowhere.

"It's silly to be frightened, but—*a—a—ah!*"

Liston thought it delightful.

"Ah, it's just as well I haven't got a carriage of my own," continued Nora, with sudden acerbity. "I should begin to despise the miserable wretches who have to walk."

"Oh, I don't know. Rich people in general ought to be grateful to the poor; they make an inoffensive background for their heavenly charity."

"Is that the way you look at people—merely as foils to yourself?"

"No, but literary men and artists are apt to."

"You mean your friend, the author of 'Sons of Sin'? Oh, well, that is different, you know; *we* are not geniuses. If I were a genius, I dare say I should consider myself the center of things."

"Perhaps you *are*, without so considering yourself."

"Hem! But—a—about your friend—tell me—"

"Excuse me, you will soon see him for yourself," said Liston, curtly.

This puzzled Nora, and after deep cogitation she informed him that a retort so discourteous could only have proceeded from a nature once sweet, but long since soured by adversity; and begged him to while away the time and confirm her suspicions by telling her all about himself. Before he could recover from the dismay thus superinduced, this gentle egoist seemed to forget all about him, and, branching out into personal reminiscence, poured a thousand little secrets into his ready ear. She told him of her little triumphs and her great disasters; her friendly critics (*perfect gentlemen*), and her envious ones (no better than they *ought to be*); in short, she flattered him and drew him out, which happened to be precisely what she intended to do. There was this difference in their mutual revelations, however: everything Liston told her was founded on fact, whereas her confidences were but the airy figments of a lofty mind.

Finally, being a man of rare originality, he left the narrow track of personal anecdote and gamboled gayly through the wide domain of art. Here he took Nora by surprise; he had a dozen hobbies, and rode them like a Centaur (perhaps they were really part of himself); he was a man of strong convictions, and showed her wherein their strength lay; he dragged up her most cherished roots of stupidity, and filled the little cab with a wild whirl of explosive eloquence.

He soon fell into the didactic vein, however, and concluded with ludicrous abruptness, by informing her that "Art and science are by no means as young as many people think them; they are as old as humanity itself. Art was born when the first woman took a leaf from nature's book; science when she wondered why she did it. Hem!" His eloquence and vivid way of putting things startled Nora; she began to think: "If he has deceived me in one thing, he may in another. I must look out how I expose myself."

And thus his unusual outburst, of which he was now ashamed, by the way, had an effect he little anticipated: it renewed her first impressions of him, and prepared her for what was to follow.

While they were silently pursuing remote yet converging lines of thought, Fifty-ninth Street was attained, amid the thunder of colliding wheels and the sharp rattle of profanity from the box. The din was deafening, and it was only by a gleam of light that shot into the *coupé* that Liston suddenly became conscious that Nora was speaking to him.

"Beg pardon, I didn't exactly catch that," he roared.

"Are you deaf? I said—I was—thinking," screamed Nora at the top of her voice, "and I begin to believe, you write short stories for the magazines yourself on the sly!"

Liston changed color, but his brown eyes twinkled wickedly as he helped her from the carriage; the very keenness of his apprehension led it to reach and beget in him a certain recklessness (as an over-sharp knife sometimes cuts on until it wounds the holder), of which he was fully aware, but of which he did not wholly approve.

They were a little late; the concert had begun, and as they entered the see-saw strains of "Amaryllis" were jingling merrily on the evening breeze.

"Do you see him?" whispered Nora, eagerly.

He was obliged to make some reply.

"No; but it's early yet, you know."

Liston began to be very much disgusted with himself as they passed through the crowded concert-room out into the dusky little garden at the rear—making, in short, the grandest tour possible: the whole thing suddenly struck him as childish.

The very touch of her hand upon his arm, the way in which she shrank against him as people stared at her, deepened this feeling. And Nora as well had her secret springs of chagrin, certain well-meaning individuals choosing to regard her as a public character who was showing herself for nothing as a change, and was therefore entitled to the admiration which generosity (when joined to beauty) evokes in manly breasts.

Unfortunately, people are apt to insist upon being observed from their own point of view, and as Nora considered herself too much of a woman to be much of an actress, she deeply resented these innocent attempts to reverse the order of nature. She intimated as much to Liston, who, somewhat to her surprise, coolly turned the point of her protest upon herself by saying, "It doesn't seem to occur to you that others may feel the same—that this author you

take such an interest in may prefer to be regarded as a man rather than an author."

"I never thought of that; but I am glad you told me," said she, gratefully. "I will be on my guard. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings as mine are hurt every day in the week."

Imagine how Liston's flesh crept at this! He was walking on a quicksand, and at every turn sank deeper: even the respectful admiration excited by Nora chafed him unreasonably, although his subtile vanity contrived to extract a certain reflex satisfaction from it. Finally he said, uneasily:

"Suppose we go up-stairs here? We can get a bird's-eye view of the crowd without being seen ourselves."

"Wouldn't that be taking rather a base advantage of him—to watch him in that underhand way?" queried Nora, with her rippling laugh, like falling water in the night.

"I don't think you need care for that," said Liston, recklessly. (They were creeping up into the little balcony that hangs upon the garden's western wall, and his back was turned to her.) "He would take the advantage of you—he has done it!"

Nora thought she had never seen so unexpressive a back as Liston's.

"Of *me!*" cried she. "In what way—what do you mean?"

Liston's impulse to confess having come and gone, like a misdirected blow, leaving no sign, he stammered out:

"Oh, I—I—mean he has seen you on the stage—watched you when you were unable to retaliate."

"Well, there's no harm in that; I suppose he paid for his ticket," said Nora, mischievously, without reflecting that much depends upon the temper of the watcher.

She could not help feeling a little uneasy, however; it chilled her to think that her lukewarm acting might possibly be as familiar to this author as his wonderful book was to her.

"Oh, I wish he would come! I dread the introduction," she sighed; "I know I shall never be able to act like myself before him."

Liston began to experience a strange sense of dual consciousness: he felt a burning desire to get at the core of the mysterious influence which the author-side of him had over Nora, and the ultimate transference of which to himself might be among the rising contingencies of the future.

"Oh, you need be under no apprehension," said he, disparagingly. "There's nothing very alarming about him."

"Don't tell me he isn't nice!" cried Nora, plaintively.

To do her justice she was thinking less of the impression she should make than of the impression she was to receive.

"I suppose you wonder what makes me so interested in him," she murmured, apologetically. "I could never tell you what his book has been to me."

But for all that she tried; and Liston saw that she had caught up all that was good in his book as instinctively as a flower absorbs the dew; and now she reproduced it, and colored it, and glorified it until he blushed to the eyes, for he felt as if he were standing apart, looking upon himself through rose-tinted spectacles. "So you see," she concluded, loftily, "I don't care what you critics say. People don't analyze water when they are dry, and his book comes nearer my own life than the works of greater authors."

Liston was ashamed and would have changed the subject, but, like a man whose affairs have become badly involved, and who shrinks from incurring further obligations, he could see no way of retrenching without exciting unpleasant suspicions.

"Then you—you don't call him a great author?" he stammered. "I agree with you."

"Do you, indeed? I don't know what you call *great*, but I know he has more brains in his little finger than you and I have got in our whole bodies!"

"Not at all," said Liston, who was beginning to have a poor opinion of his brains. "He is a dull dog. I've known him to do insane things."

"You mean they seemed so to you," said Nora, indulgently.

"You'll acknowledge it yourself before the night's out. Besides, what need has a novelist of brains? Sympathy, intuition, tenderness, and all that, he must have, but they are seldom seen in company with great intellectual power—"

"Stop! not another word!"

This little speech, snapped out by Nora, struck Liston like a hand in the face. He hung his head and was silent. Meanwhile she gently pointed out to him the folly of swimming beyond his depth; and concluded by informing him that in a minute more she should have despised him, and advising him not to detract from the fame of others until he had made himself famous.

"Until then," said she, "people will naturally ascribe your strictures to disappointment and env—"

Here Liston squirmed in his seat, and looked at her so imploringly that the tears started to her eyes.

"Oh, what have I done?" she faltered. "I have hurt your feelings. To be so impertinent when I meant to be—to be—oh!" She blushed divinely, and giving him a look that Hope might

have fed on for weeks, turned away, and hid her mortification by staring down into the garden. Suddenly she turned to him again, and cried, eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Liston! isn't this he? Quick! quick!"

Liston's heart sank within him as Nora pointed out a man, whose striking air of personal distinction was in painful contrast to his own insignificance of person. "N—no," he stammered, "that isn't he."

"He *must* he somebody," said she, naively—as if nature never made a mistake in the label.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid he isn't coming. I'm real sorry," she continued, looking up at him with exasperating confidence in his sympathy. He could not look her in the face, and shuffled about uneasily.

"Why, what is the matter? Don't you think he will come?"

"Suppose I should tell you his coming is an absolute impossibility?" he cried, desperately.

A vague shadow of suspicion clouded Nora's face.

"What do you mean? I don't— Edward Liston! look me in the eye! A—ah! You have deceived me—you don't know him—you never did know him—you—you made it all out of whole cloth to get me up here—to—"

"Well, what if I did? I would do much worse things for the sake of being alone with you."

"That is the most impudent speech I ever heard you make. You improve little by little," said she, encouragingly.

Could he believe his eyes? She was actually smiling!

"Ah! then you forgive me," he whispered.

"Temporarily—till the next time, that is, since you have confessed."

"Ah! but I haven't confessed. He is sure to be here—I told you the truth."

"Wonderful!" cried Nora; and this time she laughed outright.

"I am in earnest! He wouldn't miss seeing you for worlds."

"Yes! I remember you said he was a dull dog. It begins to look like it, I confess."

"Seriously, though, he professes a great admiration for you; he—"

"For *me!*"

Miss Banin gasped out these words so piteously that Liston was both surprised and shocked, for he, poor fellow! had meant to please her. But this was what she thought: "How much he must respect me—or *anything else me*—to bring me here of his own accord to meet a man who admires me!"

The sudden jar of this thought awoke her virginal vigilance, and showed her so clearly which way her heart inclined that she turned first white, then red, with shame. Unfortunately, Liston could not divine what was going on behind these shifting screens of expression, sudden changes in a woman's color being open to as many interpretations as similar changes in the weather.

He thought he had offended her, and said so.

"No," said she, with a smile of cutting condescension; "you have not offended me—you have only lost my respect."

"Then I have offended myself," said he, so despondently that Nora's conscience smote her; and it was in a gentler tone that she said:

"Oh, then, if you really feel the loss, it will soon be replaced, I dare say. Now, please take me home—I am tired; and besides, I don't want to see him now. If he admires me, as you say, he is only an anonymous admirer, and I prefer to let him remain so."

"Why, don't you want to know him?" insinuated Liston.

"No, I never want to set eyes on him," she replied, curtly.

"But it—it is too late. He has been here—he is here now—he has—"

Poor Nora gave a sudden start, and looked at him narrowly. "What do you mean?" she pleaded, piteously.

For a moment Liston was silent; by nature he was a dreamer; could he have had his way, he would have glided on through life, forgiving and forgiven—a life all easy curves, with no rude jolts to jar the sensitive soul; but now the spur struck him sharply, and he went through the fire at one plunge. "Why, I—I—mean—oh, don't you see, I—I have deceived you," he cried; "I have been a brute—there isn't any anonymous admirer—there isn't any genius—there isn't anything! I am the man myself!"

"*You!*" gasped Nora. Luckily they were alone, the gallery being now deserted, save for one solitary couple, who, in a remote corner, seemed deeply absorbed in the music or something less æsthetic. Nora slowly clasped her hands close under her round chin, and exultantly murmured, "I—knew—it!"

Liston opened his eyes. Imagine his surprise! a glow of unfeigned pleasure was on her sweet face.

"What! do you mean to say you knew it all along?" he cried, blankly.

At the sound of his voice she crimsoned deeply, and hurriedly saying, "I—I am going home; and I'm going alone too," glided to the head of the stairs with wonderful rapidity. Her fondest anticipations were realized, but, for the moment, she felt a pang of shame, as keen as any disappointment gives. Her foot was on the step, when suddenly she paused,

as if checked by an unseen hand. Her heart stood still, for she was only a woman, and her dress had caught on a nail. In a moment Liston was at her side.

"Allow me," he murmured, in his most mellifluous tones, and began fumbling about at the root of the trouble. Nora bit her lips in shame; he was so near her, he was so clumsy, he was so slow—it was intolerable! After a moment's hesitation she abruptly stooped to conquer, and with one turn of her hand extricated herself, and so eager was she that she contrived to bump her head against Liston's. At this she burst into an hysterical laugh. "E—excuse me," she faltered, "I—I can't help it—ha, ha! How like two fools we must look! Ha, ha!"

And so exceedingly amusing did Nora find it that, when she sank into the seat behind her, she was on the point of bursting into tears. She managed to repress her emotion, however, and, tightly shutting her eyes, turned away her head, for Liston had edged into the place by her side, and was humbly begging her pardon. "Remember, you said you should be sorry to hurt my feelings as yours are hurt every day in the week," he insinuated. "And—a—I believe you advised me to marry—said I should ask her—that she was only human. The only mistake you made, by the way."

Being a woman, Nora opened her eyes and her mouth simultaneously. "I made a g—good many mistakes," she murmured, indistinctly, "and I don't propose to make any mo—more. But there, I forgive you. It was all my fault. Does that satisfy you?"

Far from it! for, having secured her forgiveness, he went from bad to worse and sought her hand. Perhaps it was not as vigorous in resistance as it might have been, for after a while he managed to get it in his own. And then, while they sat there hand in hand, the music and the broken babble of the crowd below falling on their ears like jarring noises from another world, he told her how he loved her—how he had loved her from the first; and, after comparing her to the irresistible sea, and intimating that *he* typified the countless streams which seaward tend, he startled her by going over their acquaintance and recounting all that had occurred upon the various occasions on which they had met. This proof of his silent devotion so won on Nora that, before she was aware of it, the tears were on her cheeks, her head upon his shoulder. Thanks to Wagner the Vociferous, a bold, barbaric blast of sound at that moment made speech an impossibility and bridged the gap for them. But man is a talking animal, and Liston soon took advantage of a lull in the tempest to ask her if she really loved him.

"No—o, not exactly," said she, thoughtfully. "I like you—I *think*—but it is your *book* I love."

"Well, I am my book," said Liston, with a smile.

"O—oh! then you are a son of sin," said she, slyly, looking at him askance. "But, seriously," she continued, with sepulchral gravity, "you must attach your name to your books in the future."

"I will, and yours, too. They shall be dedicated to you—to *my wife*, in the future."

This unexpected turn in the conversation somewhat discomfited Nora; but, as he spoke, the music as well changed its course, and leaving the thin air of science groveled momentarily in the lower regions of melody; and so beautiful did this sudden transition seem to her that she gurgled forth her approbation and asked Liston what it was—as if he knew everything!

"Why, that," said he, tenderly, "is *à propos;* it is the music of the future—of *our* future! O Nora! . . ."

And the beauty of it was, they both believed it! They actually thought the music symbolic of their lives—a little discord, a jarring note at starting, and then a steady stream of melody *da capo!* They thought their little world a garden strewed with thornless flowers for their especial benefit—a fortunate isle amid a sea of troubles; and neither of them realized that the happiness of the future is but the dull, dull echo of the present hope—a flitting figure in the glass—a soul without a body—the flying vision of our vain desires.

S. B. Russ.

A PERISHED KERNEL.

"I think it be true that writers say, that there is no pomegranate so fair or so sound, but may have a *perished kernel*."—*Sir Francis Bacon on the Trial of Lady Somerset.*

TOWARD the autumn of the year 1609 there arrived in London a young Scotchman who, after a few years of dazzling prosperity, was to be cast down to the lowest depths of shame and reproach. Upon our happily limited list of royal favorites the name of Robert Carr occupies a prominent position. Endowed with all the advantages of youth, a handsome figure, a face, if somewhat effeminate, yet full of charm, and possessed of the most winning manners, the lad had quitted his native town of Edinburgh to seek his fortunes at the court. He was sprung from a good old stock, and his father, we now learn, had been actively engaged in supporting the cause of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; for among the State Papers there is a petition addressed to Carr, when he was supreme in the favor of his sovereign, from one James Maitland, soliciting permission to sue in the Scottish courts for revocation of the attainder passed upon William Maitland, of Lethington, for services to the King's mother, and the petitioner apologizes for his intrusion upon the favorite on the ground that "our fathers were friends, and involved in the same cause and overthrow." * Protected by his kinsman, Lord Hay, young Carr, shortly after his arrival in London, was introduced to the gay company which then daily crowded the galleries and antechambers of Whitehall. It was known that James, who piqued himself upon being indifferent to the fair sex, was strangely susceptible to handsome looks and a graceful figure in young men. Lord Hay, as he took the young adventurer by the hand, and examined his well-knit limbs, his delicate features, his large, expressive eyes, and the brilliant complexion, which had a frequent trick of blushing, felt sure that his *protége* had only to be seen by the King to be at once ingratiated in the royal graces. An opportunity soon offered itself. At a tilting-match Lord Hay ordered Carr, according to ancient custom, to carry his shield and device to the King. James was on horseback, and as Carr advanced to perform the duties intrusted to him, he was by a sudden movement of his charger thrown from his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, breaking his leg. The accident was turned to excellent advantage. James at once dismounted, bent over the lad, and was struck with admiration at the girlish beauty of his features. He gave orders for the young sufferer to be removed to apartments in Whitehall, and to be attended upon by the court physician. The King, who made friends as quickly as he dropped them, was soon on the most intimate terms with the fascinating Carr. He visited him daily, and spent hours in close conversation with him in his chamber. He introduced the Queen to him. He brought him fruit and gifts calculated to cheer the monotony of a sick-bed. Finding him indifferently educated, the King, who was never so happy as when instructing others, began to teach him Latin and other subjects, the better to fit him for the honors to which it was intended he should be advanced. A ribald ballad of the time alludes to these attentions:

'Let any poor lad that is handsome and young,
With *parle vous France* and a voice for a song,
But once get a horse and seek out good James,
He'll soon find the house, 'tis great near the Thames.
It was built by a priest, a butcher by calling,
But neither priesthood nor trade could keep him from falling.
As soon as ye ken the pitiful loon,
Fall down from your nag as if in a swoon;
If he doth nothing more, he'll open his purse;
If he likes you ('tis known he's a very good nurse)
Your fortune is made, he'll dress you in satin,
And if you're unlearned he'll teach you dog Latin.
On good pious James male beauty prevaileth,
And other men's fortune on such he entaileth." *

On recovering from his accident, Carr became the constant companion of the King, and his chief adviser in all affairs of state and pleasure. "The favorite," writes Lord Thomas Howard, "is straight-limbed, well-favored, strong-shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of show of modesty. He is so particular in his dress to please the King that he has changed his tailors and tire-men many times. And he is so decidedly the court favorite that the King will lean on his arm, pinch his cheek, smooth his ruffled garment, and when directing discourse to others nevertheless still will keep gazing on him." Honors and dignities were showered on the fortunate youth in quick succession. He was appointed keeper of Westminster Palace for life, Treasurer of Scotland, Lord Privy Seal, Warden

"* State Papers, Domestic," July 17, 1613.

* "Ben Jonson," by W. R. Chetwood, 1756.

of the Cinque Ports, and Lord Chamberlain.* He wore the ribbon of the Garter; he was created Viscount Rochester; the barony of Brancepeth, bishopric of Durham, was conferred on him; and on his marriage he was raised to the earldom of Somerset. † He became the owner of Rochester Castle; the lands, forfeited by Lord Darcy in Essex, were granted to him; while the "manor of Sherborne, and all the manors and lands in Dorsetshire, whereof Sir Walter Raleigh was possessed," fell also into his hands. ‡ In vain the unhappy widow of the great sailor-historian pleaded that her husband's estates might be restored to her children. "I maun have it for Carr," was the harsh reply of the sovereign.

James was infatuated with his idol, and placed him in boundless authority. Next the throne stood the favorite, and, in the opinion of many, he could not have been more supreme had he been seated upon it. We have only to scan the volumes of the State Papers relating to this period which have been published, to see how powerful and extensive was the control which the recently created peer then exercised. Did a divine solicit promotion in the Church, he begged the favorite to mention his name to the King, and to use his good offices to further his suit. Was it considered advisable for some curious foreign correspondence to be placed before the royal eyes, the Secretary of State forwarded it to Carr for the purpose. Did the Archbishop of Canterbury wish a volume against the Papists to be read by James, he inclosed it to my Lord of Somerset with the necessary instructions. The merchant adventurers, anxious for trading privileges, sent their petitions in the first instance to the favorite for his approval. Old place-hunters, seeking after the reversion of a pension, besought the omnipotent Carr to be their friend. The auditors of the revenue took their instructions from him. He who was desirous of farming the imposts on French and Rhenish wines made his application to Rochester. If the court physician found James a refractory patient—and, like many men who dabble in medicine, he was the most trying and self-willed of invalids—he begged the favorite to come to his aid. "The King is threatened," writes Dr. de Mayerne to Carr, § "with a multiplication of his fits of gravelly cholic, unless he will listen to advice and adopt the necessary remedies. I have written a long discourse on the subject, but I fear he will throw it aside unread. I beg your lordship to read it to his Majesty and urge on him the necessity of attending to it." The Company of East India Merchants, anxious for future favors, presented Carr with a piece of gold plate valued at six hundred pounds. The town of Rochester, hearing that the King intended to call a Parliament, wrote to the favorite offering him the nomination of one of their two burgesses;* while the famous College of Christ Church, at Oxford, forwarded him a petition desiring him "to become their patron and a member of their college, which boasts a regal foundation, and has the Duke of Lennox, Lord Aubigny, the Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Sydneys as members." Yet this homage and recognition of absolute power do not appear to have turned the young man's head. He was courteous, urbane, and not too difficult of access. "Many people," writes Lord Northampton to him, † "noting your lordship's skill in answering letters, and your urbanity, wish to see you secretary." Nor did the favorite place a price upon the service he was called upon to render. It was his boast, as he wrote to Northampton, that he was a courtier whose hand never took bribes. In one of his dispatches to Madrid, the Spanish ambassador, after giving a few particulars of the English court—that the King grows too fat to hunt comfortably, and eats and drinks so recklessly that it is thought he will not be long-lived; that the Queen leads a quiet life, not meddling with business, and is on good terms with the King; that the Prince Henry is a fine youth, of sweet disposition, and, under good masters, might easily be trained to the religion his predecessors lived in; that the council is composed of men of little knowledge, some Catholics, but most schismatics or atheists; and the like—winds up by saying: "The King resolves on all business with Viscount Rochester alone. His chief favorites are Scotchmen, and especially Viscount Rochester." ‡

The young man was now at the very meridian of his splendor; as a subject, it was almost impossible for him to attain to higher honors. We have now to trace the causes which ushered in his overthrow. Among the beauties of the court was Frances, Countess of Essex, a daughter of the family of Howard—a house then noted for the unscrupulous ambition of its men and for the open frailties of its women. Poets raved about her wealthy auburn locks, her dazzling complexion, her small, ripe mouth, her perfectly chiseled features; while her wondrous hazel eyes were scarcely felicitously described as "wombs of

* "State Papers, Domestic," June 12, 1611; October 27, 1613; June 30, 1614; July 13, 1614.

† Ibid., July 2, 1611; November, 1612; November 25, 1613.

‡ Ibid., May 1, 1611; March 25, 1611; November 3, 1613; November 11, 1613.

§ Ibid., August 22, 1613.

* "State Papers, Domestic," February 13, 1614.

† Ibid., August 12, 1612.

‡ Ibid., September 22, 1613.

stars." The married life of this "beauty of the first magnitude in the horizon of the court" had not been a happy one. At the age of thirteen she had been wedded to the Earl of Essex, who was then but a mere boy. On account of their tender years, the young couple for a time were separated; but, if we are to believe the evidence before us, when their union was permitted their relationship still continued on its former footing. The Countess, after a trying interval, prayed for a divorce on the ground of nullity of marriage. She declared she was a virgin-wife, and satisfied a jury of her own sex of the truth of her assertion; but as her ladyship, during this platonic alliance with her husband, had amply avenged herself for all marital shortcomings, the gossip of history declares that, to prevent any unpleasant disclosures, "another young gentlewoman [the Countess was closely veiled during the investigation] was fobbed in her place." The trial was the great topic of the hour. The court was divided in opinion; some of the judges, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaring that those whom God had joined together could not be divided, while others held the views on the subject which at the present day prevail. The King, however, was the warm friend of the petitioner, and used all his authority to obtain a verdict in her favor. He browbeat the judges who differed from him, he laid down the law with his usual travesty of wisdom and erudition, and declared that none should entertain opinions which were opposed to those of their sovereign. "If a judge," he writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you, that are so far '*my creature*,' can use toward me is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed." The royal wishes carried the day. Save a few dissentient voices, the court declared the marriage between Robert, Earl of Essex, and the Lady Frances Howard void and of none effect, "and that the Lady Frances was, and is, and so ought to be, free and at liberty from any bond of such pretended marriage *de facto* contracted and solemnized. And we do pronounce that she ought to be divorced, and so we do free and divorce her, leaving them as touching other marriages to their consciences in the Lord."

The Lady Frances was not slow to avail herself of the freedom granted to her. Ever since the handsome face of Robert Carr had been seen in the galleries of Whitehall, the young Countess had been smitten with the favorite. At balls and masks she had crossed his path, and her words and looks had revealed the feelings that had been awakened within her. She visited a noted astrologer in Lambeth, and begged him to give her potions which would cause the object of her attachment to respond to her passion. Yet there had been no need for philters and magic arts. Young Carr was neither cold nor obdurate; at first the amorous Countess was the one who loved, while her gallant was the other who allowed himself to be loved; but soon the sprightly gayety and beauty of his mistress brought the favorite to her feet, and he vowed that life unshared by her was robbed of all its sweetness. And now it was that Lady Essex brooded over the thought of divorce. The King, who but reechoed the wishes of Carr, cordially approved of her resolve, and, as we have seen, strongly prejudiced the court in the interests of the young wife. "The divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex," writes Chamberlain to Carleton,* "is soon to be decided, and is important as opening a gap which would not soon be stopped. It is said that Rochester is in love with her." The report was fully justified. A few weeks after the divorce had been pronounced, Lady Essex was led a second time to the altar, to be united now to no mere boy, but to a powerful peer, the fondly cherished friend of his sovereign, and one of the handsomest men of his day. The ceremony was attended with every sign of homage and rejoicing. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the bench of bishops, and all the leading peers of the realm were present at the marriage. The bridegroom, in order that there should be no disparity between him and the late husband, was created Earl of Somerset. The young Countess, as she walked up the aisle of the Chapel Royal on the arm of the King, allowed her hair to fall unfettered to her waist as a proof of the innocent character of her former union, for to be "married in their hair" was a privilege only accorded to maidens. The Bishop of Bath and Wells performed the ceremony, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to pay all expenses. In the evening "a gallant mask of lords" took place in honor of the occasion. Every attention that servility and respect could inspire was lavished upon the newly wedded Earl and Countess. They were the recipients of the most magnificent presents. They were lavishly entertained by the Lord Mayor and aldermen at a splendid banquet in the City, their carriage was escorted through Cheapside by torchlight, amid the cheers of the mob, and their healths were drunk with vociferous applause. The members of Gray's Inn, disguised

* "State Papers, Domestic," June 23, 1613.

as hyacinths, jonquils, daffodils, and other flowers, performed a mask, especially written in their honor by the great Lord Bacon, before the King and a brilliant company. Masks, plays, and "wassailes," in commemoration of the event, followed each other in quick succession. Indeed, the national rejoicings could scarcely have been more marked had the heir-apparent to the throne taken unto himself a princess. Shortly after the honeymoon the Earl of Somerset settled himself in London, taking Sir Baptist Hicks's house in Kensington, which he sumptuously furnished.†

But a cloud was slowly springing up, which was to cast its black shadows over all this prosperity, and turn the future into hopeless gloom. Among the eminent men who then adorned the court of James, the name of Sir Thomas Overbury takes high rank. Though eclipsed by the fame of his more splendid contemporaries, his works were much read and admired; and even at the present day his poem of "The Wife" and his "Characters" will repay perusal by the curious. But apart from his literary fame, Overbury exercised considerable influence in the circles of the court from the soundness of his judgment, his knowledge of men and affairs, and his decision of character. He had, shortly after Carr's introduction into the society at Whitehall, struck up a warm friendship with the favorite. He was the young man's adviser-in-chief, his father-confessor, and the instigator of most of his actions. It was said that, indirectly, the knight was the sovereign of the country; for though Rochester ruled the King, it was Overbury who ruled Rochester. To the intrigue with the Countess of Essex, Overbury had raised no obstacle. Nay, he had even facilitated matters by helping the untutored Rochester to indite the love-letters he sent to his mistress. But, in the eyes of Overbury, there was a wide distinction between an intrigue with a divorced woman and a passion which would be satisfied with nothing less than honorable marriage. The keen man of the world was no stranger to the antecedents of Frances, Countess of Essex, and he felt assured that his friend would bitterly rue the day he made so fickle a dame his wife. Accordingly, he essayed all his efforts to dissuade the infatuated youth from his purpose, but in vain. Rochester was enslaved by the charms of the fascinating Countess, and swore that nothing in her past history should be regarded by him as an obstacle to marriage. High words broke out between the two friends. "Well, my lord," cried Overbury, at the close of a discussion, "if you do marry that filthy, base woman, you will utterly ruin your honor and yourself. You shall never do it by my advice or consent." Hot with rage, Rochester replied, "My own legs are straight and strong enough to bear me up, but, in faith, I will be even with you for this," and he indignantly turned upon his heel. The conversation took place in one of the galleries at Whitehall, and was overheard by two persons in an adjoining chamber, whose evidence became afterward of importance. On quitting his mentor, Rochester went straight to the King and begged that Overbury might be appointed to the vacant embassy at Moscow. We now learn that James, whether from jealousy of the influence exercised by the knight over Rochester, or from jealousy of the reputation that the author of the "Characters" enjoyed, or from whatever other cause, cordially disliked Overbury, and had long wanted to get rid of him at court.* He had refrained, however, from giving expression to this dislike, in order not to pain his cherished Carr, who he saw was devoted to the knight. But when he heard that it was the favorite himself who was suggesting the absence of Overbury from the country, he gladly acceded to the request, and at once made out the appointment. The treacherous Rochester, playing a double part, now resumed his intimacy with his former friend, pretended that he had forgotten the words that had passed between them, and when the offer of the diplomatic post was mentioned, strongly advised Overbury not to accept it. "If you be blamed or committed for it," said he, "care not; I will quickly free thee." Accordingly, the knight, who at first had been willing to go abroad, declared that "he could not and would not accept a foreign employment."† The King, worked upon by Rochester, vowed that such disobedience should meet with its deserts, and committed Overbury to the Tower. Here the unhappy man languished for months; he ardently begged for liberty; he implored the promised aid of the favorite. "Sir," he wrote to Somerset, "I wonder you have not yet found means to effect my delivery; but I remember you said you would be even with me, and so indeed you are. But assure yourself, my lord, if you do not release me, but suffer me thus to die, my blood will be required at your hands." All prayers and remonstrances were, however, useless. The health of the prisoner gave way; he was seized with frequent vomitings, and, after a confinement which lasted from May to the following October, he passed away in agonies. No one was permitted to view the corpse. A pit was dug within the precincts of the Tower, and into it the body, with the burial of a dog, was

* "State Papers, Domestic," November and December, 1613; January, 1614.

* "State Papers, Domestic," May 19, 1613.
† Ibid.

hastily thrown. "Nobody pities him," writes Chamberlain, of the dead man, who was noted for his arrogant and imperious demeanor to all with whom he came in contact, "and his own friends do not speak well of him." *

We pass over an interval of two years. The Earl and Countess of Somerset had been made man and wife, and were spending their time in the amusements of the hour, in frequent sojourns at their country-seat of Chesterford Park, whither the King sometimes went, and in buying paintings of the old masters for their town house at Kensington. My lord of Somerset was still the special favorite of his sovereign, though there were signs that his power was on the wane. Success and prosperity had made him insolent, and his enemies were longing for his downfall. His former vivacity had deserted him, his face looked worn, and those charms and graces which had been so specially attractive to James were now on the decline. He became dull, morose, and imperious. A handsome Leicestershire lad had lately been appointed cup-bearer to the monarch, and the courtiers recognized in the new arrival the successor to the favorite. And now dark rumors began to be circulated of foul play in the Tower. It was said that Overbury had not met with his death honestly; that one of the accomplices had confessed that the knight had for months been systematically poisoned, and that certain noble persons, deep in the intimacies of the throne, were gravely implicated in the matter. It was impossible that the affair could be hushed up. The King issued instructions to inquire into the case, the law officers of the Crown set to work with their investigations, and soon every detail touching the terrible deed was laid bare. It now transpired that the Countess of Somerset, infuriated against Overbury for the manner in which he had spoken of her, and, above all, for his having attempted to prevent the marriage between herself and her lover, had resolved to surround him when in the Tower with her creatures, and put him to death by poison. Her agents were examined, denied the charge, then fully confessed, and suffered penitently the extreme penalty of the law. Four persons were preëminently implicated—Richard Weston, Anne Turner, Sir Gervais Helwys, and James Franklin. Franklin was the apothecary who sold the poison; Helwys was the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was privy to the proceedings; Mrs. Turner—the introducer of starch into England—was the confidante of the Countess, who procured the poisons from Franklin; while Weston, as the jailer of the unhappy Overbury, was the agent appointed to administer the drugs to the prisoner. As none of these persons had any cause of resentment against Overbury, it was evident that they were only the instruments of others. Warrants were now issued for the arrest of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Lady Somerset was at her town house, and at once was taken to the Tower, where she implored her keepers not to confine her in the same cell as that in which Overbury had breathed his last. The King was at that time at Royston on a royal progress, and accompanied by Somerset. As the messenger arrived with the warrant, his Majesty, according to his custom, was lolling upon the favorite's neck and kissing him. "When shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again," he asked Somerset, who, unconscious of the writ issued against him, was on the point of quitting Royston for London. The favorite replied that he would return in a few days. The King then lolled about his neck and kissed him repeatedly. At this moment Somerset was arrested by the warrant of the Lord Chief Justice Coke. He started back indignantly, exclaiming that never was such an affront offered to a peer of England in the presence of his sovereign. "Nay, man," said the King, "if Coke were to send for me I should have to go." Then, as Somerset quitted the royal presence, the crafty James, who had been mainly instrumental in obtaining the warrant for the arrest of the favorite, and who now, wearied with the intimacy, was only too glad of an opportunity of effectually breaking it off, said aloud, "Now, the devil go with thee, for I will never see thy face any more!" Shortly after the departure of Somerset the Lord Chief Justice arrived at Royston. The King took him on one side and told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife that was ever committed; that they had made him their agent to carry on their amours and murderous designs, and therefore he charged the Chief Justice with all the scrutiny possible to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, however great, who was implicated in the affair. "God's curse," he cried, passionately, "be upon you and yours if you spare any of them! And God's curse be upon me and mine if I pardon any one of them!" *

The trial created the greatest sensation. All places of public business and amusement were deserted during the proceedings. Westminster Hall was crowded in every part from floor to roof. Seats were sold at enormous prices. Three hundred pounds of our money were given for a

* "State Papers, Domestic," October 14, 1613.

* "Court and Character of King James," by Sir A. Weldon, 1651.

corner which would scarcely contain a dozen persons. Sixty pounds for the two days during which the trial lasted was no unusual sum to be paid for the accommodation doled out to a small family party. No seat could be obtained for less than three pounds. The court opened at nine, but by six o'clock in the morning the doors in front of Westminster Hall were thronged by eager competitors for unreserved places. Beneath a cloth of estate at the upper end of the hall sat Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, as the Lord High Steward. Close to him stood Garter King-at-Arms, the Seal-Bearer and Black Rod, supported by the Sergeant-at-Arms. On either side of the High Steward sat the peers who constituted the court. The judges, clad in their scarlet robes, were collected in a row somewhat lower than the peers, the Lord Chief Justice occupying the most conspicuous position on the bench. At the lower end of the hall were the King's counsel, with Sir Francis Bacon, who then held office as Attorney-General, at their head. Separated from the counsel by a bar was a small platform on which the prisoners were to stand. In front of it stood a gentleman porter with an axe, who, when sentence of death was pronounced against a peer or peeress, turned its edge full upon the condemned.

Lady Somerset was the first to be put upon her trial. She was dressed "in black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs." She was deadly pale, but her terror only the more enhanced her bewitching beauty, which made a great impression upon the court. As she took her place she made three reverences to her judges. The Lord High Steward then explained the object of the proceedings, and it was noticed that, during the reading of the indictment, when mention was made of the name of Weston and of the part that he had played in the crime, the prisoner put her fan before her face, nor did she remove it until the reading of the indictment was ended. This preliminary over, the Clerk of the Crown, amid the most painful silence, asked:

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, art thou guilty of the felony and murder, or not guilty?"

In a low voice, "but wonderful fearful," the Countess, bowing to her judges, answered, "Guilty."

The Attorney-General now rose up and addressed the court in a few words. He congratulated the prisoner upon freely acknowledging her guilt; he eulogized the conduct of the King in seeking only the ends of justice; and he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess by quoting the words, "mercy and truth be met together." The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury were then read, the Lord Chief Justice declaring that they were so masterly that they "deserved to be written in a sunbeam." Again, the Clerk of the Crown put a question to the prisoner:

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, hold up thine hand. Whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty as accessory before the fact of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

"I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault," was the reply, in such low tones as scarcely to reach the ears of the High Steward. "I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the King."

There was a pause while the white staff was delivered to the presiding judge.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Lord High Steward, solemnly, "whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, pleaded guilty, and that thou hast nothing to say for thyself, it is now my part to pronounce judgment; only thus much before, since my lords have heard with what humility and grief you have confessed the fact, I do not doubt they will signify so much to the King and mediate for his grace toward you; but, in the mean time, according to the law, the sentence must be this, 'That thou shalt be carried from hence to the Tower of London, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul.'" She was then removed to her quarters in Raleigh's house in the garden of the Tower.

The proceedings had been very rapid. The court had opened at nine, and by eleven the prisoner had been condemned.* On the whole, the impression made by the Countess had been favorable. "Her carriage hath much commended her," writes one to Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador at the Hague,† "for before and after her condemnation she behaved so nobly and worthily as did express to the world she was well taught and had better learned her lesson." Chamberlain writes to the same: "She won pity by her sober demeanor, which, in my opinion, was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress, and yet she shed or made show of some tears divers times. She was used with more respect than is usual, nothing being aggravated against her by any circumstance, nor any invective used but only touching the main offense of murder; as likewise it was said to-day to be the King's pleasure that no odious or uncivil speeches should be given. The general opinion is that she shall not die, and many good words

* "State Papers, Domestic," May 25, 1616.
† Ibid.

were given to put her in hope of the King's mercy."* One Pallavicino, with the enthusiasm of his nation, comments upon the trial in quite an excited strain. "The first Friday wherein the lady was tried," he writes to our ambassador at the Hague,† "imagine you see one of the fairest, respective (*sic*), honorable, gracefullest proceedings for judgment, reverence, humbleness, discretion that ever yet presented itself to public view; the prisoner's behavior truly noble, fashioned to act a tragedy with so much sweetness, grace, and good form, as if all the Graces had heaped their whole powers to render her that day the most beloved, the most commiserated spectacle, and the best wished unto that ever presented itself before a scene of death. The modesty of confession in her shortened all legal openings of the cause; wrought the most courteous language from the attorney, Sir Francis Bacon, that his eloquence, favor, modesty, and judgment might afford; all, consequently, exacting from the Lord High Steward a judgment and sentence (harsh truly according to the law) but so sweetened by the deliverer that it is certainly affirmed death felt not her sting nor she knew at her departure to have been of the condemned."

Still, no little disappointment had been created by the course pursued by the fair culprit. It had not been expected that she would at once criminate herself by pleading guilty, and the Attorney-General, on the presumption that she would avow her innocence, had prepared an elaborate speech, which can be read in his works, eloquently inveighing against her sinful conduct. The proceedings, instead of being eminently sensational, had been dull and commonplace in the extreme. From the testimony of the accomplices who had recently expiated their crimes upon the gibbet, the public were well aware that the case presented features full of excitement. It was anticipated that the whole past life of the Countess would be laid bare—how she had flirted with Prince Henry; how, before her divorce, she had arranged stolen interviews with her lover in Paternoster Row; how she had availed herself of the philters and potions, the charms and immodest emblems, of the fashionable astrologer to attain her ends; how she had intrigued to surround Overbury in the Tower by her paid creatures; how she had sent him poisoned tarts and jellies: in short, it was expected that every detail in this drama of love and murder would be disclosed. And yet nothing fresh had been divulged; the vast audience had been gratified by a sight of the notorious criminal, but no highly spiced incident, as had been fondly hoped, had been brought forward for their horror or amusement. Those who had paid large sums for their seats did not consider they had received their money's worth.

Matters, however, looked more promising with the husband. On his imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, the Earl of Somerset assumed a threatening attitude. He declined to acknowledge the jurisdiction of his peers. He swore that he would not plead before the court. He had been advised to follow the example of his wife, to confess his guilt, to bow to the verdict, and to trust to the King for pardon. These he sternly refused to do; nay, he threatened that if he were brought face to face with his peers he would disclose matters which would prove most injurious to his Majesty. For a whole week frequent were the negotiations that were entered into between Somerset and the Crown, the King imploring the favorite to admit his crime, and to have no fear of the consequences; but still the prisoner maintained his morose and defiant air. At last, by a trick of the Lieutenant of the Tower, Somerset was induced to appear before his judges. He was told that if he only would present himself at Westminster Hall he would be permitted to return instantly again "without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you." By this shallow device he allowed himself to be entrapped, and on finding that he had been overreached, "recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his trial, where he held the company until seven at night." He was dressed in deep mourning, as if the sentence of the court had already plunged him into the grief of a widower. He wore "a plain black satin suit, laid with two satin laces in a seam; a gown of uncut velvet, lined with unshorn, all the sleeves laid with satin lace; a pair of gloves with satin tops; his George about his neck, his hair curled, his visage pale, his beard long, his eyes sunk in his head." On being called, he pleaded not guilty. It was feared that in his temper he would divulge matters which might gravely compromise the King. Two servants were accordingly placed on either side of him, with cloaks on their arms, and the prisoner was warned that if he uttered but a word against his Majesty these men had orders to muffle him instantly, drag him down, and hasten him off to the Tower. He would then be sentenced in his absence, and at once be put to death.

Into the details of the trial we shall not enter; never was the machinery of the law more flagrantly put in motion to bring in a verdict against a prisoner. Stripped of all technicalities, Somerset was accused of having incited the keeper of Sir Thomas Overbury to administer poison to his

* "State Papers, Domestic," May 29, 1616.
‡ Ibid.

prisoner. The administering of the drugs was thus stated: "Rose-acre, May 9, 1615; white arsenic, June 1; mercury sublimate in tarts, July 16; and mercury sublimate in a clyster, September 14, all in the same year." The Lord Chief Justice, with a partiality not often exhibited on the bench, employed his talents to prejudice the jury against the accused. Testimony that would have been of service to the prisoner was rejected. Hearsay evidence of the loosest character was freely admitted. The most important witnesses against Somerset were men who had been hanged for their crimes, and whom he could not cross-examine. After a whole day thus passed in burlesquing justice a verdict of guilty was brought in, and the quondam favorite was sentenced to death. Contemporary opinion was strongly opposed to the finding of the court. "The least country gentleman in England," writes the French ambassador at the Court of London, "would not have suffered for what the Earl of Somerset was condemned, and that if his enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty, for there was no convincing proof against him." "Some that were then at Somerset's trial," says another, "and not partial, conceived in conscience, and as himself says to the King, that he fell rather by want of well defending than by force of proofs." He was prosecuted, writes a third, because "King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place." The most probable view of this *cause célèbre* is that Somerset was perfectly innocent of any attempt at poisoning Overbury. He had been instrumental in confining his former friend in the Tower, and it had been his intention that the knight should be kept prisoner for some time; but we have no evidence that Somerset knew anything of the terrible vengeance which Lady Essex (for she was not then his wife) was wreaking upon the prisoner; on the contrary, what trustworthy evidence we possess is in his favor, for we find him giving orders that physicians were to see Overbury and report upon his health. Had he been cognizant of the plot to poison the prisoner, he would scarcely have dispatched those who, on investigation, might have detected the conspiracy. "Many believed," writes Weldon,* "the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be the soundest opinion."

It is unfortunate that the reports we possess of this famous trial are open to question. In the version in Howell's "State Trials" we are referred to no authorities, nor have we any evidence to the contrary that we are not studying a garbled account, furnished by those interested in condemning the prisoner. The reports of our earlier state trials were often prepared under the inspection of the law officers of the Crown, and sometimes were even revised by the sovereign himself; hence they give only a partial and one-sided view of what took place. "The course of proceeding in ancient times," writes Amos, who has made the legal aspect of this trial a special study,* "for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a sovereign, was somewhat after the following manner: Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only, as were criminative, were read before a judge removable at the will of the Crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under terror of fine and imprisonment. Speedily the Government published whatever account of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to 'press the consciences,' as it was called, of the condemned, in their cells and on the scaffold; and the transaction terminated with another Government *brochure*, full of dying contrition, and eulogy by the criminal on all who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows. In the mean while the Star Chamber, with its pillories, its S. L.s branded on the cheeks with a hot iron, its mutilations of ears, and ruinous fines, prohibited the unauthorized publication of trials, and all free discussion upon them, as amounting to an arraignment of the King's justice." Such compulsory testimony certainly does not inspire confidence.

Among the State Papers of this period is an account of this famous trial, which differs in many respects from the report to be found in the pages of Howell. In the manuscript we read nothing of that dispute between Somerset and Overbury in the galleries at Whitehall, relative to Lady Essex, which is so circumstantially related in Howell. From the manuscript we learn that Somerset relied greatly in his defense upon a letter written to him by Overbury to the effect that "a powder which he had received from the Earl had agreed with him, but that, nevertheless, he did not intend to take any more powders of the same kind." In Howell there is no mention of this letter. According to the manuscript, the apothecary in his examination is made to state that Somerset ordered him to write to the King's physician touching physic to

* "Court and Character of King James."

* "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," by Andrew Amos. A most curious and able work.

be given to Overbury. This is a circumstance favorable to Somerset, but is not to be found in Howell. The speech of the prisoner in his defense is given variously in the two accounts. In the manuscript Somerset attacks the credit of the witnesses hostile to him, and desires that "his own protestations on his oath, his honor, and his conscience should be weighed against the lewd information" of such miscreants. In Howell we have no trace of these observations. "It is obvious," writes Amos, "that such passages would be the most likely to be struck out by persons desirous of publishing a version of the proceedings which might diffuse an opinion among the public that one of the wickedest of men had been condemned after one of the fairest of trials and by one of the justest of prosecutions."

We have now to deal with the strange conduct of the King throughout this affair. What was the nature of the secret he feared Somerset might reveal? Why should orders have been given by the Lieutenant of the Tower to silence the prisoner and drag him away, did he say a word against the King? We learn that James was so nervous and restless throughout the day on which the favorite was tried, that he sent to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, and cursed all who came without tidings. He refused all food. What was the occasion of this anxiety? † One reason has been given which appears to answer the question more conclusively than other guesses. It has been suggested that the King himself had a share in the murder of Overbury. We know that James had a "rooted hatred" toward the knight; that he had been a coöperating party in the persecution; that he had enjoined the Privy Council to send Overbury to the Tower, and that he had turned a deaf ear to all petitions from the prisoner for release. He may have been cognizant of the plot of the Countess to poison Overbury, though unknown to her, and may have employed her guilt to screen his own purposes. We know that his own physician had attended upon Overbury during the latter part of his confinement, that this doctor was never called as a witness, and that the prescriptions he made out for the prisoner were never produced. We know that when foul work had been suspected, the King was among the busiest, the better to conceal his own agents, in prosecuting those accused of poisoning Overbury. We know that the proceedings against the Countess of Somerset were far from harsh, and that, in spite of the royal oath to the contrary, she received a full pardon. We know that the King used all his arguments to force the Earl of Somerset to plead guilty and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Crown, when he would have nothing more to fear. If Lord and Lady Somerset were guilty, and the King not implicated in the matter, what is the meaning of those communications between James and Carr when the latter was in the Tower? What is the meaning, in the face of the solemn promise to Coke, of a full pardon being granted to the guilty couple? But if the King had given instructions, independently of and unknown to Lady Somerset, to make an end of Overbury, nothing is more probable than that the favorite, at that time the bosom friend of the Crown, would have been informed of the design. Acquainted with this plot within a plot, Somerset on the day of his trial might have disclosed matters which would have caused a far bolder man than James to tremble. It is not surprising, therefore, if the surmise be correct, that the King was terribly nervous throughout the hours the favorite was before the court. Nor is there anything in the life of James to render this suspicion unjustifiable. The first Stuart on the English throne was a true son of the vicious beauty, his mother. He was a hard, cruel, weak, degraded creature. In the opinion of several of his sober contemporaries, he was addicted to heathenish practices. There were dark stories about his having poisoned his own son, the popular Prince Henry. He immured Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, under the harshest restrictions. He proved himself utterly destitute of feeling in his conduct toward his kinswoman, the ill-fated Arabella Stuart. A career thus sullied is capable of any crime; and when suspicion points the finger, and raises its accusing voice, saying, "Thou art the man," posterity can not be considered hasty or vindictive in giving credence to the charge.

After an imprisonment of some years in the Tower, a full pardon was granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset. ‡ The guilty beauty and the exiled favorite passed the remainder of their life in seclusion, and it is said in mutual estrangement. One daughter was born to them, the Lady Anne, who afterward became the mother of that Lord William Russell who, endowed with virtues his grandparents never possessed, met the fate from which they had been spared.

ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD (*The Gentleman's Magazine*).

† "State Papers, Domestic," May 31, 1616.

‡ "State Papers, Domestic," January 17, 1622.

THE BRADLAUGH CONTROVERSY.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

THREE months ago it was possible to write the following words: "The best example of a commonwealth which has lost its catholic perfection without losing its traditional but imperfect Christianity, and has at the same time returned in great part to the natural order—that is, to the truths of natural religion and to the four cardinal virtues—may be said to be the British Empire."

But this British Empire was not the primitive Catholic monarchy of Alfred, in which church and state were inseparable, and councils and parliaments sat simultaneously.

It was not the English monarchy of Henry VII, in which, at least in public law, the unity of our spiritual and civil life was as yet unbroken.

It was not the monarchy of Elizabeth, of which Hooker could still write in his pleasant dream that church and state were coincident, and every member of the one was a member of the other.

It was not the monarchy of the Stuarts or of William III, in which whole classes of men were excluded from civil rights and from legislative powers because of nonconformity with the legalized form of Christianity.

Neither was it the British Empire of George IV, when civil rights and legislative powers were thrown open to Catholics and Protestants, who for three centuries had endured proscription and persecution, to fine, imprisonment, and death, for their Christian conscience.

Nor, lastly, was it the monarchy and empire of Victoria, when civil rights and legislative powers were extended in full to all who, believing in the divine and imperishable theism of the Hebrew commonwealth, gave their allegiance, under the same divine sanctions, to the Christian empire of Great Britain.

Hitherto the British Empire has rested upon a twofold divine base, both natural and supernatural. It was built up by our Saxon, Norman, and English forefathers, first upon the unity of Christendom: next even they who saw this unity wrecked, or had a hand in wrecking it, preserved of the Law Christian all that it was still possible to save. Our old jurists used to say that "Christianity was part and parcel of the law of England"; and our feather-headed political doctors ridiculed as bigotry a dictum which has created Christendom. They no doubt had never studied the incorporation of the Christian into the Imperial law, and to take one only instance, they were probably unconscious how the Christian law of marriage in its unity and indissolubility changed the face of the Roman world; and equally unconscious how to this day the same Christian and Catholic law is the law of England notwithstanding the legal dissolutions of the Divorce Court.

But lying deep below this Christian foundation of our empire there are the lights and the laws of the natural order: the truths known to man by the light of reason and by the instincts of humanity. The whole civil society of men in all its ages, apart from the commonwealth of Israel, the monarchies of Assyria and Persia, the liberties of Greek civilization, the imperial law and sway of old Rome, all alike rested upon the theism of the natural order.

I may be asked what is this theism of the natural order. I answer: that God exists; that he is good, wise, just, and almighty: that he is our Lawgiver and our Judge; that his law, both eternal and positive, is the rule of our life; that we have reason by which to know it in its dictates of truth and of morals; that this law binds us in duties to him, to ourselves, and to all men; that this law is the sanction of all personal, domestic, social, civil, and political life: in a word, without God there is no society of man, political, social, or domestic. Society springs from God, and lives by his pervading will. Deny the existence of God, and nine thousand affirmations are no more than nineteen or ninety thousand words. Without God there is no lawgiver above the human will, and therefore no law; for no will by human authority can bind another. All authority of parents, husbands, masters, rulers, is of God. This is not all. If there be no God, there is no eternal distinction of right and wrong; and if not, then no morals; truth, purity, chastity, justice, temperance are names, conventions, and impostures.

There are two conditions possible to men and empires. The one is the order of nature with its recognition of God, with its lights of reason and conscience, its laws and morality, its dictates of conscience and of duty, its oaths and sanctions of fidelity and truth. On this rested the great empires of the old world. It is the order of nature, but it is also divine. There is another condition possible to individual men, and therefore, though hardly, to multitudes—that is, the state in which God and morality have passed out of the life and soul of man. This condition is not divine, nor is it natural, nor is it human. I read its description in an inspired writer, and

he says that such men are as the irrational creatures, the ἄλογα* who in the things they know naturally in these they corrupt themselves.

But this is not the order of nature as God made it. In creating man he created human society from its first outlines of domestic life to its full imperial grandeur as the world has seen it in Rome, and we see it now in the Greater Britain. Where the lights and the laws of nature and conscience and morals are lost, men become herds or hordes, but are civilized men no longer.

Sir William Blackstone, after quoting Sir Edward Coke as saying, "The power and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it can not be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds," goes on to say: "It can transcend the ordinary course of laws; it can regulate the succession of the crown; it can alter the established religion of the land; it can change and create afresh the constitution of the kingdom. . . . So that it is a matter most essential to the liberties of this kingdom that such members be delegated to this important trust as are most eminent for their probity, their fortitude, and their knowledge; for it was a known apothegm of the great Lord Treasurer, Burghley, that England could never be ruined but by a Parliament." Judge Blackstone further quoted the President Montesquieu, who foretold that, "as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberty and perished, so the constitution of England will in time lose its liberty and will perish: it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive." †

The purity of Parliament depends therefore upon the eminent probity, fortitude, and knowledge of its members. And these qualities are tested, so far as is in man, by the oath or solemn declaration of allegiance by which every man intrusted with a share in the supreme power of legislation binds himself by a sanction higher than that of any mere human authority to be faithful to the commonwealth. The oath of the Catholic members of Ireland, and of the Christian members of England and Scotland, and the affirmation of the members of the Hebrew religion, and the affirmation of the members for Birmingham and for Manchester, all alike bind their conscience by the highest sanctions of the divine law. So also, if there be any who, resting, as many in the last century did rest, on the theism of the old world, and on the lights and laws of nature, affirm their probity and their allegiance under the sanctions which trained the *prisca virtus* of the Roman commonwealth, of such men, under the obligations of the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, enforced by the dictates of natural conscience and the eternal laws of morals, we feel sure. Their build and make is natural and human, in conformity with the common sense and patriotic traditions of the Christian civilization of Europe, by which they were created, and by which they are sustained, in a higher moral life than a defective belief can account for.

And such, three months ago, was the mixed foundation of the British Empire, a mingled system of gold and silver, brass and iron, and the good honest clay of the order of human nature as God made it, with its rights and laws, like our English mother earth, in which our secular oaks root deep and outlive generations and dynasties, but not the monarchy of England.

Thus far I have heard from my forefathers, and understood the English Constitution. It has a basis of two strata, both divine: the one the Law Christian, the other the law of nature.

It knows nothing of a race of sophists who, professing to know nothing about God, and law, and right and wrong, and conscience, and judgment to come, are incapable of giving to Christian or to reasonable men the pledges which bind their moral nature with the obligations necessary for the command of fleets and armies, and legislatures and commonwealths. Men will not intrust to them the august and awful powers of Parliament described by Lord Coke. The dearest and tenderest and most vital interests of life and home and welfare depend upon legislation. Ten thousand times rather would I vote for an upright member of the Hebrew race, whose commonwealth stands in history as the noblest and most human, as well as the most divine, government of man, than for the young gentlemen who can not make up their mind whether God exists or no, or whether in the body they adorn and pamper there be a soul which will have to answer for all they have culpably done, and all they have culpably failed to know.

When Parliament, to meet the scruples of those who so firmly believed in the Majesty of God that they doubted the lawfulness of adjuring him by way of oath, relieved them by accepting a declaration, it rested its act on its profound belief of the reverence and fidelity of the Society of Friends to the Divine Lawgiver whom they feared to offend.

But let no man tell me that this respectful confidence is to be claimed by our agnostics.

Much less by those, if such there be, who, sinking by the inevitable law of the human mind below the shallowness and timidity of agnosti-

* 2 S. Peter ii. 12; S. Jude 10.

† Blackstone's "Commentaries," by Robert Malcolm Kerr, vol. i, pp. 128, 129.

cism, plunge into the great deep of human pride, where the light of reason goes out, and the outer darkness hides God, his perfections, and his laws.

No law of England has intrusted the powers of legislation to such men. Parliament has never yet weighed and voted the following resolution: "That the British Empire, having ceased to be Catholic, ceased to be Christian, and ceased even to be theistic, has descended below the level of the order of nature and the political civilization of the cultured and imperial races of the pagan world." We Englishmen still believe that it rests upon a level which the old world in all its demoralization never reached. The French pantomime of the last century voted out and voted in the "Supreme Being." *Delicta majorum immeritus lues.* The French people of to-day have no tradition and no basis. It was one of their own wisest sons who said, "*Sans Dieu point de société.*" Where God and the unity of his divine law cease to reign, there can be no commonwealth.

But Parliament has never yet made such a law. There still stands on our statute-book a law which says that to undermine the principles of moral obligation is punishable by forfeiture of all places of trust;* but there is no law which says that a man who publicly denies the existence of God is a fit and proper person to sit in Parliament, or a man who denies the first laws of morals is eligible to make laws for the homes and domestic life of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A by-vote like that which shut the door of the House of Commons against Horne Tooke because he was a clergyman has furtively opened the door to one whose notoriety relieves me of an odious duty. But Parliament has not yet confirmed that by-vote, and the moral sense of this great people has not yet been asked. And yet it has been heard; and I trust that there is still left in our statesmen at least the probity and the courage of Roman senators. One by-vote of a party majority, if not reversed, will lower for ever the basis of the British Empire. The evil it has wrought would be complete. It has laid down for ever that for the highest offices of man—namely, the making laws for man—it is no longer necessary for a man to be Catholic or Christian, or Jew or theist. He may publicly deny and profane all these things. He may deny the existence of God, and therefore of divine law, and therefore of all law except the human will and human passion. But as yet no statute of the Legislature has declared such men to be eligible to Parliament.

If, however, this by-vote be accepted, Lord Burghley's forecast will be on the horizon. England will begin to be destroyed by its Parliament.

CARDINAL MANNING (*Nineteenth Century*).

* 9 & 10 Will. III, c. 32. Kerr's "Blackstone," iv, 34, 35, note.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND HIS OPPONENTS.

THE Bradlaugh controversy has at the moment of my writing ceased to occupy general attention. Its future, if it is to have a future, will depend upon the course of the legal proceedings. Meanwhile, however, it has led to certain illustrations of contemporary sentiment upon which I may venture to say a few words. The true issue presented is the perfectly simple one—Should an open avowal of atheism disqualify a man from a seat in Parliament? This question has, indeed, been mixed up with two others: whether, namely, Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of good character—which is a question for his constituents; and whether the present state of the law excludes him from Parliament—which is a question for the judges. On the first of these questions I have nothing to say; and, in regard to the other, I need only remark that when the legal question has been settled by competent authority the question will still remain whether the present state of the law is desirable or otherwise. If Mr. Bradlaugh is inadmissible, the barrier which keeps him out may be removed; and if, on the other hand, he is admissible, it may be, and indeed it already has been, proposed to erect new barriers. Now, the general principle is admitted on all hands that a man should not be excluded from Parliament on the ground of his religious opinions, and it would be needless, at the present day, to go over the familiar arguments by which this principle is supported. It is urged, however, that an exception should be made in the case of avowed atheism; and it is this proposal, or rather the mode in which it is defended, which suggests a few remarks.

And here, in the first place, the singularly narrow character of the proposal is noticeable. No proposal is made to exclude atheists as such. An atheist who holds his tongue, and who has no difficulty about pronouncing a formula which is for him merely a set of empty words, may be admitted without difficulty. Nor can it be fairly said that such atheists are to be admitted simply because their atheism can not be proved, as we assume that a man is innocent whose guilt can not be established so as to satisfy a court of justice. If there were a serious desire to exclude atheists from Parliament, the straightforward and obvious method would be to propose a new test. Let every man qualify himself by a public declaration of his belief in God. If such a test were

carried it would exclude conscientious atheists, and would be a stumbling-block even to those who were not conscientious; a public profession of a faith which they were known to reject would clearly be a difficulty, if only on the ground of their reputation among their supporters. But no one has dared to propose such a test. The only method suggested for excluding atheists is the ingeniously illogical bill of which notice was given by Sir Eardley Wilmot. Since, it is said, Christianity is part of the common law, a man is to be disqualified, not for being un-Christian, not even for being an atheist, but for publicly attacking a belief in theism. It is quite clear, therefore, that even the most violent of Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents do not propose to put the slightest difficulty in the way of atheists unless they are atheists who have defended their opinions in public. No difficulty is thrown in the way of atheism itself, but at most in the way of overt and aggressive atheism. And that which gives point to this consideration is the notoriety of the fact that atheists of a different type have been, and probably still are, members of Parliament. Nobody dares to attack them, though everybody knows that they exist, and though the weapon for attack lies ready at hand.

Some persons, it is true, may be daring enough to deny the fact of their existence. I have never yet been able to discover any fact which people will not deny if it is supposed to be an awkward fact for theists; but I can hardly imagine anybody denying this statement with a grave face out of the pulpit or in any atmosphere accessible to the influence of common sense. Reputable speakers referred with all due decorum to the case of John Stuart Mill; and certainly it was a strong case in its way. The only thing which appears strange to me is that any allegation of specific cases should be necessary. There is something audacious about the tacit assumption that an atheist is so rare an animal that he can only be discovered by a careful search into the annals of the past. There is, of course, a sense in which atheism is rare, and has been declared by serious thinkers to be impossible; I mean the dogmatic assertion that there is no God in any of the meanings in which that word can be used. I am not aware that even Mr. Bradlaugh would make any such statement. But if atheism be used to express the state of mind in which God is identified with the unknowable, and theology is pronounced to be a collection of meaningless words about unintelligible chimeras, then I have no doubt, and I think few people doubt, that atheists are as plentiful as blackberries. I am quite sure that the highest authorities in the Church are never tired of lamenting the growth of atheistic principles, and that philosophers of one school are never tired of arguing against atheism. I can not suppose that all these learned persons are belaboring an imaginary adversary; or that there are such mysterious entities as widely spread principles which are yet the principles of no concrete persons; or, finally, that members of Parliament are selected exclusively from the believing part of mankind. It would not be right, and I certainly do not think that it can be necessary, to cite any private information upon such a matter. I may, however, say without offense that, being myself an agnostic (for reasons which I need not here discuss I do not consider myself to be an atheist), and having had the honor of talking to a good many members of Parliament, I have certainly not found them incapable of sympathizing with my opinions. Occasionally, it is true, their views might be most fitly expressed by the words of a most honorable and active-minded gentleman, of whom I once asked what he thought about the great question of theology. "I have never," he replied, with admirable frankness, "been able to bring my mind to take the slightest interest in the subject." Nobody could be keener in discussing political and social problems; but he considered theology to be as obsolete and idle a study as astrology. This happy indifference may or may not be enviable; it is certainly not uncommon. But at any rate I will venture to give as my guess, that such members of Parliament as condescend to deal in theological questions have very much the opinions of the ordinary cultivated Englishman. They are much too respectable, as a rule, to say anything shocking to their clergy or to their wives; but if they are not saturated to the core with the opinions which clergymen denounce as atheism and materialism, my experience must have been of the most exceptional kind.

I am not disposed, however, to labor a point which every candid person will admit. Open atheism is not common in decent English society. But a radically skeptical frame of mind in regard to theology is so common that the opposite state of mind is fast becoming the exception; and I have no fear of being contradicted when I say that a majority of the House of Commons is either infidel or sublimely tolerant of infidelity. To try to purify such an assembly by excluding one or two men who have chosen to speak their minds openly is to try to preserve the health of a town by forbidding the entry of small-pox patients unless they wear a mask. The advocates of such a plan might boast of their regard for decency, but they had better be silent as to their respect for the laws of health.

The simple truth is that, so far as the objection to Mr. Bradlaugh is sincere, it is not an ob-

jection to his atheism simply, but to the offense which he has given by his way of proclaiming his various unpopular opinions. The honest, stupid part of the church-going public feels that it has been insulted, and is simply anxious to revenge itself upon the insulter. Nothing can be more intelligible, and, in its way, the sentiment is entitled to a certain sort of respect. But I will not waste words upon pointing out its utter irrelevance. If Mr. Bradlaugh has maintained doctrines generally regarded as immoral, that is no reason for punishing him on a totally different ground. It is like flogging a man for picking pockets because you suspect him of being unkind to his wife. It is equally illogical to disqualify him for his opinions simply because his mode of uttering them has been offensive. Nobody would seriously propose a test for keeping out men who uttered opinions in an offensive manner. You, therefore, try to keep out a man for uttering them at all, though you know that the test will be utterly ineffective against numbers who really entertain them, and where effective will be just as effective against the most respectful and sincere reasoner as against the most blatant and insulting. The general repugnance to Mr. Bradlaugh's mode of expressing himself explains the general desire to throw stones at him, but is anything but a justification of a random stone-throwing.

I will not dwell further upon this because the honest objection to Mr. Bradlaugh requires no explanation, and is not the most significant objection. There never was, and probably never will be, a time when the persecution of unpopular sentiments will not commend itself to plenty of hot-headed ignorant bigots. But there is another kind of opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh which I find it difficult to call honest, and which is in need of a little more explanation. The secret is not very profound; but it may as well be openly revealed. I speak of the really intelligent persons who have joined in the cry and done their best to stimulate the passions of stupider and more sincere people. His ablest opponents know quite as well as I do that the House of Commons is not a body composed exclusively of sincere theologians. They don't really want to keep atheists out of it by any of their clumsy contrivances, for they know perfectly well that no test which they can devise will have meshes close enough to keep out shoals of unbelievers. Moreover, it is hard seriously to believe that they care very much for the interests of theological belief, for it requires a considerable stretch of charity to suppose that they have much of the article themselves. What, one would really like to ask, do the smart journalists and eloquent orators who are declaiming against atheism mean by theism? If they uttered their real sentiments, would they not shock their supporters pretty much as decidedly as Mr. Bradlaugh himself? Nothing is easier than to say, I believe in God; and to proceed to explain that God means X. A very cursory familiarity with theological works would suffice to show how easy it is for persons to agree upon a common symbol to which each section may attribute its own meaning. If any one wishes for an effective illustration of the process, he may turn to the first "Provincial Letters" in which Pascal explains how, by the adoption of a common phrase, Dominicans and Jesuits gave apparent unanimity to their attack upon the Jansenists. But even if the Jesuits were as black as Pascal painted them, I doubt whether they sanctioned a more radically disingenuous trick than Mr. Bradlaugh's assailants. We all believe in God, they say, and you do not. Therefore we all have at least one article of faith in common. That you all have a word in common is undeniable; but I should very much like to know what common state of mind is indicated by the word. It has been maintained by many theologians that all heathens are atheists, because the gods in whom the heathen believe are beings entirely different from the true God. And the argument is so far sound that it illustrates the enormous variety of opinions covered by the single word theism. One man says that he believes in God, and explains that by God he means the universe. You are not a theist, replies the orthodox, but a pantheist, and a pantheist is simply an atheist in disguise. A Manichee believes in a good God, but thinks that there is also a bad God. You, too, are an atheist, says the orthodox, for you explicitly deny the existence of one Supreme Being. A polytheist believes in any number of gods; but it is abundantly clear that a finite being, of doubtful moral qualities, is not entitled to be called God simply because he is supposed to be, as a general rule, invisible. The believer in a "personal God" generally declares that all other theism is a belief in a mere metaphysical abstraction which is as good as belief in nothing; and the deist explains that to believe in a personal God is to believe in a finite Infinite, or, in other words, in a contradiction in terms, and can not, therefore, be a genuine belief in anything. By what conceivable right do the people who hold the most varying and virtually contradictory theories of the universe consider themselves to form a unit for the purpose of condemning Mr. Bradlaugh, simply because they agree upon the use of a single sound?

This argument, familiar enough, and lying on the very surface of the question, becomes still more effective when one looks for an instant

at its political bearing. We do not object, it is said, to a man's speculative opinions (whatever they may mean); but we think that an atheist can not be trusted in political matters. Now, I certainly hold that a man's religion, if it be a genuine religion, is pretty certain to affect his views in every other capacity of life. I entirely disbelieve in the possibility of a man's dividing his mind into two separate compartments, and keeping his religious faith in one and his political in another. But I should like to know what is the community of political faith implied in the acceptance of theism? Is it not a notorious fact that there is no common ground whatever? Theism and Catholicism, say some ardent believers, Cardinal Newman among others, are undoubtedly associated by an absolute logical necessity. A man, therefore, who is a genuine theist is bound in the interests of theism to support the rights of the Catholic Church. As a theist I will vote for anything that increases its power. No, replies a Protestant, I believe in a God who inspires my conscience and who inspired the Bible; and that God tells me that the Pope is Antichrist, and the Catholic Church the greatest enemy to all that I hold dear. My theism teaches me to vote for anything that will restrain its power. My God, says the deist, is a God who speaks to man at large, not to any particular sect; and the audacious attempt of priests and churches to monopolize God is simple blasphemy. My theism, therefore, teaches me to oppose every variety of priest or church. Since I believe in God, says the legitimist, I believe in the divine right of kings and the indefeasible authority of the old order. Since I believe in God, says Rousseau, I believe in the absolute and indefeasible rights of man, and regard kings and priests as cheats and tyrants. I believe in God, says one eloquent and able writer, and that belief is my only guarantee for a belief in progress, for progress must be the rule in a divinely ordered world. We believe in God, reply a whole chorus of ardent theists, and that belief enables us to endure the spectacle of a world forgetting God and growing daily more corrupt in consequence; for our God has ordered us to seek for comfort in a world radically different from this. One man finds in theism the only safeguard for the rights of property and the sanctity of the family. Another thinks that theism implies communism, and on the strength of his faith preaches the most directly revolutionary doctrines. The teaching by which Mr. Bradlaugh has given the deepest offense is no doubt associated with atheism; and it is natural enough that assault upon old beliefs should be associated with assault upon the old morality and the old social order. But there are abundant illustrations of the fact that the most startling attacks upon all that we are agreed to hold sacred may be made under cover or in virtue of a vigorous and fanatical theology. Antinomianism in various forms is one of the natural embodiments of such a belief.

What, then, is it which the antagonists of Mr. Bradlaugh are really anxious to defend? If we will not allow dust to be thrown into our eyes, and proceed to cross-examine these energetic theists, what common ground can we find in their creed? You "believe in God"? Good; and what do you mean by God and by belief? The only answer is a very literal "For God's sake, hold your tongue!" But I decline to hold my tongue, and, as I know, for excellent reasons, that I shall have no answer, I shall venture to supply one myself. Of course it is grossly unfair to impute opinions to anybody, and I will freely admit that the creed which I am about to expound is not entertained by any person who disavows it. It is certainly not a creed which men care to confess; and perhaps it is not one which men care to hold consciously. I only say that it is one which a great many people ought to hold, and especially which many of Mr. Bradlaugh's angriest assailants ought to hold, if they had the courage to look into their own minds. It is briefly this: There *may* be a God. Who would be fool enough to deny a proposition so obviously transcending all our means of knowledge, so easily convertible to the purposes of any school of thought, and the denial of which is so unpopular? But one thing is perfectly certain, namely, that if there be a God he has nothing to do with politics. In theory we may believe what we please, in practice we must behave—as Butler says in regard to freedom and necessity—as though God did not exist. If anybody doubts whether this is a popular creed, he may try one or two simple tests. He may ask, for example, the old question, What kind of reception Jesus Christ would meet if he were to appear in the nineteenth century? What would modern reviewers make of St. Paul's Epistles if they were to come out as a new book? If a preacher of some form of communism, an advocate of Dives against Lazarus, a prophet of a new order subversive of all settled ideas, were to be shot or transported for sedition to-morrow, there would of course be a general chorus of approval. It would be equally a matter of course that any pretension from the assailants of order to supernatural powers, or a story of a prophet seen after his death by five hundred believers in Colorado, would be set down as the rankest superstition, and treated to the most caustic ridicule in the power of smart journalists. Though there are a few Methodists and ignorant miracle-mongers in

the higher classes who are still in the state of mind in which such legends take root, nobody doubts what is the view of ordinary men of sense about all such matters. I fully agree, for my part, with the men of sense, though I should think them strangely inconsistent if I supposed for an instant that they really applied different canons of belief to the superstitions of to-day and to superstitions two thousand years old. The God which interferes after the old fashion is a God in whom the modern mind can only believe by a special *tour de force*. But this is a trifle, which I only notice by way of illustration.

Theism, in fact, seems to mean as a general rule one of two things—either it means attachment to some particular church, to some visible society which is held to be the privileged organ of divine influence; or else it means the rather vague and malleable belief, entertained in some form or other by many men of high principles and generous sympathy, in some kind of providential superintendence of human affairs. Such a belief rather shrinks from any definite dogmatic form, and is apt to melt imperceptibly into certain analogous doctrines as to evolution and progress. Now, I need not say that theism of the former kind is held only by those antagonists of Mr. Bradlaugh who represent the more bigoted variety of Catholicism. The men of whom I am now speaking reject that form of belief as explicitly as the most thoroughgoing atheist. They regard it as an outworn superstition, though probably as one which may be occasionally useful. And it is the simplest mode of expressing their general attitude of mind to say that they reject the other form of theism with even more indignant contempt. For theism in this sense is used to sanction the doctrine which I should maintain upon different grounds — that every sound political theory must embody a high moral sentiment, and go along with a sincere respect for the rights of human beings and a sincere desire to promote the progress of the race. Now, it is, as it seems to me, the special characteristic of many of Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents that they treat such doctrines with their whole resources of scornful rhetoric. They regard the advocates of such principles as theorists, ideologists, and, to use the word which sums up the worst of all imputations in their vocabulary, as sentimentalists. They implicitly and elaborately deny that morality in this wide sense ought ever to be considered by a politician. He ought, perhaps, to be faithful to his fellows and to observe his agreements, but he should laugh at the very notion of applying moral ideas to international relations. They would think any man a madman who should seriously believe that the Rhine would be dried up to allow the passage of Prussian armies. They would hold with equal confidence that any man was a thorough fool who held that Bismarck or Napoleon was likely to come to a bad end because his policy was rooted in contempt for human rights or justice. They implicitly maintain that force and fraud are still the cardinal virtues in the affairs of nations, and the most likely qualities to meet with the blessings of success. To get on in the world a people ought to brag about its greatness, and to hoot down any one who dares to put in a word for humanity. A nation which should be foolish enough to stay its hand, to refrain from crushing a savage tribe or supporting a corrupt tyranny from any silly scruples of morality, is a nation already marked by political decrepitude.

I have listened to so many eloquent orations of this kind that I do not think that I am caricaturing their substance. Of course, some flourishes about patriotism and public spirit are thrown in here and there to still the foolish scruples of British morality. But so far as I can understand the preaching it comes pretty much to this: that God, if there be such a being, helps those who help themselves; that helping themselves means trampling upon others; and that the character which really pleases Providence is that which collects the strongest battalions and uses them with the most sovereign disregard of all other people's interests. As the old woman said of the devil, if this is the way in which Providence behaves I don't see much use in keeping a Providence at all. That people who really hold such opinions at the bottom of their hearts, and are not ashamed to confess them as openly and fully as they dare, should really turn up their noses at Bradlaugh because he says that he does not believe in a God, appears to me to be one of the most singular of contemporary phenomena. Can they point to a single contingency in which the existence of God requires to be taken into account in forming an opinion? If not, why do they make such a fuss about such a trifle?

The answer, I take it, is plain enough. But, before giving it, one further remark must be made. If Mr. Bradlaugh is to be excluded for atheism, it seems to be a necessary assumption that his exclusion is likely to discourage atheism. Of course, the simple, hot-headed bigots do not stop to consider that question. They simply lower their heads and run at the red rag without ever asking whether they are likely to trample it under foot or to help it to rise higher than before. But the more intelligent opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh are too wise for this. They know so well what is the true state of the case that it would be an insult to their sagacity to advance elaborate arguments. They know, as well as I can tell them, that, if all the secularists and atheists in the king-

dom had been asked how to advance their opinions, they could not have devised a better scheme than the Bradlaugh agitation. No reasonable person even affects to doubt for a single instant that Mr. Bradlaugh has succeeded beyond his expectations, if, as some people have said, it is his object to obtain a thoroughly effectual advertisement. Upon this point there is simply no room for argument. I sincerely regret the agitation, because I do not like to see questions of this kind carried into the arena of heated popular passions, and the most important of all controversies tainted by a flavor of vulgarity. But I will venture to say that one good result is likely to arise from it, namely, that a man who is an atheist will henceforward be less ashamed to call himself an atheist. An atheist will now mean a man who dares to speak out, and whose plain speaking has exposed him to some degree of persecution, and yet of persecution which everybody feels to be supremely ridiculous. As an advocate of free thinking I am pleased to see any opinion which is honestly held gain a better opening for direct utterance. But one can hardly suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents share my view; and yet they are fully aware of the necessary consequences of the line which they have taken. They have done what lay in them to advertise the existence of a numerous body of atheists, and to make that body less afraid of public prejudice than it ever was before.

And now I may return to the question, What is the secret of this antagonism? Mr. Bradlaugh's intelligent opponents have no real prejudice against his atheism, however much they may dislike some other doctrines which he has maintained; they would not dislike it if it were openly expressed by such a man as Mr. J. S. Mill; they do not believe that any measures which they propose are likely to purify the House of Commons from the taint of infidelity; their belief in God is to all appearance a belief in nothing but a set of words, and is compatible with an intense aversion to the application of theology generally valued by sincere believers; and, finally, they know perfectly well that they are not discouraging atheism or Mr. Bradlaugh's influence in the country. What, then, do they really mean? Undoubtedly clever men often do very stupid things, especially when they are blinded by hate; and I can give these gentlemen credit for hating Mr. Bradlaugh very heartily; he rejects a good many shibboleths which have more value in their eyes than a belief in God. But there is another element in the feeling which I take to be more potent, and which is more reconcilable with their general sagacity. If they hate Mr. Bradlaugh, they hate Mr. Gladstone with a sevenfold hatred. They see a chance of damaging him and his Government for the time; and, for anything I know, their calculation may in this respect be well founded. It gives them at any rate a lively pleasure to insult Mr. Gladstone personally, and to insult him on a specially tender point. Whatever weaknesses he may have, nobody has a right to doubt, or does in fact doubt, the sincerity of his religious convictions. Mr. Gladstone is clearly a sincere theist and Christian. It is, therefore, specially delightful to be able to couple him with the man who is most conspicuous in his assault upon Christianity and respectability. It is charming to see "Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Gladstone" printed in large letters upon a placard, to force the ardent believer to walk about arm-in-arm with the audacious atheist and to feel that if you throw mud at one of the pair you are tolerably certain to splash the other. I do not mean to assert that this is a mere personal antipathy, though, to say the truth, the intense bitterness exhibited seems at times to imply that it is not entirely free from some such element. But Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly the type of much that is most vigorously hated by a large party in the country, or at least in the upper classes. His antagonists must have been almost disposed to believe in Providence, if so absurd an hypothesis ever enters their minds, when they saw the chance provided for them of blackening the character of the Minister on the one side on which it might have been held to be absolutely unassailable. And, at any rate, this was obviously a question which required delicate handling to avoid shocking the sensibilities of respectable classes. The natural function of an opposition is to make every stumbling-block for a Ministry as difficult as possible without regard to consequences. One can not wonder that the present Opposition should snatch this opportunity, however paltry may be the excuse. I remember that dirty little boys at Cambridge used to smear the gates through which one was to pass with filth, in order that they might get a penny for opening them. That is an application in a humble sphere of the regular tactics of an Opposition, and I dare say that the people who call themselves practical politicians will regard it as fair-play. For my part I am inclined to consider it in this case as a piece of contemptible hypocrisy, and I hope that the not very profound artifice may before long be seen in its true light even by the general public.

This, in fact, seems to me to be the only aspect of the question which is really deserving of serious notice. Persecution in any serious sense is quite out of the question. Nobody will dare to persecute atheists or agnostics; they have too many friends in the opposite camp. Nobody will dare for long even to keep them out

of Parliament, if exclusion from Parliament is to be considered by anybody in the light of a persecution. In one way or other the difficulty will doubtless be surmounted, and no harm worth mentioning will have been done to anybody. But I confess that I am moved to a certain indignation when I see a union between cynics and hypocrites; when the good, honest, blundering bigotry which still survives in the English race is used as a cat's-paw by rancorous partisans who, for their own part, neither fear God nor regard the devil, but who manage to pull a long face and talk with edifying solemnity about the wicked atheist as long as they can stimulate the wrath of their dull allies. I am ready, for the sake of argument, to take the valuation of Mr. Bradlaugh's character which commends itself to his most violent opponents. I will suppose him to be a coarse demagogue, preaching immoral doctrines and needlessly insulting the sensibilities of his opponents. But I confess that my sympathies are entirely with him in his battle which he has to fight. The rank and file of his opponents are not so much the sincere believers as the worshipers of a hollow and hide-bound respectability, the people who prostrate themselves in abject veneration before the shallowest cant of the day, and their leaders are men whose genuine belief in God is about on a par with Mr. Bradlaugh's, but who see an admirable chance for putting in a spoke in the wheels of a Liberal Government. No coarseness, or brutality, or irreverence for the general objects of belief is half so shocking to my mind as this triple alliance between solemn humbugs, honest bigots, and cynical and unscrupulous partisans. It may do our half-hearted sham believers some good to see a rough hand laid upon some of the objects of their idolatry; but it is an offense to public morality to see a combination of the most discordant elements for the nominal purpose of maintaining the respectability of Parliament, though every intelligent person on both sides knows perfectly well that the concord is of the most superficial kind conceivable, and that the end really desired is utterly different from that which any one openly proposes. There is probably no reasonable person on either side who would not agree, if the question were really considered on its merits, that the single question should be, how to admit Mr. Bradlaugh most speedily to the House of Commons? Whatever disturbance is made in the process will simply represent so much addition to the existing stock of ill-feeling, and no permanent advantage to any side in the controversy. But it is enough for Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents to believe that by skillful management part of this ill-feeling may be accumulated upon the luckless heads of the Liberal Government. If they could attain the same end by supporting Mr. Bradlaugh's claims and throwing upon Mr. Gladstone the odium of bigotry, I do not see any ground, so far as their public utterances are concerned, for doubting that they would have taken that line just as readily as the other. Suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh had been a Tory, as Mr. Rogers tells us that all atheists naturally are, would not the whole arsenal of taunts have been brought out to assail any Liberal Government which should hesitate about instantly admitting him? That such things should be is no doubt a natural consequence from our admirable system of party government, but it incidentally reveals an amount of insincerity which, if I may use the only word to express my feelings, is simply disgusting.

LESLIE STEPHEN (*Fortnightly Review*).

BRAIN AND MIND.

THE scope of Dr. Bastian's treatise on "The Brain as an Organ of Mind" * is much greater than its title would seem to imply; for, instead of being confined to the consideration of the brain in its psychological aspects, or in its relations with mind, it covers the whole field of nervous physiology, and furnishes a convenient and highly graphic summary of existing knowledge regarding that most important department of the science of life.

As would naturally be expected from his eminence in that specialty, Dr. Bastian is particularly full and satisfactory in his treatment of the anatomical aspects of his subject. Rather more than half the book, perhaps, is devoted to a minute description of the nervous systems of the various orders of animals, and to a still more detailed analysis of the brain and its various parts in quadrupeds, quadrumana, and the several races of men. It might be objected, indeed,

* The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. Charlton Bastian, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

to these copious structural details that such interest as they possess is almost purely anatomical, and that they contribute very little to our understanding of the brain as an organ of mind; but the student speedily discovers that this highway of assured and demonstrable facts opens the only trustworthy avenue of approach to the physiological and psychological relations of nervous and cerebral phenomena, and that without them it is absolutely impossible to comprehend the bearing of the extremely significant discoveries that have recently been made concerning the localization of function in the brain. Moreover, Dr. Bastian evidently holds that knowledge of all the details of a process must precede any attempt at explaining the nature and meaning of the process; and that the only method which promises to enable us to comprehend "Mind," is to study its manifestations in a substance which can be brought within the range of strictly scientific investigation.

The treatise opens with a highly interesting chapter on the uses and origin of a nervous system, and this is followed by a chapter on the structure of a nervous system, and another on the use and nature of sense-organs. These chapters deal with the general questions which lie at the beginning of such an inquiry as that which Dr. Bastian has undertaken, and, having defined the nature of the problems which they suggest, the author follows them up with a series of copiously illustrated chapters on the nervous systems of mollusks, of vermes, and of arthropods, concluding this section of his work with a chapter summarizing the data concerning the brain, derived from the previous study of the nervous system of invertebrates. In regard to what constitutes the brain of invertebrate animals, the author says:

"The part of the body bearing the mouth and the various sensory organs already named is familiar to all as the 'head' of the animal; and it is owing to the fact of the clustering of sense-organs on this part that the head contains internally a number of related nerve ganglia. This aggregate mass of ganglia constitutes the 'brain' of invertebrate animals. It forms a congeries of nerve-centers, differing much in different classes, as we shall find, not only in regard to the disposition and size, but also in respect to the relative proportions of its component parts. The size of the respective ganglia, indeed, necessarily varies in accordance with the relative importance and complexity of the several sense-organs already mentioned — those of touch, taste, smell, and sight. The ganglia thus constituting the brain of invertebrate animals are not only in relation each with its own particular sensory organs, but, in addition, we find the several ganglia brought into relation among themselves and with their fellows of the opposite side by means of connecting or commissural fibers. They are, moreover, often connected, by means of much longer commissural threads, with other nerve ganglia in different parts of the body."

Entering next upon a study of the lower orders of vertebrate animals, we have an anatomical chapter on the brain of fishes and of amphibia, and another on the brain of reptiles and of birds. In these, as a matter of course, the nervous system exhibits a growing complexity, and the brain assumes an increasingly dominant position in relation to the rest of the body. According to Leuret, as quoted by Dr. Bastian, the average proportional weight of the brain to the body in the four undermentioned classes, as deduced from numerous observations on different representatives of each, may be stated to be as follows:

In fishes.....	as	1	to 5,668
In reptiles.....	as	1	to 1,321
In birds.....	as	1	to 212
In mammalia.....	as	1	to 186

In regard to the difference between the lower and higher animals in respect of sense impressions and the corresponding nervous responses, Dr. Bastian says:

"We are not fairly entitled to measure the intensity of the systemic impressions of a fish, a reptile, or a bird, by that of those with which we are ourselves familiar. In such animals many visceral impressions may be decidedly attended by more of conscious accompaniment than those which we experience, and they may enter in a much larger proportion into the web of sensory impressions constituting the basis of the conscious life of such creatures. Professor Owen truly says of fishes that 'the appetite for food appears to be their predominant desire, and providing for its gratification to form their chief occupation.' Certain it is that, when prompted by different visceral states, animals may show an extraordinary amount of sensorial activity and power of executing related muscular movements. The sensorial endowments of the shark, of the python, or of the vulture, are, when these creatures are under the influence of hunger, exalted to the highest degree; so that at such times either of them may become keenly sensitive to odors, sounds, or sights which, had they been in a state of satiety, might have passed wholly unheeded. Similar differences also exist between the degree of sensorial activity of animals swayed by sexual desires and those in whom such feelings are quiescent. These two classes of visceral promptings largely instigate and dominate the brain activity of all lower animals, and when the related needs or desires no longer exist, and no longer rouse the creature's sensorial activity, sleep is apt to come, as with a veil, and sever for a time the correspondence between the organism and the outer world."

At this point, having analyzed the nervous system and mental functions of the lower ani-

mals, the author reaches a stage in his exposition where he finds it convenient to disclose his attitude toward the main subject of his work. The disclosure is made in a highly interesting and suggestive chapter on "The Scope of Mind," in which objection is raised to the ordinary use of the word "mind," because under such circumstances it is used, "not as a general abstract name answering to no independent reality, but as though it corresponded to a real and positive something, existing of and by itself"—as though it were what has been called a "metaphysical entity." Dr. Bastian thinks that most of those who seek to expound mental phenomena from a scientific standpoint have not always been sufficiently careful to suit their language to their views, and therefore he takes particular pains to leave no room for doubt as to what he himself means when he uses the term "mind." As this is the central feature of his treatise, we reproduce his definition and explanation with a considerable degree of fullness:

"One of the principal errors, which the metaphysical conception of mind as an entity entails, is that 'mental phenomena' are supposed to be limited or bounded by the sphere of consciousness. That this has been the view of the great majority of philosophers, any student of their writings will easily discover. . . . The sphere of 'mental phenomena' can not be circumscribed by the sphere of consciousness, and the recognition of this fact necessitates the absolute rejection of the word 'mind' in its old signification, and compels us to include under this collective abstract term multitudes of processes or nerve-actions, which now, so far as we are aware, have no correlative subjective aspects, though they may intervene as indubitable links or constituents of 'mental phenomena.'

"It is, indeed, certain that multitudes of nerve-actions, having no subjective side (that is, which are unaccompanied by phases of consciousness), form links or integral parts of our momentarily occurring mental states, and that such mere objective phenomena powerfully assist in determining our so-called mental acts. Nay, more, it seems almost certain that the greater part of our intellectual action proper (that is, cognition and thought as opposed to sensation) consists of mere nerve-actions with which no conscious states are associated. And, lastly, each one of us may have had frequent occasion to notice that states of feeling, which at first accompany unfamiliar muscular movements, after a time no longer reveal themselves in consciousness, that is, when such movements have, by dint of frequent repetition, become easy of performance. Thus, rapid and unconscious automatic actions are constantly tending, in our own experience, to take the place of slower and more consciously executed volitional movements.

"From this, as well as much more which might be said, it would appear that those nerve-actions attended by conscious states (to which latter correlatives philosophers have been accustomed to restrict the words 'mind' and 'mental phenomena') constitute, in reality, only a very small fraction of the sum total of nervous states or actions which are now known to be comprised among (*a*) the initial nervous phenomena leading to sensation and emotion, among (*b*) the intermediate links of thought and imagination, among (*c*) the beginnings of desire, and which exist (*d*) as the incitations to, or accompaniments of, volitional action. But, if this be true, what becomes of the metaphysical entity called 'mind'?

"Thus, it would appear that, if we are, as so many philosophers tell us, to regard the sphere of mind as coextensive with the sphere of consciousness, we should find 'mind' reduced to a mere imperfect, disjointed, serial agglomeration of feelings and conscious states of various kinds—while the multitudes of initial or intermediate nerve-actions (which serve to bind those other nerve-actions commonly associated with conscious correlatives into a complex, continuous, and coherent series) would have no claim to be included under this category. For these and other reasons, we feel ourselves driven to the conclusion that the common notion as to what should be included under the term mind, is one which is altogether erroneous, and such notion ought clearly enough to be given up, unless some warrantable extension of the narrower term consciousness should permit the rectification to be made in this direction. . . . If, however, we are compelled to believe that consciousness is not coextensive with the sphere of 'mind,' in the ordinary acceptation of these terms, and that no expedient modification of the meaning of the word consciousness could make it so, then, in face of the now admitted fact concerning the frequent interpolation of what J. S. Mill called mere 'organic states of the nerves,' or unconscious nerve-actions, as integral parts of mental processes, only one other course lies open to us. We must widen the signification of the term 'mind' itself. This is no question of choice, but one of absolute necessity. The meaning of the word 'mind' must be very considerably enlarged, so as to enable us to comprise under its new and more ample signification the results of all nerve-actions, other than those of outgoing currents. We should thus include, as 'mental phenomena,' the functional results of all nerve-actions on the side of ingoing currents and in the nerve-centers—whether these nerve-actions are accompanied by a recognizable conscious phasis, or whether they form what appear to be mere physical links (or 'organic states of the nerves') between other nerve-actions which are unquestionably in relation with definite conscious states."

Briefly stated, Dr. Bastian's view is that mind is to be identified with coördinated nervous action, whether conscious or unconscious; and this, as he points out, leads inevitably to the conclusion that brain is *an* organ, not *the* organ, of mind. He says on this head:

"On strict inquiry, it will be seen that the notion

that the brain is the exclusive 'organ' of mind can no longer be entertained. This view was, indeed, too broad to be justified by the old philosophy, since only a very small part of the nerve-actions taking place in the different ganglia entering into the composition of the human brain are attended by conscious states. But, if the seat assigned to mind was formerly much wider than physiology could warrant, it now, on the other hand, becomes much too narrow. This will be seen to be a necessary consequence of including under the term 'mind' a multitude of the unconscious nerve-actions occurring in the brain. For it is impossible to draw any valid line of demarkation between many unconscious nerve-actions taking place in the brain of man or any lower animal and others (with which they are continuously or genetically related) in the spinal cord, or in any of the ganglionic masses in different parts of the body. The division of the nervous system into brain, spinal cord, and sympathetic system is one which, though justifiable enough on anatomical grounds, is much less so from a physiological point of view. The nervous system is really one and indivisible, so that, if, with certain reservations, unconscious nerve-actions occurring in the brain are to be regarded as 'mental phenomena,' we can find no halting-point short of including under the same category any unconscious nerve-actions of a similar order, wheresoever they may occur. In this sense, therefore, *almost the whole nervous system would have to be regarded as the 'organ' of mind, while the brain should be regardea as merely its principal component part.*"

This, as we have already said, is the central dominating idea of the treatise. All that precedes it in the book is intended to lead up to it and render it intelligible, as all that follows it is designed to expound, establish, and fortify it. And it must be admitted that, whether or not it be finally accepted by physiologists, it furnishes a very valuable "working hypothesis"; and, as soon as we catch Dr. Bastian's view-point, all the subsequent portions of his exposition attain an increased and intensified interest.

Among the topics discussed in the later portions of the work one of the most important is the range of consciousness in the lower grades of animal life. Dr. Bastian is not disposed to attribute consciousness to those animals which possess only a rudimentary nervous system; nevertheless, he thinks that their actions, being essentially like those which are accompanied by consciousness, except in this one circumstance, must be included under the term "mind." He denounces the use of the expression "unconscious sensation," on the ground that "to feel and not know that we feel is an impossibility"; but, as he himself maintains that the most fundamental manifestation of mind is not feeling but cognition, which need not necessarily be conscious, one of his critics has pointed out that while he repudiates "unconscious sensation" he commits himself unqualifiedly to "unconscious cognition," which would appear to be quite as distinctly a contradiction in terms.

A chapter on instinct throws much light upon this difficult question, upon its origin and the nature of its relations to reason. As this chapter is itself a synopsis of the facts collected by others upon the subject and of the opinions based upon them, it can not very well be summarized, but the author's views are pretty clearly indicated by the following brief sentence: "Any one who carefully studies the acts of lower animals will readily recognize how very large a proportion of them are, either immediately or remotely, instigated by one or other of the visceral needs or 'appetites.'"

The second third of the book is largely devoted to a minute and graphic account (aided by numerous illustrations) of the growth of the brain in size and complexity in certain groups of the higher animals, and to an investigation of the nature of their mental capacities and powers. The last third contains a still more detailed account of the human brain—its development, variations, and activities. In these chapters the differences between the structure of the brain of the mammals below man and of the human brain are very clearly brought out; also the differences between brute and human intelligence. In regard to the latter point, if we understand him aright, Dr. Bastian's view is that the difference is one of degree rather than of kind, and that it is mainly produced by the possession and use of language. In reference to the curious facts concerning the variation of brain-weight with sex, race, etc., the conclusion reached is that "there is no invariable or necessary relation between the mere brain-weights of individuals and their degrees of intelligence," but that, "should it be asked whether the proportion of megalocephalous brains among highly cultured and intelligent people is likely to be greater than among uncultured and non-intelligent people, the answer to this question may be unmistakably in the affirmative."

The functional relations of the different portions of the brain furnish an interesting subject for the last half-dozen chapters of the book, and on this point Dr. Bastian maintains a decidedly conservative position. He thinks it highly probable that the several faculties and functions have their appropriate and distinct regions in the cerebral cortex; but he shows that Dr. Ferrier has carried the idea of localization too far, and agrees with Brown-Séquard in his theory of the diffuse and interblended arrangement of cells related to the various mental acts. Very happy, indeed, is his exposition of reading, writing, and speaking, as the outcome of the activity of certain parts of

the brain; and not less interesting is his treatment of the corresponding defects, aphasia, aphemia, and agraphia. These have a very decided psychological value.

In regard to the vital question which underlies all these inquiries into the relations between mind and body, Dr. Bastian speaks with no uncertain accents. These are the concluding passages of his work:

"That every higher intellectual and moral process—just as much as every lower sensorial or perceptive process—involves the activity of certain related cell and fiber networks in the cerebral cortex, and is absolutely dependent upon the functional activity of such networks, the writer firmly believes. He, however, as decidedly rejects the notion which some would associate with such a doctrine, viz., the supposition that human beings are mere 'conscious automata.'

"It must be conceded that if conscious states or feelings have in reality no bond of kinship with the molecular movements taking place in certain nerve-centers; if they are mysteriously appearing phenomena, differing absolutely from and lying altogether outside the closed 'circuit of motions' with which they coexist, no way seems open by which such conscious states could be conceived to affect or alter the course of such motions. The logic of this seems irresistible. The conclusion can, indeed, only be avoided by a repudiation of the premises: and this the writer does. He altogether rejects the doctrine that there is no kinship between states of consciousness and nerve-actions, and consequently would deny the view that the 'causes' of conscious states lie altogether outside the circuits of nerve motions.

"Consciousness or feeling must be a phenomenon having a natural origin, or else it must be a non-natural, non-material entity. For reasons which have been set forth in various parts of the present volume, the writer adopts the former of these views. . . .

"To show how these particular motions in nerve-tissue arise which underlie conscious states, and how they again subside into more ordinary nerve-actions, must, from the very nature of the problem, ever remain impossible. But we certainly should not on this account allow ourselves to be mentally paralyzed by a belief in the existence of a metaphysical gulf between what is termed the subjective and the objective—the 'Ego' and the 'non-Ego.' Yet, even some believers in the philosophy of evolution have thus been led to deny the natural origin of conscious states, and have as a consequence found themselves forced to hold a doctrine of thoroughgoing 'automatism'—one in which all notions of free will, duty, and moral obligation would seem from this theoretical basis to be alike consigned to a common grave, together with the underlying powers of self-education and self-control."

Dr. Bastian's style has not the graphic force of Professor Huxley's, nor the vivid picturesqueness of Tyndall's, but it is clear and fluent, and quite adequate to the practical needs of scientific exposition. The illustrations of the volume are numerous and excellent, and constitute a highly valuable feature.

MODERN ITALIAN PAINTING AND PAINTERS.*

WITH the unity of Italy and her entrance into the field of European politics on a par with the other great nations, there has come a corresponding change in the forms of her art. Formerly she lived for herself alone in this respect, while the greatest peoples came to her either for their art supply in general, or to learn of her great schools and be guided by their styles and traditions. This has passed away, and Italy now not only caters to the tastes of other nations, but goes to school to them in painting, to learn their methods and familiarize herself with their more popular motives, although quite opposed to her old systems and ideas. She is now bestowing her best energies and talents on the cultivation of *genre* painting with a success, owing to her intuitive appreciation of color and inherited skill in its use, which bids fair to win back some of her former art renown, and perhaps regain her position as the leading æsthetic nation of Europe. But the home patronage and stimulus of art which fostered its ancient excellence have become largely exchanged for a foreign demand, principally English and American, of an inferior grade of motives and style, but exacting as to technical execution and choice of domestic and familiar topics, such as appeal to humanity at large. Florence is the center of this new *genre* school, to which a decided impetus has been given by the formation of the "Società Artistica," an art company on commercial principles in the direct interests of artists themselves, and managed by them in great part. It has erected a central building divided into commodious studios, the chief feature, however, being a series of well-lighted galleries, where the artists exhibit their

* See "Modern Italian Picturesque Sculpture," p. 36.

works for sale instead of at their studios. The managers frequently make advances to, or buy the works of, promising young men to give them a start in their career, and bring them sooner into notice. As all have an opportunity of exhibiting on equal terms free of expense, they are benefited by reciprocal comparisons and criticisms, while the public are spared embarrassing visits to studios, so time-consuming to artist and amateur, and can see the works of the various artists in competitive juxtaposition. There are always a large number on exhibition at prices fixed by their authors. This system works well, and it has attracted to Florence a numerous colony of artists from other Italian cities, and of various nationalities, who occupy the studios built in the vicinity of the central edifice. As some of them have already won distinction in the *Salon* of Paris and the Academy of London, a brief notice of the most eminent leaders of the new departure will not be without interest.

Professor Gaetano Chierici early struck a vein of what may be called Italian domestic *genre*, his chief topic being the unsophisticated peasant-life of Tuscany, which he illustrates with remarkable accuracy of design, knowledge of its details and local spirit, pure sentiment, and a nice sense of the humorous and entertaining, entering into its simple but striking phases with truthful realism and sincerity. He portrays the material and mental phenomena of an interesting, contented, shrewd, primitive class of people, not much changed in habits, ideas, or speech for a thousand years, and forming quite a peculiar type by themselves, well worth studying. His selection of motives, style of composition, episodes of character, and touches of feeling that make all men akin, despite impassable gulfs of conditions, are in general very felicitous, and serve to make his pictures even popular with those who care but little for such subjects in general. With a limited range of personages and accessories he contrives to avoid dull reiteration and sameness. By such treatment this kind of *genre* painting can be vitalized with a living spirit which makes it only one degree less important than the art which deals exclusively with the greater events and struggles of life. Unfortunately, Chierici's feeling for color is not on a par with his knowledge of design, for it is coarse, heavy, muddy, and inharmonious. Although clear and full of light, it lacks quiet, warmth, balance, and unity; while it is throughout so strongly emphasized in the powerfully drawn accessories as to disturb and weaken the artistic effect of the chief features of the composition.

We will now turn to three Florentine painters of a higher order of *genre*, bordering on historical painting, searching the most picturesque periods of the Renaissance for its subjects, but choosing them more for brilliant pictorial effects of composition than any special sentiment or event. Its chief aim is to be entertaining or surprising; to push technical workmanship to its utmost limits of imitative excellence; to skillfully discriminate between the material qualities of things; and to master the brush in its entire gamut of touches as a great musician does the keys of his instrument. The *rôle* of these artists is that of accomplished painters, motives, sentiment, and inspiration being secondary to the command over material. Although making correctness of design, by direct studies from nature, the absolute rule of their art, following Meissonier and Gérôme in this respect, color is their chief vehicle of objective expression, as with the Fortuny and the Spanish and Flemish schools. They are, however, not servile imitators either of French or Spanish masters, although influenced to a certain degree by them, or rather the commercial success which has attended the styles and subjects chosen by the above-named painters and their followers. F. Vinea, Tito Conti, and Eduardo Gelli are the names of the three painters who have made themselves chiefs of the Florentine movement in this direction: all young men, prone to sixteenth and seventeenth century scenes and personages; partial to roystering blades in leather doublets, with feathered hats, lace cuffs and ruffles, long stockings, trailing rapiers, and a general rakish make-up; renaissant lords and ladies, courtiers and servants, with palatial or feudal backgrounds and high life of the old aristocratic stamp, sportive maids, guzzling, card-playing monks, or whatever else that serves to make up a picture that has no other *raison d'être* than the artist's fancy, backed by an ample stock of studio *bric-à-brac* properties to select from, with good male and female models at command.

The drawback of this school is that we are apt to get too much of the same thing—an excess of the same objects, models, and stories, so far as there is anything special to tell, which is the exception rather than the rule. And painting, even if superlatively excellent in itself, is apt to grow wearisome when not made the medium of ideas or sentiments worthy of its perfection. For there is such a mistake as to paint too well for the subject, as in speech to overdo description.

The touch of Vinea is sharp and incisive, but subtile and discriminating. He materializes substances to their fullest point, with delicate, solid emphasis and characterization, and fine play of expression in features, so that in some of his heads and details it would appear as if minute painting could not be pushed further. He rivals the best work of the strongest Dutch masters.

With him there are no faltering, weak strokes. His range of composition is limited, and his treatment excessively materialistic. He has no fine æsthetic sense or refined sentiment, but delights in bits of glancing color, strong light and shadow, and artistic artifices of positive effects, exceedingly rich and sparkling, but not always in complete harmony and balance. Sometimes the whole is made to suffer for a part, or a point made out of time-keeping with the rest. There seems to be no absolute standard of finish or purpose for the entire composition. At times, in his very best work, there is a jar from ineffective design, or overcrowding of rich, incongruous effects which tell on the eye as false notes on the ear. The mechanical power of painting is extraordinary, and in excess of the inventive faculty and æsthetic knowledge. Vinea is indeed a powerful realistic painter, but lacking the culture and imagination to become a great artist. He reminds one of a gymnast whose *forte* lies in a certain round of powerful and ingenious feats.

Tito Conti, who is well known as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy of London, paints in the same vein, but has far more intellectual refinement and higher artistic culture. His best pictures are marvels of delicious, exquisite coloring, in thorough harmony throughout, producing precisely his intended effect, all parts correlated and in keeping with the whole, as one æsthetic effect; in fine, showing a wonderful skill of artistic composition, however trivial or unimportant the motive. If it be only a cavalier of the time of Charles II drawing on his glove as he crosses the hall of his house, accompanied by his greyhound, to go out, the make-up of the whole and the subordination of the inferior details to the principal, with their nicely calculated æsthetical graduations of design and coloring, and refined choice of suitable historical details of architecture, furniture, and costume, give a certain picturesque dignity and pose to the picture which place it above the common range of *genre* painting, overburdened as it usually is by its self-consciousness of fine clothes and fine imitation, so that it has no higher value than an image reflected in a looking-glass. Conti uses the human form as a lay-figure for the display of the richest coloring, Giorgionesque in tone and style, so that his pictures look as that Venetian master's must have done when fresh from the easel, before time, dirt, and varnish had obscured their brilliancy. His color is more suffused, transparent, broader, and even than Vinea's. He paints a tapestried background so accurately beautiful, with such a subdued warmth and unity of effect, so like the real thing hung in its best light, that one cares little whether the whole picture has any definite meaning or not. This alone is a sufficient joy for the eye. But it prompts the desire that Conti's topics may in time correspond more in value with the lavish beauty of his brush.

Eduardo Gelli, the youngest of this trio of painters, not yet thirty, is a native of Savona, near Genoa. Born to property, he had in early life advantages of education and society that do not fall to the lot of every artist. When his family became impoverished he took to painting for a livelihood, at first following the usual academic routine, but on meeting with Conti changing his style at once for the new school of *genre*, in which he speedily came to the front rank. Such are his instinctive sense and facility of design and color that he composes his pictures directly from his head, after fixing on the general idea, without preparing cartoons or studies, drawing them on the canvas with his brush directly from his palette, correcting and changing as he works until it suits his keen artistic perceptions, and never beginning a new work until the one in hand is completed. This is a hazardous process for any one, however gifted. Nevertheless, when at his best, he has few superiors in Italy in composing an ideal *genre* picture in complete harmony of parts, perfect distinction of light and shade, uniform brilliancy, depth and richness of coloring, and skill in rendering the contrasting differences of texture and substances, and those feats of brush which constitute the chief ambition of modern realistic painting. He illumines his pictures with a quiet, low-toned, warm glow of perfectly distributed, well-balanced tints, carefully avoiding anything hot, disturbing, gaudy, and vulgar, at the same time keeping them up to a high pitch of vitality both in the intellectual and in the technical emphasis of the telling points, which are never overdone, but, like fitting melody in chords of music, contribute to the perfect finish and harmony of the whole piece. His chief characteristics are a thorough gentlemanliness, if I may so term it, of composition; the faculty of securing a refined repose and executive appropriateness of action in whole and in details, with a keen perception of character, especially in contrasting expression, particularly of quiet humor, which is so rare in the Italian school. This is admirably illustrated in his "Singing-Lesson." An old Franciscan monk, brawny and unctuous, is seated in his cell giving a lesson in singing to a yawning neophyte standing at his side, who, thoroughly tired by its length and vigor, can scarcely stand erect any longer, while his open mouth shows more of a drowsy gape than signs of notes. His whole figure is relaxed and limp like wet cloth, as the almost closed eyes are vainly striving to follow the pages of the music of the ancient choral-book, on which his teacher is beating time with mighty emphasis, his sandaled

right foot joining in the action with mechanical unity, while his wide-open eyes, strained muscles of his face, and mouth stretched to its fullest chanting powers, and the involuntary swell and movement of his ample body, all indicate such complete absorption in his own sounds as to make him wholly oblivious of the *fiasco* his pupil is making. The few details are in perfect keeping with the ascetic furnishing of a Franciscan's cell, and most charmingly painted. But the real genius of his little painting lies most in its exquisite, delicately depicted humor, than which nothing in its line can be graphically finer and more amusing. A companion picture of two monks practicing on the organ is quite as remarkable for serene unity of feeling and action, both men so fully occupied with their lesson as to seem literally alive. We hear as well as see. The artist who can so imbue his painted puppets with the actual semblance of reality as to make us forget at once the rare technical skill in spontaneous sympathy with the motive, as a thing of life, color, design, feeling, and meaning, all in perfect equilibrium and harmony, has rare artistic skill. And this Gelli gives strong testimony of possessing to a degree that is likely soon to give him European fame. For, besides his intuitive facility and accomplishment as a colorist, he gives indications of intellectual capacity in the selection and treatment of a range of topics embodying nice analysis and acute perception of character, governed by a refined æsthetic taste, which must, if he continue true to himself, before long place him foremost in his profession in Italy, and not often excelled anywhere.

Let us now look at the other extreme of Italy and Italian art in the person of Dominico Morelli, of Naples, an artist who, with the traditions and motives of the old Neapolitan school, has inherited much of the robust, free of hand and mind talent of Spagnoletto, its distinguished chief. Not that Morelli is an imitator in any degree of his manner, only a legitimate continuation or reproduction of his audacious type of art, with an original, forcible execution and style wholly his own. If he be less prolific and broad, it is because the times are adverse, even in Naples, to the full development of another Ribera, although there is left enough of the old spirit to welcome Morelli, while forcing him somewhat aside into the path of modern realistic romanticism. I will describe one of his latest and most remarkable works, as indicative of his manner and ability, and at the same time as illustrating an extreme of modern art sensualism, in which direction realism of the Ribera or Morelli type naturally runs, with a corresponding dash or sketchiness of execution, and diaphanous style of coloring, quite the reverse of the Florentine *genre* or historical schools of painting, which strive more for definite precision of outline and form, and positive modeling in color, after Leonardo's system. The picture I refer to, "Temptation of St. Anthony," was exhibited in London, Paris, and Turin, and consequently will be remembered perhaps by some of my readers.

As a subject it is as old as mediæval art, and was frequently painted, when asceticism was regarded as a saving Christian virtue. Consequently, in those days, whatever their opinions, artists had to treat sacred motives with a spiritual and technical decorum, and strive to make them practical homilies of the doctrines and traditions of the Church. There is a little picture, now in the Yale Gallery of Old Masters, at New Haven, Connecticut, by Sasetta, of Siena, about A. D. 1450, representing the above topic, which is a fair example of the simple, pure manner in which the old masters depicted St. Anthony and his trials. Its symbolism is as clear and direct in objective meaning as if it were the most fully elaborated realism; even more so, because it does not go off into side issues, extraneous details, and mysterious imaginings foreign to the real point. The saint is standing alone in a dreary wilderness, when he suddenly sees before him, as if she had dropped from the skies, a modestly clad, beautiful maiden, with a winning, beseeching face, but whose siren form and wanton contour of draped limbs, indicative of her real character, are cunningly lost or hid in the pose she presents to him. Nevertheless, saintly rectitude takes alarm, he scarcely knows why, and his countenance is so aghast at the very suspicion of evil, that, while indicating the human nature left in the old monk, it quite as plainly shows that his chastity is immovable, and neither woman nor devil shall prevail against it.

These old painters believed it was their province to make art altogether pure, lovely, and of sincere, upright speech in all things, eschewing debasing realisms and grossly sensual interpretations or ambiguous renderings of their motives, as contrary to sound religion and art. Even the coarser imagination of the Dutch and Flemish masters—notably in Teniers—although reveling in a revolting diabolism, and piling nightmare horror on horror, made its witches, imps, and women veritable symbols of hateful lewdness and frightful characterizations of the deadly Nemesis of sin. Disgusting and repellent to æsthetic taste, they are sometimes ludicrous; but never do we detect an effort to pander to human frailty by a tempting sensualism, deliberately done to make the spectator lose sight altogether of the real purport of the story in the seductions of his own senses, yearning for evil, even if afraid of the consequences. It is

reserved for nineteenth-century art to do this; sincere, doubtless, in its interpretation of purely carnal temptations and attractions, but all the more demoralizing and debasing for that.

Morelli depicts St. Anthony clad in a coarse and dirt-stained habit of his order, squatting on the ground in the back of his cave, under the monogram of Christ rudely sculptured above his head. His skinny hands, scarcely human in shape, are convulsively clutching and crossing each other, and his whole gaunt frame, racked by conflicting emotions, expresses a latent inward fear, to which his sensual open lips and brawny ruffian form—for the model seems borrowed from the galleys—give the outward lie. The hollow, sunken eyes gleam with an unsubdued, ferocious fire, while the deeply furrowed features, half buried in the shade of his cowl, express a mingled agony of dread and desire. His lower limbs contract closely together, and yet are irresistibly drawn toward the spectacle at his feet, their dubious movement indicating a fascination too strong for them wholly to overcome. There is not the faintest glimmer of saintliness in or about the miserable, filthy wretch, and, were it not for the name and well-known legend, the spectator might be at a loss to understand the real meaning of the composition; for such a being as Morelli gives could have no other sensations than those of carnal appetite at the sight before him. He would thrill with fierce joy at the prospect of the coming debauchery, instead of displaying a craven, not a pious face at some incomprehensible witchcraft. A broad gleam of silvery light flooding the mid-picture and passing over his face discloses, beneath the rude mat which forms the bed of the saint, the handsome form of a naked woman, two thirds exposed, lying on the ground in a seductive attitude, with a transparent white drapery just touching her limbs, in such a mode as to heighten the effect of their rosy tints, as with a snake-like movement she thrusts her handsome head and dark locks, with liquid eyes and ivory teeth glistening in the elfish light, under the heavy garment of her victim. A beautiful butterfly, perhaps intended as the emblem of the soul, although the symbol is of pagan origin, has just alighted near her. At its other extremity another head appears, a counterpart to the first, with passion-laden lips, looking at St. Anthony; while in the dark recesses of the cave, out of its sinister shadows, other voluptuous forms are taking dim shapes, and amid them several vaporous sprites of undistinguishable outlines, but hideous leers and looks, are seen coming forward, giving an ominous background to the sensual allurements in the front.

To those who believe in this strongly realistic way of painting such a motive, the picture is a masterpiece; and artistically conceived and executed, it is indeed one; but it is unmistakably mischievous art sensualism, and as such deserves condemnation. Still it is done in the large, frank, old Italian way, "far too naked to be shamed." The contrast in this respect between the outspoken Italian and French covert sensualism, from Titian to Gérôme, deserves attention. The former is a liberal recognition of the force of natural beauty in the human frame to charm or corrupt the senses in its own legitimate sphere, and at the same time it seeks to idealize or ennoble it physically, and often intellectually, in the exhibition of a divine workmanship without disguise or shame in possessing what the Creator had seen fit to bestow, and equally without any side play of voluptuous subterfuges, covert meanings, licentious insinuations, and indecent posings. It is reserved to French art, in its lowest instincts, to be supremely nasty and debasing, and to make the animal in man a medium of human degradation and vehicle of a strained, ignoble wit and lewdest insinuations. French nudity almost invariably has the smirch of unchastity, mingled with low jesting, unmistakably prominent; while this vice is the exception, and not the rule, in the Italian painting and drawing. To what it may be due, unless to the more direct influence of pure classical art in the latter nature than the former, I can not say, but it is a psychological as well as æsthetic phenomenon, deserving stern reprobation and avoidance.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

HEALTH AT HOME.*

PART FOURTH.

AT the close of my last paper I described the new mode of using permanganate as a deodorizing fluid. This leads me to explain another method of purification for the air of the closet, and indeed for that of any room which may require deodorization and purification.

PURIFICATION BY IODINE.

This plan is inexpensive and extremely simple. It consists in the application of iodine in the pure state—that is to say, the solid shining metalloid itself, not the tincture or spirituous solution of the element. For this employment of iodine first get a common chip ointment-box, which can be bought of any chemist; a box of an inch and a half in diameter is sufficiently large. Take the lid off this box and remove the top from the lid so that the ring part of the lid alone remains; then into the body of the box put two drachms' weight of the pure iodine, stretch a piece of muslin gauze over the top of the box, and over the muslin press down the ring of the lid so as to make the muslin taut over the top of the box. Lastly cut away the loose muslin around the ring, and complete, and ready for use, is an iodine deodorizing box which will last in action for six weeks or two months, even in hot weather. To bring this box into practical application it is merely necessary to place it in the closet on a shelf or on any resting-place. The iodine will volatilize slowly into the air through the muslin gauze, will diffuse through the air, will deodorize, and after a time will communicate freely an odor like that of fresh sea-air.

There is no means of deodorizing the air of the close closet equal to this. It is ready, permanent, and effective. In cases where an instant effect is required the iodine may be volatilized in a more rapid manner. A little iodine may be placed on a plate, and the plate may be held over a spirit-lamp, within the closet, for a minute or two. The iodine diffused by the heat will pass off as a violet-colored vapor, and as it passes through the air it will create a rapid purifying action. The iodine so diffused will condense, as it cools, on the walls, and there will maintain its effect of purification.

SPRAY PURIFICATION.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in 1865, I introduced a method of purifying rooms by the process of diffusing deodorizing and disinfecting substances into the air in the form of fine spray. The fluid I used in this method was made by adding iodine to a solution of the peroxide of hydrogen of ten volumes' strength. The water was also charged with two and a half per cent. of sea-salt, and was set aside until it was saturated with the iodine. When the saturation was complete the fluid was filtered and was quite ready for use. The solution was placed in a steam or hand spray apparatus, and when required was diffused in the finest state of distribution at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour. In an ordinary bedroom or sitting-room one ounce of the fluid was found sufficient to render the air active enough to discolor Moffat's ozone test-papers to the highest degree of the scale, and that in the course of ten or twelve minutes.

The apparatus for this purpose was constructed for me by Messrs. Krohne & Sesemann, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, and was so simple in action that any nurse could put it into action at once, and could deodorize a room hour by hour on the direction of the medical attendant. In fact, there was produced a sea-atmosphere in the room.

If sea-water were brought in quantity to London it might, by a most simple method, be diffused at pleasure as fine spray in all houses and in close courts and alleys, so as to impart a cool sea-air throughout the whole of the metropolis, an influence which would be as agreeable as it would be salubrious, I was ready to give evidence on this point before the Lords' Committee, which had to report on the introduction of sea-water to London during the past session; and I do not think a more important factor in favor of such an introduction could well be advanced.

While these different means of purifying the air are put forward as of immediate service, it should always be remembered that they are temporary measures, nothing more. I mean by this that they are not intended to take the place of thorough and efficient ventilation. In fact, in the presence of perfect ventilation of good natural air, they are not required at all; and when they are called for, the necessity of better ventilation as the permanent remedy is at once proclaimed.

THE DRESSING-ROOM AND BATH-ROOM.

The possession of a dressing-room and bath-room on the bedroom floor is rather more than a luxury, and, if half the money that is frittered

* Continued from August number.

away on empty display in the drawing-room were spent on the bath arrangements, great benefit to health would often be the result to the whole of a family. I do not, however, for my part recommend any very elaborate system of baths for common use. Healthy daily ablution of the most perfect kind can be had at a very small cost, and at very small trouble. I hear it said constantly by people of moderate means that they would like to have a daily bath, and that they know how important it is to have one, but that they have not the convenience of a bath-room in their house, and are troubled because the cost of setting up a bath is so great. I hear rich men say that they have gone into large expenditure in the setting up of the appliances of the bath and bath-room. They have laid on hot and cold water; they have had a shower apparatus placed overhead; they have had the bath itself glazed or enameled; and, in taking the bath, they have been immersed, douched, cold-douched, shampooed, and dried. There can be little objection to all this parade; it is something to talk about or think about, if it be nothing better, and I believe I have known it to be a relief to the minds of some who have little or nothing with which to burden their minds. But, after all, the proceeding is very much like a search for a needle in a bundle of hay, and the needle may always be found without any such elaborate cost and trouble.

To wash the body from head to foot every day is the one thing needful in respect to ablution for the pure sake of health. To become so accustomed to this habit that the body feels uncomfortable if the process be not duly performed, is the one habit of body, the one craving that is wanted, the one habit that needs to be duly acquired in the matter of body-cleansing. The process may be carried out as speedily as possible. Moreover, it may be carried out as cheaply as possible, and all the hygienic advantages may be the same as if great expense had been incurred. A formal bath is actually not necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath in which the bather can stand in front of his wash-hand basin, a good large sponge, a piece of plain soap, a large, soft Turkish towel, and two gallons of water, are quite sufficient for all purposes of health. In the north of England there is often to be met with in the bedrooms of hotels, and sometimes in those of private houses, the most cheap and convenient of these small and useful baths. The center or well of the bath is about twelve inches in diameter, and about nine inches deep. This center is surrounded by a broad rim, a rim from eight to ten inches wide, which slopes toward the center all round. In this bath the ablutionist can stand, and, from as much water as would fill an ordinary ewer, he can wash himself from head to foot completely without wetting the floor, since the broad sloping margin of the bath catches the water. To stand in such a bath as this, and, from the water of the wash-hand basin, to sponge the body rapidly over, and afterward to dry quickly and thoroughly, is everything that is wanted if the process be carried out daily; and this, after a little practice, may be so easily done that it becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to accept as a perfected daily ablution. In winter the water should be tepid, in summer cold; or, what is a better rule still, the water should always be within a few degrees of the same temperature. If in the summer months the water be at 60° Fahr., in the spring and autumn at 65°, and in the winter at 70°, a very safe rule is being followed; nor is it at all difficult to learn to follow this rule from the readings, occasionally carried out, of a thermometer, which in these days may be obtained for a few shillings, and which it is always convenient and useful to keep on the wall of the bedroom or dressing-room. Once a week it is a good practice to dissolve, in the water used for ablution, common washing soda, in the proportion of one quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. This alkaline soda frees the skin of acids, is an excellent cleanser of the body, and is specially serviceable to persons of a rheumatical tendency, who are often troubled with free acid perspirations.

It is a question often asked in reference to the arrangements of the bath-room, whether the plan should be adopted of taking the bath at night or in the morning, before going to bed or on rising from bed? The answer to this is simple enough when time is not an important object of those who make the inquiry. It is much better to make complete ablution of the body, from head to foot, both on going to bed and on rising also, whenever that can be carried out; and, indeed, so rapid is the process when the habit of it is acquired, that there are few persons who could not get into the habit of it as they do into the habit of taking meals at stated times. But, if for any reason it be impossible to carry out complete ablution twice a day, then, no doubt, the general ablution is best just before going to bed. There is no practice more objectionable than to go to bed closely wrapped up in the dust and dirt that accumulate on the surface of the body during the day; nor is there anything I know so conducive to sound sleep as a tepid douche just before getting into bed. I have many times known bad sleepers become the best of sleepers from the adoption of this simple rule. If the body be well sponged over before going to bed, the morning ablution—though it is still better to carry it out—need not, of necessity, be so general. The

face, neck, chest, arms, and hands may be merely well sponged and washed at the morning ablution.

I can do no harm, nor shall I uselessly take up space, if in this place I digress for a moment to enforce still more earnestly the importance of making this matter of cleansing the body a habit of life from the first of life. I would impress on mothers and fathers, and on all who have the command of youth, that this practice should not only be commenced at the earliest period, from the first infancy, but should be steadily maintained so that the subject of it shall attain the desire for it, and feel the necessity. I notice it to be a common plan for mothers of the best sort, who feel it almost a crime to omit washing a baby morning and evening, to begin to omit the same process so soon as the child learns to run about and to become to a certain degree self-dependent. It is no doubt an irksome daily task for the mother of a large family to see that every little boy and girl is washed from head to foot every morning and evening. Still the result is worth every penny of the labor. In the industrial schools at Annerley the waifs and strays of puerile society, the worst-born specimens in the matter of health, are so quickly brought in conditions of good health, that, as Dr. Alfred Carpenter once remarked to me when we stood in the midst of the children, "they seem to teach us that not even a generation of change is required to wipe out a generation of defects, when personal health is well looked after." There is all the richness of truth in this wise observation, and I am fully justified in saying that, among the many agencies by which the able managers of these industrial schools do so much for the health of the children, there is not one agency more telling than the persistent and regular, but at the same time perfectly simple, method of ablution which is practiced in the establishment. Practically the system is that which I have described for the household. There are no cumbersome baths, but a series of taps at which the children can cleanse themselves from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet as quickly as they can wash their hands and faces in the lavatories of many other institutions in which children and youths are received. These children at Annerley grow up in the habit of ablution, and when they leave the school they are, by the habit, made fifty per cent. more cleanly than the majority of children who are brought up in better circumstances, or even in luxury.

While the easiest, readiest, and cheapest of baths have thus been carefully considered, in order that the pretense or excuse of difficulty in getting a bath may be removed, I have no intention of passing over in silence the bath-room of the comfortable house. Whoever can afford a bath-room should have one, and many a house which is richly and expensively endowed in other respects is deprived, unjustly for health's sake, of its bath-room. Let us therefore study the bath-room with a little care. The bath-room is best located on the third floor in four-storied houses—that is to say, on a level with the chief bedrooms and below the attics. A good bath-room ought to be ten feet wide, ten feet high, and twelve feet long. The floor should be of oak or pine-wood, smooth and well laid. No carpet is required for the floor, but one or two perforated India-rubber mats are of advantage; the walls of the bath-room should be painted in hard paint that can be washed and thoroughly dried, or it should be fitted with tile-work, which is at once clean and effective. The bath, which need not be large, should always be constructed of earthenware, and it should be quite flat at the bottom, so that it is easy to stand upright in it while taking a douche. The well-constructed bath is supplied with hot and cold water; the temperature of the water should be regulated by the rule already supplied, 60° Fahr. in summer, 65° Fahr. in spring and autumn, 70° Fahr. in winter.

The bath-room should be thoroughly well ventilated and warmed. I know nothing that answers better for warming it than the calorigen stove, of which a description has been given in a previous paper on "Health at Home." To those who wish for the further luxury of a hot-air or Roman bath in their houses, it is a comparatively easy matter to arrange the ordinary bath-room so as to make it, when required, a hot-air bath. This can be done in the simplest way by introducing into the room a stove heated with coal and constructed, in a large size, after the manner precisely of the calorigen. The air in this case is let into the room from the outside by a three-inch pipe, and is allowed to escape from the stove after it has been heated by a pipe of a similar diameter. With a good ordinary-sized fire in the closed grate of the stove, the air in the room may be brought up to the temperature of 140° Fahr. in a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour, provided that the space to be warmed does not exceed twelve hundred cubic feet, that the door be well closed, and that the escape for the heated air at the upper part of the room be so arranged that it can, at pleasure, be reduced until it is not above twice the size of the opening for the entrance of the air from the stove. For a sick person to whom I thought the use of a hot-air bath would be very useful, I once turned an ordinary bath-room into a hot-air bath in this way with great readiness, and with the best effect, and since the time when that was done I have repeated the same with results as satisfactory. It is true that the temperature is limited in range

in this form of hot-air bath, but for most purposes it can be raised to a sufficient degree, and, as the hot air can be shut off at once and the ventilator enlarged at pleasure, it is easy to cool the room rapidly down during the after-process of the douche or the water-bath.

For those who have means and who are building a new house to be replete with all modern contrivances, the properly constructed Roman bath should be always introduced in connection with the ordinary bath-room. The Romans, who once inhabited these islands, set us a splendid example in this respect in their habitations. With them, the hot-air bath seems to have been as much of a household necessity as the kitchen; and it is right to admit that by this care they expressed practically a degree of sanitary knowledge which bears imitation to the present hour. In this cold, and damp, and variable climate, the Roman bath in the house is of more importance than it would be in warmer and more equable climes, for here it is less of a luxury and more of a necessity. If, in our heavily fogged London atmosphere, the tired Londoner after a day of oppression could return home, and for an hour before dinner indulge in the light and genial and clarified air of a Roman bath, he would do more to relieve his congested and enfeebled internal organs than by any other process that is obtainable. As it is, he is led too often to seek a false and partial relief from his oppression by resorting to a stimulant drink, which first elates and then paralyzes and injures, or kills outright. In a word, he smothers his afflictions, while in the Roman bath he would disperse them. This is a correct and true definition.

In saying so much in favor of the Roman bath, I am, I know, offering some slight correction of what I spoke on the same subject twenty years ago, when the hot-air bath was being enthusiastically introduced into this country by some of its over-earnest advocates. To me it seemed at that time as if the advocates of the bath were claiming it as a panacea for all maladies, and were fain to declare that to its efficacy fresh air and bodily exercise might well be sacrificed, and a slothful luxury take the place of a hardy, healthful existence. It is but just to state that some of these advocates did go even to this length, and that I and others, thereupon, went perhaps too far the other way in our criticism of them, and so to some extent checked a useful measure while it was new, and before it had taken root. If I ever did wrong in that way I recall it now. Holding as firmly as ever the view that the hot-air bath should never take the place of healthy exercise of body nor of active out-door life in good and wholesome air, I am satisfied from a larger and longer experience that the Roman bath is an addition to the English house which should never be ignored when circumstances admit of its introduction. Last winter, in the treatment of a number of persons who were under my medical care, I would have given anything for the advantage of being able to remove them, under their own roofs, into a well-constructed hot-air bath.

B. W. RICHARDSON (*Good Words*).

SMILING AND MOURNING.

SOME go smiling through the gray time,
Under naked, songless bowers:
Some go mourning all the May time,
Mid the laughing leaves and flowers.
Why is this,
Rosy Bliss
Comes to kiss Winter gray?
Why, ah! why
Doth Sorrow sigh
On the lap of lovely May?

Happy Love, with song and smiling,
Through the withered woodland goes:
Hapless Love hath no beguiling
From the redbreast or the rose.
This is why
Woods may sigh,
Flowers die and hearts be gay:
This alas!
The piteous pass
That leaves us mourning all the May.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES (*Irish Songs and Ballads*).

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE news that Ellen Tree is dead must have come to many a graybeard, as it did to us, with a thrill of pain. It is sad to think of the great favorite, now for ever silent—that the last link between the stage of to-day and the stage of the past is broken; but what a host of delightful recollections spring to life! Old theatre-goers are fond of dwelling upon the name of Ellen Tree rather than upon her married title, Mrs. Charles Kean. It was Ellen Tree that first won their hearts; and Ellen Tree is a sweeter, simpler name, one that more nearly fits the image of the charming figure they carry in the warder of the brain. She is dead at the ripe age of seventy-five, dying in honorable retirement, loved and watched over by a circle of admiring and faithful friends. There have been as great actresses as Ellen Tree, but we can not imagine, at least we have never seen, a more delightful one. And yet we did not see her in the first flush of her youth. It was on her second visit to this country, in the year 1846, that we made one of the throng that greeted her on her opening night. It was at the old Park Theatre, standing in Park Row opposite where the Post-Office is now. That was the time when the theatre had a Pit, where critics and wiseacres were wont to assemble and utter oracular things about the play and the performers. The actors were in those days afraid of the Pit—especially, at the Park, of the fourth bench from the orchestra, where the magnates of the pen sat watchful, and where old Nestors of the drama delivered their verdicts in terms that no one dared to gainsay. The pit was entered by cellar-steps, and through a half-lighted subterranean passage. Decorative art, as we see it now in the full bloom of the Madison Square auditorium and Mr. Daly's lobby, had not even given a hint of its coming. Nor had even the policeman nor the *queue* been invented; so that eager lovers of the play rushed, without order, to the underground ticket-office, and struggled desperately, each for himself, around the little aperture whence emerged the magical *open sesame*. On this opening Kean night, the crowd that surged and swayed in desperate endeavor looked really formidable; but in a packed mass of this kind the dexterous, insinuating, wedge-like elbow is as potent as downright muscle; and those who had learned by much experience how to penetrate a crowd emerged, after an effort more prolonged than usual, panting, disheveled, torn, but triumphant.

The house was crowded; in the pit, all black coats; in the boxes, a brilliant array of fashion. The play was "The Gamester." With great impatience we waited for the moment when the great actress was to appear. Presently the play began; then shortly the scenes parted, and we saw standing by a chair and table a woman of middle height, rather red in the face, not at first sight comely or pleasing, somewhat oddly dressed, and very English in the many little details by which we recognize nationality. Of course, she had a cordial greeting; and then she spoke. We came, ere long, to think Mrs. Kean's voice the most charming and musical in the world, but it did not impress us this way at first. There was a peculiarity in the inflections that fell upon our unaccustomed ear somewhat disagreeably, but this characteristic became in time one of the great charms of her delivery. We are disposed now to think that the voice was really too full of resonant sweetness to be appreciated by the untrained ear; it was, moreover, an original voice, and whatever is wholly new and original always at first repels. We were a little puzzled about the acting, too. It was a part that gave the actress no opportunity for the display of that archness and vivacity which, in *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Beatrice*, used to take the house by storm; there was but one sad monotone running through the play, and then her acting was all so simple, so matter of course, so little like the acting we had been accustomed to; all very simple, and yet it went on taking possession of the spectator, and winding itself about him, as it were—and then all at once a single phrase set the house on fire. The villain of the play, *Stukeley*, had been whispering in her ear doubts as to her husband's fidelity. She fell back, looked him full in the face, and exclaimed, "I don't believe it!" What wonderful art was it that enabled her to utter these words in a wholly untheatrical manner, and yet so full of effect? The sublime confidence of the wife, coupled with intense scorn for her would-be seducer, was expressed in an utterance that was all the time singularly colloquial. The house was thrilled by it, and almost rose to its feet. And so the play went on. At the end we left the theatre greatly impressed, but we had not yet been won to unqualified admiration. That was, however, soon to come; for even if Mrs. Kean fell short of the greatness of Siddons and Rachel, she was always, within her range, the fairly perfect artist.

This range was wider than many supposed. It had often been said that she was perfect in comedy, and admirable in parts of pathos, but could not fill the higher walks of tragedy. But when she came to play *Constance* in "King John"—it was her first performance of the part, the occasion being a splendid scenic production of the play, the first of the series of superb Shakespearean revivals which has extended down to the present day—she astonished the town. Whatever doubts had been entertained as to her ability to personate this difficult and trying part—and they were many—they were instantly dispelled, as in her first scene she walked upon the stage, with the prince, *Arthur*, by the hand. It was evident instantly that she had nerved herself up to a great effort, that she was filled with the majesty and passion of the part. You saw her great purpose in her face and on her brow. Possibly the performance was not a perfect one; it may be said, for instance, that the tirade upon *Austria*, ending with—

"*Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,*
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs"—

was a little too shrewish, but the effect of the bitter sarcasm of those last lines was nevertheless immense. The performance was one that, however much it may have lacked the stately dignity of the tragic muse, was intensely human in its pathos and its passion, and made a dramatic picture never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A London critic has said that Ellen Tree knew preëminently how to express an emotion by a glance and a thought by an accent. Every one who recollects her peculiar style will recognize the truth of this criticism. Mr. Charles Kean was an actor of points; that is, he dashed through a speech in a careless, indifferent way until he came to a particular passage, which he would utter with startling effect. But Mrs. Kean, while making wonderful points, never slurred a line or neglected the slightest detail. The strength of her points lay in their unexpectedness, in the revelation of unthought-of meaning in the words, in the power which she possessed of concentrating a world of expression in an inflection or a tone. We have mentioned the effect of her "I don't believe it!" in *Mrs. Beverly*. There were scattered through her personations innumerable similar instances. Her "*Arthur, trust me*," in "The Wife's Secret," was a magnificent burst, that for days vibrated in the ear of every sensitive person that heard it. No one could ever forget her "*Oh, what shall I do with my doublet and hose?*" when *Rosalind* learns that *Orlando* is in the wood; and her "*I am the man*," when as *Viola* she receives the ring sent by *Olivia*, was always received by her audiences with a burst of delight. Her readings were always exquisite. Those who heard her "She never told her love" are apt to say that no other actress ever delivered those famous lines as she did. She possessed that very rare thing on the stage, true gayety. As *Beatrice*, her merriment was the gladdest thing in the world. In one scene her merry laugh is heard before she enters, and so joyous is it that the whole house is in roars of laughter in very sympathy, before she utters a word.

It is a mistake, we think, to say, as we sometimes hear, that Ellen Tree possessed beauty. Her figure in her earlier days was very graceful; but her features, although charming when animated, could never be called handsome. In later years she grew large, after the manner of Englishwomen, and when she last appeared in this country very much of the old charm was gone. It was impossible not to see the thorough artist, despite unfavorable conditions; and in some parts, such as *Mrs. Oakley* in "The Jealous Wife," she retained all her old power.

The stage has been endowed with many charming actresses since Mrs. Kean withdrew from it, and we have recently had occasion to lament the untimely demise of Adelaide Neilson, the only artist that has of late years attempted some of the parts in which Ellen Tree was famous. Miss Neilson was not equal to her great predecessor, although very pleasing, principally because she had not the intellectual resources of Mrs. Kean. Miss Neilson, in whatever she *did*, was always better than in what she *said*. Ellen Tree was always delightful in what she did, with a faculty of giving to her words a wealth of meaning that few persons supposed they possessed. Charlotte Cushman also had this faculty, and yet single words and phrases do not stand out in our memory in any of her personations as they do in Ellen Tree's.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to think of Ellen Tree as not only a great actress, but as a public woman whom the breath of scandal never touched. The cold and austere John Quincy Adams fell under the fascinations of her acting; and in a poem that he addressed to her he applied a line from "As you like it," that the world now may rightly crown her with—

"*The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.*"

[*Between a Believer in Infinitesimal Doses and a Cautious Skeptic.*]

Skeptic. So you still adhere to the Hahnemann theory of infinitesimal doses. Is it as popular as ever?

Believer. More and more popular. It grows in favor every day, but perhaps there is not such general adherence to high dilutions.

Skeptic. What are high dilutions?

Believer. From the hundredth to the two hundredth. The larger number of practitioners, however, probably do not go beyond the thirtieth decimal trituration.

Skeptic. Decimal triturations! It was once altogether centesimal triturations, was it not?

Believer. There is possibly a little modification here. The decimal is superseding the centesimal.

Skeptic. But that is a big change, between tens and hundreds. However, if one believes in these triturations, he is not likely to care much whether his drug comes through a hogshead or so of water more or less.

Believer. Hogsheads of water? Why do you exaggerate in this unfair manner?

Skeptic. Exaggerate? Let us look into your charge a little. Drugs, you say, are attenuated through thirty—we will not explore the region of the high potencies—dilutions. Now, what is a dilution? To begin, what is the first decimal dilution?

Believer. One grain of a drug, or the mother-tincture, diluted in nine drops of alcohol or water.

Skeptic. Exactly. And the second dilution is a drop of the first dilution in nine drops of alcohol or water—let us say water. And the third is a drop of the second similarly diluted through nine parts of water; and the fourth is a drop of the third similarly attenuated, and so on. Am I right?

Believer. Distinctly so.

Skeptic. I am delighted to hear you say so. Are you in a humor for a little arithmetic? Out with your pencil, then, and set down how many drops of water are required for the thirtieth dilution—that is, how many drops of water would be required if we

carried *the whole of the mother-tincture* through thirty attenuations. It is ten drops for the first—that is, the tincture and the water make ten—a hundred in the second, a thousand in the third.

Believer. Quite right.

Skeptic. Yes; it is exactly so. We continue to multiply by ten. The fourth dilution makes 10,000 drops; the fifth 100,000. But we may as well jump the intermediate dilutions and set down 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 drops as the requisite number for the thirtieth—being just one nonillion, that being the term for the eleventh group of numeral orders. I am afraid a good many hogsheads of water would be required to hold this number of drops. Have you a liquid scale at hand?

Believer. Not at the moment.

Skeptic. That is unfortunate, for you will have to take my word for it that there are 61,440 drops in a gallon. Now, the large Croton Reservoir—

Believer. The Croton Reservoir! What are you driving at?

Skeptic. Wait and see. The capacity of the great Croton Reservoir in Central Park is one billion and thirty million gallons: 1,030,000,000 multiplied by 61,440, give us as a result 63,283,200,000,000, or let us say in round numbers, sixty-three trillions of drops of water. This is pretty big, considerably more than the half-dozen hogsheads, more or less, that we were speaking of; but, as a glance at the two lines of figures shows us, it is not nearly enough for the thirty dilutions. How many reservoirs will do it, then? Let us divide our one nonillion by these sixty-three trillions, and see. Can you carry the figures in your mind's eye? Let me set them down for you. Here they are: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, divided by 63,000,000,000,000, give us— Wonder of wonders!

Believer. Well, what is it? Give us the figures, and not exclamations.

Skeptic. For my part they take my breath away. For, my dear sir, in order to put a drop of mother-tincture—*the whole drop*—through thirty dilutions we should need nearly *sixteen quadrillion* RESERVOIRS of the capacity of that in Central Park! Here are the exact figures—15,873,015,873,015,873, and a fraction. This is dilution with a vengeance. Can there be so much fresh water on the continent?

Believer. This is preposterous!

Skeptic. So it is—but the figures are correct, nevertheless. Verify them for yourself. But understand, it is easy enough to get the thirtieth dilution. Thirty phials, containing ten drops of water each, would enable you to do so—but a drop from the thirtieth phial would be equivalent to one nonillionth of the original drug.

Believer. You are in some way altogether out, for homœopathy is brilliantly successful.

Skeptic. My dear sir, the vital principle of homœopathy is *similia similibus curantur*—"like cures like"—as we all know, and practitioners may at their pleasure give doses from the crude drug to the two hundredth dilution. I therefore say nothing about homœopathy—indeed, I find no fault with infinitesimal doses, if anybody likes them. I should prefer myself ten drops of the thirtieth dilution to ten drops too much of any drug you may name. I affirm nothing; I deny nothing—I have simply amused myself with a few figures, that is all.

A WRITER in the "Contemporary Review" has an essay on what he calls "A Dishomed Nation." What is a dishomed nation? Could not the writer have secured attention, we may ask, to his essay without inventing or rather illogically constructing a term which needs to be deciphered before it can be understood? A dishomed nation is simply—not as one might suppose from the phrase employed, a nation dispossessed of its homes—but simply a nation without homes, or, in the particular sense in which it is used by the writer in question, a nation that does not own its homes, that is, without proprietorship in its hearthstones. The nation that is thus characterized is England, the land the homes of which have been immortalized in song and story. But it is of little moment just now whether the accusation is just, as the key of the article is the influence upon character and morals of a proprietorship in the homestead. The writer says:

"What I see around me often reminds me of the deep feeling with which, now many years ago, a friend, whose professional avocations had obliged him to live a somewhat erratic life, so that he had only occupied a succession of hired houses, once remarked to me that I should have some difficulty in understanding how he yearned for a house of his own. 'What a happiness,' he said, 'would it then be to me to toil and to deny myself in order to make it a commodious and beautiful abode for my family! How should I study to make it pleasant to behold on the outside, and pleasant to live in! How unwilling should I be to leave it, and how glad to return to it! If it had a garden, what loving care should I bestow upon it! If I had but one tree—a single oak, so noble a piece of Nature's handiwork—that I could call my own, I should become a stronger and a better man. I should feel that a portion of God's earth had been given to me in trust for my family, and that I must be careful to maintain the position this conferred upon me, and not to fall short of the responsibilities it imposed.'

"The fluency with which he expressed these sentiments showed that they were not then stirring within him for the first time; and his fervor perhaps indicated a supposition that on this subject his feelings were not quite those of ordinary men. But in this, if such was his thought, he was mistaken. He was only putting into words what men in all times, and in all degrees of barbarism and of civilization, have acted on, and which he felt only because it is the common desire which Nature implants in us all. What launched man on his long career of progress was precisely the creation and the possession of a house of his own. This it was that first made family life possible. And what called into being the first germ of family life is what, under all the advances that have since been made, has ever continued to be its prime necessity. In the order of Nature, however great the outward variety, there are never two ways of attaining the same end. For instance, growth is the same process, infinitely diversified, in everything that lives. The vertebrate skeleton is the only scheme of

organization for all the myriad forms of higher life, whether of fish, reptile, bird, beast, or of man himself. No one of the myriad host of the heavenly bodies obeys a different law from any other one. So is it in Nature's moral order. The family it was, made possible by the possession of a house, which originated, organized, maintained, and advanced morality. It was so in the beginning; it has been so ever since; and, judging from the analogy of Nature, and from the requirements of morality itself, it will be so to the end. In the grand process the house that was one's own was the starting-point, and in every stage and form of civilization it has been the essential condition of family life and of moral progress."

We can not doubt that ownership is an immense factor in the morals and well-being of a community; it stimulates and steadies, it often fills with ambition, it makes men hopeful, and it encourages the home virtues in a hundred minor things. And this fact is above all things the hopeful condition of American life. Outside of the great cities a great majority of the people live in their own habitations; and the embowered dwellings that cluster in every village and line the highways that lead from every town are doubtless the best pledges the community can give of steadfastness and domestic virtue. But whether art, progress, intelligence, and all other virtues depend upon ownership—whether as our writer in the "Contemporary" declares, home itself is impossible without it— may well be questioned. Intellectual life, and with it the embellishments and elegances of home, are more marked in the great cities than elsewhere, and in great cities the home is apt to be shifting, occupants of houses being commonly tenants. There can be no truly delightful homes without intellectual association, without culture, without taste, without the refinement that comes of knowledge of society. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that our people are so generally housed in their own habitations; politically this is a great good, and morally the advantage is perhaps immeasurable; but these homes are too often cheerless ones—too often empty of everything but the practical conveniences. The Indian owns his wigwam, but he doesn't do much toward making it a home. The peasant is often willing to abide from childhood to manhood in the cottage inherited from his fathers, without a thought that it might be made sightly and agreeable. When taste and culture combine with the pride of ownership, then fine things, no doubt, ensue; but ownership is a barren possession if this is all—if intellectual life has not crossed the threshold.

It seems to be a settled thing that a newspaper must espouse the cause of one or the other of the two political parties, and defend through thick and thin its men and its measures. One would suppose this to be just exactly the very last thing that a *newspaper* would attempt to do. For above all things it is the mission of a newspaper to give the news, the news sifted and scrutinized that it may be trustworthy, and so arranged as to give a right perspective as to the importance of each event; but this mission the partisan newspaper deliberately and persistently disregards. Within the scope of political intelligence it bends its whole energies to misrepresent the news, at one time to suppress it, at another to exalt it, and at all times to falsely color it. The newspaper here simply abandons its purpose, and surrenders the very reason and groundwork of its being. It would be a great nuisance if one had to take politics with all his purchases—an harangue on Hancock with his hat, a tirade against Garfield with his cheese, an assault on hard money with his joint; but his hat, his cheese, and his joint might not suffer in quality in consequence of these peculiar conditions, while in the newspaper there is not only the nuisance of having political scandal forced down one's throat, but the certainty that the article is in consequence greatly deteriorated. Editors are expected to analyze news, to throw light on perplexing questions, and it is probably well enough for them to express their opinions on subjects under public discussion (in partisan newspapers editors don't express their opinions—they manufacture opinions, pretend to opinions), but partisanship, that is determining beforehand to praise all that *A* does, and denounce all that *B* does; to favor all the projects, whether sound or unsound, advanced by one set of men, and to resist all the projects devised by another set of men—why in the world must they do all this for their party? Does their party pay them better to falsify news than the public would to give correct news? Is news the one commodity that brings the better price the more obviously it is worthless? To our mind, it is a great affront to have the morning journal spiced with invectives and falsities, fiery with epithets against harmless persons, fierce in imprecations against the other side of a case. We ought to be permitted to read it without being insulted, if we have a different opinion, and without having our neighbor insulted if we are of the same opinion. Absolutely partisan politics has no more logical place in a newspaper than it has in a grocer's bill, and the time will come when this will be discovered. It defeats the end of a newspaper. It is the surrender of a primary purpose to a wholly imaginary notion of the function of a paper. Let politicians, if they will, revive the old partisan pamphlet, so that we may get political abuse and scandal in separate parcels, and not mixed up with matters with which they have no concern. Let the newspaper be as impartial as light and day, giving the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news, so that we may trust what we are reading, allowing all so inclined to purchase political refuse and dirt in publications confessedly carrying the black flag.

Let us suggest to Mr. William Black that the hero of his last novel, "White Wings," is a little too much of a prig. It is not entirely easy to picture in the mind's eye the wonderful Dr. Sutherland, F. R. S., who astonishes the scientific societies of Great Britain and the Continent, sails a yacht to delight the sailors, and fascinates all the young women whom he en-

counters. Here are qualities that do not mix, and hence it is impossible to get an idea of the character. Perhaps a happy, easy manner, dashing spirits, fondness for sports, and a general affinity for the lighter things of life, are wholly in keeping with scientific profundity, because nature is stranger than fiction; but, artistically, one can not quite get the bearings of such a character. And when a happy, easy-natured *savant* of this kind thrusts his learning forward on all occasions he is not an agreeable companion, however much both nature and art may have been respected in the portrait. Here is a bit from "White Wings" to the point:

"'In weather like this,' remarked our sovereign lady, in the gathering darkness, 'John might keep asleep for fifty years.'

"'Like "Rip Van Winkle,"' said the Laird, proud of his erudition. 'That is a wonderful story that Washington Irving wrote—a verra fine story.'

"'Washington Irving!—the story is as old as the Coolins,' said Dr. Sutherland.

"The Laird stared as if he had been 'Rip Van Winkle' himself; was he for ever to be checkmated by the cyclopedic knowledge of Young England?"

One can not but regret the want of good breeding exhibited here by Young England, as well as the want of true knowledge. For, no matter how old the legend of "Rip Van Winkle" may be, Washington Irving made the story his own by the artistic setting that he gave it. In art origin is nothing. Legend and tradition, in some form, are at the base of almost all works of imagination; they underlie the great poems, the great dramas, the great romances, and the great works in painting and sculpture. One might as well say that "Faust" is not Goethe's, "Hamlet" not Shakespeare's, the "Divine Comedy" not Dante's, the "Waverley" novels not Scott's, as to pooh-pooh Irving's right to "Rip Van Winkle" because the legend embodied in it is old. In literature it is the artistic treatment that makes proprietorship, Messrs. Black and Sutherland; and, when gentlemen, whether encyclopedic or not, make allusions commonly accepted in the social and literary world, be sure you are wholly right before you contradict them. Unfortunately, you are not alone in this unhandsome practice, and it is because it is getting fashionable now to deny Irving and other writers their rights in the legends they have polished and set that we make this protest. And we may rest assured that while the legend of "Rip Van Winkle" may be as "old as the Coolins"—the Coolins being certain Scotch hills—Washington Irving's version of the story will last as long as the hills anywhere.

GLANCING over Miss Woolsey's abridged edition of the ever-fresh and ever-enjoyable "Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame d'Arblay," we are reminded that it was worth while being a successful author in the good old days of the eighteenth century. We hear much talk now about the "dignity" of literature, and it is assumed that the author's status is much improved since poor Goldsmith drudged in Green Arbor Court; but compare the experiences of the author of "Evelina" with those of a successful novelist of our own day—say with Mr. Howells's in this country or Mr. Black's in England. In spite of Macaulay's generous praise, it is difficult to accord a very high rank to "Evelina," save as a sort of landmark in literary history; yet it opened for its youthful author the doors of all literary and fashionable London, and secured for her the affectionate patronage of Dr. Johnson, the friendship of Mrs. Thrale and her circle, the courtly compliments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the stately homage of Burke, and finally that position at court which held her in the fetters of a gilded slavery during the best years of her life. Upward of a hundred pages at the beginning of her Memoirs are taken up with a minute chronicle of her social lionizing, and of the compliments, large and small, serious and comic, which were paid her by the various persons with whom she was brought in contact; but there is no taint of egotism or vanity in the *naïve* exultation with which she dwells on all the details of a literary success as unprecedented as it was brilliant, and the reader derives a certain genial satisfaction from the knowledge that she who contributed so liberally to what Dr. Johnson called the "innocent pleasures" of her generation obtained at the same time so large a share of them for herself.

THE idea that poets are always poetical, that wits are always witty, and that "brilliant conversationalists" are always giving utterance to those "jewels five words long," that "on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever," is one of the genial illusions of the inexperienced which it seems almost cynical to dissipate; yet how many of us have incurred the disappointment, after creeping with bated breath and sharpened ears up to the fane of the Muses, of hearing the hierophants give utterance not to oracles but to inanities—in plain terms, of finding that the "distinguished author and scholar," for the privilege of meeting whom we have perhaps intrigued and solicited, is usually the dullest in a company of dullards! How prosaic, and yet how painfully in accord with the facts of experience, is the picture suggested by the following passage from Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph on Pope: "Those who do not know how often the encounter of brilliant wits tends to neutralize rather than stimulate their activity may wish to have been present at a dinner which took place at Twickenham on July 6, 1726, when the party was made up of Pope, the most finished poet of the day; Swift, the deepest humorist; Bolingbroke, the most brilliant politician; Congreve, the wittiest writer of comedy; and Gay, the author of the most successful burlesque. The envious may console themselves by thinking that Pope very likely went to sleep, that Swift was deaf and overbearing, that Congreve and Bolingbroke were painfully witty, and Gay frightened into silence."

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THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

Γαμικοὶ δὴ νόμοι πρῶτοι κινδυνεύουσι τιθέμενοι Καλῶς ἂν
Τίθεσθαι πρὸς ὀρθότατα Πάσῃ πόλει.
PLATO: NOMΩN; iv, 11.

THE fierce light of a thoughtful and intensely practical age has not failed to penetrate even the close covering which a somewhat misguided conservatism has always thrown around the profession of law. Leaders of public opinion, during the last hundred years, who have busied themselves about such things as pertain to the welfare of the body politic, and who, among other worthy efforts, have striven to clear the path of social advance of useless rubbish and unnecessary hindrances, and to place in natural relations things which circumstances have combined to retain in artificial and inconvenient ones, might certainly find great cause for congratulation in the many and salutary reforms which have forced themselves upon the men who are charged with the guardianship of our lives and liberties. The lawyer has always offered a shining mark to the bitter attacks of public disapproval, and, now that the mysterious awe which mediæval times were wont to cast about his person and his ponderous volumes has vanished before the modern spread of general information among all classes of people, his professional dignity would afford him a poor defense, were it not that the better part of valor has encouraged him to retire from behind sentimental anachronisms of language and apparel, and musty rules, barren of any support in the social facts they were once formulated to subserve, and to join his voice to the general clamor of those *cupidi rerum novarum*. I take it to be a happy thing for the legal profession, as well as for the public, whose servant it is, that, beneath the torrent of ignorant, dogmatic abuse which follows the lawyer in his dealings with his fellow men, there has flowed a steady current of truth which has proved irresistible. All good men can rejoice that he is gradually casting behind him the well-deserved contempt with which an intelligent public has met his solemn pleonasms and useless complications of things simple in themselves. Men's lives run their course more smoothly to-day than they did a century since, if for no other reason, because the social rules which follow them from the cradle to the grave, and which control every physical exercise of their wills, are more generous and considerate, while none the less sure and just. But the fact that much has been done in the right direction is not, nor is it desirable that it should be, a check to the common popular complaint, which charges the profession with making such hopeless tangles of the affairs of every-day life, that nothing but a special technical training can untie the knot, and it may be taken for true that such a charge will be heard from the "thoughtless classes" to the end of time. There can be no doubt that the final limit to the simplification and scientific classification of the law is at no great distance of time. When that limit shall be reached, it will still be impossible, for political reasons, which are matters of history, that a legal training shall form part of a general culture, and the public may therefore dismiss from its dreams that happy era when "every man shall be his own lawyer," and the "exclusive profession" shall have perished from off the face of the earth. It is unquestionably true, however, that very many branches of the law, covering matters of common occurrence, have been reduced to so reasonably simple a state that men of education and a fair fund of general information find it possible to guide themselves by the ordinary methods of human argument, and it is in the firm belief that such a state of affairs should exist in regard to the domestic relation created by marriage that I

have entered upon the discussion of the subject which heads my article. The law which regulates the family circle should, of all laws, bear this stamp of simple decisiveness. Around the family hearthstone, of all places, should the democratic principle of non-interference prevail, as far as is consistent with the morals and good ordering of society. Strangely enough, in three fourths of the States of the Union, on no important subject has a position been taken by the law so illogical, so complicated, so inconvenient, and, I had almost said, so absurd. To a consideration of this last proposition I desire to ask the attention of my reader. My subject naturally divides itself into three parts, viz.:

I. A review of the historical causes which led to the common-law view of coverture.

II. A review of the general rules governing the law in the principal States of the Union.

III. An argument for the more complete independence of the parties.

I. "The chief sources of information regarding the early history of civil society," says an acute student of our subject, "are, first, a study of races in their primitive condition; and, second, a study of the *symbols* employed by advanced nations in the constitution and exercise of civil rights." Exactly reversing this proposition we arrive at the conclusion which forms the basis of the historical study upon which we now enter, namely, that it is impossible to form any clear conception of the present legal position of our married women, without some understanding of the historical causes which have given rise to certain strange rules defining that position, which we can feel sure have their origin far back of any present existing circumstances. Rightly studied, history should be made to serve us in a double character: not only ratifying conclusions drawn from the examination of primitive facts, but affording positive solutions of every-day problems. A moment's thought will show us how invaluable it can be in this latter character, in prosecuting an examination of this kind. The rules regulating the relation of husband and wife, in the great majority of our States, are those prescribed by the common law of England at the time of our separation, as altered by positive political changes and independent legislation. The common law embodied the social customs of the English people, recognized and enforced by judicial decisions and acts of Parliament. The customs relating to marriage were simply the limitations, perquisites, or reflections of the social position given to the married woman by the nation at successive periods in its history. The intense conservatism of the English law has photographed into symbols the spirit of the times, and many of these symbols we have with us to-day, long after the thing symbolized has passed into the history of vanished days. My reader can understand, therefore, why I must ask him to join me in a rapid review of the main historical events which have had the most apparent effect upon the relation of husband and wife.

It is usual for the legal commentator to deduce the laws regulating *coverture*, as he calls continuance of the relation created by marriage, from three separate and yet curiously interdependent principles. It is said:

1. That, as the household can have but one supreme ruler, and as the husband is fittest and ablest to govern, therefore the wife must necessarily be subordinate to the husband's will.

2. That, therefore, the wife is under the despotism of her husband, and wanting in that freedom of will which is a factor in independent action.

3. That, therefore, the wife must consent to merge her existence as a legal person into that of her husband, and the two become *one person* in the eye of the law.

Further on I shall make a careful analysis of these rules, and endeavor so use them to illustrate their own unreasonableness. I proceed now to a review of the historical causes to which they owe their origin.

In tracing back the history of the English wife, we find ourselves confronted with five separate historical facts, to each of which we must attach more or less importance:

1. That the early inhabitants of the island were twice subject to an invasion by the Romans —once in the century immediately preceding the Christian era, and once about the middle of the fifth century.

2. That the same people, about the close of the sixth century, were driven far into the interior and almost exterminated by invasions of the Angles and Danes.

3. That the Anglo-Saxons were conquered by the Normans in the year 1066.

4. That the Angles and Danes were originally the same people as the Germans spoken of by Cæsar and Tacitus.

5. That the Normans, in accepting the fief of the Gallic province from Charles, adopted the feudal rules and customs of the Gallic people.

To the first of these facts I am unwilling to attach the significance usually accorded it, and notably by the editor of the late edition of Mr. Reeves's valuable "History of the English Law." He would have us believe that the striking resemblance, of which I shall presently speak, between the Saxon marriage rites and those of the early Romans was due to these Latin invasions, whereby the social customs of the republic were imparted to the Britons, and by them extended

to their Saxon enemies. Several facts seem to me to contradict any such hypothesis. The Romans never mingled socially with the natives, and, even if they had, such rude barbarians could never have adopted the complicated agnate system on which the Roman marriage was based; and, even if we grant the negative of both these propositions, we must remember that the Britons were driven from their homes by the Saxon invaders. They never came in social contact with them, and certainly never as political superiors. The acceptance of this last fact settles another point. It can be no great loss to us that the one great historian who has written of the first-known dwellers on the island was not social philosopher enough to busy himself about the family constitution which lay behind their bravery on the field of battle. Their social customs were not merged into, but actually supplanted by, those of their conquerors from across the Northern Ocean. We are allowed our inferences, however, from two notable facts: first, that the Britons belonged to the Germanic race, which has ever held its women in great respect; and, second, that one of their fiercest battles with the Roman general was fought with Boadicea at the head of their ranks.

Fortunately for any examination of this kind, a most careful and minute observer has told us the story of the second civilization which was soon to play so leading a part in the history of the English people.

The hardy Germanic race, of whom Tacitus has drawn us so vivid a picture, and to whom belonged originally the Angles and Danes, were the authors of what we may call the foundation of our English law. Anything, therefore, which history can tell us in regard to their habits and customs will be pertinent and instructive. We are told that these brave warriors, who dwelt along the Rhine—of whom Cæsar could say that "their greatness of spirit rendered difficult actions easy"—"even supposed somewhat of prescience and sanctity to be inherent in the female sex, and that they, therefore, neither despised their counsels nor disregarded their responses." And again: "The marriage bond is strict and severe among them. Almost singly among barbarians they content themselves with one wife. The wife does not bring a dowry to the husband, but receives one from him. The parents and relations assemble and pass their approbation on the presents—presents not adapted to please a female taste nor to decorate a bride, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a spear, and a sword. By virtue of these the wife is espoused, and she, in turn, makes some present of arms to her husband. This they consider as the firmest bond of union; these the sacred mysteries, the conjugal deities. That the woman may not consider herself excused from exertions of fortitude, or exempt from the casualties of war, she is admonished by the very ceremony that she comes to her husband as a *partner* in toils and dangers, to suffer and to dare equally with him in peace and in war. This is indicated by the yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the offered arms. She receives what she is to return inviolate and honored to her children. . . . Their women, therefore," he continues, "live fenced around with chastity. None but virgins marry. They take one husband, as one body and one life, that no thought, no desire may extend beyond him; that he may be loved not only as their husband but as their marriage."

Another characteristic sketch is given us by Marcellus, a soldier under Julian in his German wars. "A band of strangers," he tells us, "could not resist one of them in a brawl, assisted by his strong, blue-eyed wife, especially when she begins gnashing her teeth, her neck swollen, brandishing her vast and snowy arms—and kicking with her heels at the same time—to deliver her fisticuffs like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult."

Allowing a little, as we must, for the fact that Tacitus was shooting his sarcasm over the heads of his Germans at the social evils of Rome, we will have enough left from these two simple references to draw some valuable conclusions. Without doubt the woman was regarded with great respect among these people, and not as an inferior creation. Neither communal nor syndyasgamian marriage was known to them; the monogamian idea of man and wife was strongly developed. The wife was allowed great personal liberty, and accompanied and assisted her husband in matters of daily life. The marriage tie was wholly ethical in its nature, and had lost almost entirely all traces of the contract of sale. The marriage gifts which bound the marriage consisted of personal estate, and were purely symbolical in character, and not given as means of support. The marriage did not merge the existence of the wife into that of her husband, but made her a *partner* with him. It is not to be denied that the wife seems to have given herself wholly up to her husband, and was not allowed a second marriage. Indeed, among the Heruli the wife was called upon to hang herself on the death of her husband, and it might, with a fair show of reason, be argued from this fact that the idea of legal unity must have been recognized in the extreme, where the legal annihilation of the wife followed the decease of her spouse, but the important difference must not be forgotten between a legal unity where both are acting parties and the union is one of mutual consent

and the unity which arises from the forcible suppression of the wife. The idea of property was not yet sufficiently developed to test the question, but there is no doubt in my mind that the strong feeling of individuality, which is the natural offspring of personal freedom and social consideration, was carried into the smallest matters of the every-day life of the German wife, and that the early Germanic idea of unity in marriage was that of a partnership and not of a despotism.

It is not to be wondered at that the illustrious Roman noted all this with astonishment and delight. Not only were the customs unique among barbarians, but even his own brilliant nation could not boast of such purity of morals, nor so lofty an ideal of the social tie. With their cruel seclusion of their women, and their bargain and sale of her body as a senseless chattel, the citizens of the empire were still only on the first step upward from the polygamian system, which was avowedly taken, not for the benefit of the woman, not that she might be transformed from a vulgar mistress into the loving, faithful wife and mother, but in order that children might be born in lawful wedlock; the object originally being that a lawful child might be procured to perform the religious offices of the family, and, later, to insure inheritable blood.

The close of the sixth century found the heroes of "The Germania," under the title of Anglo-Saxons, firmly settled in the land of the Britons. I have already expressed the opinion that it is useless to endeavor to trace any reaction of their customs from those of the brave people they displaced. Reasons already stated preclude any idea of the kind. So, also, I believe that any particular facts of development during the next four centuries will be nothing but conjecture. The scantiest records exist to tell the legal story down to the period of the final conquest. It was to be supposed that, under a more complicated form of civilization, marriage would lose much of its simple ethical character, given it by the German, and partake of a contractual nature. Nor is it necessary to imagine the interference of Rome to make this conclusion a natural one. It was only a question of time when the development of property rights and the increasing difficulty of self-support should turn the symbolical gifts of the Saxon marriage into valuable considerations. There can be no doubt that marriage appears, in the Anglo-Saxon law, in the form of sale by the father or guardian to the bridegroom, but we have no right to infer from the *form* that it consisted in the actual sale of the woman's person as a chattel, and indeed this view is contradicted by other well-known facts. Thus, the husband had no action against the father or guardian for non-delivery of the woman, and therefore ran the risk of total failure of consideration. "In primitive society," as the author of a brilliant essay on the Saxon family law remarks, "legal conceptions and legal forms are few and simple, and the same word is used to denote things in fact different." There was, however, an actual transfer of *guardianship* to the husband, in consideration of a sum of money paid to the guardian, the payment of which bound the contract. This was the Saxon *weotuma*. At first it was paid in advance to the guardian. The next step was the payment of only a small sum in earnest. Immediately, another change became possible. The price was no longer paid at the betrothal to the guardian, but was given to the woman herself after marriage.

Our attention is called just here to a parallel between the Saxon marriage and that of the early Roman law. Under the republic, and during the early years of the empire, what the guardian transferred to the husband was his power over the woman; and we find the wife considered, in the eye of the law, *in loco filiæ*, unless the *patria potestas* was reserved by the guardian, as was sometimes the case. In the former and usual instance, the wife was said to be *in manu viri*. The *manus* could be acquired in three ways: By *confarreatio*, accompanied by its own *pactum*—a religious ceremony in which a meal-cake was used; by *coemptio*, the solemn sale of the wife's person to the husband; by *usucapio*, wherein the husband acquired a title to his wife by an uninterrupted possession for one year. But an important difference is to be noted between the two systems as to the effect produced by marriage. At the early Roman law the husband acquired a clear title to his wife, and of course to all her property owned at the time of marriage or afterward acquired. No trace of any such idea is to be found in the Saxon law. On the contrary, it may be broadly stated that not the slightest indication of the husband's ever taking any assignable interest in his wife's property exists in the authorities. Before the close of the republic the freer marriage had become the prevailing type at Rome; and Sir Henry Maine very fairly argues that, as soon as the husband ceased to acquire an absolute title to his wife on marriage, the idea of her separate estate arose. The *usucapio*, from being constantly avoided, went out of use. In the time of Gaius, *confarreatio* no longer brought the wife *in manum*, and *coemptio* disappeared before the time of Justinian. Under the code of that time, simple consent of minds sufficed to make a valid marriage, and the wife held her property and acquisitions free from the control of her husband. To this historical point we trace back the rules which prevail in those states which have adopted the civil law.

Coming back to our Anglo-Saxons, we find it possible to gather from the authorities the following facts in regard to the Saxon wife: As guardian, the husband was co-possessor with his wife of all her property, including the morning gift, which corresponded to her modern marriage settlement. Neither could alienate such property without the other's consent; generally the wife was the acting, the husband the consenting party. In general, the husband had the free disposal of his property, as far as concerned his wife, but, where a specific morning gift had not been granted to the wife, she had a right in law to an undivided portion of her husband's property (her modern dower), and appears as a consenting party to his alienations. The wife's property was not answerable for the debts of her husband, nor his property for her debts. Gifts and conveyances between husband and wife were common. If the wife survived, she took all her own property and her morning gift; in lack of the gift, one half of her husband's property. She had full ownership of her morning gift, unless limited to her life by its terms, and it was conditioned on her survivorship. If the husband survived, the wife's property was inherited by her heirs. The husband had no rights as survivor, except as guardian of the children.

We can assume from these facts that the Germanic idea of unity in the sense of a partnership, in which the wife was to some extent a silent partner, was retained, and that the common-law idea of a unity which required an annihilation of the wife was utterly foreign to the Saxon law. The wife's dower was recognized substantially as at the later law, but "curtesy" was unheard of. The wife was held to her own engagements, and could probably exercise all the legal powers of a single woman.

In concluding this sketch of the period preceding the Norman conquest, it is impossible to overlook the almost startling resemblance between this Anglo-Saxon law and the position or tendency of the law of husband and wife in many of the United States. In some, and notably in Maryland, the parallel is almost exact. Can it be possible that the eight centuries which have elapsed since the Norman invasion have only served to bring the English-speaking people back to the legal position from which they departed under the guidance of the Norman lawyers!

We are now brought to what I choose to term the second reaction in the history of the English law. The invasion of the Normans was destined to deal somewhat roughly with the exalted position of the Saxon wife. Mr. Reeves, in his history of our law, calls our attention to the fact that, "in the fourth year of the reign of the Conqueror, he solemnly swore, in the presence of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, that he would observe the good and approved ancient laws of the kingdom," referring probably in chief to those of Edward the Confessor, which prevailed as late as the reign of Harold. However true this may be, and however plainly it may appear that, as Freeman admits, "the Normans were absorbed in the race they conquered," nevertheless, it was impossible that in the process of absorption the strange gods introduced by a violent type of feudalism should fail to exact such allegiance from even the domestic relations of the nation as to bring the rules of law defining them under an entirely new light. The fact that the Normans wandered originally from the same shores as the Angles and Danes goes for nothing, when we remember that, at the moment the fief of the Gallic province passed from Charles the Simple to Rolf the Pirate, the line of demarkation was drawn as sharply between these *quondam* neighbors as if they had originally been antipodes. A single fact gives us a base-line from which to build the position of the feudal wife. Actual strength of body graded the importance and regulated the position of the individual in a society where the protection of arms was the stake. Physical power—*force*—was at the bottom of the feudal system. Military service was the property qualification. The inference is unavoidable: under such circumstances the woman must necessarily occupy a position of utter insignificance, except as she might be the mother of a man-child. But an important fact is not to be overlooked. The chronic condition of war, and the building of family strongholds consequent thereon, and the strict regard paid to inheritable blood, made it both possible and necessary to protect most jealously the chastity of the wife. Monogamian marriage was therefore firmly established and strictly enforced. Bring together now these three facts—monogamian marriage, the insignificance of the woman, and the consequent universal tendency to allow the leadership to the man—and the natural product will be a legal unity in marriage, represented in the person of the husband.

It is true that feudalism was on the decline throughout Europe when William entered England, but, as Kenny notes, "it always assumed its most gigantic proportions in the nations upon which it was imposed by force of arms," and there can be no doubt that he brought with him, in theory at least, the maxim that "the wife had no rights which the husband was bound to respect." A most important consideration added strength to this idea of unity. Just at this period the spirit of ecclesiasticism was beginning to make itself heard. The Church was loud in its denunciation of the independence of the wife, for

notwithstanding the fact that the canon law was based largely on the civil code of Justinian, and that the latter, as we have seen, regarded the wife as a separate person, yet in this instance a radical difference is to be noted. And the reason is plain. In the latter days of the republic, *divorce* had become outrageously common; to such an extent, indeed, that Mr. Hadley, among many other students, ascribes the Roman separate estate to a rebellion against the hardship which was engendered by handing the wife's property over to the man who to-morrow might leave her for ever. The Church refused to see any difference between the shameful looseness which the code sanctioned in regard to marriage and a legal independence of the wife. She entirely reversed the historical fact, and argued freedom of divorce from separate existence. In the idea of legal unity she saw a check upon a custom which was so repulsive to her teachings, and upheld it with might and main, until to-day marriage is honored as a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church. *A principle which had its origin in the barbarous oppression of the wife could now be boldly upheld as a protection to her honor.*

It must be again confessed that any effort to draw a straight line of development between the eleventh and eighteenth centuries can only be an absurd failure. It is certain that the Saxon and feudal systems present a strong contrast, but, even with the size and density of bodies given, it is impossible to determine the effect of a collision without their respective momenta. Fortunate it was that the sturdy independence of the Anglo-Saxon caused him to cling with such wonderful audacity to his own interpretation of the duties he owed to his blue-eyed partner. The study of our subject during this intermediate time, when the law seems to have tied itself hand and foot with rigid rules, can possess but little interest for any one but the lawyer, and I will therefore spare my lay reader the history of the scattered statutes and decisions which have defined and enlarged a very little the few rights which during this period were given to this unfortunate heiress to mediæval superstition. A short reference to the four great authorities which mark the successive periods down to the Revolutionary War will be necessary to the completeness of my paper.

The reign of Henry II gives us the commentary of Glanville. From him I select as follows: The husband as guardian took all the rents and profits of his wife's real estate, but only in her right: "*Mariti mulierum quarumcunque nihil de hereditate uxorum suarum donare possunt sine consensu heredum suarum, vel de jure ipsorum heredum aliquid remittere possunt, nisi in vita sua.*" The husband had, therefore, no post-coverture rights in his wife's lands. The right of a woman to hold land once admitted, the jealous regard of feudalism for inheritable blood would encourage and protect it. Dower at the church-door, a relic of which still exists in the Episcopal marriage service, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," remained substantially as the combination of the *weotuma* and *morgengifu* of the Saxons, but the legal dower we find limited to one third. The argument for the position of the wife had now become "*quia cum mulier ipsa plene in potestate viri sui de jure fit*": therefore he shall take advantage of her helpless position by appropriating to himself every valuable interest with which the wife may be able to part. A change, indeed, from the generous rules of the conquered race! Another century gone, and the Saxon idea of separate existence has succumbed to the overpowering influence of Church and state, and it is now sounding from every court-room over England's lands that husband and wife are but one person. Here is knotted the tightest cord about the Englishwoman. Under the guidance of Bracton we are introduced to a most radical expression of this idea. With a comical lack of gallantry he declares that "*femina magis doli capax quam masculus.*" Feudalism had now been allowed to bear its natural fruit. "*Sunt idem corpus,*" says the same writer, "*et eadem caro, vir et uxor*"; and again, "*Sunt quasi unica persona, quia caro una et sanguis unus.*" The posture of the law in regard to the life-estate of the husband in his wife's lands, conditioned on the birth of issue, had now been boldly taken, in regard to which issue our learned writer wisely declares, "*Aut vocem aut clamorem dimiserint, quod audiatur inter quatuor parietes,*" and some one has answered, "Forsooth the child may be born dumb!" We are immediately struck with the fact that this "curtesy," afterward so called, has no place in our general scheme of development. How it originated, how it could be consistently defended in connection with the idea of inheritance, for what purpose it was established, all these questions have suggested themselves, and seem to have eluded the most careful investigation. Mr. Kenny quotes from Glanville to prove that with the later Saxons it was not uncommon for the wife to make some present to her husband, on marriage, as we have seen the custom obtained among the Germans, citing the passage, "*Promittit se ducturum in uxorem mulierem, et ei maritagium promittitur ex parte mulieris.*" How the interest ever became an indefeasible life-estate is beyond my comprehension.

There can be no doubt that very soon after the Conquest the rule was established that the personal estate of the wife passed absolutely to

the husband, as a gift, on marriage. In this respect was the idea of legal unity fully realized, as it doubtless would have been in regard to lands, if other considerations had not intervened. In regard to the legal capacity of the wife there is little to be said. That a testament has never been allowed to the Anglo-Norman wife is beyond question. She never owned any personal estate, and a will of real estate was unknown before the "statute of wills," in the reign of Henry VIII, which was construed by a subsequent statute to expressly exclude married women. It is somewhat harder to know exactly where to place her disability to contract. Certainly it is absurd to trace it to the idea of a despotism exercised over the wife, as Mr. Blackstone is satisfied with doing, as that is being guilty of explaining an effect by a cause which is itself a near effect. There can be no doubt that the Saxon wife could incur separate liabilities. Therefore, we must seek for this general restriction in the history of Feudalism, where we find it in the fact that the wife had nothing whatever which might furnish consideration for a contract, or against which execution might issue in case she committed a breach of it. Her body, her services, and earnings, her property, were all her husband's. There is no account of a married woman ever having been allowed to enter a court-room alone, and not until late in the middle ages was she allowed entrance even with the joinder of her husband or trustee—a restriction which arose partly from causes enumerated, and partly from the fact that in return for her possessions such liabilities as she had incurred before marriage were thrown on his shoulders.

All these facts are found fully embodied in the law of England, as represented by the famous commentary of Littleton, to Coke's equally famous translation and annotation of which I refer my reader. The learned commentator illustrates the idea of unity by the since well-known provision that, if a gift be made to A and B, husband and wife, and C, it will be construed as a gift of an undivided half to A and B, and a half to C. Before this time, however, trusts and marriage settlements began to make their appearance, and were immediately seized upon by society to insure to the wife a property which should be absolutely invulnerable against the husband's spoliation. What neater illustration do we want of the strangely misplaced obstinacy of the common law? It was written in the books that the idea of unity in marriage, recognized by the law, absolutely forbade the wife to hold estate away from the control of her husband. Men were beginning to see the injustice of a rule based upon a romance seldom realized in every-day life. The time had been when the bliss of ignorance had made the woman glory in her insignificance. This period was then gradually, as it is now with a mighty stride, passing into history. Sensible members of society saw it all plainly enough, and with the introduction of equitable estate found a means of abrogating the whole common-law idea, and of rebelling against such historical paradoxes. But the lawyer was deaf and blind. Such was the wisdom of those who watched over the liberties of England. *O vos indoctissimi hominum doctissimorum!*

We are now brought to a close of the short history we have attempted, and I propose now to state briefly the condition of the law as it was received from the mother country by the thirteen original colonies at the time of their separation, confining myself to broad, general principles which will be perfectly intelligible to the most unprofessional observer.

Upon marriage, the husband took all his wife's personal property, absolutely, with full power to use and dispose of it, and he took all the rents and profits of her real estate, but could not make an absolute sale of it. If issue was born alive during coverture he took a life-estate in the wife's estates of inheritance. He was liable for all her debts contracted before marriage, and was liable for all her contracts made during coverture as his agent; among them, contracts to procure for herself the necessaries of life. He was also held liable on all actions for damages against his wife, whether the right accrued before or during coverture.

The wife became, on marriage, entitled to a life-estate in one third of all the estates of inheritance of which her husband was seized at any time during coverture, to be enjoyed in case she should survive him. She also had a right to a reasonable share of the personal estate which he owned at the time of his death. She was not allowed to make a will, nor any contract binding herself or her property, except in regard to her separate estate, which she might bind in equity by a contract referring to it. She could not release her right to dower, except by a contract made before marriage by way of settlement or jointure.

So ran the law of the colonies, when the chisel of independent legislation began its work.

II. In endeavoring to offer a general statement of the law of husband and wife as it now stands in the United States, I must ask for the intelligent assistance of my reader to supply the many omissions which must necessarily occur in so limited a space. It will be simply impossible to obtain any but the most unthorough and superficial view of a subject of which I have before ventured the remark that no one branch of the

law is so complicated or so incapable of analysis. No two States of the Union have taken exactly similar positions; and, therefore, general statements may often come far short of the truth, unless, as I have suggested, my reader will supply my deficiencies.

It is not unusual for writers on constitutional law to cite, as one of the minor causes which led to the American Revolution, the great differences in the organic law, which were soon established by colonial acts, between our own and our mother country. However collateral we may believe this circumstance to be to the issue stated, the fact is none the less striking that the colonial governments, early in their history, struck many hard blows at the venerated traditions and superstitions of the common law of England. For evident reasons, our forefathers were enabled, in their legislative assemblies, to act independently of the many historical influences which haunted the British courts. But it should be no matter for surprise, if we do not find very radical changes in the family law among the first reforms. Added to the restraint which no little reverence for immemorial customs imposed, was that intense conservatism which every free people evinces in regard to alterations in the domestic relations. So it happens that we find that while, in many departments, the colonists thrust rudely aside legal notions which were almost sacred to the Englishman, yet, in the special one under consideration, positions even more unreasonable were boldly taken and maintained throughout the colonies and subsequent States, until near the middle of the present century. The wave of legislative reform which swept over the country between 1840 and 1850 found hardly a single important alteration in the status of the law; a noteworthy fact among a people whose intolerance of sentimental paradoxes is of universal reputation.

It would seem to the ordinary observer to be no difficult matter for a Legislature, in instituting a reform of the law of husband and wife, in a few simple words to confer rights and remove disabilities, and he probably regards with some amazement the hopeless tangle of the subject. The trouble has been, that legislation has refused to take more than one step at a time; it has couched its remedy for a special trouble in general and ambiguous terms, and then the iron-clad rule has been applied, which requires all legislation in derogation of the common law to be strictly construed.

But, to come to our task of stating the present condition of the law. It may be laid down as a general rule, with a few disgraceful exceptions, that all the advanced States of the Union secure the property of the wife to her separate use, and protect it from her husband's debts. In almost all the States the wife is forbidden to bind herself by any personal contract, while she is allowed to bind her sole and separate estate in equity as if unmarried. The old common-law liability of the husband for his wife's antenuptial debts is generally retained, as well as the right to curtesy in his wife's lands. The wife's dower and personalty rights remain unchanged, but she can release them by a simple deed. The husband is still liable for his wife's wrongs, whether committed before or after marriage. The wife is allowed to enter into trade to a limited extent, and to make contracts binding on her as a trader.

There are endless variations of these general rules, which have filled many a heavy volume, but it is not within the province of my paper to attempt any further elaboration.

III. If my reader's patience has carried him with me thus far, he will be prepared to join me, I think, in some simple conclusions which seem to flow naturally from our previous examination. The non-existence of the wife as a legal person and her legal incapacity were the natural fruit of the position of utter insignificance given her by circumstances which are plainly no longer in existence. The idea of *force*, which formed the basis of all the earlier civilizations, would alone confer this character on the daughter, and, for manifest reasons, strengthen it in the wife; but also the seclusion of women, that children might be born in lawful wedlock, acted to give the wife the character of a slave or mistress rather than that of a companion or partner. When education began to spread among the more advanced nations, the idea of female weakness of body had given birth to a similar idea in regard to her mind, and resulted in the woman's being debarred from any mental training which could help her to assert the position to which later history has shown she is entitled. Recent developments of society have been in rebellion against the narrow and unreasonable restrictions of the early law, and have tended to allow her fairer opportunities of education, and to encourage her feeling of independence, both as an adult daughter and a wife; but remedial legislation, following the prejudices of the common law, has failed to effect a complete cure, and should proceed to finish the good work which it has only begun. Taking this last conclusion for my proposition, I enter now upon a fuller examination of its bearings.

An analysis of the logical syllogism presented in the common-law principles mentioned early in my paper as the usual guides of the commentator, will be first attempted. Three separate arguments appear, ending in the general conclusion of legal unity in marriage, the last two of which obtain their minor premise from the conclusion of the one next preceding each, thus:

(A.) To allow of two supreme wills in the household would tend to promote family dissensions and legal complexities, which are to be discouraged; but to allow the wife a legal position would allow of two wills, and would therefore promote family dissensions.

(B.) To take away the wife's freedom of will is to take away her capacity, in the eye of the law, for independent action; but she is deprived of this freedom of will to discourage family dissensions, and is therefore incapable of independent action.

(C.) To take away the wife's capacity for independent action is to destroy her legal existence, which for the convenience of society must be represented by her husband; but her capacity is taken away, hence *legal unity*.

It will be noticed now that, if we deny the major premise of the first argument, the whole syllogism falls. This I am prepared to do most emphatically. Where is the reason in declaring that two strong wills can not unite to advantage in the pursuit of a common interest? Take any ordinary partnership where three or four supreme, and it may be equal, wills unite in a common endeavor—is the union found fruitful of strife? Much more, then, ought husband and wife, bound up as their lives are by all the ties which human affection can invent, to be able to dwell together in harmony, without the necessity of putting one under the feet of the other. Says Sir Thomas Smith, a sixteenth-century worshiper of common-law idols: "The naturalist and first conjunction of two toward the making a further continuance of society, is of husband and wife, each having care of the family; the man to get, to travel abroad, and to defend; the wife to save, to stay at home, and to distribute that which is gotten for the nurture of the family and children; which to maintain, God has given to man greater wit, better strength, better courage to compel the woman by *force* or reason to obey; and to the woman beauty, fair countenance, and sweet words, to make the man obey her again for love." How cruel and absurd even the sentimental side of the old-fashioned law appears, when the truth is told! It would certainly open Sir Thomas's eyes to see a cultivated woman of our day, with her clear, cool judgment, her strong, practical knowledge of things and people, her refined independence, and her robust constitution, which is the fruit of a natural out-of-doors life with an abundance of healthful exercise. Hemphill, a Texan Chief Justice, in the course of an opinion, says: "The stanchest advocates of *merger* during the existence of marriage can not assert that the sex of itself disqualifies a female from being the head of a family. Even the common law, hostile as it is to the rights of married women, confers on a single woman, or spinster as she is termed, the civil rights and capacities of a man. She requires no guardian to protect her person or property. In legal contemplation and in fact she is capable of managing and disposing of her possessions and interests prudently and advantageously." It is true that no society, no partnership, no union of two or more wills can be made harmonious or effective without the presence of certain *mutual* concessions, and the recognition of certain *mutual* restrictions on that freedom of will which is possible to be had in sole endeavors, and I will freely admit that the union of husband and wife is no exception. I flatly deny that this fact furnishes any reason for placing the wife in any *different* legal position from that of her husband. Why, for example, should any restriction be placed on the wife's capacity to contract, which is not placed also upon the husband's? Why should the wife be forbidden to use and dispose of her property as she pleases, and the husband be allowed to be almost untrammeled? But of this hereafter.

Let us revert now for a moment to the position of the States upon this subject, and see what alterations our views would suggest. In the beginning let it be said that our laws of coverture are no longer susceptible of any consistent logical interpretation. The American lawyer is estopped for ever from explaining any rule of marriage by any of the barren principles of the common law. There is an explanation of this strange paradox. "Once embody law in a code," is the prophecy of Maine, "and development on any previous line becomes impossible." Reform, therefore, may be contemplated with a reasonable disregard of present rules. As Spencer would tell us, the sole object is to make the position of the married woman "in harmony with her environment." A single instance will give us an idea of how far our legislation has regarded this rule. At common law, the husband, having possession or control of all the wife's property, was held liable for her antenuptial debts. To-day we are presented in most of our States with the following delightful *non sequitur*:—*because the husband has no assignable interest whatsoever in his wife's property, therefore he must pay all her debts contracted before marriage.*

I can best bring the subject before us by drafting an imaginary act of Assembly. The reform which I would suggest might appear before a Legislature as follows:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly, etc.*, That on and after the ratification of this act, "a married woman shall be capable of holding, acquiring, aliening, devising, or bequeathing her real and personal estate, of con-

tracting, suing and being sued as if she were a single woman." *

SEC. 2. That no persons married after the ratification of this act shall have any rights whatsoever in each other's property, either during or after coverture, except such as shall be created under the following section of this act, such as are claimed by inheritance, and such as may be created by special agreement or by devise or bequest.

SEC. 3. That on the death of either husband or wife intestate, the survivor shall be entitled to share equally with the heirs and representatives of the deceased in all the real and personal property owned by him or her at his or her death.

Let us proceed now to inquire into the reasons for and against the passage of our assumed act. I shall endeavor to state fully and fairly the objections which occur to me. Conservatism will of course offer, in objection to the first section, its general plea that it is too radical; that its adoption would tend to destroy that community of interest which is so essential to the harmony of the household; that if the wife be allowed the rights of trading, of disposing of her property *ad libitum*, of incurring separate obligations, and even of entering into partnership with third parties, the true end of marriage will be missed, and its ethical character be lost. The old contention will be made by some, that the only way to make the husband and wife pull together is to place the latter somewhat at the mercy of the former, and, in return, to lay her obligations at his door. It is feared that, if this strong individuality be given to the wife, and responsibilities are equally divided between her and her husband, a feeling of mutual independence will be encouraged which may engender family troubles, and open the door to more frequent divorce. It is said, also, that greater license may be given to fraud in the dealings of husband and wife with third parties, for the reason that the private relations of husband and wife are such that it will allow each to throw responsibilities on the other by agreement, and thus impede, and often evade, the administration of justice. Objections which appear still more forcible may be urged against the remaining sections of the act. It is complained that, in effect, the wife will be deprived of every means of support from her husband, both during and after coverture; that she is denied entrance into the lucrative trades and professions, and that, even if she were not, her physical disabilities as a married woman are such that she is precluded from earning money to lay by for her widowhood, and that, therefore, if her husband is not bound to maintain her and provide for her survival, he may throw her shiftless on society. Not even will the husband's post-coverture rights be without their supporters. They may be defended, perhaps, on the ground that they afford him only a fair compensation for his trouble and expense in maintaining his wife and children! Let us consider these objections specifically, in connection with the position taken by the American courts.

Above and beyond all other objections is the one which charges that the ethical character will be lost to marriage if the wife be given a position due to a reasonable and intelligent being. I can not resist the belief that the whole trouble here is in a confusion between the personal, mental relations of the parties and their outward relations to the world. Exactly what the great Apostle to the Gentiles meant when he said that husband and wife should be one flesh, and that the wife should be subject to the husband, I do not pretend to know. I do believe that there is a holy unity in a righteous marriage, which no human contract could create, and no human instrument should be able to dissolve; but is not this fact utterly foreign to the legal position of the parties? When, then, I am told that a mutual feeling of independence will be encouraged, I simply reply, Let it be so. A fair amount of it will serve to checkmate selfish and often cruel motives. If the bitterness of alienation is already in existence, no bare legal forms can repress or increase it, while, on the other hand, family harmony can not be disturbed by merely negative legal enactments. Indeed, I firmly believe—and herein lies the gist of my argument—that the constant harassing interference of husband and wife in each other's vested interests, and the constant effort which each keeps making to avoid the present legal effects of marriage on property, is one of the most fruitful causes of family discord.

It is claimed, again, that the measure will increase the opportunities for fraud, and it is argued that, as in any other partnership, they should be held liable as each other's agents. I deny the proposition, because it is only suggested by the half-reformed condition of the law, and I reject the argument because the contracts of husband and wife are too general to be referred to any particular partnership purposes. Once have it understood that each party to the union is to be held separately liable for his or her individual engagements, and notice is given to the world to be on its guard.

And now for the objection which is made to removing the wife's right of support and her dower interest. It is pleaded that she is not permitted, and may not be physically able, to sustain herself if her husband should choose to leave her

* An exact reproduction of the principal clause of the English "Married Woman's Property Act," as originally brought in (33 and 34 Vic., cap. 93).

shiftless. Stated in the plain, simple language of truth, the meaning of this objection is, that our women are called upon to perform no other duties in the world than as housekeepers and nurses, and for these labors it is the business of the men to pay their expenses. Granting the truth of this view, and regarding the question simply from the standpoint of the convenience of society, I claim that this end may be obtained, with much less complication, by taking advantage of the antenuptial agreement. Perhaps it would detract a little from the romance of an engagement, if the "yes" were always preceded by an inquiry into the amount of marriage settlement which would be forthcoming, but it would interfere with many an ill-advised match. Surely no parent or guardian would deserve the character of ordinary caution, who would give away a penniless woman in marriage with nothing but the poor reliance of her dower, which modern society has contrived to make doubly uncertain for the wife, while it has left untouched all its embarrassing restrictions on the husband's transactions with the outside world. But it is a false and unnatural condition of things which allows a woman to marry before she is able to pay her way. Give her half a chance to support herself, and a strong practical training to stand by her, and she will doubtless earn enough not only to pay the expenses of a housekeeper, to whom she can resign the petty labors to which she is now bound, but to contribute somewhat to the family treasure.

So much for particular objections and answers to them. Consider now some of the positive beneficial results of our act. First, and chiefly, the rules of coverture would be simplified to a most extraordinary degree. The whole mass of tangled, inconsistent legislation, which makes even the lawyer stand aghast, would be swept away, and a few simple, rational, and *mutual* restrictions substituted therefor, within the comprehension of the most unlettered rustic. Men would no longer be leaping in the dark in selling to the married woman, and her equity rights would lose their significance and disappear, with all their annoying complications. The husband's property would pass freely into trade, without the provoking incident of dower. The valuable estate of the wife would be taken from its seclusion and made to circulate in the channels of commerce, to the advantage of husband and wife and society together. The vexing problems of coverture liabilities, and the effect of divorce and other separation thereon, would find a final solution in the reference of liabilities to the party who incurred them. But, furthermore, I believe that the moral and intellectual influences which the proposed change would bring to bear upon the social position of the woman would be such as would greatly advantage her, and the society over which her great influence is exerted.

Modern civilization is gradually casting behind it the idea that strong, practical sense, and a hearty, robust constitution, are in any way inconsistent with refined ideals of womankind; and, with this once recognized, it is a sure sequence that our women will claim, deserve, and gradually succeed in obtaining, a legal position equal in all respects to that of men, and marriage will form no exception.

I here leave my subject to the thoughtful consideration of my reader. The home is no place for the trying of legal experiments which may or may not prove successful. Therefore let us pick our steps with caution. But honest conservatism is not blind obstinacy, and, at least, we may remember, and with perfect safety act in accordance with the fact, that the body of the social law is not meant to create nor contradict the historical *facts* of society, but to represent and enforce them. My conclusion is simply this: laws made in reference to menial positions accorded to married women by early civilizations, ought to be supplanted by laws consistent with, and fully recognizing, their modern elevation. When this is fairly and honestly done, women will solve the remainder of the problem for themselves.

FRANCIS KING CAREY.

ALL ALONE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

VI.

DOUBLE MISTAKE.

THIS afternoon, when, a little before three o'clock, I reached Madame de Seigneulles's, her chambermaid informed me that the countess had gone out with her son, that she would not be back till late, and that she excused me for to-day. I returned by way of the Luxembourg, asking myself what I would do with my unexpected leisure. The heat was suffocating. A scorching August sun shone on the russet leaves of the chestnuts and made the slate roofs glisten like polished steel. The heat was so intense that I thought it best to return directly home, where in a loose dressing-gown, stretched out on my lounge, I could, with the aid of an English romance that greatly interested me, get through the rest of the day more agreeably than in any other way.

"Naniche has gone to do the washing *au bateau*," said I to myself as I unlocked the door, "so I shall be alone, and can devour 'Nancy' without interruption."

In my apartments, as I anticipated, all is still, and I also find them comparatively cool. They are entirely deserted except by my cat, the faithful Metete, who is asleep in an easy-chair. The windows are open, but the blinds are closed, and the lengthening shadows of the Carmelite poplars already afford me a shade that is refreshing. I take off my bonnet, and while I am loosening my hair I suddenly pause to listen. It seems to me that I hear voices on the balcony. Yes, there is a sound of voices that reaches my ears with the gentle rustling of the leaves. One of the voices is that of Madame Sabine Lobligeois, the other is clearly that of a man, and not the thin, piping voice of M. Loblegeois, who at this hour is probably hard at work at the Department of Public Worship. Nor is it the subdued and agreeably modulated voice of the abbot. I approach the window on tiptoe and look through the closed blinds.

Beside the *gradin* covered with flower-pots, Madame Lobligeois has extemporized a sort of awning of ticking, under which she has installed herself either to work or to read. The side of the awning toward me is entirely open, so that I have a full view of the lady, who is seated in an arm-chair with her back toward me, while directly before her there is a dark head with lustrous eyes and close-cropped hair that is well known to me. The pious Sabine is in the act of catechising M. Pascal Nau.

As it is very warm, Madame Lobligeois has put on a grenadine dress, the lining of which is cut somewhat lower than would seem to be becoming for one of her strict notions of things, while the thin texture of the material but poorly conceals the white skin of the neck and shoulders beneath.

How does it happen that the clerk should be in Rue Cassette at an hour when he knows that I am usually not at home? What is the meaning of this visit, which is clearly not intended for me, and what can the two have to say to each other? I kneel cautiously on a low chair that stands near the window, and, with my hands resting on its back, I listen. It is not a nice thing to do to play the eaves-dropper, but under certain circumstances it is hard for some natures to resist the temptation, and this is an occasion when it is too hard for mine. I am very desirous to know what is passing between my exemplary neighbor and the rustic musician of Grancey-le-Château. It is long since I first noticed the equivocal conduct of Madame Sabine Lobligeois. She ogles Pascal Nau like the tempter who, according to the Church, "seeks whom he may devour." I want to see how far she has progressed, and if the victim offers much resistance. I am not jealous of Madame Sabine, far from it, thank Heaven! But I think her proceeding highly improper.

The bland hypocrite will, doubtless, find the young savage an easy prey! It does not really concern me, I confess, and I do not propose to meddle with their affairs; still it is virtually my balcony that is the scene of their cooing, and, if he is enamored of this tall, bony brunette, he might at least find some other place for their rendezvous.

If I were really frank I should be compelled to own that I am not a little vexed, and that I have rehearsed all this in order to excuse myself for doing what I am about to do.

I listen with the greatest attention, biting my lips and hardly daring to breathe. At first I do not hear much; the lady is prudent and speaks in a low tone like one at confessional: only detached words reach me; but by the expression of Pascal's face, which I have in full view, I can see that he is already yielding to the influence of my unscrupulous neighbor. After a

little time I am able to distinguish nearly all they both say ; the rest I can divine, and here is the substance of their conversation :

" Then, if I understand you, you are not only not devout," sighs Madame Sabine, " but you are skeptical."

" Skeptical ! " replies Pascal, throwing himself back in his chair. " Humph ! that's a big word. Say, rather, that I am indifferent."

" That is nearly the same thing. Doubt cools the heart ; indifference freezes it. How an artist, a man of imagination, can remain cold in the presence of the soul-inspiring ceremonies of the Church is what I can not understand ! Have you never been moved by the holy celebration of mass ? "

" Often, very often," replied Pascal ; " the music frequently pleases me very much. I also like a good opera."

Madame Sabine Lobligeois, with a shrug of despair :

" You estimate things only for the pleasure they give the senses. You should also consider the satisfaction they give the heart."

" Oh, the heart ! " sighs, in his turn, the clerk, thinking, perhaps, of the loving couples he has seen taking their evening promenades, arm in arm, in the garden of the Luxembourg.

" Yes, the heart," replies my neighbor (and, by Pascal's troubled look, I imagine that she gives him a languishing glance), " or, perhaps, in your skepticism you doubt that we have such a thing ? "

" I doubt that we have a heart ! " cries Pascal Nau, blushing like a harvest-moon ; " certainly I believe we have one, for I feel that mine, when I am with certain people, beats harder than I wish it would."

Here a long pause. I would wager a trifle that the pious Sabine, at this moment, deems it expedient to modestly drop her eyes.

In the garden, yonder, the pigeons coo among the branches of the poplars, and a gentle breeze bears even to our balcony the refreshing odors of the lilac and the jasmine. I know not whether it is to this influence that the animation of Madame Lobligeois is due, but, by the movement of her shoulders, I argue that her respiration is materially increased. She presses one hand to her bosom, as though she would quiet its movements, then she resumes :

" Indeed ! and yet I doubt whether you are capable of a serious attachment, for," she adds, sentimentally, " as a great poet says, ' Loving is half believing,' and you have no faith."

I can not see her face, but I am quite sure that she turns her eyes heavenward till nothing but the white is visible. I know the tactics of the woman, and, besides, her movements are reflected in the physiognomy of the big yokel of a Pascal Nau.

" How, madame ! In order to love is it necessary to believe and to be devout ? I have always understood that the Church discountenanced love."

" Profane love, yes ; but spiritual love, the pure and spiritual love of two hearts—ah ! " she coos, as she places her hand on her breast, " if I can believe an inward voice, such a sentiment Heaven permits, or at least excuses."

" By talking of love we learn to love," Pascal says—not Pascal, the bumpkin, who sits here before me, but the Pascal of the " Pensées." The passage in the chapter on the " Passions " comes to my mind as I contemplate the face of M. Plumerel's second clerk.

It is evident that he begins to slip on the dangerous declivity on which this pious siren has craftily led him. A suspicion of red covers his sunburned cheeks ; his eyes glisten, and his half-smiling lips wear that vague, languishing expression, gaping and uncertain, which we see on the faces of men whom a luxurious dinner has beguiled into a state of sweet forgetfulness. His look has suddenly become bolder, and his voice has gained in tone and assurance.

" What you tell me, madame," he replies, " almost gives me a desire to become a convert."

" And why not ? " replies Sabine, assuming an air of inspiration. " Why not return to the faith of your childhood ? I am sure that you were reared in the fear of Heaven. In order to lead you back to the right path it is only necessary that you should be guided and sustained by a tender and devoted affection that will take the place of that of a mother."

" A tender affection ! " half soliloquized Pascal. " Ay, ay, that would be a clover with four leaves, but it is not given to me to find it ; at least I see no prospect of finding it very soon."

" Who knows—who knows ? " sighs the lady, in a tone just audible.

" In all Paris, there is not a soul who takes the slightest interest in me."

" If you are not blinded by your incredulity, in looking about you you will see at least one person who does."

" I should be very glad to know that person," he replies, with a skeptical sigh.

" You know her already," says Sabine, lowering her voice.

" Is it a lady, then ? " he asks, in a hesitating tone.

" Certainly."

" Young ? "

" Young."

" And you say I know her ? " he ventures to ask. " And—and have I ever spoken with her ? "

"You have, very often."

Pascal becomes purple. There is a moment of silence, interrupted only by the chirping of the sparrows in the garden. A deep sigh escapes from the breast of Madame Lobligeois.

"And this lady," he stammers, "takes an interest in me, you say?"

"Very great; she takes, indeed, the very deepest sympathy in you."

"She loves me?" he asks, and his face becomes radiant.

"She loves you; but as a sister—loves you with a chaste affection, as pure as it is tender."

"And," stammers the delighted clerk, "she has authorized you to tell me this?"

Sabine Lobligeois straightens up with an impatient movement, which seems to intimate that her interlocutor is dull of comprehension.

"My word, I think, ought to suffice. And then," she adds, with a sigh, "you ought, before now, to have seen it in her eyes."

The serpent! Pascal becomes more and more bewildered; he is not used to such conversations, and he swallows every insidious word like the liquor that intoxicates with pleasant dreams.

"Had I?" the bumpkin replies, with a kind of voluptuous satisfaction. "Well, I never have, I assure you."

"That is because you have not noticed"—and she looks him full in the face, throwing all the phosphorescence into the expression of her eyes that she is mistress of. Pascal has meanwhile approached so near to her that their heads nearly touch. It is scandalous! And now, in a tone tremulous with emotion, he says:

"Oh, yes, I have noticed, but I am like St. Thomas, I still doubt, and I beg that you will go further and tell me her name."

"You ask too much," she simpers as she lays her hand on Pascal's arm; then she adds:

"Guess!"

It is high time for me to interrupt them. I seize the cord that raises the Venetian blind—brrrr, brr!—the slats come together with a great noise, and I appear at the open window like an apparition.

It is a veritable *coup de théâtre*. Pascal springs to his feet and knocks over three or four flower-pots; Sabine Lobligeois utters a cry of terror, rises and turns toward me.

"Madame," I say calmly, "I think M. Lobligeois has just come in."

She changes color slightly, bites her lips, tries to annihilate me with a look, and, passing rudely before Pascal Nau without even looking at him, she prudently enters the conjugal domicile.

Pascal would be an interesting subject for a painter. He seems petrified, like the statue of Lot's wife; his arms hang limp at his sides, his mouth is half open, and his close-cropped hair looks as though it stood up with amazement.

Ashamed and confused, he drops his eyes and hardly ventures to so much as glance at me. With an imperious gesture I intimate to him that he shall enter my apartments. He obeys slowly, and in his bewilderment runs his head against the Venetian blind, and then, when he has entered, he presents such a comical appearance as he stands in the middle of the room, silent and abashed, that it is with difficulty I can repress a smile.

"I am really sorry to interrupt you," I say; "I was not aware that you are in the habit of visiting Madame Lobligeois."

"It was not her I came to see, but you," he replies, humbly.

"In that case you chose a strange hour, since you supposed I was never at home between four and seven o'clock."

"Very true, madame, but I had some copying to bring you, and I profited by an errand I had *au Palais* to come to you. I thought I should be here before four o'clock, but, as I have no watch, I made a mistake in the hour. I rang your bell, and was about to go away, when Madame Lobligeois came out and invited me to enter her apartments to wait."

"To wait for what? You had no reason for supposing I should return before seven o'clock. Why did you not leave your papers with Madame Lobligeois and go your way?"

"That is what I intended to do, but Madame Lobligeois pressed me not to be in haste in such an amiable manner—"

"Humph! she is very amiable, very; in fact, I think her amiability goes a great way for one of her strict notions of things."

And while I speak I drum nervously with my fingers on the marble mantel-piece.

"Then you yielded to her importunities in order simply not to disoblige her, if I understand you?"

"Yes, at first, and then," he continues with a faint smile, "I had another motive."

"Ah! and may one know what the other motive was?"

"Everybody tells me that I am ignorant of the ways of the world, which is true. When I am in the society of some ladies, I lose all my self-possession, and feel so uncomfortable that I sometimes wish myself at the other end of the world. Well, as Madame Lobligeois is not one of those imposing persons who frighten you just by looking at you, I was not sorry to have an opportunity to chat a little with her, in order to improve my manners."

"So you are ambitious to become a man of

the world?" (and I measure him from head to foot with an ironic smile). "Well, you have a good deal to do, my dear fellow."

"I know I have," he replies, humbly; "but everything has a beginning, and I thought it would be easier to begin with Madame Lobligeois."

"Humph! your explanation certainly has one merit, that of being ingenuous; but do you know it is not to me you should tell these things. Judging from what I heard, you found your first lesson very interesting, and the time did not seem at all long to you."

Pascal blushed deeply.

"Were you there long?" he stammers, anxiously.

"For at least a good half-hour."

"And you heard our conversation?"

"Distinctly. It was very edifying. You did honor to your instructress, and followed most dutifully in the path she pointed out to you."

"What path?" cries Pascal, stretching open his honest eyes.

"Oh, don't try to mislead me with this innocent look!" I reply, with an incredulous shrug. "At your age the simplicity you affect is not at all becoming, and when a woman makes to you such declarations—"

"Declarations—to me?" he cries.

"Heaven bless us! I think she expressed herself clearly enough when she spoke of the affection, as 'pure as it is tender,' of a certain person, and of her eyes, which ought already to have revealed it to you. That was not Hebrew, surely. It seemed to me, in fact, in consideration of your rusticity, she made everything exceedingly clear."

"What! You don't mean to say that Madame Lobligeois spoke of herself?"

"And of whom else did you suppose she spoke?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the ill-starred and thoroughly affrighted Pascal; "I don't know how to tell you about it, but I entirely misunderstood her. I don't love this Madame Lobligeois; far from it, I assure you."

"Why did you listen, then, when she talked to you about love, pure and tender, and I don't know what all?"

"Would you really like to know?" he asks, with the air of one who has been crowded to the wall. "Well, what she said seemed to intoxicate me, and an hallucination, an insane idea, took possession of me. I imagined—I see now how idiotic it was, but there are moments when the wisest lose their common sense—I imagined that Madame Lobligeois spoke of some one else, of the only person for whom I have a deep affection. In a word," he stammers, as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead, "I listened because I thought she spoke of you."

"Of me! What! You got it into your head that I—?"

"Alas! yes," he sighs, piteously.

"Oh, this is too much! Did anybody ever? Are you mad? Leave me, leave me! *Bon soir!*"

I open the door, and the poor fellow, being glad to get away, leaves me without a word, or even a look, with his head bowed down and so humbled that I could not help but pity him.

VII.

WHAT WILL BE SAID OF IT?

THE immediate consequence of my disturbing the *tête-à-tête* of Pascal and Madame Lobligeois was to disturb my friendly relations with my neighbor. Since my sudden apparition on the balcony, Madame Lobligeois has given me the cold shoulder. She does not pardon me for having sprung the trap just as she thought the victim was about to enter, and the resentment of the devotee, caught in the very act of committing a mortal sin, is probably increased by a violent paroxysm of feminine jealousy. She judges me by herself, and thinks I am desirous of making a conquest of Pascal Nau. Hence a settled hatred which has already manifested itself in a commencement of hostilities—in sneers, ugly insinuations, petty annoyances; she improves every opportunity to make herself disagreeable. When her children evince a desire to come to me, she calls them in a tone as though she feared that they were in danger of contamination. Her servant invents all manner of little annoyances to enrage poor Naniche. Indeed, she has managed to prejudice even the porter and his family against me, as I can easily see in their changed manner toward me and my servant. It is now some months that I have been the victim of this petty persecution, and, as patience is not one of my salient virtues, I begin to chafe under it.

My first impulse, after the scene on the balcony, was to deny myself to Pascal Nau, but the conduct of Madame Sabine made me reconsider my determination. The ridiculous suspicions of my neighbor begat a spirit of bravado in me, and, prompted by a feeling made up of equal parts of defiance and commiseration, I received Pascal when he returned, all contrition and timidity, to bring me another batch of papers to copy.

The spirit of contradiction would have to be the very foundation of feminine nature, if, on this occasion, I had refused to listen to the most rudimentary counsels of prudence. Although the clerk has become the most reserved and discreet

of visitors, it is only too evident that he has taken it into his rustic head to love me. I see it in the inflections of his voice, in his look and his slightest movements. His whole person exhales an odor of love, which ought to inspire me with that fear that is the beginning of wisdom, but, despite all that, I persist in exposing myself to the danger that threatens, from a wanton desire to be disagreeable to my neighbor.

When Pascal Nau comes to see me, I never fail to make him sit down to the piano and play his latest compositions; this yields, like the fable of "Bertrand and Raton," double profits:

"First, it does me good, and then it harms my neighbor."

The music seems to me less dangerous than that of the hazards of conversation.

And yet, when Pascal is gone, when I close the piano and give a moment to serious reflection, a small voice speaks to me in tones severe and distinct:

"And are you quite sure, Geneviève, that you are prompted only by a spirit of contradiction? Is there not something else in the pleasure that Pascal's music gives you? And the musician, is he nothing in the matter? While M. Plumerel's clerk plays his compositions for you, you play a very dangerous game, young woman: you are not made of any different clay from the other descendants of Eve. Confess, frankly, that you have a very tender regard for this rustic composer."

The truth is that, when I am honest with myself, I am compelled to own that the unworthy desire to annoy Madame Lobligeois has but little to do with the pleasure I derive from the visits of Pascal Nau. I am not vindictive, and it is long since the vexing of Madame Lobligeois would have ceased to give me any satisfaction, if that were the only pleasure I derived from the visits and the music of the young rustic. There is something else, and I know not what, that seems to me at once charming and threatening. It is Musset, I think, who has said: "There is nothing so dangerous as a homely neighbor; seeing her every day results, sooner or later, in our eventually thinking her handsome." I begin to think that the same is true of an assiduous visitor. Since August, the visits of Pascal Nau have been remarkably regular. Three times a week I can count on him with certainty, between the hours of one and two o'clock, and I have long looked forward to his coming with real pleasure. I recognize his ring, and wait for it, not unfrequently, with almost feverish impatience. The entire autumn has passed thus. Winter has come, and the rainy and foggy days seem to me less cheerless than those of last year. I feel less alone now than then.

I don't know whether the manner of my bumpkin is improved or not, but certain it is that he appears to me far less awkward than he used to; in my eyes, in fact, his rusticity has quite disappeared, or at least there remains only the odor of it, which may be compared to the somewhat rank odor of wild plants, that gives them their special charm. Is it Parisian civilization that transforms Pascal, or is it my peasant-blood coming to the surface? It seems to me that the inequalities between us disappear, and that, in their stead, certain affinities are established. We converse with each other but little, and our conversation is never very animated, either because the clerk is not a great talker, or because we are both careful in the choice of subjects. He usually avails himself of the first pretext that offers, after his arrival, to sit down at the piano and play. The moment his fingers are on the keyboard, Pascal becomes another man. Therein he resembles the nightingale, who is never beautiful except when he sings. Music transfigures him. Then he is no longer the clerk of M. Plumerel, with his unkempt hair, his slop-shop clothes, and stammering speech, but a sylvan escaped from his native wood, still intoxicated by the forest saps which are exhaled in melodies, now murmuring and tender, like a gentle breeze among the leaves, and now wild and passionate, like the forces of nature in spring.

Seated in my blue arm-chair, with my eyes half closed, I listen and enjoy. The fire crackles softly, and a bouquet of violets on my table fills the room with a faint odor. I feel myself so profoundly happy that I do not dare to stir, and, when the music ceases, I am so moved that I do not venture to speak, lest the tones of my voice betray my emotion.

Does he notice my agitation? I can not tell. He generally stammers out three or four words that are intended as a good-by salutation, takes his hat, and hastens away. When he is gone, I return to my arm-chair, and, with my hands over my eyes, I think, or rather I dream, and my dreams trouble me almost as much as the music.

Can this really be love? Has it, indeed, come to that after all my good resolutions? At all events, this is not a very dangerous love, since it is carefully concealed by both of us. Pascal is too timid and I am too proud and reserved to even give it breath.

I was reflecting on all these things this morning, seated at the corner of the fire, when the Abbot Micault came in, at the hour of *déjeuner*. It was his class-day at Bossuet school, and, as I expected him, Naniche had prepared his favorite dish—small sausages broiled. When it made its appearance in my little dining-room, smoking hot and exhaling a most appetizing odor, I noticed,

to my great stupefaction, that his nostrils did not dilate nor his eyes sparkle as they are wont to do with a similar prospect. He seemed thoughtful, almost worried, and his face wore the expression it does on those days when he is in bad humor.

"What is the matter, Monsieur l'Abbé?" I asked, after having discovered that he handled his food as though he did not relish it. "Is the sausage not broiled to your taste?"

"Quite, my child—quite; but I have not my usual appetite."

"Are you ill?"

"Physically, no; morally, yes," he replied, with a laconism that is not at all like him.

"Why, what has happened to you?" I inquired anxiously.

"Nothing—to me personally, at least."

He said no more, and continued to eat with a preoccupied air, giving breath, every few minutes, to a profound sigh.

Even when Naniche poured out his coffee, the gravity of his mien remained unchanged. When the servant left the room, he carried his cup mechanically to his lips, then, replacing it suddenly in his saucer, and looking toward the door to assure himself that we were alone, he said, in a low, earnest tone, as though he were finishing an elaborate sermon:

"Now, tell me frankly, my child, don't you think this young man comes here a little too often?"

The question, flung at me in this manner, took me so by surprise that I looked at him like one just fallen from the clouds.

"What young man?"

"M. Pascal Nau, of course," he replied, looking at me sharply. "I do not suppose there are others."

"But M. Pascal does not come here any oftener than he has long been in the habit of coming," I answered, blushing deeply. "He brings me law papers to copy, as he has done for now nearly a year, and this is the first time, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you have objected to the frequency of his visits. What is there in them so very reprehensible?"

"Nothing, for me, who know you; but much for the world, that judges from appearances."

"The world! What world? I know no one, and I care little for what strangers think."

"Not so. The opinion of the public is always of importance, and a woman in your position is compelled to be more on her guard than others, and you ought not to think it strange if the frequent visits of a young man to a young woman, separated from her husband, should be commented upon uncharitably. They may be—wrongfully, I admit—made the subject of scandal by the servants and the neighbors—"

With this last word a light burst upon me. I sprang from my chair, and cried out: "Ah, the neighbors! That means Madame Lobligeois. She is shocked, is she? I see—I see!"

"I name no one," replied the good abbot, taking a sip of coffee; "but I should neglect what I deem a duty, were I to conceal from you the fact that the matter is made the subject of remark in your neighborhood, and, as you can easily imagine, to your disadvantage."

"Madame Sabine Lobligeois!—the devout, the immaculate Madame Lobligeois!" I replied, with a shrug. "She would be avenged for my surprising her in an attempt to fascinate M. Pascal."

"What's that you tell me?—my child, what's that you tell me?" cried the abbot.

"I tell you the truth, and, if I had not come upon them just when I did, Heaven knows where the *tête-à-tête* would have ended! M. Lobligeois little dreams how much he is my debtor!"

"Tut! tut! my child; you should be careful what you say."

"Say rather that she should be. I speak but what I know."

"She is in the wrong, I am sure; but the faults of one do not excuse the imprudence of another, and in receiving this young man so frequently you can not deny that you have been imprudent. The young man is twenty-five, you are twenty-eight; you are both human, and I know no reason for thinking either of you proof against temptation any more than others. The heart often speaks before reason has time to impose silence; and in your position—"

"My position!" I cried. "My position is absurd!"

"It is what the will of God and the laws of men have made it."

"Your laws! pretty things they are, truly! Because I have been unrighteously married to a man who does not care a straw for me, your laws condemn me to remain alone and without affection all my life on pain of scandalizing your good and pious people of Madame Lobligeois's ilk. Frankly now, on your conscience, Monsieur l'Abbé, would it not be a more humane and equitable law that allowed two badly assorted married people to sunder, for good and all, the ties that unite them only in form?"

"You know, my child, it is written, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"But if the union is badly assorted, should it not be accepted as proof that God had nothing to do with it? You admit that God, whose justice and intelligence are infinite, never does things that it were better never had been done."

"Hum!" grunted the abbot, scratching his head, "your reasoning is plausible, I will not

deny. There are cases, it is true — but the Church is the only judge—and yet civil law, you know, declares the marriage tie indissoluble—"

"And that is precisely what is absurd and immoral. Confess that it would be better to allow people unwisely married and separated to sever their marriage ties, than to condemn them to drag out a miserable existence, if they are of submissive natures, or to conduct themselves badly, if they succumb to temptation."

"These are untoward circumstances, I admit."

"Well, if you admit the evil, you should also admit the remedy."

"What remedy?"

"Divorce, of course."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the abbot—"Heaven forbid!"

He seemed absolutely horrified at the thought.

"Then you are not logical, monsieur; for—"

But the abbot will not even countenance a discussion of the subject, especially as he begins to discover that the arguments of his adversary are difficult to meet.

"What's to be gained by talking to the wind, my child?" he interrupts, ill-humoredly; "with us there is no such thing as divorce, thank Heaven! and, since you can not alter the laws, it is the part of wisdom to submit to them with the best grace possible—to yield to the exigencies of one's position with the least possible ado. But to return to what I was saying to you at the beginning: the frequent visits of M. Pascal Nau make people talk; it is therefore your duty to request him to discontinue them. Suppose this gossip should reach the ears of the venerable Madame de Seigneulles; she has very rigid notions of the proprieties, and would hesitate to receive any one who was the object of insinuations, even though they were clearly calumnious. You run the risk, therefore, of compromising your situation with her if you defy popular prejudice. So much for the material side of the question; but there are other considerations still more important—your reputation, your peace of mind, the respect you owe yourself and public opinion. Think of these things, my child, I beg of you."

"But," I reply, vexed beyond measure, "how can I suddenly close my door to a worthy young man whose manner toward me has always been most respectful, to whom I am greatly indebted, and whom I shall mortify most cruelly by giving him his *congé*?"

The abbot looked at his watch, and arose.

"It is hard, I know, but necessary. Do it, my child, for yourself first; then for this young man, who appears to me to be of a nature that might be made very unhappy by an ill-advised attachment; and then also a little for me, who give myself the appearance, in coming so frequently to you, to authorize this sin against the proprieties, which is not in my character."

Herewith he pressed my hand and bade me good day, leaving me nervous, displeased with him and with myself, and furious toward Madame Lobligeois, toward Pascal, and the whole world. I walked to and fro in my little parlor, pushing the chairs into the corners, rearranging the knickknacks on my mantel, and venting my ill-humor on my poor furniture generally.

"This, then, is my situation," I soliloquized; "quietly as I live and exemplary as I am, I do not escape calumny! Not even an innocent friendship is permissible. And this must be so always—always!"

At this moment the bell of the antechamber rang. It was Pascal Nau. I recognized his ring, and standing with my back to the chimney, my heart beating violently, I waited for Naniche to show him in.

VIII.

THE LAST SONG.

As soon as he entered the room Pascal noticed that I was in ill-humor, and, as the timid are easily thrown off their balance, especially when they are in love, the manner in which I received him was sufficient to rob him of all his self-possession. He remained standing at the door, which was still ajar.

"Come in, come in and close the door," I cried in anything but an amiable tone.

This beginning was not calculated to reassure him. He did as I bade him, however, and drew from his pocket a large roll of papers, which he proceeded to untie.

"You come most opportunely," I continued. "The Abbot Micault has just left me, after having entertained me with you, with Madame Lobligeois, with my neighbors, the world in general, and I don't know what all. I am sick and tired of this gossiping!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered poor Pascal, "and I trust you will believe that I am very sorry. I bring you some more copying. It is wanted as soon as possible, but I see that I am not welcome, so I had perhaps better take it back with me."

I had resolved to be inflexible, and, from fear of relenting, I was almost cruel.

"Yes," I replied, "you must take it back, and bring no more."

"What! you will do no more copying?" he cried, in a tone tremulous with emotion.

"Yes. I will no longer outrage even the

tender sensibilities of Madame Lobligeois. I am sorry to give you pain, Monsieur Pascal, but your visits are the subject, it would seem, of so many ugly remarks, that I am compelled to ask you to discontinue them."

He made no reply, but set about rolling up the bundle of papers again with a mien so sad that it quite disarmed me, and I continued in a milder tone:

"You must not be angry with me. You see my situation is not like that of other women; it prescribes very narrow limits for me, beyond which I ought never to have gone."

"I am not angry with you, madame," he sighed; "I have long felt that this could not continue. I have been too happy, and happiness and I are never companions for any length of time."

"I too am not happy," I replied. "It is hard for me to tell you that your visits must cease; it seems so unkind, so ungrateful. But it must be, and we should both try to submit to the necessary with philosophic resignation."

"I understand you, and do not complain," said he in a low tone. "Good-by!"

He had already extended his hand toward the door-knob; but, on seeing how wretched he was, I could not refrain from calling him back. It was evident that it cost him as great an effort to keep back the tears as it did me.

"Monsieur Pascal," said I, "you must not go thus. You must prove to me that you are not angry with me for the ugly reception I gave you just now. I am very desirous that we should part good friends. Before going, let me hear you play once more." While I spoke I opened the piano.

"Certainly," he replied, and the expression of his eyes showed plainly how much the proposition pleased him. He seated himself on the piano-stool, and I returned to my arm-chair.

"I have something new to play to you," said he, as he struck two or three accords.

"Something of your own?"

"No; better than that. Some Hungarian airs, *tsardàs*, as they call them, that I heard the other evening *aux tsiganes*, and that I transcribed as well as I could."

He had hardly begun when I was seized with the charm of this peculiar music.

Why have all rustic songs — those of the Orient, as well as those of the North and those of our French provinces—a vein of profound melancholy running through them? If we analyze these songs of the people, we find the same indefinable sorrowful expression in them all as though the whole human race were a prey to the same *mal du pays*, tormented by the same desires and the same longings after the unknown. The rhythm alone varies, receiving its peculiar *nuance* from the climate and nationality.

The melancholy of the airs that Pascal played had something in it that was peculiarly passionate and despairing. It began with a sonorous prelude that reminded you of the roar of the waves of a swollen sea. The tumultuous clash of the accords produced sounds whose penetrating sonority affected you as does the lightning on a stormy night. Then this tempest subsided to give place to a slow, veiled, broken melody of a strange, weird tonality in which there was more or less of everything—voluptuousness, despair, tenderness intermixed with smothered rage. Insensibly the traces of violence disappeared in the harmony of two or three accords, when mournful tenderness alone was heard. It was like the plaintive voice of a young herdsman in the calm of a starry night.

It was a song so passionate, so full of regrets, so impregnated with melancholy, and at the same time so perfectly in harmony with my frame of mind, that it touched the most profound emotions of my heart. Despite all my efforts to keep them back, tears filled my eyes, and, at the repetition of certain notes that I can compare to nothing but a cry of despair, I sobbed outright.

Pascal turned toward me, and, seeing my face wet with tears, he rose from the stool and threw himself at my feet.

He did not utter a word, but took my hands in his and kissed them gently, and I had not the strength to withdraw them. I was as one paralyzed by a weakness at once painful and delicious. An indescribable, melting tenderness enveloped me from head to foot, and rendered me incapable of resistance. It was when Pascal spoke that I became suddenly conscious of the peril that threatened, and that I awoke from this ecstatic torpor.

"I do so love you!" he said, in an intense, suppressed tone, as he clasped my hands.

I released myself from his grasp, arose, and with a look at once firm and melancholy, I said:

"No, no! you must leave me, and at once."

"Why do you wish to send me away?" he supplicated.

"Because—"

He did not stir, and continued to look at me with his big eyes, which never before seemed to me so handsome and expressive.

"Because," said I, kindly, "what has just happened must not happen a second time."

"I promise you to be more reasonable in future; I will come to see you at longer intervals, and will never again speak to you of—of what I spoke to you just now."

"That can not be, Monsieur Pascal," I re-

plied, resolutely; "it is better that we should see each other no more."

"No, no!" he cried. "I feel that I should not care to live if I did not see you. You have been my protection, my safeguard in this Paris, where I thought myself lost before I saw you. Without you, Heaven knows what follies I should have been guilty of! If you close your door against me, I shall, nevertheless, find means to see you in spite of you."

"You would? I should like to know how!"

"I would come to see Madame Lobligeois, where I should be likely to see you; at least I should hear you spoken of."

"Madame Lobligeois! Humph!" I replied, with a shrug.

At the same time, I imagined my musician the frequent visitor of my neighbor, and exposing himself anew to her wiles. This perspective aroused all my jealousy. I was willing to push my abnegation to the depriving myself of the visits of Pascal; but, expose him to the snares of Madame Sabine! No, the sacrifice was too great for my strength.

The spirit of opposition that was suddenly aroused in me inspired me with a resolution heroically selfish.

Anything, rather than that he should become her victim!

"If I must renounce Pascal Nau, she shall not have him," said I to myself; while the clerk, standing quite near my chair, was doubtless astonished at the suddenly tragic expression of my face.

"You are a fool, do you know that?" I continued, affecting a calm tone, that contrasted singularly with the seething condition of my blood. "The course you propose would only result in compromising me still further. Be reasonable; your love for me, supposing that it lasts, can result in nothing but in making us both miserable. M. La Guêpière stands between us, and so long as he lives I can not, as you know, be yours. On the other hand, my friendship for you is too sincere and disinterested to wish that you should squander your time playing the part of a languishing lover. You can not live always alone, and, as for Parisian life, it is not the most desirable or congenial life for you. Believe me, the best thing for you to do is to return to your native village for a year or two—"

He made a gesture of deprecation and wanted to protest, but I did not give him time to interrupt me.

"Yes, if you have any affection for me," I continued, "you will leave Paris immediately, you will return to Grancey. Your native air will do you good. You are now sufficiently advanced in your studies to go on unaided, and there, away from the turmoil of the large city, surrounded by your family and your friends, your energies will be less divided, your imagination less hampered. There you will be able to work to some purpose."

And then, more and more urged on by the phantom of my rival next door, and more and more resolved to rescue Pascal from her clutches, I added, with a smile that was intended to hide the wound I was inflicting on myself:

"Besides—who knows?—down there you will perhaps meet some young girl whose age will be more suited to your own, whom you will love and marry, and you will lead together a quiet, happy life—"

"You are very good, madame," interrupted Pascal, sadly—"you are very good to try to render the cup less bitter, but now I see clearly that you do not love me. Well, how could you?"

I did not reply. I turned away and occupied myself with the papers and books scattered over my writing-table. There was a long and painful silence, which Pascal, taking up his hat, at last interrupted by saying:

"Well, good-by, madame. I will obey you. You will hear no more of me, much less see me."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to control my feelings, but I was resolved to hold out to the end, and I replied, in a tone into which I forced myself to a gladdened accent:

"On the contrary, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you often; I shall expect you to keep me perfectly advised of everything that concerns you."

I turned nervously toward the window, and, raising the curtain, looked mechanically out into the garden, where the chestnuts had already begun to blossom.

"See, there is the sun," I continued; "in a week we shall be at the end of March, and, by the time you reach home, the cowslips will be in bloom. How I used to love these yellow flowers, that in Barrois they call *brillettes!* When you take your first stroll through the meadows of your neighborhood, pray, gather a bunch of them, and think the while of me—"

"Good-by!" he cried, suddenly, and the door closed behind him.

When he was no longer there, when I heard his footsteps, first in the hall and then descend the stairs, it was hard to resist an inward something that prompted me to hasten to the landing and call out:

"Come back, come back! It is not true. I deceived you. I love you!"

But I had gone too far not to persist in my resolution, now that the end in view was so nearly compassed. I threw myself into my arm-chair, and wept, as I think I had never in my life wept before.

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Two weeks passed. I had heard nothing of Pascal, and I asked myself if he had indeed gone, when, one morning, while I was occupied with my toilet, the door-bell rang, and soon afterward Naniche entered, carrying in one hand a plain wooden box, in the other an open receipt-book.

"Madame," said she, "here is a box by express, and this is the receipt for it."

I signed the receipt, and as soon as I was alone I proceeded to open the box. I had hardly removed the clasp that held the cover down, when the familiar odor of wild plants was diffused through the room. The box was full of cowslips and crowfoots delicately enveloped in moss.

"Poor fellow!" I sighed.

I thrust my face into the moss and took in long draughts of the sweet, vernal odor of the cowslips. Pascal had been as good as his word, he had returned to Grancey. I had nothing now to fear, either from him or myself. No one saw me. I pressed my lips passionately to these flowers that he had gathered, and whose odor did me at once so much good and caused me so much pain.

I was not at the end of my emotions or of my surprises. In emptying the box in order to collect the flowers and put them in water, I found at the bottom a sheet of music-paper. On the lines my faithful musician had written one of his melodies, and on the back of the sheet were these words:

"I have obeyed! I have returned to the country, and am trying to cure myself. I shall not return to Paris till next winter, when I shall have a number of new airs for which I hope to find a publisher. I send you the first of my compositions, together with some of the first flowers of our fields."

My heart was full. Nevertheless, I opened the piano, placed the sheet before me, and began to study the air he had composed while thinking of me.

It was a simple, pathetic melody of a style that belongs rather to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century. Above the notes and between the lines he had written the following verses:

"Voici qu'avril est de retour,
Mais le soleil n'est plus le même
Ni le printemps, depuis le jour
Où j'ai perdu celle que j'aime.

"Je m'en suis allé par les bois.
La forêt verte était si pleine,
Si pleine des fleurs d'autrefois,
Que j'ai senti grandir ma peine.

"Jai dit aux beaux muguets tremblants:
'N'avez-vous point vu ma mignonne?'
Jai dit aux ramiers roucoulants:
'N'avez-vous rencontré personne?'

"Mais les ramiers sont restés sourds,
Et sourde aussi la fleur nouvelle,
Et depuis je cherche toujours
Le chemin qu'a pris la cruelle.

"L'amour, l'amour qu'on aime tant,
Est comme une montagne haute:
On la monte tout en chantant,
On pleure en descendant la côte." *

And I, too, wept as I played this air so full of melancholy tenderness. My tears fell upon the keys of the piano, and my eyes could no longer distinguish the notes.

The Abbot Micault entered silently, and with that thoughtful, anxious expression which I was already familiar with, and which I knew was proof that something was amiss. I soon discovered, further, that it was something of more than ordinary import; for, though he was usually as curious as a woman, he seemed to take no notice of the box filled with moss and the flowers scattered on the table. He sat down in my arm-chair, ran his fingers through his hair, and coughed by way of prelude to what he had to say.

"My child," he began, "I bring you some sad news."

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, ill-humoredly.

"It is about M. La Guêpière."

"What does he want? Does he not think me sufficiently unhappy? does he propose to torment me still further?"

"Alas! he would be glad if he could, after what has happened."

"What has happened? Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Be patient—be patient! Give me a little time. M. La Guêpière was last night at a *café* where they play. He was not in luck; he lost heavily."

"That certainly is nothing new—"

* April is here again, but the sun is no longer the same, nor is the spring, since the day on which I lost the one I love.

I went to wander in the woods, but there, amid the leaves and flowers, I only felt my pain increase.

I asked of the lilies, "Have you not seen my mignonne?" I asked of the pigeons, "Have you met no one?"

But the pigeons answered not, nor did the lilies, and now I seek the day long the road my cruel mignonne has gone.

Love is like a mountain that we ascend singing and descend weeping.

"One moment—toward midnight supper was served, and your husband drank, it seems, more than he should, then he returned to the gaming-table to recover, if possible, his losses. All his money being gone, he played *sur parole;* after a *coup* on which he counted and which went against him, he so far forgot himself as to play dishonestly, and was so unfortunate as to be caught in the act. Then, the shame added to the nervous excitement caused by the play and the wine he had drunk produced, I don't know what revolution. He suddenly fell upon the floor an almost lifeless mass, and was taken to his lodgings in a truly pitiable condition."

"Horrible! And have you seen him?"

"Yes, one of his gambling companions, who like him was one of my pupils" (here the abbot heaved a deep sigh), "and who knew my address, came and conducted me to him. A physician had been called in, who said the patient was suffering from a stroke of serous apoplexy. One of M. La Guêpière's arms and one side of his face were already paralyzed. His sleeping-room was the picture of destitution and disorder. We could not find even a cup in which to prepare his medicine. As a consequence, his companions have clubbed together and placed him in the infirmary of Dr. C——, where he has been since early this morning."

This intelligence completely overcame me. I thought of the unfortunate man, destitute of the means to enable him to be cared for at home, and thrown like a friendless stranger into this *maison de santé*, which is only a sort of hospital, and I said to myself: "Had I been there, all this would, perhaps, not have been."

"Monsieur l'Abbé!" I cried.

"Well, my child?" the abbot replied, raising his head and looking at me inquiringly.

"I will change my shoes, and you will conduct me to this *maison de santé*."

The abbot rose and took me by the hands:

"Bravo, my child, bravo!" he exclaimed. "Your heart is in the right place. This is just what I expected of you!"

IX.

THE INFIRMARY.

THE *maison de santé* is situated on the outskirts of a populous suburb, the pavements of which are covered with black mud, and are continually shaken by the rolling of heavy vehicles: trucks, loaded with rattling iron rails; drays, piled high with empty casks; hucksters' carts, loaded with vegetables, on their way to market; omnibuses, full of passengers—all that descends toward the heart of Paris, between two streams of bustling pedestrians, and, amid a cracking of whips and the cries of the drivers, making a rumbling and a roaring that are wellnigh deafening. I had already begun to be bewildered by the noise, when the abbot pointed to a large *porte cochère*, saying:

"Here it is."

Under the porch, in an angle closed by a sort of folding screen, sits an old woman, selling flowers to those who are desirous of taking some to their sick friends. The portal opens on a large court surrounded by galleries and arcades, and directly opposite, through another arched opening, you see the corner of a garden. Guided by the abbot, I turned to the left and passed along the arcades till we came to a hallway that was rather dark, carefully waxed, and impregnated with a sort of sickening odor; something like a *mélange* of chloroform, gentian, and chicken-broth. All the doors opening on this hallway were numbered. The abbot cautiously opened the door of No. 10, and I found myself in a large, square, well-lighted room, with high ceiling and walls covered with gray paper.

The furniture is tolerably good, but is limited to the strictly necessary. On the mantel there is a plain clock; in one corner a walnut wash-stand; in another a dressing-bureau, with a cracked marble top, surmounted with a round mirror; in the center of the room there is a square table, covered with a cloth, on which there are some vials and compresses; then there is a stand beside an iron bedstead, with white-muslin curtains. On this bed lay Lancelot de La Guêpière.

He was changed beyond recognition. His face had taken on a sort of greenish hue, his eyes were wide open, and had a death-like look; his beard had grown out quite gray; his false *toupet*, which concealed his baldness, had been removed; the water from the ice in the compresses on his head had invaded his colored mustaches, giving them a color that was undefinable. His thin, bony hand hung over the bedside; it was still ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the third finger, of which he was very proud. It was painful to find him in this chamber, absolutely destitute of everything necessary to give it an inviting, home-like look.

I approached the bed, and, taking his hand, I said: "It is I; I have come to nurse you; do you know me?"

He rolled his eyes toward me, but he did not seem to understand. Then I spoke to him very gently and distinctly, as you speak to a child: "You are ill; they have taken you to the country. Do you see?"

And I opened the large window, that looked out on a little flower-garden. Amid the clumps

of bushes there was a fountain, the noise of the *jet d'eau* of which could be easily heard. He turned his eyes toward the window, but the expression was as unintelligent as before. Nevertheless, he seemed to have recognized me, for he followed me with his eyes wherever I went.

I have always thought that certain moral influences act powerfully on the sick. It suddenly occurred to me that, if M. La Guêpière should regain consciousness, he would be unfavorably affected by his unfamiliar surroundings.

When the abbot withdrew, I accompanied him. I took a cab, and we drove together to M. La Guêpière's lodgings, to make a selection of those little objects that it would be most agreeable to him to see.

In an hour I was back in the sick-room of the patient. I hung his little shaving-mirror up by the window; I put his watch on the stand at the head of his bed, and on the mantel I placed several specimens of the wonderful mineral that was going to make him worth "millions"; on the wall, opposite his bed, I hung the portrait of his mother, together with a little shrine which he almost always carried about as a *fetich*. The rest of the toilet-objects were placed on the wash-stand, his slippers at the foot of his bed, and his jacket over the back of a chair. A little bunch of artificial flowers, in a glass on the mantel, completed the change in the appearance of the room I had set out to effect.

When I had finished, I went and sat down on the window-ledge, facing the patient, and, as I contemplated his changed appearance, I could not refrain from feeling the greatest commiseration for him.

"Perhaps he is cognizant of all that is going on around him," said I to myself, "although he can not speak. The dying sometimes know everything to the very last."

"Do you think he hears?" I asked the nurse.

"How can anybody know that?" she replied, with a shrug and a sneer. Then she muttered: "Good Heavens! how I do dislike to nurse this kind of patient! He's an old bachelor or a widower, I suppose, or he wouldn't be here."

"No," I replied, blushing, "he is married, and I am his wife."

"Oh, so! You are, eh?" said she, looking at me curiously.

"We have not lived together, however, for some time," I added.

"And yet you come here and dress his chamber? Well, my lady, you do more than he deserves, I'll be bound. He has a bad face, or I'm no judge. I've never seen one I liked less—no offense to you, if you please."

"Sht!" I remonstrated. "Don't speak so loud."

"Ah, bah! Do you think he understands anything? He's done for, my word for it. He won't be here long.—But what need you care?" she added, seeing that I looked terrified. "I don't suppose you love him, since you don't live with him?"

"No, but I pity him."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Yes, but they will not come to see him; he is not on good terms with them."

"Humph! that don't surprise me. How you can— But that's no affair of mine."

And while she muttered and grumbled she sat down in a leather-bottomed chair, rested her elbows on the arms, and clasped her hands on a level with her nose.

Meanwhile I examined her. She was apparently about sixty years old, tall, slim, with a shapely face and an expression of more than ordinary intelligence. Her eyes must have been very handsome in her younger days, and her forehead was cast in a decidedly intellectual mold. Her black lace cap, ornamented with a bow of violet velvet, concealed a wealth of fine brown hair, in which, singularly enough, there was not a thread of white. She wore a black alpaca skirt, with a jacket and an apron of the same material, and around her neck a little fluted ruff which gave her a very neat and tasteful appearance.

"It is my meal-time now," said she, rising suddenly; "I shall be obliged if you will remain with my patient while I am gone, which will be not over an hour at the most."

She changed her slippers for shoes, took her little basket and left the room, opening and closing the door without any perceptible noise.

I was now alone with M. La Guêpière, and for the first time a feeling akin to fear came over me. The eyes of the patient never left me, and then there was something so strange, so unnatural in their expression. Their pupils were contracted until they looked no larger than the head of a large pin, which, added to the distortion of the face incident to the paralysis of the muscles of one side, gave him a most forbidding appearance. Still seated on the window-ledge, I closed my eyes in order to shut out the terrible picture, and gave myself up to reflection.

I thought of this unfortunate man, without a relative, without a friend, alone in this hospital, for such it is, although a private institution. I could not help thinking of his approaching death, and there were moments when I almost reproached myself for not having in some way prevented this terrible catastrophe. He had, perhaps, but a few hours to live.

"If he should die to-night," I thought, "perhaps all the evil he has done will come to his

mind, and I shall not be here to pardon him and to do what I can to console him. The rule is to close the door to visitors at six o'clock in the evening. Who knows if I shall find him alive to-morrow? if he will not die alone with this nurse, who will hasten to close his eyes in order that she may have some rest?"

Then I could not restrain my tears, and for the moment I forgot all the wrong he had done me and approached the bed. I knelt on the rug, and taking his hand, I asked:

"Do you know me? It is I, Geneviève. I will not leave you."

He fixed his eyes full upon me, but did not attempt otherwise to reply.

"I am here to nurse you," I continued; "give me a sign if you know me. Press my hand."

It seemed to me that I could feel an almost imperceptible pressure; then, still weeping, I continued:

"Don't think of anything that is unpleasant. I pardon you everything—everything!"

Still he made no attempt to reply, but it seemed to me that in his eyes there was a look of amazement.

Here I was suddenly startled by the loud blowing of a nose behind me; turning I saw the nurse, who had entered and was wiping her eyes.

"A good little woman!" she murmured, approaching me and patting me gently on the head.

The next day I was there when the doors opened—that is, at nine o'clock. I found the nurse in tolerably good humor. She had taken her *café noir* and had even saved some for me, keeping it hot by the aid of a spirit-lamp.

"He is just about the same," said she, pointing to her patient, who did not seem to have changed his position in the least. "We shall soon hear what the doctor thinks of him: it is almost his time to be here."

Meanwhile she put the room in order. She opened the window to let the odor of the coffee escape, put her pillow in one corner, and wiped off her large, leather-covered arm-chair. She called that making her bed, for the majority of her nights were passed there, and, even when she was not on duty and could sleep in her own room, she slept in a *fauteuil Voltaire* because, as she said, she was no longer accustomed to sleep in a bed. What was astonishing was the fact that in the morning, after having passed the night in a chair, she seemed perfectly refreshed.

And now I hear steps in the hall, the door opens and Dr. C——, in a white apron and followed by three assistants, enters the chamber. The doctor is a man of middle age, decorated, tall, and slim. He has large, deep-set eyes, long hair, a high forehead, and is brusque in his manner. He examines M. La Guêpière very minutely, questions him without obtaining any reply, and turning toward his assistants pronounces a few words in Latin, calls their attention to the color of the patient's eyes and the extreme softness of his arms, and then, fixing his eyes upon me, he asks:

"You are his daughter, madame?"

"No, monsieur, I am his wife," I stammered.

He seemed surprised, and asked me to follow him into the hall. When we were a few steps from the door, where there was no danger of our being overheard, he continued:

"Your husband is very ill, madame—very. How does he come to be here?"

When I had briefly explained our relations, he replied:

"Ah, it is M. La Guêpière! I have heard of him. Your situation is not an enviable one. There is little room to hope that he will recover—indeed, in my judgment, there is none; it would be a miracle if he did. *Bon courage*, madame; I will see him to-morrow."

"Well," said the nurse, as I reëntered the sick-room, "the doctor says he has not long to live, doesn't he? But you mustn't take it so to heart—I don't see why you should. At your age there is always so much to hope for and to look forward to. Sit down there at the window, and look out on the garden; meanwhile I will prepare a little *déjeuner* for you."

A strange diversion that, to be found in looking out of the window! One heard the groans of the poor creatures who were being operated on, and saw the patients who dragged themselves slowly out into the open air. The nurse told me who they were as they appeared one after the other.

"The man who goes there is in the last stages of consumption. How he looked at you as he passed! Poor fellow! he has not yet given over making plans for the future; though, as you see, he has hardly the strength to stand. Consumptives are pleasant patients to nurse; they are always wanting good things, and when they get them they can rarely touch them. That's very agreeable for those who take care of them."

While she gossiped in this manner, she busied herself preparing the promised *déjeuner*.

I remained until the abbot came to take my place beside M. La Guêpière; then I took the Monrouge omnibus, which set me down at the door of Madame de Seigneulles, for it is now more than ever necessary that I should continue to earn money. The good abbot has kindly promised to come every day at about three o'clock, in order that our patient may be left alone as little as possible. Thus I divide my time between the infirmary and the residence of

the countess, and I return home in the evening completely exhausted, but determined to do my duty to the end.

May.—Despite the somber predictions of the doctor, M. La Guêpière seems to be slightly improved. His immobility has been succeeded by a sort of deliriousness and nervous agitation, during which his speech has returned to him. He mutters incoherently, and what we can understand seem to be words from the slang of card-players. He thinks himself still seated at the gaming-table; with his left hand, of which he still has the use, he makes the movement of handling the cards, and then he counts the points aloud. It is necessary to watch him continually, to prevent his falling out of bed. He recognizes no one, but his violent character begins to assert itself, and he is very troublesome and exacting. The poor nurse finds great fault with him. She says, in fact, that the very devil himself would be no match for him!

As soon as he sees her occupied preparing her *déjeuner*, he cries out and struggles to change his position, seemingly for no other purpose than to compel her to occupy herself with him. She does not allow herself to be overmuch inconvenienced by him, and replies to him in her thin, shrill tones:

"Directly, my good sir, directly! Augustine must have her luncheon. You don't think she ought to have anything to eat, I know, but she must, all the same. You have taken all your medicine, so the best thing for you is to keep quiet, my good sir!"

She says this in such a droll way that I can't help smiling.

I get my work, and, seated in my favorite place, I watch over M. La Guêpière, while I proceed with my embroidery. Sometimes my thoughts stray far away from the infirmary, and dwell on things less painful; I recall the afternoon hours when Pascal came and played the piano in my little *salon* in Rue Cassette. Poor fellow! he is now exiled to his native Grancey. He is, at least, in some measure, compensated by the calm and the pure air of the country. Does he still think sometimes of me? If he does, he must think me very remiss and very ungrateful, for, amid the excitement and commotion caused by the sudden illness of M. La Guêpière, I have neglected to even thank him for his flowers. Now that my mind is more at rest, I could write to him, and yet I do not. I know not what scruples combine with a sort of superstitious fear to deter me. It seems to me that, at the moment when M. La Guêpière is suspended between life and death, it would be sinful to encourage the hopes that Pascal may still cherish, and still more sinful to nurse the feeling that draws me toward him. No, for the present, it is my duty to occupy myself solely with the unfortunate man who lies there. I ought not to even allow my mind to dwell upon what may occur in the future, if—? And, to turn my thoughts from this mysterious future, I go toward the garden, and watch the patients as they drag themselves up and down the walks. What a melancholy picture they present! Among them there is an attractive young woman with large, dark, hollow eyes, but their expression is so, so sad! She has a cancer, and is doomed, as she well knows; still she can not relinquish all hope, and it makes your heart bleed to hear her say, "If I live, I will do this or that."

As the window of No. 10 is on the south, the walk it looks out on is the favorite promenade of the patients. They come there and sit down after their *déjeuner*, and from my observatory I can hear their conversation. They speak only of their respective disorders and of the remedies that have been prescribed for them.

"You are fortunate in having blisters prescribed for you," says one, in a shrill tone, that is frequently interrupted by fits of coughing. "As for me, they are doing nothing for me; they are giving me nothing but a little cod-liver oil. It is not just, for I am as sick as you are. I shall complain to-morrow to the doctor.

They boast to one another of what they suffer, and especially of what they have suffered on the preceding night. Then follow remarks about the physical appearance of the one and the other.

The moribund, who has barely strength enough to breathe, whispers in the ear of his neighbor, as a comrade passes: "Poor fellow, how he does look! If I were as bad as he is, I should think of making my will."

The least sociable and most sullen are the gouty and rheumatic. They keep to themselves, and look annihilation at the unconscious co-sufferer who has chanced to drop into their favorite seat. Incessant grumblers and assiduous readers of the newspapers, they seem to never have a moment to spare for conversation. One of them is simply savage—a corpulent old bachelor. He has the gout in both feet, and he never opens his mouth without saying something disagreeable. As for his voice, I think it could be heard a block away, if he chose to exert himself. Toward me, however, his manner is somewhat humanized, and, when he passes before my window, he deigns to glance at M. La Guêpière. At such times he salutes me, and in an abrupt way says, "Your husband is a very sick man, madame—very."

"Oh, I think he is rather better than he was," I reply.

"Do you? Humph! I am not often mistaken. You will see in a few days."

After volunteering this bit of consolation, he continues on his way, leaning on his cane and dragging his swollen feet, incased in enormous felt shoes.

July.—M. La Guêpière's condition completely puzzles the doctor. After having declared him doomed, he is compelled to admit that he is decidedly better than he was. At each visit he elevates his chin, sticks out his lips, and maintains a prudent silence. I can see that he, too, begins to feel ugly toward this perverse patient, who persists in living, contrary to all the indications upon which he based his prognosis, humiliating him in the eyes of his assistants, and giving the lie to all his experience. Lancelot has pretty nearly regained the use of his legs, and every day he is assisted into the garden to take the air. His reason, however, has not returned, and, what is most strange, he has forgotten how to talk. He no longer remembers the words, and this man, who formerly was remarkable for his loquacity, has now only some syllables at his command with which to express the few thoughts that emanate from his half-paralyzed brain.

Thus, when he recalls a word in the morning, he does not cease repeating it the whole day long, with a persistency that is most exasperating for those who are compelled to hear him. His chief occupation is to look at himself in a little pocket-glass, which he holds in his well hand, and to note, with horror, the change produced in his face by his illness. He seems exasperated to see that his beard has grown out quite white, and looks as though he would be avenged on the glass.

The daily repetition of these things irritates the gouty old bachelor almost beyond his powers of endurance. The conversation among the valetudinarians is lamentably monotonous and prosaic. All these unfortunate people, though they have no appetites, never weary of finding fault with the regimen of the house, which is quite as luxurious as one could reasonably expect it to be. They are always wishing for unusual and fancy dishes, which would be very injurious for them.

"Did you notice," asks a yellow, bloodless individual, "how tough the cutlets were this morning? I couldn't eat a mouthful of mine."

"Perhaps it was chosen expressly for you," suggests the gouty old bachelor.

"Eh! why?"

"The devil! If you don't stand well with the *surveillante*—the wench is capable of anything. Yesterday she refused me white wine, and had the impudence to reply, with a silly laugh: 'White wine for a patient with the gout! Monsieur is pleased to jest!'"

"It was for your good that she refused you," I ventured to remark.

"Possibly, but I don't want her to laugh at me. I don't pay my fifteen francs a day to be laughed at when I ask for anything. But this is a wretched place at the best!"

"Why do you remain in it, then?" asks Augustine, M. La Guêpière's nurse, who does not hesitate to call it a wretched place herself, but objects to hearing it so characterized by anybody else.

"Why do I remain in it? Why? because the others are still more wretched, and, above all, because I choose to remain in it. Do you understand, you old *dame de pique?*"*

This last word seems to awaken in the brain of M. La Guêpière the recollection of his nights at the gaming-table, for, during the next quarter of an hour, he does nothing but repeat it in every tone at his command:

"Dame de pique—oui, pique, pique!"

The old *goutteux* shrugs his shoulders, and says to me:

"M. La Guêpière is getting worse, madame; his reason is quite gone. But you will see; the day is not far distant when he will be worse still."

Sometimes, in the midst of an animated conversation, every one becomes suddenly silent; their attention is arrested by the chapel-bell, which is tolling the death-knell of some one. The bell is small and can scarcely be heard, but the patients are nevertheless quick to distinguish it from the noise and rumbling sounds that come from the street. Every one raises his head, and in a less assured tone asks for whom the knell is probably rung.

"Perhaps it's for the gentleman with the Chinese dressing-gown; he moaned the whole night long," suggests one.

"I am more inclined to think it's for the lady with the cancer," says another, "for—"

But no—the speaker suddenly discovers that the lady with the cancer is sitting within a dozen feet of him. She has heard the remark, and turns her big, hollow eyes toward us with an expression so pitifully sad that it makes a cold chill run down one's back.

August.—The gouty old bachelor was right: his unamiable prediction has been realized. With the great heat of August M. La Guêpière began rapidly to fail. He has had several attacks, and this morning they told me that he would not live through another day. The chaplain sent the Abbot Micault to inquire if I wished to have the

* Queen of spades.

last rites of the Church administered to M. La Guêpière. Though not very devout, still I hope that there is something after this life—a mysterious *beyond*—and the unfortunate Lancelot has his conscience so overburdened that I did not wish to let him set out for the unknown land without making the usual preparation.

His chamber was put in order; I covered the stand at the head of his bed with a white cloth and then placed a bunch of flowers on it, and the chaplain entered noiselessly, without any bell, with only one man who responded after each prayer. I knelt beside the bed with Augustine, and I said to myself, "This is the end!" Then I addressed, in my own way, a prayer to my *bon Dieu*, asking him to pardon the dying man as I pardoned him, and to take him where he would be better off than in this world. The priest approached the moribund, who opened his glassy eyes and moved his left hand feebly, and asked him if he repented of his sins. The man charged with the responses answered "Yes." Then they placed a crucifix to the sick man's lips, but his lips would not or at least did not move.

I wept as I leaned my head against the iron bedstead, and had no thought but of forgiveness.

"It is all over!" said the nurse, as she rose to close the eyes of the corpse.

At six o'clock they came to tell me that I would have to leave as usual; no exceptions are ever made to the rule that visitors must leave the infirmary at that hour. I arose, and for the first time for years, in token of pardon, I pressed my lips softly to M. La Guêpière's cold forehead, then I slowly turned toward home, disconsolate to think that he must now be resigned wholly to the care of the stranger.

At the door I turned to take one last look at him.

He was already cold and rigid; his eyes had reopened and seemed to stare at something to me invisible. The nurse, comfortably seated in her big chair, had clasped her hands and was turning her thumbs the one around the other with an air of the utmost unconcern.

X.

PASCAL.

September.—THE death of M. La Guêpière was a great shock to me, but I should misrepresent if I were to say that it greatly grieved me. When the remains of the unfortunate Lancelot, followed by the Abbot Micault and a few friends, had been deposited in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, I returned home quite worn out. During all the long period of M. La Guêpière's illness, I had been in a state of nervous excitement that enabled me to withstand the physical exertion and the mental strain it brought me. After the somber *dénouement* there was a great reaction—I seemed to have lost all hope and energy.

My daily visits to the other side of the city, the long hours I had spent in the vitiated air of a sick-room, and the harrowing sights I had continually had before my eyes, had finally resulted in materially injuring my health. I had no strength, no appetite, and when I slept I was continually disturbed by frightful dreams, in which scenes similar to those I had witnessed at the hospital presented themselves.

The nervous exhaustion from which I suffered so excited the sympathy of Madame de Seigneulles, that when she went to the country she insisted that I should accompany her. I felt that a change of scene would be beneficial, and especially that I should be benefited by the air of the country. And then I think I accepted her invitation the more readily from the fact that the Brancherie—this is the name of the château of Madame de Seigneulles—is situated at Aprey, in Haute-Marne, at hardly a dozen leagues from Pascal's home. I was pleased with the idea of spending a few weeks in his neighborhood, at only a short distance from those wooded sites of which he had given me such picturesque descriptions.

Aprey is a village of Mont Langroise, situated at the head of a rocky valley, the wild, picturesque character of which makes it a very attractive summer retreat. A small river, the Vingeanne, rises within half a league of there, flowing in a narrow gorge, on one side of which the Brancherie is built. It is an old seigneurial residence built of gray stone, and surrounded by well-grown trees, which, however, scarcely surpass in height its pointed roof covered with moss-grown tiles. The structure has no architectural pretensions; but its large windows with their small panes, its high rooms paneled with oak, and its enormous fireplaces in which you can burn big logs of wood, give it a sort of grand air. The park, which is very undulating, is abundantly supplied on every side with running water; at every turn of the graveled walks one hears the rippling of some tiny stream near by, the water of which seems in haste to reach the river in the gorge. The opposite bank is embattled with enormous rocks in such a peculiar manner as to present a very picturesque aspect.

During the week we remain housed up at the Brancherie, where Madame de Seigneulles receives almost no visitors except the curate of Aprey or the notary. In the evening we have a bright wood-fire, for the evening air is already quite

cool here, and I read to my amiable and aged patron. We have finished "Christopher Columbus," Heaven be paised! and have begun the "Life of Saint Alphonse of Liguori," which is far from being interesting, but which has the great merit of being in one moderately sized volume.

During the day, while the countess is holding long conferences with the curate and the notary, I am my own mistress, a circumstance I profit by to explore the neighborhood.

The park does not suffice for me. I have never been fond of restricting my rambles within stone walls. I like to be in the open country, in the woods among the untrimmed box-woods and junipers, where each pedestrian chooses a path for himself. I often cross the Vingeanne and ascend the opposite declivity, between two rows of dogberry-bushes, where a flock of yellow-hammers scold at one another as they gormandize on the ripe berries. They are cutting the aftermath in the pieces of meadow that skirt the river, and the delicious perfume of new-mown hay comes up from the bottom of the valley. I breathe it with *volupté*, and it seems to me that with this familiar odor all my youth returns to me.

Since I have been in the country, a salutary change has taken place in me. I again take some interest in life and my surroundings: my mind is no longer haunted by the funereal visions of the infirmary. I can compare myself to nothing but the butterfly that emerges from its chrysalide and feels its wings grow. I think that I am young again, in good health, and that I have a long future before me of which I can dispose as I will.

"You are free!" whispers the wind, as it comes to me charged with the odors of forest and field.

"You are free!" repeats the jackdaw, as he flies swiftly past me on his way to the woods.

And this word "free" sounds sweeter to my ear than the most delicious music. While my eyes contemplate, without even getting weary, a vast horizon of gray hills and blue forests, I say to myself that down there, behind this mass of stately old trees lies the province of Pascal, and I let my heart speak and see in my imagination the châteaux en Espagne.

I can confess to myself now that I love him and that he loves me. Now that no one stands between us, why should not the world know of our affection for each other? Why should not this intimacy, so desired by him, so appreciated by me, be renewed in a serious and durable manner? The difference in our ages is not such that it need be a barrier to our marriage. We are both poor, it is true, but I am courageous, and I know how to content myself with little, and he, with his growing talent, will yet conquer an honorable and lucrative position. And when I think that a word will suffice to recall to my side my faithful lover, and to realize this dream of a happy life for us both, I feel my heart leap with delirious joy.

Nevertheless, this word I have not yet spoken; but I am so sure that the day on which he hears it he will leave his village that I do not want to even write it from here. It would be like him to fall like an aërolite on the Brancherie, and I fear his sudden apparition would terrify the countess. Besides, did he not promise me that he would return to Paris at the end of the autumn? By that time I shall be back in my rooms in Rue Cassette, where I shall be sure to see him. It is, therefore, better to wait. There is in these thoughts something that inspires me with so much confidence that I yield to the wisdom and expediency of this delay without an effort. It seems to me that I hold in my hand the golden key that will open to me the door that leads to happiness, and I take an indescribable delight in indulging the feeling that I can, when I will, turn the bolt of this magic lock.

October 8th.—They are in error who tell us that the coming of events, be they joyous or sorrowful, is announced to us by secret presentiments. Never have I been more cheerful, buoyant, and hopeful, than I was to-day. Madame de Seigneulles, having been invited to dinner by a neighbor, had the goodness to excuse me from accompanying her; I was, therefore, entirely at liberty till nine o'clock in the evening. At four o'clock I assisted the countess to set out in her old, squeaking berlin. She was accompanied by the curate, who was to bring her home in the evening. I was, therefore, quite at ease with regard to my good countess. No sooner had the carriage disappeared at the turn in the road than I donned my big straw hat, and set out for a long stroll over the fields and through the woods, not intending to return before nightfall.

The weather was clear and inviting, with a gentle southern breeze, that kept the birch-leaves in motion and strewed the sky with light, woolly clouds. The sun was still warm, the meadows were dotted with blue gentians, and the robins warbled in the thickets. One could have believed it was May instead of October; spring instead of autumn. I started off like a schoolboy on his first holiday, keeping close to the mulberry-thickets, and passing through the fresh-blown starworts as far as the edge of the woods, where I could distinctly hear the calls and merry laughter of the women and children gathering beechnuts. I gathered honeysuckles from the hedges, filled

my pockets with nuts, ate wild-pears, and breathed the odor of the marjoram. Never, it seemed to me, had I so enjoyed existence as this autumn afternoon.

At sundown I turned my steps toward the valley and descended to where the road from Aprey to Chalancey crosses the Vingeanne and penetrates the forest of Charmois. From the bridge that spans the turbulent little stream one has a view of green meadows, skirted by a growth of underwood which has already begun to change color, and one sees in the distance Aprey, surrounded by a circle of blue smoke. Darkness began to envelop the hills as well as the valley; the cows, one by one, slowly wended their way toward the side of the meadows nearest the village, mingling the tinkling of their bells with the rippling of the water of the river. I leaned over the parapet and became absorbed in looking at the bunches of meadow-sweet, the crests of which were kept in continual motion by the current. In the little-frequented road, invaded by creeping briers, the crickets accompanied the rippling of the water below with their shrill notes. Little by little the sun had disappeared, the twilight had supervened, and above the beeches of Charmois the moon had risen, shedding her soft and friendly light over the silent landscape.

"Come, come, young woman," said I to myself, tearing myself away from the fairy scene, "it is high time for you to be hastening home!"

I had begun to gather up my honeysuckles, when suddenly I paused to listen.

In the direction of Aprey, from a turn in the road hidden from view by a clump of trees, a rustic song came up to me. At first it was just audible, but every moment the voice became more and more distinct. The rhythm and the *tournure* were those of the peasant-song, but the voice was not that of a peasant. There was too much art in the manner in which the notes were united or detached; my Parisian ear recognized a method that could only belong to one schooled in the musician's art. And then, the nearer the singer came, the more it seemed to me I had somewhere heard the song before.

"Great Heaven!" I suddenly exclaimed, "can it be possible?"

My heart began to beat violently. The singer came nearer and nearer. I could now clearly distinguish his firm and cadenced step on the hard road. Just as he passed the last clump of trees he stopped singing; but he continued to approach, and, as he emerged from the shadow, the moon shone full upon him.

"What! do I dream," I gasp, "or is this really Pascal Nau?"

He came on, with the long, heavy stride peculiar to the peasant, beating time, with the cane he carried, on the stony road. Now I could see him very distinctly; it was no longer possible to be mistaken. He, momentarily blinded by the sudden brilliancy of the moon, had not yet seen me. I stepped forward, and we stood face to face. He stopped, opened wide his big, honest eyes, and cried out, stupefied with amazement:

"Madame Geneviève!"

"Yes, it is I, strange as it evidently seems to you; but why do you look at me as though you were frightened out of your wits? I am not a phantom, but am really here in the flesh."

He had seized one of my hands and held it firmly in both of his.

"Heaven bless us! who would ever have thought of meeting you here?" he continued.

"I am here with Madame de Seigneulles," I replied. "Her château, the Brancherie, is only about a quarter of a league down the road yonder. But you, tell me how it is that I find you here, so far away from Grancey?"

"I come from Longeau, where I have been passing a few days in the family of—of a friend. I shall pass the night at Chalancey, from where I shall return to Grancey early in the morning."

There was a moment of silence, during which the cries of the crickets and the rippling of the river were all the sounds that could be heard. At the moment when we had so much to say to each other, we both seemed to have lost the power of speech. Finally I found courage to speak.

"You have good reason to find fault with me," said I. "I ought to have written you long ago to thank you for your flowers and your song; but, despite my thankfulness and my regard for you, I have been in such a state of commotion nearly the whole time since last March, that—"

"March!" he interrupted, with a sigh, "March! To think that it is only six months since then! It seems to me that it has been a century since I bade good-by to you!"

"Yes, it is only six months; but in that short space of time what a world of things may happen—of things unexpected and sad! I hope, Monsieur Pascal, that these six months have brought you nothing but good."

"Oh," he replied, evasively, "I have had no reason to complain—from a material point of view, at all events. And you, madame? In speaking, just now, of things unexpected and sad, you did not speak of your personal experience, I hope?"

"Yes. I have recently passed through a very trying ordeal. Do you not see that I am in mourning?"

He started back amazed, and, in a tremulous tone, repeated:

"In mourning! Is M. La Guêpière—?"

"He is dead—he has been dead for two months," I replied, dropping my eyes.

"Two months!" he exclaimed, suddenly dropping my hand. "Two months! Great Heaven! why did I not know it?"

"I have been very remiss in not writing you, I know; but you told me you would return to Paris this winter, and you can understand that I should prefer to tell you of these things verbally—it was such a long story to write. Of course," I added, with a smile, "I shall expect to see you often when you return. Now, I trust your visits will be in no wise improper in the eyes of my good friend the scrupulous abbot."

He shook his head sadly, and made no reply.

"Well," said I, somewhat piqued, "are you dumb? One would suppose, from your manner, that this prospect is anything but pleasant to you."

"Alas! madame," he stammered, "there is something I must tell you. I shall not go to Paris—alone—I—am married."

A cold chill passed over my entire body, and I had to lean for an instant against the parapet of the bridge for support. I called into requisition all my powers of self-command in my endeavor to conceal my emotion. Finally, after a moment's silence, without turning my head toward him, I replied: "Ah! I congratulate you."

But, despite my effort to appear indifferent, there was something so bitter in my tone that he seemed to divine what I suffered. He approached me, and, while I nervously pulled the honeysuckles from my bouquet and threw them into the stream below, he continued, in a tone full of humility and despair:

"You commanded me so peremptorily to cure myself of my folly, that I did cruel violence to my feelings to obey you. You did not write me; I was, as a consequence, in entire ignorance of everything that concerned you. I sought to cure myself by resorting to an heroic remedy which you yourself counseled me to employ. I have married the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Chalancey—we were married only ten days ago. I dreamed of something quite different, but—but I have married a good girl, and I ought, I suppose, to be very happy."

I had now fully recovered my self-control, and, though I felt that I was pale, I was able to reply, with the utmost calm:

"You have acted very wisely, Monsieur Pascal; I see that you listen more to the dictates of reason than I thought. I hope you will be very happy. It is getting late, and I must hasten to the château. Good-by!"

I took a few steps toward the road.

"Madame Geneviève!" he cried, in a supplicating tone, "do not leave me thus; give me your hand, I beg of you!"

"Certainly! Why not?" I replied, extending a hand as cold as ice. "Good-by."

He fixed his eyes on me for an instant, with a strange, wild look, then he hastily pressed my hand to his lips once—twice—and fled from me, crying, "Good-by! good-by!" in a tone in which the sobs wellnigh drowned the articulate sounds.

In a moment he was lost to view. His steps grew fainter and fainter in the woods of Charmois, until I could hear them no more. Then I returned and looked again over the parapet; and the sighs of the water under the arches and the cries of the crickets in the grass now seemed louder than before.

November.—We left the Brancherie two weeks ago, and I am installed in Rue Cassette. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the weather is detestable; the rain is flooding the balcony, the west wind whistles through the halls as often as a door is opened, and, that nothing may be wanting to make the general gloom complete, the great bell of Saint-Sulpice is slowly tolling a knell of death. The Abbot Micault dines with me, and now, ensconced in my arm-chair, he sips his little glass of Grenoble *ratafia*, before a meager wood-fire. The logs sizzle and smoke, and refuse to burn, seemingly that they may be in harmony with my situation. I am seated at the piano. With a somber mien I turn over sheet after sheet of music, playing a few bars of each with one hand, without finding anything in the melody of any that interests me. Suddenly, among the sheets in one portfolio, I come upon the last song of Pascal, the one in which occur the lines:

> "L'amour, l'amour qu'on aime tant,
> Est comme une montagne haute:
> On la monte tout en chantant,
> On pleure en descendant la côte."

I play mechanically the first measures, and then—no, I can not finish—the wound still bleeds too freely. Severe blows hurt but little at first: they simply stun. The real suffering, continued and acute, does not come till long afterward. When I parted from Pascal Nau at the bridge of Vingeanne, I was simply stunned, and I no longer remember what my feelings were when I returned to the Brancherie. To-day the wound is much more painful than it was then; my eyes are continually filled with tears, and I never cease to hear the rippling and bubbling of the river, and the shrill cries of the crickets. It is a sort of moral neuralgia, from which there is no respite, either day or night.

I close the piano and take a seat opposite the

abbot, my elbows on my knees, and my hand over my lips. He looks at me a moment, puts his glass on the mantel, and asks, in his kindliest tone:

"Are you ill, my child?"

"I? No. Why do you ask?"

"Because you no longer have your former smile and vivacity."

"I fear I saw things then in a more favorable light than that in which they present themselves to me now."

"I can understand that the events of this summer must have had a certain saddening influence on you. I would be the last one to counsel a gayety that would be unbecoming a young woman whose widowhood is so recent. But you have the proud consciousness of having done your whole duty to the last, and have, so far as I know, nothing to reproach yourself with. It seems to me that now you may, with propriety, think of the indemnification the future has in store for you. I think I can see much that is bright in the future for you, my child, who are still young and now free."

I shrug my shoulders and remain silent. After a momentary pause the abbot continues:

"You never speak of your young friend the musician any more—M. Pascal Nau. What has become of him?"

"He is no longer in Paris."

"Ah! I'm sorry. I liked his appearance."

"One would never have suspected it from the manner in which you counseled me to put a stop to his visits."

"Last winter there were reasons why it was not well that he should come to see you often, which no longer exist. Should he come now, I see no impropriety in your welcoming him."

"The impropriety would be even greater now than then."

"How so?"

"He is married."

"Ah!"

The abbot was silent. I had turned away my head that he might not see the tears in my eyes, but now all was clear to him. He rose, and, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder, said:

"My poor child!"

Then, after walking to and fro in the room, three or four times, he returned to me, and added:

"Come, come, you must not take the matter so to heart. There is still many a noble young fellow in the world, and, one of these days—I do not say immediately—we will find one who is worthy of you."

"No, my dear abbot," I replied, in a firm tone, looking him full in the face, "never! Happiness is a bird so rare that we meet with it hardly once in the course of our lives, and, if then we fail to secure it, it goes, never to return. It has been once within my reach, but, thanks to the humane fashion in which your laws are made, I was not allowed to seize it. Now it is too late; never again will it come my way; I shall continue to live as I have thus far lived—ALL ALONE!"

ANDRE THÉURIET.

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

IV.—BEAUTY.

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things
And through their lowly guise."

IN the preceding papers it has appeared incidentally how beauty enters in many ways into our daily life—how in the building, decorating, and furnishing of our homes beautiful objects and arrangements minister to refined enjoyment. And the assumption was made, perhaps, somewhat gratuitously, not only that beauty has a bodily existence, but that it can be readily distinguished, taken possession of, and applied; and yet its positive entity is by some called in question, and people in general are content with the vaguest impressions, and know or care so little that they can look even upon ugliness with impartiality and indifference. Nevertheless truly is it written that "beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained." And it appears to me that in the present time we have special need for this high service. Just in proportion as the pressure of life, the heat and the burden of the day, become hard to bear; just in measure as the practical details of business and the hurry and worry of the world wear wearily on body and mind, is the need felt for such calming and healing beauty as nature and art can give. And it furthermore would seem that if beauty be a want we shall do well to discriminate between the true and the false, so that we may not be taking poison for food. And it is to be feared that in these matters the mind is peculiarly prone to deception, and that even when intent on

being guided aright it clings by some unaccountable perversity to the thousand and one forms of the unbeautiful that crowd and disfigure the world. I think, then, some practical good may be gained by a few simple suggestions, which, while eschewing metaphysical subtilties, shall serve to show what beauty—the life and soul of art—really is, and how it may be distinguished from its contraries.

How can Beauty be discerned—what are her outward signs? In the first place, I would premise that we are here not within the sphere of certainty or of positive science. There are no axioms or definitions by which Beauty can be precisely or dogmatically designated. Yet she can be described, presented by examples, and approached by way of probabilities. As to description or illustration, a classic capital, an Etruscan vase, a Gothic window tracery, are all beautiful, and yet the reason why it is not easy to say.

Accordingly all authorities, however otherwise they diverge, agree that the sign, if indeed not the very essence of beauty, is the pleasure it incites. The mind is made for beauty just as the eye is framed for light. A thing of beauty leads from joy to joy, bringing sunshine within the soul, and lighting up faculty after faculty till every chamber of consciousness glows with warmth and color. The mind greets with rapture the approach of Beauty, and garnishes a dwelling for her; the affections grow kindly, and the currents of life flow evenly and gently; unruly passions are laid to rest, and discords soften into harmonies. Beauty, too, like spring garlanded with flowers, is jocund and health-giving. Thus Addison, of such states of delectation, writes: "Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motion. For this reason, Lord Bacon, in his essay upon health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his readers a poem or a prospect." In fine, the proof and the purpose of beauty is the pleasure it brings, the intent being to adorn life and add to the sum of human happiness.

I have sometimes felt it derogatory to the arts to hold that beauty, their vital breath, is chiefly, if not exclusively, pleasure-giving. But a sufficient reply seems to be that the pleasures of the mind become high or low according to the faculties called into play. There are not only the pleasures of the senses, but the poets sing of "the pleasures of hope" and "the pleasures of the imagination." Beauty has many phases or modes of manifestation; there is physical beauty as seen in a Greek athlete, æsthetic beauty as sometimes found in highly wrought and artistic types of girlhood and womanhood, intellectual beauty as portrayed by the poet Shelley, moral and religious beauty as displayed by martyrs and saints, and depicted in sacred art. And these divers forms of beauty, corresponding with cognate states of mind, evoke varying pleasures. The beauty is of a base order that appeals to passion, but beauty becomes soul-moving when it inspires to worship. And the dignity of the arts may in like manner be appraised by the worth of the ideas delineated and of the emotions evoked. The doctrine has often been propounded, and is not destitute of reason, that there subsists an underlying union between beauty, truth, and goodness; beauty answering to the æsthetic sense, truth to the intellect, and goodness to the conscience, each and all being essential to a perfect work either of nature or of art. Beauty thus indissoluble from truth and goodness becomes ideal—it is without blemish, it stands the attribute of high minds, the source of pure and noble pleasure. The belief that mind alone inspires beauty finds expression in the following oft-quoted lines; the first are by Akenside, the second from Michael Angelo:

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

"Deep in that source whence our existence flows,
Beauty's transcendent forms are all combined
Beyond all other attributes of mind."

And when once we have learned to think worthily of beauty we may next consider its distribution and favorite habitats. These are primarily in nature and derivatively in art. And here I wish to guard against the notion that beauty is a boon "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." We are taught by the poet of nature that "the lowly have the birthright of the skies," that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," that "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"; and so is it with Beauty, she is near and dear to the simple and true-hearted.

Perhaps it may be of some use to point out how we may distinguish beauty in nature and what the artist can do for us. In the world Beauty is scattered, unequally distributed, and often sorely defaced. To this her marred and mutilated estate may be applied Milton's famous simile concerning truth: "Her lovely form is hewn into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds," and artists and others, "imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, have gone up and down gathering limb by limb as they could be found"; yet all the scattered fragments have not been found,

but still the search goes on, hoping that every joint and member may at length be molded "into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." Now, the function and mission of the artist has ever been to collect the dispersed beauties of nature into a consistent composition and a concentrated whole. And these the finer essences of created things, sculptors, painters, and art-workmen help to infuse into our daily life, mitigating its severity and ruggedness, and rarefying its denseness and grossness.

Let us recur for a moment to the practical question of how the beauties of nature may be assimilated. The main difficulty is that the majority of persons are not rightly attuned. The mind nowadays hankers after novelty and excitement, it becomes dissipated and distracted by vain shows, life is discolored and taste tortured by frivolous fashion, wild invention, and caprice, till at length the modesty, the law, and the order beloved by Nature are ignored by society. A wholesome mode of escape from "the busy dance of things that pass away" may be found in an excursion to the country with a volume of Wordsworth in hand. "The presences of nature in the sky and on the earth, the visions of the hills, and souls of lonely places" bring healing to the fevered pulse. Still better restorative is sketching among silent woods or babbling streams, for their beauty speaks as it were personally to the mind, and seems to enter at pencil-point and permeate through nerve and fiber till the artist or amateur grows into the life of nature.

When thus the mind, "by interchange of peace and excitation, finds in Nature its best and purest friend," the thoughts become attuned to beauty, and intuition is a sure guide. The perfections of nature find, so to say, replicas within the mind, and a thrill of delight announces the sense of the beautiful. But this rarer essence in created things is not left to the testimony of intuition only, Nature usually affixes some stamp as a visible sign. It will be found that the most highly developed forms, the perfected types, are usually beautiful, while ugliness attaches as a stigma to what is physically sickly or abortive. The observance of Nature's laws tends to the perfecting of animal and vegetative structures, in other words to the embodiment of beauty. And Nature appears in perpetual struggle to cast aside and obliterate what is faulty or unsound, and to strengthen and mature the higher germs of life, and so through successive stages to insure a progressive beauty. It would seem for us a profitable pastime in our daily walks to seek out diligently the latent beauties in the landscape and its living tenantry, so as to observe and inwardly muse over whatever is lovely in the forms and colors of animated nature, birds of the air, foreground flowers, mountain distances, and sunset skies. The memory well stored with such images becomes a perpetual feast.

Beauty as placed in the world is not free from perplexities. Lord Bacon, with his usual breadth of vision, writes in view of these anomalies: "That is the best part of beauty which a picture can not express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." The fact is, such strangeness perpetually crops up, owing to the presence of ugliness, which, as tares among wheat, grows up in the fields of beauty. It is not very easy to tell why all things were not created beautiful; it is not, for example, quite evident why some few women should be made ugly. But as we have the best authority for suffering the foolish gladly, so we shall not be far wrong in receiving the ugly with resignation. And Nature certainly makes kindly effort to recompense for occasional shortcomings; accordingly it is proverbial that she endows persons lacking in beauty with compensating goodness. Thus much it seems necessary to say, otherwise the objection might hold that the picture here drawn of beauty is wanting in truthful shadow and relief. And I think the contrast which nature and even art obtains in a certain small percentage of ugliness is not without a lesson. Beauty is apt to cloy; furthermore it may enervate; therefore the sweet is spiced with the bitter.

Beauty has received varying treatment from art. Unhappily some painters, such as Brauwer and Jan Steen, instead of striving to express "the best part of beauty," have groveled in the mire, while others have glossed art with tinsel-show, ribbon, star, and belted rank. But the painter who works as Nature works will cast aside whatever in man is ignoble, and, seeking to carry out the general scheme of development, will improve upon the actual model and by felicity of invention push onward to the perfect type. And thus beauty in art as in nature becomes progressive—a beauty which rises in the scale of existence according to the worth of the idea it embodies.

Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds deplores that the artist must be content to suffer the sublime distress which a great mind alone can feel, "that, having dedicated his life to the attainment of an ideal beauty, he will die at last without having reached it." And Hogarth, in a more comic strain, relates how a certain "dancing-master once declared that, after much study and successive improvements, he still despaired of being able during the rest of his life to do complete justice to, or to bring out fully the capabilities of, his favorite dance." Whatever be a man's calling, singleness of devotion can not fail of re-

ward, and though to the end of life ideal beauty may still be beyond our reach, yet year by year it can be approached more nearly. The resolve is itself sufficient reward.

In our search after beauty much may be learned from the practice of the greatest artists in divers countries over long periods of time, and under diversified civilizations. The painter and sculptor are perpetually on the lookout for pleasing and perfect aspects in nature and in life, and thus the works that have been handed down may be said to serve as historic shrines or emporiums of beauty. And as good society is the best teacher of polished manners, and the reading of select authors one of the surest means of forming a good literary style, so the study of the master works of art is the most direct way of cultivating the taste and rectifying the sense of the beautiful. It will not be amiss, therefore, to enumerate a few examples in art which may be accepted as standards. Let us place in the front rank Grecian temples and Gothic cathedrals; some excel others, but all are more or less beautiful. Then consummate after their kind are Greek and Etruscan vases and tazze, and classic and Italian cameos and intaglios; also marble reliefs, of which the Elgin are nearly faultless. In the same category come ornamental compositions of foliage, flowers, and figures in classic, Italian, and French styles. Of course it will not be right to accept any work blindly; each component part must be examined critically, the chaff will have to be sifted from the wheat, and the essential beauty when found should be analyzed, and the effects referred to their causes. Nothing short of this is educational.

As types of the ideal, and as analytical exercises to bring out prominently the principles and properties of beauty, we can not do better than to take a few of the best-known pieces of sculpture, such as the Fates of Phidias, the Faun and Cupid by Praxiteles, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Lizard-Slayer, and the Antinous and the Genius of the Vatican. These and other figures are now happily made familiar to students and the public at large by casts in the class-rooms of art-schools throughout the country. They are rightly used as models of truth and beauty, and being raised above common nature, and freed from the accidents and flaws of individual humanity, they reach the generic and the immutable. Deformity, like error, dies out; while beauty, like truth, lives on. The student will do well to distinguish one species of beauty from another. In Greek and the best Roman sculpture the subtile essence is concentrated and sublimated; it dwells apart as in serene heights undisturbed by the tumult of lower spheres.

A new and inspired spirit of beauty dawned with the advent of Christian art. There would seem good reason to believe that the inward graces of faith, hope, and charity were, by the old painters, translated into form, and transferred to panel and canvas, so that the beauties of the soul, though in themselves invisible, became the objects of sense. And the foundation for this belief grows more assured from the well-accredited narrative that Fra Angelico went direct from prayer to his easel to paint the vision received from heaven, not daring to alter a line because all was given by God. Endless examples might be adduced of how many early, and a few late, Italian masters—Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Da Vinci, and others —created and made eternal a world of beauty, and the revelation inspired a love and a worship. And, in these modern times, when beauty has become less spiritual and more carnal, it is no slight benefit that the masterpieces of early Italian art have been brought, by the publications of sundry societies, within the reach of rich and poor alike. Such supersensuous beauty, touching sometimes the confines of the supernatural, thrown into the quiet pauses of daily life, raises the mind above the level of common things. The subjects may pall somewhat by sameness, yet, besides such lovely and oft-repeated creations as Madonnas and Holy Families, a world of beauty opens on the sight in angels, and heavenly choirs, and winged creatures flocking the sky, or visiting the lower earth. In such pictorial compositions the lines and movements seem attuned to heavenly music. But again and again changes come over the spirit of the dream, and beauty, as conceived by Raphael, grows supremely symmetric, and even geometric; thus "Sibyls," and the figures in the "Poesia," perfect in equipoise, become wholly rhythmical, mind and body blending harmoniously, without jar or dissonance. And so the austere and self-immolating beauty of primitive epochs little by little relaxes, till we come, in the Venetian school, to such rapturous and passionate scenes as Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Venice Enthroned," by Veronese, "Mercury and the Graces," and "Ariadne and Venus," by Tintoretto. I wish to indicate how Italian painting unfolds not a narrow or exclusive, but a wide and representative beauty. And it becomes instructive to spell out and read the old pictures as if they were historic records of the conditions of churches and commonwealths, or as if they were books or so many pages transcribed from the life. The beauty which ever varied with the life and the faith of a highly sensitive people ministers all the more sympathetically with the pulsations of our own highly wrought existence.

The vital principle that has endowed with immortality the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, inspires, though perchance in less degree, subsidiary and decorative handicrafts. The living spark of beauty which shines in the lowly flower animates the humblest work of art; and it is interesting to observe with what care and devotion smallest objects have been preserved and handed down through centuries, provided only they are impressed with beauty. The world hitherto has not been enamored by ugliness, nor has it as a rule sought to perpetuate deformity. But lovely objects, a jewel or a casket, or a piece of iron or brass, such, for example, as the treasures of metal-work in Westminster Abbey, are deemed priceless, for, if destroyed, the void felt could not be filled. Ugly forms are allowed to pass out of mind into oblivion, but the many illustrated volumes on decorative sculpture, on ivory or wood carving, on metal-work, tapestry, and textile fabrics, prove with how great solicitude designs of beauty are preserved, recorded, and handed down. Thus, by means of drawings, engravings, and reproductions, poetry of form and color are woven into the tissue and texture of our lives. And, if I may adduce my own experience, I would speak of the advantage of treasuring within the memory representative examples of the beautiful—some typical vase, some rare cameo or jewel, some choice form in glass or porcelain, some faultless arrangement in wall decoration, wood-work, or drapery. Such models of excellence serve as standards whereby to measure the departure from correct tase in ordinary and average households. In the present day there can be no excuse, when the furniture and decoration of a dwelling, when wall-hangings, mantel-pieces, chairs, couches, curtains, tablecloths, lamps, candlesticks, inkstands, paper-knives, etc., show themselves unsightly, because all things ugly in our surroundings stand reproved by a host of historic testimonies. And, judging from the experience of the past, it becomes positively sure that whatever works are malformed and hideous will gravitate downward, will pass from higher to lower grades in social life, from the palace to the cabin, till at last they are swept away and lost, while all things of beauty live on, and the older they grow the more they are revered.

Beauty has received loving regard from philosophers, poets, and painters alike. Lord Bacon takes an impartial but not wholly favorable view in the closing words to his essay, as follows: "Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and can not last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if beauty light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush." The poets toy with beauty, the term becomes clothed in metaphorical meanings; a landscape and a lady, a mountain and a monument, a piece of music, a poem and a picture, being esteemed indiscriminately beautiful. Instruction and delight come from the perusal of many metrical musings on beauty, and the mind does well ever and anon to pass from the literature of the subject to the visible embodiments in art. Some poets, such as Spenser and Shelley, pen hymns to intellectual and heavenly beauty, and, like Michael Angelo, drink deeply of the philosophy of Plato. Spenser writes:

"Therefore it comes that the fair souls which have
The most resemblance to the heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight."

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Passing from poets to metaphysicians, we find that Sir William Hamilton has most nearly arrived at the abstract theory of beauty. His doctrine may be briefly stated as follows: "Beauty brings into action both the imagination and the understanding. Imagination has its delights in the variety of parts, while the understanding finds pleasure in combining the multifarious parts into a whole; the greater the number of parts given by the imagination, and the more complete the unity wrought by the understanding, the greater will be the pleasure excited, and the more perfect the beauty attained." Numberless are the passages bearing out this view, and certain artists, among whom stands conspicuous Hogarth, taking side glances at metaphysics, have dashed off specious theories. Hogarth, in his "Analysis of Beauty," written with "a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste," believed he had discovered the whereabouts of beauty in variety, multiplicity, uniformity, regularity, symmetry, simplicity, and fitness. And this theory—if so it may be called—which fits loosely within Hamilton's definition, Hogarth was good enough to illustrate by diagrams. Thus, he sketched on a painter's palette a serpentine line, and wrote beneath, "The Line of Beauty"; and furthermore, on the title-page of the "Analysis" he delineated a pyramid, and within its three sides drew a serpent, and then wrote below, the word "Variety." And so we arrive at yet another manifestation of the ever-recurring maxim, "unity in variety." Again, I repeat, these ingenious speculations stand at dubious distance from practical results, and yet, I think, like the tentative outlines and first sketches which have come down to us from the old masters, they shadow forth permanent truths, and may be used as stepping-stones in the temple of beauty.

The ideas comprised within this short essay might with greater ease have been expanded into a volume. However, in settling the scheme of these papers, I deemed that beauty should find a prominent place, because I hold faith in its high function in life. An inevitable curtness in treatment may possibly have entailed confusion, or indeed incomprehensibility. I can only ask the reader patiently to consider what has been imperfectly expressed; and, to aid him in forming some definite conclusions, I beg to submit, as the issue of the preceding argument, the following propositions:

Forms accounted beautiful come with the greater sanction when they have been accepted over long periods of time, or over wide areas of space, or when they have been identified with high states of civilization. Such manifestations acquire an historic stability, and are more trustworthy than the phantoms of fashion or the devices of individual or momentary caprice.

Beauty usually accords with geometric proportions or numeric ratios; thus, in outline and composition it often falls within such figures as the circle, ellipse, or pyramid, and arranges itself according to numbers, such as 2, 3, 5, 7, etc. This numeric theory is supposed to have originated with Pythagoras, and in recent days it found a fanatic advocate in Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh. The conjecture has been that such ratios rest on the undulatory theory, and determine alike beauty of form, color, and sound; in other words, that the beauty of the human figure, of the prismatic rainbow, and of a Beethoven sonata obey like fundamental laws.

Forms of beauty, whether elementary or complex, are primarily found in nature, but the creative idea is often marred, dross debasing the pure gold. Yet Nature strives to purge away impurities, to cast out deformities, and to preserve and develop the normal type; whenever Nature reaches her standard of perfection she is beautiful.

Beauty constitutes the ideal, and the true ideal in art corresponds to the perfected real in nature.

Outward and visible beauty is announced and determined by the response and approval of the mind, the mind being made for beauty as the eye is constructed for light: the inward intuitions planted in man pulsate, as cords of a lyre, to the vibrations or impressions from without.

Beauty obtains a twofold sanction when it exists as the perfection of outward nature, and when it obtains the approving response of the best minds.

Beauty stands in some undefined relation with truth and goodness. Partial and incompleted beauty often contains an admixture of error and badness, but perfect beauty is without alloy, and lies in continuity with truth and goodness; the three conjoined making an unbroken circuit, each fortifying the other.

All beauty becomes the more confirmed when it has been sanctioned and made manifest by the great artists of the world, and when it is embodied in the master works of the foremost architects, sculptors, or painters. Beauty resides within every true and good work of art, just as the soul dwells within the human body—it is there to a certainty—we have only to find it out.

And forms of beauty appear with overwhelming evidence when they obtain, as just indicated, a threefold warrantee: when they possess the impress of the Creator in nature; when they have gained the approval of the artist by a place in universal art; and, lastly, when they have awakened within humanity an allegiance and a love.

And these manifold phases of Beauty declare what they are by the pleasure they impart: beauty always pleases, and what displeases is unbeautiful; it is her privilege to lead from joy to joy. The worth of any beauty is measured by the dignity of the emotions awakened; the use of beauty is to elevate, adorn, and add to the enjoyment of life.

J. Beavington Atkinson (*Good Words*).

THE GROWTH OF SCULPTURE.

ORDINARY conceptions of art are apt to be a good deal warped by the prevailing impression among artists and critics that the origin of all things is to be sought for in Italy and Hellas, or, at best, in Egypt and Assyria. Take up an average history of sculpture, such as Lübke's, and you will find that the author imagines he has brought you face to face with the cradle of art when he introduces you to the polished granite statues of Thebes, or the lively alabaster bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik. From the point of view generally adopted by the æsthetic world, Egypt and Assyria are the absolute beginning of every earthly art or science. But, with the rapid advance of anthropology and of what may be called prehistoric archæology during the last few

years, a new school of æsthetics has become inevitable—a school which should judge of art-products not by the transcendental and often dogmatic principles of Lessing or Winckelmann, but by the sober light of actual evolution. So to judge, we must push back our search far beyond the days of Sennacherib and Rameses, to the nameless artists who carved the figures of animals upon bits of mammoth-tusks under the shade of pre-glacial caves. We must consider the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures not as rudimentary works, but as advanced products of highly developed art. We must trace the long course of previous evolution by which the rude figures of primeval men were brought to the comparative technical perfection of Memphian or Ninevite monuments; a perfection which sometimes only just falls short of the Hellenic model by its want of the very latest and lightest touch —artistic grace and freedom. In short, we must allow that barbaric art is but a step below the civilized, while it is very many steps above the lowest savage.

In the present paper, however, it is not my intention to do more than sketch very briefly, and in a merely prefatory manner, the primitive stages of plastic art. I wish, rather, here to point out sundry influences which, as it seems to me, have conspired to give their peculiar characteristics to the very advanced sculpture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India. But, as a preliminary to such an exposition, it will be well to touch lightly upon sundry prior and necessary stages of early imitative art.

When a child begins spontaneously to draw, its first attempt is generally a rough representation of the human form. It draws a man, and a man in the abstract only. He is "bilaterally symmetrical," as the naturalists say; a full-faced figure, with all the limbs and features displayed entire. He has a round face, two goggle eyes, a nose and mouth, a cylindrical body, two arms held out at a more or less acute angle, with five fingers on each, and two legs, also divergent, with a pair of terminal knobs to represent the feet. This is the very parent of art, a symbolical or mathematical man, a rough diagram of humanity, reduced to its simplest component elements. It still survives as the sole representation of a man among our own street boys and among many savage races. Moreover, it affords us a good clew to all the faults and errors, the partial successes and tentative improvements, of subsequent artists. An Egyptian or Assyrian pond always consists of a square diagram of some water, surrounded by diagrams of trees, pointing outward from it in every direction, so that some of them are placed sideways, and some of them upside down. So, too, if you ask any educated European, who is ignorant of drawing, to sketch you the figure of a chair, you will find that he fails just where the street boy fails in representing the human face. He is too abstract and mathematical; he lets his intellectnal appreciation of the chair as possessing four legs and a back and a seat, all at right angles and in certain determinate planes, carry away his judgment to the detriment of the visual chair, whose angles are all irregular, and whose planes interfere with one another in extraordinary ways. He turns you out a diagram, a section, or an elevation of a chair, not a picture in the true sense. That is the stumbling-block of all early painters and sculptors, the difficulty which they had slowly to overcome before they could arrive at the modern truthfulness of delineation.

In the technical language of painting, such truthfulness of delineation, such correct imitation of the visual object in its visible as opposed to its geometrical relations, is known as *drawing*. It includes perspective, foreshortening, and all the other devices by which we represent the visual field on a flat surface. But the term can not, of course, be applied to sculpture, where something analogous nevertheless exists, especially in bas-relief. Accordingly, I propose in the present paper to employ the word imitation in this general sense as including accuracy of representation in either art. And such accuracy of imitation we may take as the real and objective test of artistic evolution, at least so far as the imitative arts are concerned. I shall give examples hereafter which will illustrate the difference between the application of this test and of those shadowy and artificial standards so generally employed by the transcendental school.

So far as I know, the Polynesians and many other savages have not progressed beyond the full-face stage of human portraiture above described. Next in rank comes the drawing of a profile, as we find it among the Esquimaux and the Bushmen. Our own children soon attain to this level, which is one degree higher than that of the full face, as it implies a special point of view, suppresses half the features, and is not diagrammatic or symbolical of all the separate parts. Negroes and North American Indians can not understand profile: they ask what has become of the other eye. At this second degree may also be placed the representation of animals as the Esquimaux represent them—a single side view, with the creature in what may be called an abstract position; that is to say, doing nothing particular. Third in rank we may put the rudimentary perspective stage, where limbs are represented in drawing or bas-relief as standing one behind another, and where one body or portion of a body is permitted to conceal another. Still,

the various figures are seen all on one plane, and stand side by side, in a sort of processional order (like that of the Bayeux tapestry), with little composition and no background; nor have they yet much variety of attitude. Successively higher steps show us the figures in different positions, as walking, running, sitting, or lying down; then, again, as performing complicated actions; finally, as showing emotion, expression, and individuality in their faces. At the same time the processional order disappears; perspective begins to come into use, and the limbs betray some attention to rough anatomical proprieties. Thus, by slow degrees, the symbolical and mathematical drawing of savages evolves into the imitative painting and sculpture of civilized races.

I wish to catch this evolving and yet undifferentiated art at the point where it is still neither painting nor sculpture, and where it has just passed the fourth stage in the course of development here indicated. From this point I wish to observe the causes which made it assume its well-known national plastic forms in Egypt, Assyria, Hellas, and India respectively. To do so, it will be necessary shortly to recapitulate some facts in the history of its evolution, familiar to most æsthetic students, but less so, perhaps, to the mass of general readers. Painting and sculpture, then, in their Western shape at least, started from a common origin in such processional pictures as those above described—pictures of whose primitive peculiarities the Egyptian wall-paintings and Etruscan vases will give us a fair idea, though in a more developed form. Setting out from this original mode, sculpture first diverged by the addition of incised lines, marking the boundaries of the colored figures standing out flat in very low relief. Then, the edges being rounded and the details incised as well as painted, bas-relief proper comes into existence. Corner figures, like those of the Assyrian bulls and gods, give us the earliest hint of the statue. At first, seated or erect, with arms placed directly down the side to the thighs, and legs united together, the primitive statues formed a single piece with the block of stone behind them. Becoming gradually higher and higher in relief, they at last stood out as almost separate figures, with a column at the back to support their weight. At last they assumed the wholly separate position. Side by side with these changes, the arms are cut away from the sides, and the legs are opened and placed one before the other. Gradually more action is thrown into the limbs, and more expression into the features; till, finally, the cat-faced Egyptian Pasht, with her legs firmly set together, and her hands laid flat upon her knees, gives place to the free Hellenic Discobolus, with every limb admirably molded into exact imitation of an ideally beautiful human form, in a speaking attitude of graceful momentary activity.

Now, if we look for a minute at a few of the criticisms already passed by æsthetic authorities upon works of national art, we shall see how far they differ from those which must be passed by the application of this objective imitative test. There are in the British Museum some Assyrian bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, of the age of Asshur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus, concerning which no less a writer than Sir A. H. Layard delivers himself after this fashion: "In that which constitutes the highest quality of art, in variety of detail and ornament, in attempts at composition, in severity of style, and purity of outline, they are inferior to the earliest Assyrian monuments with which we are acquainted—those from the northwest palace at Nimroud. They bear, indeed, the same relation to them as the later Egyptian monuments do to the earlier." But the fact is that, if we accept imitation as our test, we must rank these very bas-reliefs as the highest products of Assyrian art. Any one who will look at the original works in the Museum can judge for himself. The animals in them are represented in very truthful and unsymmetrical attitudes, and often show considerable expression. A wounded lion seizing a chariot-wheel has its face and two paws given with a fidelity and an attention to perspective truly astonishing. The parts of bodies passing in front of one another are managed with high technical skill. A lion inclosed in a cage is seen through the bars in an admirable manner. And, though conventionalism is allowed to reign for the most part in the human figure, especially in the sacred case of the king, yet the muscles are brought out with considerable anatomical correctness, and the inferior personages are often in really decent drawing, even when judged as Europeans now judge. All these points betoken advance upon the older works. To put it plainly, Sir A. H. Layard seems to have set up as a standard certain rather ideal characters of art, to have erected the archaic Assyrian type with which he was familiar into an absolute model, and then to have found fault with these particular bas-reliefs because they were less "severe" and "pure"—that is to say, more highly evolved—than his artificial standard of national excellence.

Similarly, I find Herr Lübke placing Indian sculpture far below that of Egypt and Assyria. For this singular judgment he gives merely fanciful and, as it seems to me, mystical reasons. "It might, indeed, be asserted," he says, "that a touch of *naïve* grace marks the best of these works, but this grace breathes no animation of mind, nor power of thought or will; at the most it may be compared with the loveliness of the flowers of the field; there is nothing in it of moral

consciousness." I confess I find it hard to discover traces of moral consciousness in the Memnon or the winged bulls; but any child can see that while Egyptian statues are stiff, unnatural, symmetrical, and absolutely devoid of anatomical detail, many Indian statues are free in position, stand with arms and legs in natural and graceful attitudes, show in their faces individuality or even expression, and represent the limbs with anatomical correctness, only idealized into a somewhat voluptuous smoothness and rotundity. Here, again, we must suppose that a preconceived transcendental idea has blinded the critic to obvious excellence of imitation.*

One word to prevent misapprehension. I do not mean to say that such a rough test as that here employed can be used to measure the respective value of the highest artistic work. It can merely be employed to weigh nation against nation. In our own days, when good imitation is almost universal, when drawing, and perspective, and anatomy, are taught systematically to all our artists, we necessarily judge of æsthetic products by higher and mainly emotional standards. Mr. Frith does not differ much from Mr. Burne Jones, or M. Legros, or Sir Frederick Leighton, in mere technical ability to represent what he sees on a flat surface; but he differs greatly in sentiment and feeling. What we admire in one modern work of art, as compared with another, is its coloring, its composition, its beauty of thought and expression, its power of stirring the higher and finer chords of our emotional nature. What we dislike is vulgarity of subject or treatment, crude or discordant coloring, low or commonplace emotion, and all the other outward signs of poverty in intellectual and emotional endowment. These higher tests can sometimes be applied even where the technique is far from perfect, as among many mediæval Italian painters, whose drawing, especially of animals, is often ludicrously incorrect, while they nevertheless display a fine sense of coloring, deep feeling, and profound power of expression. But they can not be applied to Egyptian or Assyrian handicraft, which thus falls short entirely of the specific fine-art quality as understood by modern æsthetic critics. The total absence of feeling and expression reduces the art of Egypt and Assyria to the purely barbaric level. That of Hellas, on the contrary, rises to the first rank. The origin of this remarkable difference forms the subject of our present inquiry.

A cheap and easy mode of accounting for such peculiarities, much in vogue among critics, is to refer them to "the national character"; which is about as explanatory as to say that opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue. If we take a single individual, the absurdity becomes obvious—no one would account for the excellence of Shakespeare's plays by saying that he possessed a play-writing character—but, when we talk of a whole nation, the trick of language imposes upon everybody. The real question, however, lurks behind all these shallow subterfuges, and it is this: Why is the national character artistic or inartistic, free or slavish, individual or conventional, as the case may be? The only possible answer lies in the physical condition and antecedents of each particular people. To put the concrete instance, Egyptian sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Egyptians, that is to say, Negroids; secondly, because they lived in Egypt; and, thirdly, because they had no stone to work in but granite or porphyry. Conversely, Hellenic sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Hellenes, that is to say, Aryans; secondly, because they lived in Hellas; and, thirdly, because they worked mainly in white and fine-grained Parian marble.

The first element, that of heredity, was the one which poor dogmatic, puzzle-headed Buckle so stoutly refused to take into consideration. But it is undoubtedly one of prime importance, though I can not here find room to lay much stress upon it. Of course heredity itself is ultimately explicable by the previous physical circumstances of each race; it means the persistent mental twist given to a nation by the long habits of its ancestors in their dealings with nature and surrounding peoples, which latter factor must, in the last

* In justice to Lübke I should like to add that he differs totally from Sir A. H. Layard as to the Kouyunjik sculptures, and agrees, on the whole, with my independently formed opinion. To show how greatly our doctors disagree on such points, I venture to transcribe the whole of his remarks on this subject. "If the works at Khorsabad," he says, "mark the transition from the strict old style to one of greater freedom, the latter acquires its full sway in the palace of Kujjundschik. It is true, even here, that the extent of subject-matter, the idea and its intellectual importance, remain unchanged. The Assyrian artists were compelled to restrict themselves, as their forefathers had done for centuries, to the glorification of the life and actions of their princes. But, while the ideas were limited to the old narrow circle, the observation of nature had increased so considerably in acuteness, extent, and delicacy, the representations had gained such ease, freshness, and variety, and the power of characterization had become so enlarged by the study of individual life, that an advance proclaims itself everywhere. At the same time, the art had lost nothing of its earlier excellences, except, perhaps, the powerful, gloomy grandeur of the principal figures; this was exchanged for the softer but in no wise feeble grace of a more animated style, and for the wealth of an imagination that had thrown aside its fetters in various new ideas and pregnant subjects." Here Lübke's own transcendental canons do not mislead him, and he therefore avoids the fanciful error into which Layard's canons have led the great explorer.

resort, be accepted as a result of their geographical position. This mental twist is physically registered in the brain. Now, the Negroid race (perhaps because it is cooped up in a large and compact continent, Africa, with no intersecting seas and little outlet for intercourse with surrounding peoples) has never displayed much plasticity of intelligence, and has only produced a civilized nation in its extreme northeastern branch, where it spreads over the rich alluvial valley of the Nile, and borders most closely upon the Semitic and Aryan races. Somewhat similar is the position of the great Mongoloid family, which has developed a civilization in China alone, among the fertile plains of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang. Both these races seem to represent an early checked development; their type of social organization remains low and stereotyped (though in different degrees); their ancestors appear never to have been placed in favorable conditions for calling forth the latent adaptability, the susceptibility to culture and evolution, of the human species. If we look at China especially, we see that its monosyllabic language, its religion of ancestor-worship, its ideographic mode of writing, its social system, all belong to an early and strangely fossilized type. The Aryans, on the contrary (and we might perhaps add, the Semites), have passed ancestrally through some unknown circumstances which have rendered them hereditarily the most plastic, the most intelligent, the most æsthetic, and probably the most organically moral of all human races. Thus, at the point where history first discovers them, the great families of men are already unequal in potentialities and in actual culture. The Aryan starts in the race with five ounces more of brain than the negro. The Bushman starts with five ounces less. It is by no means a matter of indifference, therefore, to the philosophy of history whether Egypt was peopled by Negroids or Aryans, whether China was occupied by Turanians or Andamanese, and whether the first Hellenic colonists settled down in Central Africa or in the islands of the Ægean. Each race is what it is partly in virtue of the peculiar brain and the correlated individuality handed down to it by descent from its remotest human ancestors.

Here the second element, which I must also pass over rapidly, steps in to complicate the account. Given a certain relatively homogeneous mass of Aryans, Turanians, or Negroids, that mass, as it splits up into minor tribes or groups, will again be further differentiated by the special physical conditions which surround it in its separate life. While each will retain the chief Aryan or Turanian peculiarities, as compared with other non-Aryan or non-Turanian tribes, it will acquire certain new characteristics of its own in virtue of its new environment. The primitive Aryan nucleus, for example, divides into several hordes or colonies, each of which goes its own way from the common Central Asian home to find itself a new dwelling-place in some unknown land. A part threads its way through the passes of the Hindoo Koosh to the alluvial flats of the Indus and the Ganges; and there, settling down to a purely agricultural life, and mixing, in its lower castes at least, with the flat-faced aborigines, produces the modern Indian people—from the pure light-brown Aryan Brahman, with his intellectual features and profound speculative brain, to the degraded, almost non-Aryan, Chumar, with his flat nose, thick lips, and dull, material mind. Another colony strikes westward, and, making its home among the nearest islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, becomes the great civilized and commercial Helleno-Italic race, the true founder of our modern arts, our modern science, and our modern philosophy. A third branch lingers longer in the primitive home, and then ripens more slowly its intelligence among the forests of the Danube and the Rhine, till at length, borrowing a new civilization from its intercourse with falling Rome, it blossoms finally forth as the conquering Teutonic stock, which now divides with the Keltic all the culture of Western Europe. To trace in detail for each case the endless interaction of land on people, and of people on surrounding tribes, would be a task for innumerable volumes and encyclopedic knowledge; but, that to such interactions, however undiscoverable, the whole national character is due, no consistent evolutionist can reasonably doubt. While we allow that the Aryan blood of the Hellenes had much to do with the differences which mark them off from the Negroid Egyptians, must we not equally grant that Hellenic civilization would have been very different if the settlers of Attica had happened rather to occupy the valley of the Nile; and that the Egyptians would have become a race of enterprising sailors and foreign merchants if they had chosen to make their homes on the shores of the Cyclades and the Corinthian Gulf? The factors of the problem, though never, perhaps, actually determined, are yet in the abstract potentially determinable.

In every evolution the question of time is all-important, for each fresh step depends upon the steps already taken. At the moment when our investigation begins, the main center of civilization lay around the eastern Mediterranean. The other isolated civilizations—India, China, Mexico, Peru—had some of them little, and others no, connection with the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hellenic culture. Navigation needed to be nursed first in the Ægean and then in the wider Mediterranean before it could trust itself upon the

vast Atlantic, and initiate that momentous revolution whereby the civilization of the world has been transferred from the Nile, the Archipelago, and the Tiber to the Seine, the Thames, the Rhine, and the Hudson. This important element of time is a factor whose value we must never forget in the history of evolution.

Now, just as the Aryan individuality is antithetical to the Negroid, so are the physical circumstances of Hellas antithetical to those of Egypt. When an Aryan colony settled among the islands and peninsulas of the Ægean, it settled (as it seems to me) in the very place which was, *at that exact moment of time*, best fitted to develop the Aryan type to its highest existing potential culture. As granite is to marble, and as the raw negro is to the raw Hellene, such, I believe, was Egypt to Hellas.

The valley of the Nile, a long, narrow, alluvial strip, lies between two inclosing granite or limestone ranges, which cut it naturally off from all surrounding homes of men. On either side stretches the desert. Between them runs the great river, whose mud fills the valley and forms the Delta, whose water annually inundates and fertilizes the fields, and whose influence alone causes the difference between the belt of verdure, a few miles wide, and the dreary expanse of sand to right and left. This alluvial plain, like all other alluvial plains, was naturally predestined by its physical peculiarities to become the seat of an early agricultural community. As soon as evolving man had passed the stage of the mere hunter or shepherd, he necessarily made his first essays in tillage on the rich levels watered by the Indus, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Hoang-Ho, and the Nile. As navigation must begin on rivers, lakes, and inland seas before it tempts the stormy ocean, so agriculture must begin on fertile and naturally irrigated lowland plains before it can drive its steam-plows along the bleak hillsides of the Lothians or the rocky slopes of the Alleghanies. Now, Egypt was specially marked out, even among such alluvial plains, as the natural seat of a great empire. All alluvial countries lend themselves readily to despotism: it is easy to overrun them, hard to defend them, difficult to encourage the natural growth of small nationalities. In Egypt the ease of consolidation, the difficulty of separation, reaches a maximum. From the Cataracts to the sea the country is naturally (like the French Republic) one and indivisible. Hence the distinguishing mark of Egypt is that it was a primitive, despotic, homogeneous Negroid community, organized on an essentially military type, but comprising a mainly agricultural populace. Whatever else than this it has ever been has depended upon changes brought about by the time-element; but this at bottom it has really always remained. The Egyptian cultivator was ever and is now a soulless clod, born to till the soil and pay the taxes.

Developing freely at first, apart from foreign interference, the Egyptian community produced its own social system and its own artistic school in accordance with its own genius and the genius of the place. The richness of the soil permitted the reaping of harvests far greater than sufficed for the cultivators' use; but those harvests, instead of being exported (as at later dates) to feed the masses of Rome or England, were used to support vast bodies of native workmen. Then, as now, the despotic ruler appropriated to his own enjoyment all the surplus wealth of the country; but while the Khedive employs it in buying English yachts and hiring French opera companies, Rameses or Usertesen employed it in building splendid tombs, gorgeous palaces, and magnificent temples to their deified ancestors by the hands of Egyptian workmen alone. Thus Egyptian painting, sculpture, and architecture became wholly subservient to the royal pleasure, and the two former arts grew up simply as accessories to the latter in the decoration of the vast royal buildings.

I am afraid the reader will have fancied, during this long digression, that I have forgotten my promise to discourse concerning the growth of sculpture altogether. But I have really been keeping it in view the whole time. We now arrive at the third element in the evolution of Egyptian plastic art—the material with which it had to deal. This, I believe, is one of the most important factors in the whole problem, and yet it is the one most persistently overlooked. The idealists who write so glibly about the national character of Egypt and of Greece forget that even an Athenian sculptor could have done little with the hard granite masses of Syene, while even Egyptians would in all probability have produced far more truthful and natural works if they had always dealt with the fine and plastic marble of Paros and Pentelicus. It is not too much to say that Egyptian sculpture has been profoundly modified by the abundance of granite, Assyrian sculpture by the abundance of alabaster, and Hellenic sculpture by the abundance of marble.

Practically speaking, there are only two plastic materials in Egypt. The one is the mud of Nile, from which bricks can be made; the other is the hard, igneous rock—granite, syenite, or porphyry—of the boundary ranges. The geology of Egypt is as monotonous as its scenery. Marble or soft limestone nowhere occurs in any quantity. Granite, therefore, became the material from which the sculptured parts of temples, palaces, and tombs were constructed (though a

soft, durable sandstone was also employed for the ordinary building); and the national art, being all at bottom architectural, took its main impress from the artistic capabilities of this material. Even in our own times, granite makes an awkward statue; though by dint of long practice upon marble, and still more owing to the modern habit of modeling the original in clay, we are now able to turn out as good a figure as the rigid nature of the stone allows. But the Egyptians, so to speak, founded all their art on granite, and it accordingly colored even their painting, as I hope hereafter to show. "A sitting statue," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was represented with the hands placed upon the knees, or held across the breast; and, when standing, the arms were placed directly down the sides to the thighs, one foot being advanced before the other, as if in the attitude of walking, but without any attempt to separate the legs." "The parts between the legs," says Dr. Birch, "in statues made of stone, are reserved or not cut away, said to be owing to the manner of working by stunning out the limbs." These peculiarities were almost necessitated by the nature of the stone itself, and they are familiar to all of us from the specimens in the courts of the Louvre and of the British Museum.*

I do not for a moment mean to deny that the national character, formed by the national circumstances, did much to determine the low grade of development in Egyptian plastic art; but I think it almost certain that the nature of the material also reacted upon the national character with considerable effect. In the first place, painting itself advanced in many ways beyond sculpture, and was probably retarded in its development by the fixity of its sister art. For instance, its choice of attitude was far more free and unrestricted; it represented arms and legs in positions which would have been impossible for granite statues. In the wall-paintings, figures *act;* in the sculptures, they passively *exist.* Then, again, as most of the highest architecture had also granite or sandstone for its "physical basis," the whole national art could never attain the plasticity of Hellenic genius — could never reach the grade of development which was naturally reached in the free and gracious marble temples of Ionia or Attica. But, above all, there are signs that Egyptian art did not always assume so rigid a form, and that in its earlier days it could sometimes attain far greater freedom and individuality, especially in connection with more plastic materials. There is a little terra-cotta group in the British Museum—a man and woman seated—attributed to the ninth dynasty (a comparatively early period), in which the pose of the figures is so natural and unrestrained that one feels almost inclined at first to doubt their antiquity, and to suspect Hellenic influence. This group and a few like it used to puzzle me for many years, until I learned from late discoveries that the sculpture of the third and other early dynasties was decidedly more individualized and imitative than that of the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, under which the ever-increasing conventionalism of Egyptian art reached its highest development. Besides the reaction of the solid material, which naturally induced stiffness of conception, we must attribute this increasing rigidity of Egyptian sculpture to its *hieratic* character.

In all despotisms a certain sacredness invests the king. In despotisms of the Oriental model, military societies which have crystallized at an early stage of development, this sacredness affects everything that concerns the king. In Egypt, especially, the concentration of all the energies of the country around the descendant of the sun made the sacred character of royal art very apparent. "Rameses conquering a city," "Amenoph driving his enemies before him," "Thothmes receiving the tribute of the Ethiopians"—these form the subjects of half the bas-reliefs and wall-paintings on tombs or palaces. Art being mostly restricted to the adornment of royal buildings, a caste of royal artists grew up, who learned from one another the conventional principles of their art. For conventionalism means the continuous copying of a primitive and inaccurate attempt at imitation of nature. Hence both sculptors and painters worked by an hieratic canon, which prescribed the relative proportions of the body, and from which it would have been sacrilegious to diverge. Especially in dealing with the gods and the king, the fixed models alone could be permitted, and no variation, even in posture or feature, could be allowed. In mediæval Europe somewhat the same fixity prevailed in the representation of the Madonna and the saints, as it still prevails in the wooden *pietàs* and *bambinos* of Continental churches. A like fixity also existed, apparently, in prehistoric Hellas. But while in Italy a Cimabue, a Giotto, and a Leonardo could be found successively to break through the various conventional ideas of their age; while in Hellas a series of nameless sculptors could discard the cow-faced Here and the owl-headed Athene for ideal human figures, which grow into individuality under the hands of Dipœnus and Scyllis; in Egypt no single original plastic genius ever ventured to omit the panther-

* The Egyptians did very sparingly employ a native coarse black marble; but no quarries of this stone existed at all comparable to the great masses of *rosso antico* porphyry at Syene.

features of Pasht or the ibis-beak of Thoth, to sever the arms and legs of a Memnon, or to throw expression into the lifeless eyes of a Sesostris.

How could it be otherwise? Everywhere the total amount of originality is small, and the number of innovators is infinitesimal compared with the number of those who follow "the best models." The history of Greek sculpture or Italian painting shows us how each epoch-making artist only advanced a trifle upon the work of those who preceded him. Yet, to get even such slow improvement, the elements of progress must be at work throughout an entire nation, leavening the whole mass. These elements were as wholly wanting in ancient Egypt as they are in modern China. The Egyptian peasant or artisan lived in a monotonous and narrow plain, studded with little villages, each of which, like those of the Gangetic plateau in our own days, contained absolutely identical social factors—the cultivators, the potters, the weavers, the bakers, and the priests. Up and down the river, life was exactly the same. There was no intercourse with unlike communities, no foreign trade, no exchange with neighboring villages, nothing to arouse thought, individuality, original effort. Each man learned his craft from those who went before, and the sculptor or the painter learned his like the rest. Thus there was no advance, no progress, no alteration almost. The whole of life crystallized naturally into a set conventional system, controlled from above by the king, in which spontaneous individuality would have seemed very like a disease. Yet it is noticeable that in art this fixed system, with its regular canons, affected most the high personages of the stereotyped governmental and religious hierarchy, while it left the lower ranks comparatively free. The stiffest and most invariable figures are those of the gods, where innovation is absolutely inadmissible. Next comes the sacred form of the king, always represented in certain conventional attitudes as performing certain ordinary official acts, but still allowing of some variation in detail. The priests and high functionaries may be permitted a certain relaxation from the absolutely formal attitudes; and, when we reach the bas-reliefs or pictures which show us the people engaged in every-day work, we meet with comparative freedom of treatment. Lastly, animal shapes, the least common of all, and so the least liable to harden down into conventionality, are often represented with much technical skill, and occasionally even with something approaching to spirit.

When we turn to Assyria, we arrive at a sort of intermediate stage between Memphis and Athens. Judged by the imitative standard, the plastic art of Nineveh is decidedly in advance of that of Egypt. The human face and figure are far more naturally treated. A rude perspective is suggested, and sometimes realized with considerable skill. The muscles are represented with some approach to accuracy. In Egyptian art, figures walking always have the soles of *both* feet planted flat upon the ground; in Assyrian bas-reliefs, the toe alone of the hinder or retreating foot touches the earth. "Assyrian art," says Lübke, justly, "is distinguished even in its earliest works from the Egyptian by greater power, fullness, and roundness in the reliefs, by a fresher conception of nature, and by a more energetic delineation of life; but it lacks, on the other hand, the more delicate sense of form and the stricter architectural law that marked the other." I think, if we regard the question from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall admit that even the last-named points are really marks of freedom and progress. "This may be traced," continues the historian, with a rare outburst of common sense, "in the first place to a difference of character, of their relations to nature, and of their artistic taste; but it was induced also, undoubtedly, by the slighter connection with architecture, and by the more tractable material for work afforded by alabaster." There we get the whole solution of the problem summed up in a nutshell.

Moreover, Assyria differs also from Egypt in this, that from the earliest monuments at Kalah Sherghat to the latest at Kouyunjik we can trace a continuous and constant improvement. The despotism of Nineveh never became so conventionalized and crystallized as that of Thebes. Egypt was stationary or retrograde; Assyria was slowly progressive.

The valley of the Tigris, like that of the Nile, naturally gave rise at an early period to a great semi-civilized agricultural community. But the Assyrians were a Semitic people, and the difference of race counted for something in Mesopotamia, even as it has counted for something among the monotonous flats of Upper India. In addition to this primary differentiating cause, there was a second cause in the physical conditions. Assyria is not so wholly isolated as Egypt. Though an inland country, it is not utterly cut off by the desert from all mankind, and compelled to mature its own self-contained civilization within its own limits like China or Peru. The great river formed a highway for communication with the kindred culture of Babylon, while lines of commerce connected the Assyrian capital with the Phœnician, Hellenic, and Hebrew worlds, as well as with the primitive Persian, Median, and Indian empires. Hence, while the type of organization remains, as in Egypt, military and despotic, there is more individual thought and action among the people. It is true the existing remains of Assyrian art refer even more exclusively to the

life and deeds of rulers than do those of Egypt; but then they are mere fragments from royal palaces, far less numerous and varied than the rich relics of Karnak or Beni-Hassan; and they display far greater originality and individuality on the part of the artists than any of the Egyptian remains.

"Strata of alabaster abound in Assyria." This geological fact gives us the one remaining point necessary to the comprehension of Ninevite work. Using limestone instead of granite in their purely architectural work, the Assyrians used alabaster for their strictly plastic compositions. Starting thus from the same primitive basis as the Egyptians — the incised bas-relief painting—it is easy to see how the nature of their material, combined with the greater freedom of their intellects, led them soon to higher flights. The archaic sculptures at Arban, wrought in a coarse limestone, show us the gradual attempt at emancipation on the part of the early artists. The features display a Negroid type, which, perhaps, points back to Egyptian models,* and the treatment is far more angular than in later works. One of the lions—a corner statue, forming part of a slab flanking a doorway—has a curious peculiarity which marks transition from a still more ancient and conventional style to a comparatively free and modern treatment. It has five legs. Four of these are visible as you view the animal in profile, and they are placed one behind the other, as though the creature were advancing; but two are also visible in front, one being the foremost of the previous four, and the other an abnormal fifth leg, which gives it the appearance of standing still when viewed from this aspect. Evidently the sculptor could not reconcile his mind to giving up the proper complement of legs from any point of view, and so compromised the matter by running two contradictory conceptions into one. In the well-known winged bulls, this anomaly settles down into a regular conventional practice, owing to their architectural position. The sculpture of these colossal figures in their best day is, however, far more rounded, and the detail much more exquisitely carved, than would be possible in granite figures. But Assyrian statues seldom attain any great importance, because they have never wholly emancipated themselves from architectural trammels, and it is only in a few isolated figures that we get an idea of what the artists might have done. It is in the soft alabaster bas-reliefs, however, that the Assyrian genius finds its fullest development. Their delicacy of carving, frequent truth of delineation, and occasional glimpses of spirited treatment, place them second only to the archaic Greek sculptures.

Even in alabaster, however, the Assyrian hand was cramped by hieratic conventionality. The deities retain their eagle-heads or bulls' bodies. The sacred figure of the king and those of the attendant eunuchs never lose their primitive stiffness. In the monuments of Sardanapalus himself, only the huntsmen and other inferior personages show any approach to free treatment. "The human form maintains its old typical and conventional constraint, and, with all their genius, the artists of this last Assyrian period never succeeded in breaking through the ban which frustrated in the East the representation of free, thoughtful human life. The animals of the late Assyrian art are far superior to the men in nobleness of structure, in power and grace of action, and even in depth of expression." But it was something if only to have attained to the ease and faithfulness of representation which we find in the well-known wounded lioness of Kouyunjik.

On the other hand, if we wish to measure the effect produced by so plastic a material as alabaster, we have but to look at the contemporary Assyrian "cylinders" in hard stones such as jasper, onyx, and agate. These, though cut with immense care, display a primitive and almost savage style of art which contrasts ludicrously with the finished sculpture of the bas-reliefs.

But no place could better illustrate the importance of material than Babylon. More commercial and probably more civilized than Nineveh, Babylon stood in the midst of a far wider alluvial plain, where no building material except brick was procurable. Marble, alabaster, granite, were all unknown. Building stone, Sir A. H. Layard tells us, could only be brought from a distance, and it consisted chiefly of black basalt from the Kurdish mountains, used for ornamental details alone. The city, as a whole, was built of brick and mud. Hence no plastic art ever developed in Babylon. Its ruins consist of mere shapeless mounds, inclosing colored enameled tiles and other traces of varied æsthetic handicraft; but sculpture utterly failed for want of a "physical basis." No doubt pictorial and industrial arts took somewhat diverse developments from those which they would have taken had the architectural style been more similar to that of the Assyrian capital. Tapestry seems to have been to Babylon what sculpture was to Athens and painting to Florence.

Turning at last to Hellas, we have to deal with a very different people, a different country, a different material. The Aryan Hellenes took with them to their island homes the same primitive intellectual, philosophical, and subtile minds which the Brahmans took to India and the Kelts

* In like manner the earliest Greek sculpture gives Semitic or Assyrian features to its figures.

to Ireland. All we know of the Aryan race shows us that it could nowhere be content with such a purely external life as that of the Egyptians and Assyrians. Men of that race must reflect more and feel more, and their art must, therefore, mirror more of their internal life. But these universal Aryan qualities are not by themselves sufficient to account for the specific Hellenic art. We must look for that in the physical peculiarities of Hellas itself.

I say *Hellas* because I do not mean *Greece* in its modern geographical sense. Dr. Curtius has taught us that the true Hellas of the old Hellenes was not the peninsula, but the Ægean. It included Ephesus, Miletus, Mitylene, Rhodes, and the Cyclades: it did not include Ætolia, Acarnania, or the wild Epirote mountains. This true maritime Hellas—a labyrinth of landlocked bays, narrow straits, long headlands, grouped or scattered islets, and peninsular heights—was bound together everywhere by the interlacing sea. Argos, Corinth, Athens, Thebes, the Chalcidian and Thracian colonies, Delos, the Sporades, the Ionian bays, Crete, and Corcyra formed its natural boundaries. The water did duty as its highway, and ships as its beasts of burden. It was the true cradle of navigation for Phœnician and Hellene alike. Its outliers soon spread, always by sea, to Sicily and Campania, North Africa and the Rhône, the Euxine and the Bosporus. Cyrene, Massalia, Sinope, formed its advanced outposts. No land was ever better adapted to stimulate the intellect and the energies of its people, to foster originality and individual effort. Mountain-ranges, shutting off each little basin from its neighbors, rendered impossible the rise of a great central despotism, such as those which spread so easily over the wide Asiatic plains. Only when military science had greatly advanced, and roads through mountain countries had become practicable, could a Philip overrun the free valleys of Attica and Bœotia. Xerxes wasted his enormous strength in vain on the narrow guts of the Euripus and the miniature passes of Thermopylæ. Thus each Hellenic city remained always a separate state. On the other hand, the merchants and sailors of the Hellenic people early acquired that wealth which makes subjects the practical equals of kings, that freedom of mind which comes from intercourse with many nations, that knowledge which naturally arose from constant commercial relations with the older culture of the Asiatic coast and interior. Hence the separate Greek states quickly threw off the regal form of government in favor of the oligarchic, and finally of the democratic, type. With it they threw off the monarchical organization—an organization always limited among the primitive Aryans by the council of freemen, but which the example of Persia and India shows us to be capable, even among Aryan nations, of easily assuming the purely despotic form under favorable conditions. Henceforth, their progress in all industrial or æsthetic arts was rapid and splendid. The Homeric poems show us the primitive Achæans in a stage of culture hardly superior to that of the common Aryan stock: the era of Pericles shows us the unexampled development of a wholly new and utterly unrivaled culture, containing elements quite unknown in the older civilizations of Egypt and Assyria.

Such I believe to be the true secret of the magnificent Hellenic nationality. It was an Aryan race, starting with all the advantage of the noble Aryan endowments; and it occupied the most favorable situation in the world for the development of navigation, commerce, and free institutions, at that particular stage of human evolution. At an earlier date, navigation would have been impossible: at a later, it must fix its center in Italy (the focal point of the Mediterranean basin), in northern Europe (the focal point of the Atlantic basin), and, perhaps, hereafter in some unknown region of the Pacific. But just at that moment Hellas formed its natural home. It was the great emporium where met the tin of Cornwall, the gold of Iberia, the amber of the Baltic, the myrrh of Arabia, the silphium of Libya, the glass of Egypt, the pottery of Phœnicia, the lapis lazuli of Persia, and the ivory of Ethiopia or the East. The free and plastic Hellenic genius was formed by the action of a natural commercial focus, a maritime position, and an individual political life upon the free and plastic but less developed old Aryan subjectivity.

The material, however, which mainly contributed to the due æsthetic development of this free Hellenic genius was undoubtedly marble. Had the Greeks, with all their other circumstances left the same, possessed no stone to sculpture except the hard porphyry or syenite of Egypt, can we for a moment suppose that they could ever have produced the Aphrodite of Melos or the torsos of the Parthenon? Indeed, what little we know of their chryselephantine work leads us to suppose that even in this comparatively manageable material their plastic art fell decidedly short of their marble figures. But, if the Hellenes had been entirely deprived of the pure and even-grained stone from which they constructed not only their statues but also their great architectural works, can we possibly believe that their whole æsthetic development would not have been something entirely different from that which we actually know it to have been? Among ourselves, the sculptor is a specially trained artist, who supplies a purely æsthetic want, felt only by a small fraction of our cultivated classes. But in

Hellas, where noble marble temples continually rose on every side, and where the demand for images of the gods was a common demand of ordinary life, every craftsman in wood or stone grew naturally into an artist. The material upon which the stone-cutter worked gave free play to the native genius of the race. Those who seek to explain Athenian art by the Athenian character alone, forget to take into account this important physical factor given us in the white cliffs of Paros and Pentelicus.

Without going too deeply into the vexed question of the exact links—Phœnician, Hittite, Lydian, and Ionian—which are variously supposed to connect Oriental with Hellenic sculpture, we may recognize the fact that the earliest Greek art started from the same primitive form as the Egyptian and Assyrian. The most ancient Greek bas-reliefs, like those from the temple of Assos now in the Louvre (for the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ may possibly be the relic of a still earlier race), are thoroughly Assyrian in type, but far inferior in execution and imitative skill to the Ninevite works. They show us figures in the same processional style, sculptured in coarse limestone, extremely disproportionate in size, and grotesquely angular in attitude. But, as the Italians after Cimabue altered and vivified the conventional Byzantine models which they imitated, so the Hellenes altered and vivified Assyrian sculpture. In the marble monument of Aristion, at Athens, a bas-relief of the archaic type, we find a distinct advance. Though the hair and beard strikingly recall the stiff rows of Assyrian curls, the pose of the arms is natural and almost graceful. In the similar monument of Orchomenus, probably a trifle later, the limbs and the drapery display marked freedom and character, though the face is still, to a great extent, devoid of individuality or expression. The exquisite reliefs from Thasos, in the Louvre, attributed to the sixth century, finally show us almost perfect technical command over the presentation of the human figure—a command which becomes supreme a hundred years later in the frieze of the Parthenon. Such rapid advance bears the impress of the quick Hellenic originality; but it also marks the collateral value of so plastic a material as marble.

It was not in bas-relief, however, but in isolated statues, that the Hellenic genius and the quarries of Paros were to prove their united potentialities. The statue, I believe, has two separate origins. The one origin, from the bas-relief through the seated or supported figure, I have already traced, and its history is now a commonplace of æsthetic chronicles. But the true relations of the second have apparently been hitherto little noticed in connection with the first. All nations make themselves images of their gods in wood or clay, and, where these materials are unattainable, in feathers, like the Hawaiians. Now, the earliest Greek gods were in wood; and from these doll-like wooden gods, as has often been noticed, descended the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, overlaid with ivory to form the face and limbs, and with gold to represent the drapery. It is quite in accordance with the usual archaism of all religious usages that these essentially wooden statues continued to the last the representatives of the chief gods in the most important temples—the protecting Athene of the Parthenon, and the Pan-Hellenic Zeus of Olympia. Nor is it a less striking fact that the chryselephantine statues seem always to have retained some traces of archaic conventionalism; that their drapery hung in folds which concealed the whole figure; and that the Zeus of Olympia himself, the most reverend god of universal Hellas, was represented, like most very ancient statues, in a sitting attitude. It is the glory of Hellenic sculpture that it ventured even in its gods to discard the sacred forms sanctified by antique usage: yet even in Hellas itself some traces of the conservatism natural to religion must inevitably be expected to exist.

But the marble statues—which form, after all, the real symbol of Hellas in all our minds—are the lineal descendants of the bas-reliefs, and so had a purely architectural origin. Whereas, however, in Egypt and Assyria the separate stone statue flanking a doorway or gate always remained more or less architectural in character and use, and never really took the place of the wooden image, in Greece the marble figure—owing no doubt in part to the plasticity of the material—became at last wholly individualized, separated itself on a pedestal from the architectural background, and practically superseded the wooden or chryselephantine figure for all but the most venerable purposes. The archaic marble colossi from Miletus, in the British Museum, represent Hellenic sculpture in an almost Egyptian stage, the stage in which Hellas received the rudiments of art from Assyria. The figures are seated in the attitude which we all know so well as that of Pasht. "They are stiff and motionless, the arms closely attached to the body, and the hands placed on the knees; the physical proportions are heavy and almost awkward, the execution is throughout architecturally massive, and the organic structure is but slightly indicated." The drapery wholly conceals the human form. There is not a touch in these ungainly figures which at all foreshadows the coming freedom of Greek art. They are simply conventional, and nothing more. But the ancient sitting statue of Athene preserved in the Acropolis at Athens, though much muti-

lated, shows an immense advance. The attitude is unconventionalized; the foot, instead of being planted flat as in the Miletan colossi, is lightly poised upon the toes alone; the limbs are partially uncovered; and the undulating folds of the drapery are clearly prophetic of the later Athenian grace. The nude standing figure known as the Apollo of Tenea (in the Glyptothek at Munich) gives us in some respects a still further progress. The anatomy is excellent; and the attitude, though stiff, is surprisingly free for an unsupported and isolated figure of so early date. The arms still hang by the side; but they hang free in marble, instead of being welded to the body as in porphyry. Both soles are firmly planted, but one foot is in advance. Altogether we have here a statue caught in the very act of *becoming Greek*. It is, in fact, an accurate but awkward and ungraceful representation of a real man, standing in a possible but ugly attitude. Note, too, the important fact that this figure is *nude*. Most of the archaic Greek statues are fully draped, and the conventionality of religious art kept many of the greater gods draped to the last. The Zeus of Phidias wore vestments of gold, and, even in the freest days, no sculptor ever ventured to disrobe the wedded majesty of Here, or the maiden majesty of Pallas. But there were two great gods whom even the antique conventionalism represented in the nude—Apollo, and perhaps Aphrodite; while, with Hermes and Eros, as well as in the lesser figures of Heracles, Theseus, and the heroes generally, individual imagination took freer flights. The bronze Apollo of Canachus, to judge from preserved copies, though still largely adhering to a conventional type, yields evidence of some feeling for beauty of nude form. Thenceforward Hellenic sculpture rapidly advanced, especially in its nude productions, toward the perfect grace of the Periclean period. The isolated nude statue is, in fact, the true ideal of plastic art: it represents the beauty of form in its purest organic type. The groups from the pediment of the temple at Ægina are admirable examples of the struggle between conventionalism and freedom in the developing Hellenic mind. In the very center stands a fully draped Athene, conventional in treatment and awkward in proportions, with a lifeless countenance, and graceless figure wholly concealed by the stiff folds of the robe. The great goddess still retains her archaic and time-honored type. But at her feet lies a nude warrior of exquisite idealized proportions, in a natural and graceful posture, and carved with anatomical accuracy which would not have disgraced the glorious sculptor of the Parthenon himself. To trace the growth of the art from this point on to the age of Phidias would involve questions of that higher æsthetic criticism which I wish in the present paper to avoid. We have reached the point where Hellenic sculpture has attained to perfect imitation of the human figure: its further advance is toward the higher excellence of ideality, expression, deep feeling, and perfect appreciation for abstract beauty of form.

And now let us look for a moment at the part borne by Greek individuality, Greek freedom, and Greek democracy in this æsthetic evolution. While in Egypt, as we saw, the regal and hieratic influence caused the primitive free manner to crystallize into a fixed conventionalism; while in Assyria it checked the progress of art, and restricted all advance to a few animal traits; in Hellas, after the age of freedom, it became powerless before the popular instinct. While Egyptian and Assyrian gods always retained their semi-animal features, in Hellas the cow-face of Here and the owl-head of Athene fell so utterly into oblivion that later Hellenic commentators even misinterpreted the ancient descriptive epithets of the Achæan epic into *ox-eyed* and *gray-eyed*. Only in conservative Sparta did Apollo keep his four arms; only in half-barbarian and enslaved Ephesus did Artemis keep her hundred breasts. In European and insular Hellas, for the most part, the sculptors chose to represent the actual human form, and, in their later age, the nude human form by preference over all other shapes. In Egypt and Assyria the king in his conventional representation was the central figure of every work. But in Hellas, even in the archaic period, we find plastic art in the employment of private persons. The monument of Aristion represents a citizen, in the armor of a hoplite, sculptured on his own tomb; the Orchomenian monument similarly represents a Bœotian gentleman in civic dress. In the later Athenian period portrait busts of distinguished citizens seem to have been usual. But it was on the gods, as the common objects of devotion for the whole city, that the art of the republican Greek states mainly expended itself. And here again we see the value of Hellenic individuality. For while in Egypt a Pasht from Thebes was identical with a Pasht from Memphis, and while even in Hellas itself Zeus and Athene and the other national gods tended to retain conventional types, yet in each city the special worship of the local heroes—Theseus and Cephisus, and Erechtheus and Heracles (rendered possible by the minute subdivisions of Hellenic states)—permitted the sculptor to individualize and originalize his work. From this combination of causes it happens that Greek sculpture is modeled from the life. Egyptian artists probably never worked from natural models; they worked apparently from their own imperfect recollections, or copied

the imperfect recollections of their predecessors. The Greek sculptor worked from the human figure, familiarized to his eye in the contests of the palæstra, and we see the result in the frieze and metopes of the Parthenon. At length we get sculpture almost wholly divorced from religion in the Discobolus and the Narcissus, the Niobe and the Thorn-extractor. Hellenic art discovers its full freedom when it shakes off its religious trammels, and when its purpose becomes merely æsthetic in the service of the wealthy and cultivated Greek gentleman. The older school gives us gods and heroes alone; the later school gives us simply ideal figures and *genre* pieces. As the Renaissance emancipated Italian painting from the perpetual circle of Madonnas and St. Sebastians, so the Periclean awakening emancipated Athenian sculpture from the surviving conventionalism of Heres and Hestias.

Finally, we must remember that Hellenic art flourished most in the great commercial cities. It is not in Dorian Sparta, with its conservative, kingly, and military organization, that we must look for the miracles of sculpture. As Thucydides predicted, Sparta has passed away and left nothing but the shadow of a great name. It is at Athens, Corinth, Rhodes, and the Ionian colonies that plastic art produces its masterpieces. And even the most careless thinker can hardly fail to remember that it was not in feudal Paris or London, but in the similarly mercantile cities of mediæval Italy and the Low Countries, that modern painting went through the chief stages of its early evolution.

I have thus, I hope, given their full value in each case to the original characteristics of race and to the subsequent reactions of the physical and social surroundings. But the point which I have especially endeavored to bring out in this paper is the immense concomitant importance of a suitable material for the embodiment of the national feeling. Just as it seems to me that porcelain clay has colored all the art-energies of China, and feathers all the art-energies of Polynesia, so does it seem to me that granite has directed the whole æsthetic handicraft of Egypt, and marble the whole æsthetic handicraft of Hellas. My text has been too large to expound otherwise than in a rapid sketch; but I trust the broad outlines, such as they are, will bear filling in from the memory and observation of the reader.

GRANT ALLEN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

LITERARY SUCCESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THOSE who in these days "tamper with the Muses" must find a fruitful source of vexation in the perusal of the letters and memoirs of certain literary persons who flourished a century ago. If there were then no instances of a prize poem leading to an ambassadorship, as in the case of Prior, or of good places being given away in return for a fairly creditable copy of verses, there were abundant examples of a splendid social position and ample pecuniary rewards being gained by writers whose abilities we should now consider of the most commonplace order. But let any disappointed genius, who feels himself or herself inadequately rewarded by the admiration of perhaps a small clique in this much-divided literary world of London, be thankful to avoid stumbling on the "Life and Letters of Mrs. Hannah More." Almost exactly a hundred years ago she, "impelled by the consciousness of superior powers," came to London. She did not enter it as a perfect stranger, for, to quote Mr. Roberts, her biographer, "Society, in its most engaging form, was extending its arms to receive her."

At this time Mrs. Hannah More was a comely woman of eight-and-twenty, and she had written the "Search after Happiness," a pastoral drama of the feeblest description, and some translations from Metastasio and Horace, and, on the strength of these achievements and some good introductions, she carried the town. Her favorite amusement as a child had been to turn a chair into a coach, seat herself in it, and invite her sisters to drive with her to London, to see publishers and bishops; and now her childish sport became a reality, and she not only was able to hold her own with publishers when the time for bargaining came, but took sweet counsel with every bishop on the bench, and, during the whole course of her life, gave them large help in holding up the pillars of Church and state. Another ambition of her childhood had been to have a whole quire of writing-paper given to her at once. This wish had been granted, and on half the quire she had written letters to depraved characters (imaginary ones), pointing out the evil of their ways; and, on the other half, answers from the same, owning the convincing force of her arguments, and proclaiming their sincere repentance and intention of amendment. This juvenile amusement was also the foreshadowing of her chief employment in after-years.

At first, it must be owned, Miss More was

just a little dazzled by the great world and the great people she met, and no wonder, for both were at her feet. Night after night she went to parties "composed entirely" (to use her own words, though it is unkind of her to make such a marked distinction) "of wits and bishops, with scarcely an expletive person among them." Garrick was one of her first friends, and, in spite of his calling, the friendship between them lasted as long as he lived. She met Dr. Johnson at a party given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her host had forewarned her that it was just possible the Doctor might be in one of his moods of sadness and silence. She was therefore—and now we use the words of her biographer—"surprised at his coming to meet her as she entered the room, with good humor in his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's on his hand; and still more at his accosting her with a verse from a Morning Hymn, which she had written at the desire of Sir J. Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humor he continued the whole of the evening."

This is rather a different account of the meeting from that given by Mrs. Thrale: "When she (H. More) was introduced to Dr. Johnson not long ago, she began singing his praises in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him. Then she redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length the Doctor turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.'" If, during this first interview, Dr. Johnson did administer such a sledge-hammer rebuke, he certainly took a liking to Miss More afterward, for we hear of his calling her child, and little fool, and love, and dearest, and with him these epithets were synonyms.

This conquest of Dr. Johnson was by no means the end of Hannah More's social successes. She soon became acquainted with "all the great and greatly endowed." She was introduced to "her sex's glory, Mrs. Montagu," and describes her in a letter to her sister as "not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. She lives in the highest style of magnificence. Her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste," etc. We, in these more fastidious modern times, have some doubts as to the genius, and, when we read her letters, many as to the fine taste of the lady; but in Hannah More's days the approval of Mrs. Montagu was a kind of hall-mark which was absolutely necessary to any one who wished to make a figure in the world of letters. She could crush an aspirant by a word. She herself describes the manner in which she addressed a lady who was trying to shine in conversation in her presence. "Mr. B——'s wife put out all her strength to be witty, and, in short, showed such a brilliant genius that I turned about and asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious." The great lady was, however, very civil to Miss More; and, besides this triumph, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Trimmer, and Mrs. Vesey hailed her as a kindred spirit, while Mrs. Boscawen crowned her with laurels, and "that pleonasm of nakedness," as De Quincey called Mrs. Barbauld, "wrote her letters full of elegance and good nature." The sublime and beautiful Burke honored her with a morning call. Baretti, of the Italian Dictionary, followed Johnson, of the English, Lord Howe, Lord Rodney, Oriental Jones, Mythology Bryant, Dr. Solander, Boswell (then called Corsican Boswell), Warton, Walpole, Windham, Sheridan, the Thrales, Burneys, and the learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge (who must have had something beyond the common in him, for he had a natural antipathy to an ode)—all made much of her; the King got her to copy her MS. poems for him, the Queen sent her flattering messages, Prime Ministers made her welcome in their houses, the Lord Chancellor said civil things to her, and as for bishops, peers, and peeresses, if we seek to give a list of those who were on terms of friendship with her, or to chronicle their compliments, we find their name is legion. She knew Lord Erskine, whose speeches could not always be reported because the printer's stock of *I*'s ran out, and, in her turn, found him "fond of talking of himself." She was even acquainted with De Lolme; and, when we have said that, we have mentioned a name which has awed us from very childhood!

All this great society was perhaps a little thrown away upon Miss More, for in one of her letters she says, "For my own part, the more I see of 'the honored, famed, and great,' the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good." In another place she says she has remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Perhaps the occasion on which she made this remark was that on which "the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven, without either scandal or politics."

However, whether she despised it or not, her success in the literary world of London was a fact, and when she went into the country she received equal homage. She herself describes a visit into Norfolk, and how the first Sunday she was there she was, "when the service was over, politely accosted by every *well-dressed* person in

the congregation," all desiring to see her at their houses. From thence she went to stay in a country house full of visitors, and a friendship commenced between herself and every one of the guests, which lasted during their respective lives!

All her letters at this time seem to be full of a chastened worldliness, or rather of a desire to cultivate two opposing worlds at once. She had shown it even in childhood when she wished to go to London to see publishers and bishops. She showed it afterward in the worldly wisdom with which she criticised her own title of "Sacred Dramas." "The word *sacred* in the title is a damper to the dramas. It is tying a millstone about the neck of sensibility, which will drown them both together." She showed it by going to Sunday parties, and abusing the people who gave them as soon as she returned home, and asking Elijah (i. e., herself) what he had been doing there. In fact, the way in which the little woman sipped the sweets of pleasure at this time, and quarreled with their taste, is very droll. "Pleasure," says she, "is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation to it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted I went to Apsley House, where I staid till near two. I then made insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I staid till eight, and from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's, where there was a small assemblage of about thirty people, and all clever." In another place she naïvely says: "Mrs. Boscawen came to see me the other day with the duchess in her gilt chariot with four footmen. It is not possible for anything to be more agreeable to my taste than my present manner of living."

While at home in Bristol after one of these triumphant visits to London, she one day said laughingly to her sister, "I have been so fed with praise that I really think I will venture to try what is my real value by writing a slight poem and offering it to Cadell myself." In a fortnight after the idea was started she had completed "Sir Eldred of the Bower," to which she added a short poem of "The Bleeding Rock." Cadell at once (publishers always do) offered her a price which far exceeded her idea of its worth, very handsomely adding that, if she could hereafter discover what Goldsmith obtained for "The Deserted Village," he would make up what he had given her to the same sum, be it what it might. Dr. Johnson sat from nine till twelve at night reading and criticising "Sir Eldred"; he even added a stanza of his own to it; and, when we say that the *poem* does not suffer from the introduction of this, we have said enough to give an idea of its style and merit.

In 1777 she wrote "Percy"; Garrick composed and spoke the prologue and epilogue. In a letter to her sister she tells how "several very great ones made interest to hear him read the play before it was acted, but he peremptorily refused." Miss More was present at the first night's performance, and had the delight of witnessing a brilliant success. "One tear," she writes to her sister, "is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction of seeing even men shed them in abundance." (Tears, not hands, we hope; but the gifted author leaves the point unsettled.) When the play was over, the critics met as usual at the Bedford to "fix its character," and, that being satisfactory, and more than satisfactory, Miss More received praise and admiration on all sides. Dr. Percy (the Bishop) was sent at once by the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy to thank her for the honor which she had done their family. Four thousand copies of the play sold in a fortnight. All the great people went to the theatre night after night, and some of them accepted no invitation without making a proviso that they should be at liberty to break the engagement if a desire to go to see "Percy" again came into their heads. M. de Calonne, Prime Minister of France, translated it into French, some one else into German, and for months its popularity was unbounded. How cheaply this success was gained, any one who has the courage to read "Percy" may see for himself. To give an idea of the story: Elwina, daughter of Earl Raby, is betrothed to Earl Percy. He goes to the Crusades (these Crusades, by the by, occur, despite chronology, after the battle of Chevy Chase). During Earl Percy's absence, Earl Raby insists on Elwina's marrying a new suitor, Earl Douglas—to use the fair Elwina's own words—

> "He dragged me trembling, dying to the altar,
> I sighed, I struggled, fainted, and—complied."

Earl Douglas, after a while, finds Elwina's heart is not his, is jealous, and asks her if "no interior sense of guilt confounds her"? And so the play pursues its feeble course to the dreary end. We know "Percy" to be a tragedy because three people come to a violent death in the last act, and because miseries are "pulled down" on guilty heads. Had it not been a tragedy, it would have been sufficient to *draw* them down. It is written in the prosiest of prose; and yet it was an undoubted success. Mrs. Siddons as Elwina drew tears from Fox, and Mrs. More drew six hundred pounds from Cadell, the publisher. She wrote another play, called "The Fatal Falsehood." It was not quite so successful. Garrick, too, was dead, and thus Mrs. More had lost the one link which reconciled her to a profession of which her

judgment disapproved, and she gave up all play-writing or play-going. Very nearly all play-reading, also; though in a preface to her own tragedies, written in after-years, she "ventures to hazard an opinion that, in company with a judicious friend or parent, many scenes of Shakespeare may be read, not only without danger, but with improvement." But she had no very hearty appreciation of the peerless genius, no comprehension how entirely he stood alone; for she speaks of "Shakespeare and other writers of the same description."

Her own "poems," as she calls them, are of the most commonplace order. "Any one of moderate capacity," to quote Dr. Johnson's dictum on some one else's work, "could write reams of such stuff, if he did but abandon his mind to it." Let not the reader think for a moment that Dr. Johnson said this of Hannah More's poems. After reading the "Bas Bleu" in MS. (admire the large and glorious patience of an age in which authors could read each other's productions in MS. !), he told her that he wanted to see her to "praise it as much as envy could praise," and that there was "no name in literature that might not be glad to own it." Johnson, however, wrote "Lives of the Poets," in which place was found for Smith and Sprat, and none for Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, or Marlowe. He knew how to appreciate virtuous sentiments and big dictionary words in a poem; but he had no ear for its music. Not for music of any kind, for, as Macaulay humorously says, "he just knew the bell of St. Clement's from the organ"; and in this deficiency Miss More seems to have shared, for thus she wrote to one of her sisters:

> "Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence
> To wholesome solitude the nurse of—

'sense,' I was going to add, in the words of Pope, till I recollected that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was just as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the opera—the first that ever I *did*, the last, I trust, I ever *shall*, go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the universe made his creature man with a comprehensive mind? Why make him a little lower than the angels? Why give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit and memory, and, to crown all, an immortal and never-dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well? And yet I find the same people are seen at the opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed by such a set of beings. . . . Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very heavy one."

A bit of "high falutin" like this, even though it occurs in a private letter, shows that Mrs. H. More deserved all credit for earnestness, but not a very exalted place in literature.

Her essays, which were highly thought of in her own day, aim at being logical expositions of the evils of the various vices and follies of which they treat; but they wander away from the point wofully, and she is very fond of using logical terms of which she does not apprehend the meaning. Yet the Bishop of London (Porteus), after reading a little book of hers which she had published anonymously, wrote to her: "Aut Moros, aut Angelus, it is in vain to think of concealing yourself: your style and manner are so confessedly superior to every other moral writer of the present age that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition." We do not wish to question Miss More's claims to be considered as a woman who spent a very long life in doing her very best to do good to her fellow creatures, but we do question the morality, not to speak of the taste, of such a passage as the following: "Oh, if women in general knew what was their true interest, if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice, the coquette would adopt it as an allurement, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

When Sydney Smith read this passage he said that, "if there were any truth in it, nudity would become a virtue, and no decent woman for the future would be seen in garments." It is to be read in Mrs. H. More's "Cœlebs in search of a Wife"—a book which is in many parts very brightly written, and which shows considerable powers of observation, but errs in drawing an absolutely fixed line of demarkation between the good and the bad of this world, which line neither the one nor the other ever overstep by so much as the breadth of a hair. The good are all good, the bad entirely bad. "Cœlebs in search of a Wife" is a semi-religious novel, and was immensely popular in its day. It will still repay reading. The first edition sold in a fortnight. Twelve editions came out during the first year. In all, twenty-one thousand copies were sold in England, and thirty thousand in America. It was translated into every Continental language—even into Icelandic. This success of "Cœlebs" was by no means a piece of exceptional good fortune. Miss More's books usually did sell by twen-

ty and thirty thousands, and were translated into Persian, Mahratta, Icelandic, and even Cingalese, by way of unexpected languages. Sometimes a large edition of a book of hers was entirely sold in four hours. Naturally, after hearing of such facts, we wish to learn if the author did not reap some substantial benefit from so much popularity, and are glad to learn from her biographer that she made a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and that, though the wish of her heart from youth had been to have a house of her own in which a clock could not stand upright, she was able, from her own earnings, to build one of much more commodious dimensions, in which she and her sisters ended their days.

Her books brought her honors of all kinds, as well as money. The Queen consulted her about the education of the Princess Charlotte; the Duchess of Gloucester gave her a public breakfast; the Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Belles-Lettres in Rouen elected her a member. If she scribbled a pencil translation of an Italian piece at a concert, it was snatched from her hands and put into the principal magazine of the day; and her letters, though composed only "for the fireside and the bosom," were eagerly copied by those who saw them. Then, to crown her triumphs, no doctor would ever take a fee from her; and actually, when the course of the mails between Bristol and Exeter was being altered for some good reason, Sir Francis Freeling was especially charged by the royal family to ascertain if the alteration would be inconvenient to Mrs. More, in which case the project was to be abandoned.

Hannah More's success being an undoubted fact, it remains to consider in what kind of a world it was won. London was at her feet; but the London of those days was something very like a small country town now, and the circle of wits was limited. Mrs. More often went to parties from which it was remarked that not one woman in London distinguished for taste or literature was absent. It was as easy then to count the heads in which was to be found a little wit and learning, as for Ali Baba in his tree to number the robbers down below; for society was composed of one small, select, though by no means refined, circle, the members of which were all well known to each other. A moderately good play, poem, or novel then met with a recognition more complete than would now be accorded to a work even of genius. Society is, in fact, now split up into circles innumerable, some of which touch and meet, but others remain apart to all eternity; and it would be quite possible for a work which moved the members of one circle to its very outermost and innermost rings, to remain for ever unknown and unheard of by all the members of the other. Besides, when considering Hannah More's popularity, it is hardly possible to make sufficient allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace. In all ages it has stirred thousands to enthusiasm. Really good and great books always make their mark sooner or later, but not with such steady certainty as a good bit of commonplace work which surprises you by no unexpected ideas, but jogs on comfortably on a level with your own intelligence, without disturbing you by requiring any thought. Who are the poets of the present day who can stand the test of being asked to produce their literary balance-sheets? Has any one made as much money as Tupper? Have Carlyle's essays been half so popular as those of A. K. H. B.? Added to this, there are innumerable people who think it a duty to pass their Sundays in a "dim religious light" of dullness. They must not read anything but good books, by which they understand the Bible, sermons, essays on moral culture, and feeble volumes of religious verse. It must, therefore, be readily seen that a writer who supplies these persons with a change of reading which they like is sure of both fame and fortune. In Hannah More's days there were hardly any of these books to be had (the taste of the age was not elevated enough to find pleasure in the grand old sermons of Jeremy Taylor and the men of his time), and it must be owned, besides, that every one, high and low, did want a great deal of teaching, and very rudimentary teaching, too, as is proved by Sir Joshua's complaint that nearly all the visitors who came to his studio to see his "Infant Samuel" had to ask him who Samuel was. And, to give an idea of the depth of ignorance existing among the lower classes, when Hannah More, with noble disregard of personal comfort, went miles and miles on Sundays to teach the semi-savages in the villages near Cheddar, the parents resisted her endeavors to secure the children's attendance at school, because they were sure that she wished to steal them away to sell them as slaves.

She persevered, however, and in time did an immense amount of good in benighted regions which had not known the care of a clergyman for nearly a century. This was only one among many of her patient and unselfish efforts to help others, and we are glad to chronicle it, and especially anxious, besides, to declare that we feel a sincere reverence for Hannah More, and believe her to have been a very earnest, good woman, though we can not but wonder at the success which she obtained as a writer during the earlier part of her life, when, if ever, she was judged as a writer merely. One person seems to have shared our opinion even in those days; for, when poor Mrs. More set her dress on fire, and was only saved by the courage of a friend, the an-

nouncement of this fact and that the dress she wore at the time was made of a stuff called *lasting*, which did not burn readily, provoked the following epigram from "some heartless pretender to wit":

"Vulcan to scorch thy gown in vain essays;
Apollo strives in vain to fire thy lays;
Hannah! the cause is visible enough:
Stuff is thy raiment, and thy writings stuff."

This was met by the following happy rejoinder from a partisan of the lady's:

"Clothed all in filth, lo! Epigram appears,
His face distorted by a thousand sneers;
Why, this attack is visible enough—
The scribbler envies Hannah's *lasting stuff*."

MARGARET HUNT (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

A COLORADO SKETCH.

IT would appear that the American Continent was originally of considerably larger dimensions than it is at present. It was probably found to be altogether too large for comfort or convenience, and it was reduced by the simple process of pressing or squeezing it together from the sides—an operation which caused it to crumple up toward the center, and produced that great, elevated, tumbled, and tossed region generally and vaguely known as the Rocky Mountains. If this simple theory of the formation of a continent sounds somewhat infantile, it must be remembered that I am not a scientific man, and that it is not more unscientific than many other theories of creation. There is no such thing as a chain of Rocky Mountains. Under that name are included various ranges and belts of mountains and hills, which embrace within their far-stretching arms fertile valleys, arid deserts, sunny hill-slopes clothed with valuable timber, parks full of pastoral beauty basking beneath a sun that warms them into semi-tropical life, but which never melts the virgin snow whitening the hoary heads of the mountains that for ever look down upon those smiling scenes. Rich and extensive plains, tracts of inhabitable land almost large enough to be the cradle and home of nations, are included in the Rocky Mountains. Among all the States and Territories that lie wholly or partially within the borders of this vast, upheaved region, there is none, so far as I am aware, more favored by nature, and, at the same time, more accessible to man, than Colorado. It is easily reached from all the great cities of the Eastern States; its scenery is varied, beautiful, grand, and even magnificent. Crystal streams of pure, wholesome water, rush down the hillsides, play at hide-and-seek in the woods, and wander deviously through the parks. The climate is health-giving—unsurpassed, as I believe, anywhere—giving to the jaded spirit, the unstrung nerves, and weakened body, a stimulant, a tone, and a vigor that can only be appreciated by those who have had the good fortune to travel or reside in that region.

The parks of Colorado constitute its special feature: there is nothing elsewhere on the American Continent resembling them in natural characteristics. They are not valleys; they are too flat and too extensive for that. They can not be called plains, for they are not flat enough; and, besides, plains are generally bare and destitute of trees, while the parks are rich in timber, with beautifully undulating surfaces, broken up by hills, spurs from the parent range, and isolated mountains. The term "park" is usually applied to ground more or less artificially made; and these places are very properly called parks, for they look, if it be not rank heresy to liken nature to art, as if ground naturally picturesque had been carefully laid out and planted with most consummate skill and taste. Some of them are of great size, such as the North, Middle, South, and St. Louis Parks; others—and it is with them I am best acquainted—are comparatively small.

There are many things to arouse deep interest in that favored region. Where you find lofty mountains, foot-hills, plain, valley, forest, and quick-flowing stream, in a southern latitude, you have in combination all that can gratify the scientific student, as well as all that can content the eye of man, in the way of scenery. The philosopher who devotes himself to the study of atmospheric conditions could nowhere find a more fitting field for observation. The mountain-ranges and extensive level spaces comprised within their limits are important factors in the economy of nature. The great masses of heat-radiating rock temper the winds that blow over them, and shed genial warmth far and wide. The whole region is one vast brewery of storms. Chemical changes are constantly going on. Electricity is working with exceptional vigor, riving the solid rocks, devastating trees, and putting forth most vividly the awful and mysterious manifestations of its

strength. Hot currents and cold currents fight aërial battles round those patient peaks, that stand unmoved amid the roar and racket of elemental strife. Frequent lightnings blaze or flicker round the mountain-heads; continuous thunder crashes on their slopes, and rolls and rumbles in the caverns and valleys that seam their sides. Tempests shriek round the crags, and moan dismally as they toss the gnarled and matted branches of the stunted trees that force their adventurous way up the broad shoulders of the range. Snow in winter, rain and hail in summer, pour upon the higher summits; while, beneath, the land is glowing under a cloudless sky. Contending air-currents of different density discharge their moisture on the hills. The sun draws up fresh moisture from the valleys, like drawing water from a well. All nature seems seething in that region of heat and cold, sunshine and tempest, dryness and damp, constantly fabricating those great cloud-masses that, breaking away from their cradle, carry rain and fertility over thousands and thousands of miles. Sometimes they over-exert themselves, carry their good intentions too far, exceed their proper limits, and, transgressing the boundaries of their native land, cross the wide Atlantic and pour their accumulated store of rain upon those already sodden little islands, Great Britain and Ireland.

The parks and valleys which spread out beneath the mountains, or nestle cosily amid the warm folds of the forest mantles which clothe them, play also an important part. They act as reservoirs; they catch the little, tiny, ice-cold rills that trickle out from under the ever-melting but never-melted snow, gather them together, hold them till they grow strong enough to carve their way through the granite flanks that hem them in, and launch them out into the world, forming rivulets bright and sparkling, flecked with light and shade, over which the quivering aspen bends from banks sweet and bright with flowers; growing into brooks down which lumber may be rafted; swelling into streams which carry irrigation and fertility to arid wastes; becoming rivers upon which steamboats ply and ships ride at anchor.

Physical geography is a fascinating science; and to the student of it nothing can be more interesting than to stand upon some commanding mountain-top, and, with a large, comprehensive view, study the configuration of the country that gives birth to those rivers that, in their course, determine the natural geographical features of a continent, and, consequently, shape the destiny of a race. From many a peak in Colorado the geographer can trace the devious line of the "water-shed," the "divide" that separates the rivers and sends them out, each on its appointed course; and can see, shining like silver threads the rivulets from which they spring. Looking westward, and to the north and south, he can see the fountains of both Plattes, of the Rio Grande —the Grand River—the Arkansas, the Blue, the White, and the Bear rivers, and other streams which unite to form that most extraordinary of all rivers on the American Continent—the Colorado. Turning to the east, a very different scene greets his eye; there, spread out like an ocean beneath him, lies the prairie, that great deposit of gravel, sand, and unstratified clays, the *débris* of the mountain range on which he stands.

Where could the geologist find a region more suitable for the exercise of his peculiar branch of science than one which combines the vast deposit of the prairies with mountain masses obtruded from the bowels of the earth, and deep cañons exposing broad sections of the earth's crust to his view? And where is the mineralogist more likely to be rewarded for his pains? As to the botanist, I would almost warn him from visiting those scenes, lest he should never be able to tear himself away; for the variety of the flora is infinite, ranging from Alpine specimens blooming amid everlasting snows, to flowers of a very different character, growing in rich luxuriance in deep valleys under a subtropical sun.

I have not included hunting among the sciences, but in reality I might have done so. It is a very exact science, and one in which excellence is rarely obtained. Many men never become, never can become, good hunters. They are not endowed with the necessary faculties; and those who are gifted with them require years of study and hard work before they can be entitled to call themselves masters of the art. I hope no one labors under the delusion that hunting is a mere barbarous, bloodthirsty sport. Every good hunter will agree with me that it is not the killing of the animal that gives pleasure. The charm lies in overcoming difficulties—in matching your natural intelligence and acquired knowledge and skill against the instinct, cunning, intellect, and reason of the animal you are endeavoring to outwit. The reward of the hunter is the same as that of the student of languages, of the archæologist, of the geologist—in fact, of all scientific people. His triumph is the triumph of unraveling a mystery, tracing and discovering a hidden fact, grappling with and overcoming a difficulty. It is the fact of overcoming, not the act of killing, that brightens the hunter's eye, and renders his occupation so charming. The hunter's craft gives health, its surroundings are beautiful, it calls forth some of the best qualities of man, it is full of fascination, and it is no wonder that primitive races find it difficult to emerge from the hunting condition. It is most annoying that everything that is plea-

sant is all wrong. We all know that peoples, in their progress toward civilization, advance from the hunting to the pastoral state, from the pastoral to the agricultural, and from thence to a condition of existence in which the manufacturing instincts of man are fully developed. This is the sequence—hunting, cattle-tending, sheep-herding, fresh air, good water, lovely scenery, wholesome excitement, healthy lives, and—barbarism; agriculture, manufactures, great cities, hideous country, poisoned water, impure air, dirt, disease, and—civilization. It is difficult sometimes to know exactly what to say when preaching civilization to the savage. It is certain that, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, the highest aim of civilization is to secure to a large number the same blessings that a small number obtain, freely and without trouble, in an uncivilized state.

It was sport—or, as it would be called in the States, hunting—that led me first to visit Estes Park. Some friends and I had visited Denver at Christmas, to pay our proper devotions to the good things of this earth at that festive season, and, hearing rumors of much game at Estes Park, we determined to go there. We spent a day or two laying in supplies, purchasing many of the necessaries and a few of the luxuries of life, and wound up our sojourn in Denver with a very pleasant dinner at an excellent restaurant, not inaptly styled the "Delmonico" of the West. During dinner one of those sudden and violent storms peculiar to that region came on. When we sat down the stars were shining clear and hard with the brilliancy that is so beautiful in those high altitudes on a cold, dry mid-winter night, and not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the air; but, before we had half satisfied the appetites engendered by the keen frosty atmosphere, the stars were all shrouded in cloud, the gale was howling through the streets, and snow was whirling in the air, piling up in drifts wherever it found a lodgment, and sifting in fine powder through every chink and cranny in the door. It did not last long. Before morning the sky was clear, cloudless, steely, star-bespangled as before, and, when we left by an early train for Longmont Station, the sun was shining undimmed upon fields of freshly fallen snow.

By way of enlivening the journey we were treated by thoughtful Nature to a magnificent spectacle—a beautiful exhibition of that phenomenon known, I believe, as a parhelion. The sun was only a few degrees above the horizon. The sky was very clear and intensely blue overhead, but slightly clouded with a thin gauzy film round the horizon, and, on looking up, one could see that the air was full of minute crystals of ice. It was tolerably cold—probably about fifteen or twenty degrees below zero—and perfectly calm. All round the horizon ran a belt of pure bright white light, passing through the sun. This belt was not exactly level, but dipped a little to the east and west, and rose slightly to the north and south. The sun was surrounded by a halo showing rainbow colors on the inside, which faded into white light on the outside edge. A bright perpendicular ray of white light cut through the sun, forming, with the belt that ran round the horizon, a perfect cross. There was a similar cross in the west, and another in the north, but none in the south at first, but, after an hour or so, a fourth cross formed in that quarter also. Right overhead was a partially formed horizontal rainbow, the colors of which were very bright. Sometimes this rainbow would develop into an almost perfect circle; then, again, it would diminish till there remained only a small segment of the circle. The points where the solar halo cut the belt which encircled the horizon were intensely brilliant—almost as bright as the sun—and rays of white light struck down from them. As the sun rose the halo surrounding it became very dazzling, and assumed the colors of the rainbow, and a second rainbow-tinted circle formed outside it. The rainbow in the zenith increased at the same time in brilliancy, and a second circle formed outside that also. The whole phenomenon was very beautiful; it continued some hours, gradually fading away, and finally disappeared about three in the afternoon.

The next morning we loaded up a wagon with stores, and started on our toilsome expedition to the Park. It is very easy work—it is not work at all, in fact—to get into the Park nowadays. It was a very different affair at that time. There are two good stage roads now; there was no road at all then—only a rough track going straight up hill and down dale, and over rocks and through trees and along nearly perpendicular slopes, with the glorious determination to go straight forward of an old Roman road, but without any of the engineering skill and labor expended upon the latter. It was a hard road to travel, covered with snow and slippery with ice; but, by dint of literally putting our shoulders to the wheel up hill, by chaining the wheels down hill, and by holding up the wagon by ropes and main strength on precipitous hill-sides, we got to our destination very late at night with only one serious accident—the fracture of a bottle containing medical comforts.

The road from Longmont to the Park traverses the level plain for about fifteen miles, and then enters a cañon flanked on either side by strange-shaped masses of bright red sandstone, outcropping from the surface, and in some places tilted nearly on end. It then follows the bank

of the St. Vrains River—teeming with trout—crosses that stream, and works its way with many curves and twists up through the foot-hills, along grassy slopes, through pine-forests, past fantastic masses of rock, crosses a little creek hiding deep among aspens and poplars, and, after plunging down two violent descents and mounting up again, enters a long valley rejoicing in the euphonious title of "Muggins's Gulch." I do not know who Muggins was—no doubt an honest citizen; but he should have changed his name before bestowing it upon such a pretty spot. You ascend this valley at an easy gradient till you reach the summit, when suddenly a lovely view bursts upon you, and the Park lies spread out at your feet. On the left the hill-side rises steeply, crowned with a buttress of frowning rock. On the right a mountain of almost solid rock stands naked and savage. In front, beyond the Park, the main range of mountains rears itself, topped with snow, rent in great chasms, pierced by the gloomy, heavily timbered depths of black cañon. On the extreme left and in the distance, Long's Peak towers above its fellows; and beneath you, in strange contrast with the barren foot-hills through which you have passed, and the savage, stern grandeur of the range, lies the Park—undulating, grass-covered, dotted with trees, peaceful and quiet, with a silver thread of water curving and twining through its midst.

A log-house is comfortable enough at any time; and on that particular night it appeared eminently so to us, as, cold and wearied, we passed the hospitable threshold. What a supper we devoured, and what logs we heaped upon the fire, till we made the flames leap and roar on the open hearth! and then lay down on mattresses on the floor, and listened to the howling of the wind, till the noise of the tempest, confusedly mingling with our dreams, was finally hushed in deep, unbroken sleep.

The winter weather in northern Colorado is most enjoyable. At the high altitude of Estes Park, between seven thousand and eight thousand feet above sea-level, it consists of alternate short storms and long spells of fine weather. You will have several days of bright clear weather, hard frost, the thermometer very low, but the sun so powerful that you can lie down and go fast asleep, as I have frequently done, on a warm, sunny, and sheltered bank in the very depth of winter. Then the clouds begin to accumulate, growing denser and denser, till they break and descend in a snow-storm of some hours' duration. The cattle, which before dotted all the open ground, disappear as if by magic, seeking and finding shelter in little hidden gulches and unnoticed valleys, and the land looks utterly desolate. The snow-storm is invariably succeeded by a violent tempest of wind, which speedily clears the ground of snow, heaping it up in drifts, and blowing the greater part of it into the air in such a thin, powdery condition that it is taken up by the atmosphere and disappears completely. So dry is the air and so warm the winter's sun that snow evaporates without leaving any moisture behind it. Another period of clear, still, cold weather then follows after the gale.

The violence of these tempests is very great. Many a night have I lain awake listening to the screams and clamor of the gale; now rising suddenly to a shriek as a fresh gust of wind came tearing down the level plain, snatching up pebbles and stones, sending them hopping over the ground, and hurling them against the log-house; then sinking to a long melancholy moan; whistling shrilly around the walls, hoarsely howling in the wide chimney; while, under all, the low continuous roar of the tempest raging in the distant forest sounded like a mighty bass note in the savage music of the storm.

That is the time to appreciate the comfort of a warm weather-proof house, to snuggle up in your blanket and idly watch the merry sparks fly up the chimney, and the warm ruddy flicker of the fire casting shadows on the rough brown pine-logs; gazing and blinking, listening and thinking, one's thoughts perhaps wandering very far away, and getting less and less coherent. The storm chimes in with your fancies, mingles with your dreams, till with a start you open your eyes, and find to your astonishment the level rays of the rising sun lighting up a scene as calm and peaceful as if the tempest had never been.

In spring and summer the scene and climate are very different. Ice and snow and withered grass have passed away, and everything is basking and glowing under a blazing sun, hot, but always tempered with a cool breeze. Cattle wander about the plain—or try to wander, for they are so fat they can scarcely move. Waterfowl frequent the lakes. The whole earth is green, and the margins of the streams are luxuriant with a profuse growth of wild flowers and rich herbage. The air is scented with the sweet-smelling sap of the pines, whose branches welcome many feathered visitors from southern climes; an occasional humming-bird whirrs among the shrubs, trout leap in the creeks, insects buzz in the air; all nature is active and exuberant with life.

I and a Scotch gillie, who had accompanied me from home, took up our abode in a little log-shanty close to the ranche-house, and made ourselves very cosy. There was not much elegance or luxury in our domicile, but plenty of comfort. Two rough rooms—a huge fire-place in one of them—two beds, and no other furniture of any

kind whatever, completed our establishment. But what on earth did we want with furniture? We were up before daylight, out hunting or fishing all day, had our food at the ranche, sat on the ground and smoked our pipes, and went to bed early. One's rest is a good deal broken in winter-time, and it is necessary to go to bed early in order to get enough sleep, because in very cold weather it is highly advisable to keep a fire burning all night; and, as yet, hunters have not evolved the faculty of putting on logs in their sleep. It would be most useful if they could do so; and, according to the law of evolution, some of them by this time ought to have done it. However, I was not much troubled; for Sandie, who slept by the fire, was very wakeful. I would generally awake about two or three in the morning to find the logs blazing and cracking merrily, and Sandie sitting in the ingle smoking his pipe, plunged in deep thought.

"Well, Sandie," I would say, "what kind of a night is it, and what are you thinking of?"

"Oh, well, it's a fine night, just a wee bit cheely outside [thermometer about 25° below zero]; and I'm thinking we did not make that stalk after the big stag just right yesterday; and I'm thinking where we'll go to-day to find him." Then we would smoke a little—*haver* a little, as Sandie would call it—and discuss the vexed question of how we made the mistake with the big stag; and having come to a satisfactory conclusion, and agreed that the stag had the biggest antlers that ever were seen—which is always the case with the deer you *don't* get—we would put out our pipes, and sleep till daylight warned us to set about our appointed task, which was to find a deer somehow, for the larder wanted replenishing.

In those days you had not far to seek for game, and you could scarcely go wrong in any direction at any season of the year. In winter and spring the park still swarms with game; but it is necessary in summer to know where to look for it, to understand its manners and customs, to go farther and to work harder than formerly, for Estes Park is civilized. In summer-time beautiful but dangerous creatures roam the park. The tracks of tiny little shoes are more frequent than the less interesting, but harmless, footprints of mountain sheep. You are more likely to catch a glimpse of the flicker of the hem of a white petticoat in the distance than of the glancing form of a deer. The marks of carriage wheels are more plentiful than elk signs, and you are not now so likely to be scared by the human-like track of a gigantic bear as by the appalling impress of a number eleven boot. That is as it should be. There is plenty of room elsewhere for wild beasts, and nature's beauties should be enjoyed by man. I well remember the commencement of civilization. I was sitting on the stoop of the log-shanty one fine hot summer's evening, when to me appeared the strange apparition of an aged gentleman on a diminutive donkey. He was the first stranger I had ever seen in the park. After surveying me in silence for some moments he observed, "Say, is this a pretty good place to drink whisky in?" I replied "Yes," naturally, for I have never heard of a spot that was not favorable for the consumption of whisky, the State of Maine not excepted. "Well, have you any to sell?" he continued. "No," I answered, "got none." After gazing at me in melancholy silence for some moments, evidently puzzled at the idea of a man and a house but no whisky, he went slowly and sadly on his way, and I saw him no more.

On the morning that Sandie and I went out, it was not necessary to go far from the house. We had not ridden long before we came to likely-looking country, got off, unsaddled and tethered our horses, and started on foot, carefully scanning the ground for fresh sign. Soon we came upon it—quite recently formed tracks of three or four deer. Then we had to decide upon the plan of operations in a long and whispered conversation; and finally, having settled where the deer were likely to be, and how to get at them, we made a long circuit, so as to be down wind of the game, and went to work. The ground to which I am referring is very rough. It slopes precipitously toward the river. Huge masses of rock lie littered about on a surface pierced by many perpendicular jagged crags, hundreds of feet high, and long ridges and spurs strike downward from the sheer scarp that crowns the cañon of the river, forming beautiful little glades—sheltered, sunny, clothed with sweet grass—on which the deer love to feed.

In such a country there was no chance of seeing game at any distance; so we had to go very cautiously, examining every sign, crawling up to every little ridge, and inch by inch craning our heads over and peering into every bush and under every tree. In looking over a rise of ground it is advisable for the hunter to take off his head-covering unless he wears a very tight-fitting cap. I have often laughed to see great hunters (great in their own estimation) raising their heads most carefully, forgetting that a tall felt hat, some six inches above their eyes, had already been for some time in view of the deer. Many hunters seem to think that the deer can not see them till they see the deer.

The sportsman can not go too slowly, and it is better to hunt out one little gully thoroughly than to cover miles of ground in the day. If he walks rapidly he will scare heaps of deer, hear

lots of crashing in the trees and scattering of stones, and perhaps see the whisk of a white tail, or the glance of a dark form through the trees, but never get a shot for his pains. We pursued a different plan—took each little gulch separately, and carefully crept up it, searching every inch of ground, using redoubled caution toward the end where the bush is thickest, and especially scanning the north side; for, strange to say, deer prefer lying on the north side of valleys in the snow, even during the coldest weather, to resting on the warm sunny grass on the southern slopes. Patiently we worked; but our patience was not well rewarded, for not a sign of anything did we see till our entirely foodless stomachs and the nearly shadowless trees indicated that it was past noon. So we sat us down in a nice little sheltered nook, from whence we commanded a good view of the precipitous cliffs and gullies that led down to the tortuous and ice-bound creek some thousands of feet below us, as well as of the face of the mountain that reared itself on the opposite side, and betook ourselves to food and reflection. It is very pleasant to lie comfortably stretched out with nothing to do but to gaze with idle pleasure and complete content upon grand and varied scenery. The eye, now plunging into the abyss of blue crossed at intervals by swiftly moving clouds, now lowered and resting on the earth, pauses for a minute on the dazzling snow-white summits, then travels down through dark green pine woods, wanders over little open glades or valleys gray with withered grass, glances at steep cliffs and great riven masses of rock which time and weather have detached and hurled down the mountain side, and falls at last upon the pale green belt of aspens that fringes the river, white with snow where spanned with ice, but black as ink where a rapid torrent has defied the frost. Nor is the eye wearied with its journey; for mountain, valley, cliff, and glade are so mingled, and are so constantly changing with light and shade, that one could look for hours without a wish to move. The mind goes half asleep, and wonders lazily whether its body is really there in the heart of the Rocky Mountains leading a hunter's life, or whether it is not all a dream—a dream of schoolboy days which seemed at one time so little likely to be realized, and yet which is at length fulfilled.

It must not be supposed that, because we were half asleep and wholly dreaming, we were not also keeping a sharp lookout; for in a man who is very much accustomed to take note of every unusual object, of every moving thing, and of the slightest sign of any living creature—more especially if he has roamed much on the prairies where hostile redskins lurk and creep—the faculty of observation is so constantly exercised that it becomes a habit unconsciously used, and he is all the time seeing sights, and hearing sounds, and smelling smells, and noting them down, and receiving all kinds of impressions from all external objects, without being the least aware of it himself. However, none of our senses were gratified by anything that betokened the presence of game, and, after resting a little while, we picked up our rifles and stole quietly on again. So we crept and hunted, and hunted and crept, and peered and whispered, and wondered we saw nothing, till the pine-trees were casting long shadows to the east, when suddenly Sandie, who was a pace or two in front of me, became rigid, changed into a man of stone, and then, almost imperceptibly, a hair's-breadth at a time, stooped his head and sank down. If you come suddenly in sight of game, you should remain perfectly motionless for a time, and sink out of sight gradually; for, if you drop down quickly, the movement will startle it. Deer seem to be short-sighted. They do not notice a man, even close by, unless he moves. I never saw a man so excited at the sight of game, and yet so quiet, as Sandie. It seemed as if he would fly to pieces; he seized my arm with a grip like a vise, and whispered, "Oh, a great stag within easy shot from the big rock yonder! He has not seen me." So, prone upon the earth, I crawled up to the rock, cocked the rifle, drew a long breath, raised myself into a sitting position, got a good sight on the deer, pulled, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumbling headlong down the gulch, till he stopped stone-dead jammed between two trees.

Leaving Sandie to prepare the stag for transportation, I started off as fast as I could, and brought one of the ponies down to the carcase. It was pretty bad going for a four-footed animal; but Colorado horses, if used to the mountains, will go almost anywhere. The way they will climb up places, and slither down places, and pick their way through "wind-falls," is marvelous. They seem to be possessed of any number of feet, and to put them down always exactly at the right moment in the right place. I do not suppose they like it, for they groan and grunt the while in a most piteous manner. My pony was sure-footed and willing, and, moreover, was used to pack game; so we had little trouble with him, and before long had the deer firmly secured on the saddle and were well on our way home. It was well for us that we killed the deer in a comparatively accessible place, or we should not have got him in that night or the next day. It was almost dark when we topped the ridge, and could look down into the park and see the range beyond, and there were plenty of signs there to

show that a storm was at hand. Right overhead the stars were shining, but all the sky to the west was one huge wall of cloud. Black Cañon, the cañon of the river, and all the great rents in the range were filled with vapor, and all the mountains were wrapped in cloud.

When we left the ranche that night after a good supper, a game of euchre, and sundry pipes, it was pitch-dark, and light flakes of snow were noiselessly floating down to the earth; and, when we got up the next morning, behold! there was not a thing to be seen. Mountains, ranche-house, and everything else were blotted out by a densely falling white, bewildering mass of snow. Toward noon it lightened up a little, and great gray shapes of mountains loomed out now and then a shade darker than the white wall that almost hid them; but the weather was not fit for hunting, and, as there was nothing else to be done out of doors, we made a *fête* of it, as a French Canadian would say, and devoted ourselves to gun-cleaning and spinning yarns.

When deep snow lies upon the higher grounds surrounding Estes Park, wapiti come down into the park in considerable numbers. The wapiti is a splendid beast, the handsomest by far of all the deer tribe. He is called an elk in the States —why, I do not know; for the European elk is identical with the American moose, and a moose and a wapiti are not the least alike. But I presume the wapiti is called by the Americans an elk for the same reason that they call thrushes robins, and grouse partridges. The reason, I dare say, is a good one, but I do not know what it is. The wapiti enjoys a range extending from the Pacific sea-board to the Mississippi, and from the northwest territory in British possessions down to Texas, and he formerly was found all the way across the Continent and in the Eastern States. He is exactly like the European red deer —only about twice as large—carries magnificent antlers, and is altogether a glorious animal. Wapiti are very shy. They require quiet and large undisturbed pastures; and they are hunted with a thoughtless brutality that must shortly lead to their extermination in civilized districts. They do not accustom themselves to civilization as easily as do moose or antelope, but resent deeply the proximity of man—that is to say, of civilized man, for Indians do not interfere with them very much. Indians, as a rule, are not really fond of hunting; they hunt for subsistence, not for pleasure, and, where buffalo are to be found, never trouble their heads about smaller game. Elk are plentiful in any Indian country that suits them; in fact, as a rule, there is very little use in hunting wapiti in any country that is not exposed to Indian incursions, and, the more dangerous the country, the better sport you are likely to have. But this is not an invariable rule. There are some places where wapiti may be found in quite sufficient numbers to repay a sportsman's labor, and where he need not incur the smallest risk to life or limb. I imagine there are more wapiti to be found in Montana and the adjacent territories than in any other part of the United States. Wapiti are to be met with in forests of timber, among the mountains, and on the treeless prairie. They are, I think, most numerous on the plains, but the finest specimens are found in timbered districts. One might suppose that branching antlers would cause inconvenience to an animal running through the tangle of a primeval forest; but the contrary appears to be the case, for in all countries the woodland deer carry far finer heads than the stags of the same species that range in open country. The size of the antlers depends entirely on the food which the animal can procure. Where he is well fed, they will be well developed; where food is scarce, they will be small. In a timbered country there is more shelter than on the plains, the grass is not so deeply covered with snow in winter, and consequently food is more plentiful at that time of year, and the animal thrives better. You always find heavier deer in woodland than in an open country. Early in the fall the stags gather large herds of hinds about them; about the end of October they separate, and the big stags wander off alone for a while, and then later on join in with the big bands of hinds and small stags. During the winter they run in great numbers—it is not unusual to find herds of two or three hundred together, and I have seen, I believe, as many as a thousand different wapiti within a week. A large herd of these grand animals is a magnificent sight, and one not soon to be forgotten. They are to be killed either by stalking them on foot, or partially on foot and partially on horseback, or by running them on horseback like buffalo. I have been fortunate enough to kill wapiti by all these methods, and hope to relate some of my experiences in a future article.

DUNRAVEN (*Nineteenth Century*).

THE LIFE AND PASSION OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.

"BERLIOZ," says M. Gounod, in the charming introduction which he wrote to the recently collected letters of the great composer, "was one of the profoundest emotions of my youth. He was fifteen years my senior; he was, therefore, thirty-four at the time when I, a boy of nineteen, was studying composition at the Conservatory, under the direction of Halévy. I well remember the impression then produced upon me by Berlioz and his works, rehearsals of which were often given in the concert-hall of the Conservatory. No sooner had my master Halévy corrected my lesson than I hastened from the class to go and hide myself in a corner of the concert-room, and there I grew wild over that strange, passionate, convulsive music which opened before me such new and nobly colored horizons. One day I had been present at a rehearsal of the then unpublished symphony of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which Berlioz was to produce in public for the first time a few days later. I was so struck with the ampleness of the great *finale* of the reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets that I went out, carrying away entire in my memory the superb phrase of Friar Laurence, '*Jurez tous par l'auguste symbole!*' A short time afterward, I called upon Berlioz, and, sitting down at the piano, I played the above-mentioned passage. He opened his eyes very widely, and, looking sharply at me, he said, 'Where in the world did you get that?' 'At one of your rehearsals,' I answered. He could not believe his ears."

This little paragraph serves to show how sincere is the admiration of the composer of the opera of "Faust" for the great eccentric master who wrote the "Damnation de Faust," which Gounod himself qualifies as "magnificent." M. Gounod speaks with tender affection of the extravagant, fantastic nature of Berlioz, of the nervous anger which prompted him to rail at Bellini and Cherubini, and of the honest, confiding manner in which he poured out the secrets of his soul to his friends. In the letters now published the reader will find the impress of the real Berlioz in almost every line. Some time since, a volume, very carefully edited by M. Daniel Bernard, and treating of the labors and travels of Berlioz, appeared in Paris. It gave but a poor idea of the man of genius and his work, compared with that which may be obtained from the composer's own correspondence with one of his most intimate friends. A perusal of these fiery letters fully justifies the conclusions at which M. Gounod arrived after reading them, and which he has chronicled as follows:

"There are, in humanity, certain beings gifted with particular sensitiveness, who feel nothing in the same manner or degree as other people feel, and for whom the exception becomes the rule. In the cases of these persons, their peculiarities of nature explain those of their lives, which, in their turn, explain those of their destiny. Now, these are the exceptions which lead the world; and it should be so, because these are the ones who pay with their battles and their sufferings for the movement and the enlightenment of the human race. . . . Berlioz was, like Beethoven, one of the unfortunate victims of the dolorous privilege of being an exception, and he paid dearly for this heavy responsibility." And here M. Gounod indulges in some sharp remarks upon the revolt of the masses against any one who, in the fine arts, dares to show individuality, or to decry and desert conventional methods. "Was it," he cries, "the crowd which formed Raphael and Michael Angelo, Mozart and Beethoven, Newton and Galileo? The crowd! the mass! It passes its whole existence in judging and taking back its judgment, in condemning in rotation its repugnances and its fascinations; and how can you expect it to be a competent judge? No—the crowd first flagellates and crucifies, and then reviews its decrees with a repentance which, generally, is not that of the contemporary generation, but of later ones; and it is on the tomb of the man of genius that the crowns of *immortelles* which were refused his brow are heaped. The definite judge, which is posterity, is but a superposition of successive minorities. Contemporary success is usually only a question of fashion; it proves that the work is up to the level of its time, but by no means that it ought to survive it; there is consequently no reason to be very proud of it. Berlioz was a man all of one piece, without concessions or compromises; he belonged to the race of 'Alcestes,' and naturally he had all the 'Orontes' against him. Heaven knows how numerous the 'Orontes' are! People have found him crabbed, quarrelsome, fierce—I don't know what else! But, in order to understand this excessive sensitiveness pushed to the verge of irritability, it would be necessary to take account of all the irritating things, the personal trials, the thousand rebuffs suffered by this fiery soul, incapable of humble servility and cowardly toadying; and it is noteworthy that, however harsh his judgments may have seemed to those upon whom they were pronounced, none of them were ever attributed to the shameful motive of a jealousy which would have been

entirely incompatible with the majestic proportions of this noble, generous, and loyal nature. The trials which Berlioz had to encounter as competitor for the chief prize of Rome were the faithful image, and like the prophetic prelude, to those which he had to meet later in his career. He had to compete four times, and did not obtain the prize until 1830, when he was twenty-seven years old, by sheer perseverance and despite obstacles of every kind. The same year in which he took the prize with his cantata of 'Sardanapalus,' he produced a work which showed clearly the height which he had already reached in artistic development, as to conception, color, and experience. His 'Symphonie Fantastique' (episode from the life of an artist) was a veritable musical event, of the importance of which some idea may be gained from the fanaticism of its supporters and the violent opposition of its enemies. However much discussion there may be over such a composition, it certainly reveals, in the young man who produced it, absolutely superior faculties of invention, and a powerful poetic sentiment which is found in all his other works. Berlioz drew into musical circulation a considerable number of orchestral effects and combinations unknown until he appeared, and which very illustrious musicians speedily adopted; he revolutionized the demand of instrumentation, and in this respect, at least, he may be said to have formed a school. Yet, despite remarkable triumphs, in France as in foreign countries, Berlioz was fought against all his life; in spite of performances to which his personal direction as chief of orchestra and his indefatigable energy added many chances of success, and many elements of clearness, he never had any but a partial and restrained public; that public, that *everybody*, that gives to success the character of popularity did not come to him, and Berlioz died of this lack of popular success. 'The Trojans,' that work which he had foreseen would prove the source of so much chagrin for him, 'The Trojans finished him; it may be said of him, as of his heroic namesake Hector, that he perished under the walls of Troy. . . . In Berlioz's nature, all impressions, all sensations, were carried to extremes; he knew neither joy nor sadness, except at delirious pitch. As he said of himself, he was a "volcano."' Sensitiveness carries us as far in sorrow as in joy; Thabor and Golgotha are similar. Happiness does not consist in the absence of suffering, any more than genius consists in the absence of defects. Great geniuses suffer and ought to suffer, but they are not to be pitied; they have known ecstasy unknown to the rest of men, and, if they have wept in anguish, they have also shed tears of ineffable joy; that alone is a heaven for which one can never pay dearly enough."

The letters which give the most accurate picture of the life and passion of Hector Berlioz were nearly all written to a single friend, M. Humbert Ferrand. To him the fiery composer poured out his soul for long years—during his early struggles and his later triumphs, in distress, in hopefulness, in despair. Berlioz seems to have sought refuge from the fierce sorrows and passions which at times threatened to consume him in correspondence with his beloved friend. Here, in these hurried epistles, is his real autobiography, written as few men, even of genius, have ever written theirs before or since. The correspondence begins at the epoch when Berlioz was struggling for the prize mentioned by M. Gounod, and when he was at the same time studying medicine in Paris. His family was indignant at his devotion to music, and his father, quite a noted physician, located at Côte-Saint-André, in the Isère, cut off his pension when he learned that he had neglected his medical studies to attend the Conservatory of Music. The result was that young Berlioz, who had been rather delicately brought up, was reduced to sad straits for a short time. But he went bravely into the chorus at the Nouveautés Théâtre, thus earning a wretched pittance of fifty francs per month, while he followed the courses of Reicha and Le Sueur at the Conservatory. He brought out a mass, and, although it yielded him nothing at all, he determined from the moment that this work had been produced to devote himself entirely to music. Meantime, he appears to have had the good sense to go home into the country and make an effort to change the hard-hearted decision of his parents. The stomach of youth will not listen to reason, and Berlioz, at twenty-two, might possibly have sacrificed his dignity rather than live on bread and cheese, while at thirty-two neither Chambertin nor costliest meats would have made him waver an inch. He was already an iconoclast, at the time of this journey home, as the following extract from his letter to his friend amply proves. In the omnibus which conveyed him from the diligence station to the country village where his parents resided, he found two young persons "who looked to him like *dilettanti*, and whom, as such, he resolved not to enter into conversation with.

"But presently," he wrote, "they informed me that they were going to the Saint-Bernard Mountain to make some sketches, and that they were pupils of MM. Guérin and Gros: whereupon I told them, in my turn, that I was a pupil of Le Sueur. They complimented me much on the talent and character of my master, and one of them happened to hum a chorus from 'The Danaides.' '"The Danaides"'! I cried, 'then you are not a *dilettante!*' 'I a *dilettante!*' he answered. 'Why, sir, I have seen Derivis and

Madame Branchu thirty-four times in the *rôles* of Danaüs and Hypermnestra.' 'Oh!' And we were good friends from that moment, without further preamble. . . . 'But, gentlemen,' said I to them, 'how does it happen that—not being musicians—you have not been infected with the virus of *dilettantism*, and that Rossini has not made you turn your backs on common sense and everything natural?' 'It is,' they replied, 'because, being accustomed to seek in painting the grand, the beautiful, and the natural especially, we have not been able to overlook them in the sublime *tableaux* of Gluck and Saliéri, nor in the tender and pathetic accents of Madame Branchu and her worthy rival. Consequently, the music at present fashionable does not seduce us any more than the arabesques and *croquis* of the Flemish school do.' 'Now here,' adds Berlioz, in enthusiastic vein, 'are people who are worthy to go to the opera, worthy of hearing and understanding "Iphigénie en Tauride!"'"

Young Berlioz alarmed his parents very much by his open criticism of the great, and they endeavored to force him back into practical life. He was obstinate in his refusal to have anything further to do with pills, and his mother, who appears to have been of exceedingly nervous temperament, thought it her duty to frighten him with her malediction. It was terrible while it lasted—the mother fancying that her religion compelled her to cut him off if he persisted in his determination to write music for the theatre; but after a time her heart relented, and it was, doubtless, largely due to her influence that he succeeded in obtaining permission to return to Paris and to begin anew his musical studies. The good mother provided him with certain very needful moneys, which the father was not disposed to accord, and probably gave him a double blessing, because her conscience had once compelled her to curse him. But this reconciliation lasted only a few months. The father continued to reproach him, by letter, and at last, when Berlioz refused to obey a peremptory summons to return home, definitely turned him adrift. It was then that the young composer saw the wolf at the door, and that he was compelled again to sing in a theatrical chorus.

But he labored, as few composers have labored, and in the midst of every conceivable discouragement. On the 29th of November, 1827, he wrote to his friend M. Ferrand, giving him an account of the second hearing of his new mass in the Church of Saint-Eustache, and also a report of the manner in which he had failed in a *concours* at the Institute. "My mass was performed," he wrote, "on Sainte-Cecilia's day, with double the success of the first time. The few corrections which I had made had very materially improved it. The morceau (*Et iterum venturus*), especially, which had failed the first time, was brought out on this occasion in a thunderous manner, with six trumpets, four horns, three trombones, and two ophicleides. The song of the choir which follows, and which I have had executed by all the voices at the octave, with a blare of brass in the middle, produced a terrible impression on everybody. For my part, I had preserved my calmness up to that point, and it was very important that I should not be troubled. I was leading the orchestra; but, when I noted that picture of the last judgment, that announcement of the coming, sung by six *basses-tailles* in unison, that terrible *clangor tubarum*, those cries of the frightened multitude represented by the choir—everything, in short, rendered exactly as I had conceived it—I was seized with a convulsive trembling, which I had the force to control until the end of the morceau, but which constrained me then to sit down and to let my orchestra repose for some minutes. I could stand alone no longer, and I feared lest the *bâton* should fall from my hands. Ah! why were you not there? I had a magnificent orchestra. I had invited forty-five violins, and thirty-two were present; and there were eight altos, ten violoncellos, and eleven *contre basses;* but, unluckily, I had not quite enough voices for such an immense church as Saint-Eustache. . . . However, I have succeeded beyond my hopes; at last I have a real party to support me at the Odéon, at the Bouffes, at the Conservatory, and the Gymnase. . . . I had sent letters of invitation to all the members of the Institute; I was anxious to have them hear the execution of what they are pleased to term *inexecutable* music; for my mass is at least thirty times more difficult than my competitive cantata, and you know that I was obliged to withdraw from the competition because M. Rifant could not play me on the piano, and M. Berton hastened to declare that I could not be interpreted by an orchestra. My great crime in the eyes of this old and cold classical world is trying something new. 'It is a pure chimera, my dear fellow,' said one of the old school to me the other day; 'there is nothing new in music; all the great masters submitted to certain musical forms which you are not willing to adopt. Why seek to do better than the great masters?'" And we can imagine Berlioz, with that wealth of language for which he was renowned, replying to this disciple of the conventional, and horrifying him with the vehemence and the hardihood of his sentiments.

The decided preference of Berlioz for the romantic school in music was greatly increased in volume by the appearance, in Paris, in 1827, of a beautiful English actress named Smithson, who

introduced the heroines of Shakespeare to the Parisian public on the stage of the Odéon. Kean, Macready, and Kemble were in the company in which Miss Smithson achieved signal triumphs, and so great was the charm of her acting for the French that they rather ignored the merits of her associates. Berlioz saw her for the first time in the character of Ophelia. He wrote to his friend Ferrand that "the effect of her prodigious talent or of her dramatic genius on my imagination and my heart can be compared only to the commotion which my first acquaintance with the works of the poet whom she so nobly interprets produced in my soul. Shakespeare stunned me. . . ." Berlioz loved Miss Smithson at first sight, but, as he was poor and unknown and she was then at the summit of fame, he despaired of ever making his love known to her. He raved, in his letters to Ferrand, about her; he quoted Shakespeare; he wrote music in which he sought to embody Shakespeare's noblest conceptions; he was Shakespeare-mad. The force of his passion made him ill; and, when he recovered, he decided to make a supreme effort to attract the favorable notice of his idol. He endeavored to do something which no French composer had ever tried before him—to give a concert, composed of his own works, at the Conservatory. The enemies of his style placed obstacles before him, but he overcame them all. The concert was a gratifying success, and Paris was excited and pleased with the "Overture to Waverley," the "Resurrexit," and the "Francs-Juges." "Ah, when the 'Resurrexit' from my mass was produced, as you have never heard it since I corrected it, and with thirty male and fourteen female voices, the hall of the Royal School of Music for the first time witnessed the players in the orchestra leaving their places as soon as the last strain was played, in order that they might join in the applause of the public. The violin-bows fell like hail on the *basses* and *contre basses;* the ladies in the chorus cried out; when one round of cheers was finished, another began. I threw myself down on the cymbals in my obscure corner of the orchestra, and burst into tears." In the heat of his triumph, the youthful composer indulged in the most extravagant language in his letters to Ferrand, who, by the way, was the author of the libretto of the "Francs-Juges." His sentences were hysterical; his jubilation was boisterous. He recited the emotions of each member of the orchestra, and represented them as even more excited, if possible, than he himself was. He rejoiced in the remark that one of the singers at the opera had made—that a certain effect in the "Francs-Juges" was the most *terrible* thing he had ever heard. His ecstasy was so great that for a time he forgot that he had arranged the concert expressly to bring himself before the notice of the beautiful English actress. Miss Smithson remained indifferent to his homage, and he was heartbroken when he had descended from his seventh heaven and noticed the fact. He grew melancholy, and took to wandering in the fields around Paris at night. Liszt and Chopin, who were then both in the capital, followed him about all one night in the plain of Saint-Denis, fearing that he would try to kill himself.

In June of 1828, while he was planning an opera on the story of Virginius, his conduct was wilder than ever before. His nerves caused him constant pain. He dashed out one morning from his apartment and walked to Villeneuve Saint-Georges, and back, more than twenty miles, just to unstrain his nerves. Then he wrote a long letter to Ferrand, describing his emotions: "Oh! how lonely I am! All my muscles tremble like those of a dying man! O my friend, send me some work: send me a bone to gnaw! How beautiful the fields are! What abundant light! All the living people whom I saw on the road during my walk looked so happy! The trees trembled softly, and I was all alone in the immense plain. . . . Space, forgetfulness, sorrow, rage, surrounded me one by one. Oh! despite all my efforts, life is escaping from me: I only hang on to it by the shreds!" Among his enemies he was accounted a madman. In 1829, while struggling with poverty, he made a supreme effort to reach his heart's idol, and succeeded in placing his pretensions before her. But she was alarmed at his extraordinary behavior, and her family took care to keep her out of his sight. Miss Smithson went to Holland to play Ophelia for the Dutchmen, and Berlioz, in despair, wrote to Ferrand: "All my hopes were frightful illusions. She has gone, and as she went—without pity for my anguish, which she witnessed for two whole days—she left me only this answer to my suit, 'Nothing could be more impossible.'"

But now his reputation began to grow with wonderful rapidity. From Germany and England came flattering testimonials to his greatness. At the Institute he could make no headway; the masters would not accept his innovations. Boïeldieu said to him: "My dear boy, you had the prize in your hand, and now you have thrown it away. I came to the trial with the firm conviction that you would get the prize; but, when I heard your music—! How can you expect me to give a prize for music concerning which I have not the slightest idea? I don't understand one half of Beethoven, and yet you wish to go further than Beethoven has gone!" Boïeldieu was honest in his lack of appreciation, and he added, in the kindliest manner: "Come and see me often; *I*

want to study you." All this made Berlioz rage terribly. Auber said to him: "You are afraid of the commonplace; but, my dear friend, there is not the slightest danger in your case of that; therefore the best advice that I can give you is to try to write in an ordinary manner, and, when you have produced something which you will consider horribly flat, the chances are that it will be about right." The impassioned Hector laughed this counsel to scorn. "Now, why," he said, "if they wish us to write for bakers and seamstresses, do they give us such subjects as the death of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and her dying meditations?"

What with the pangs of his despised love, his poverty, and his ambition, Berlioz led a terribly wearing life. His friend Ferrand founded a review, and employed him as musical critic. Berlioz wrote well, and was fond of biting criticism. His articles on Gluck, Spontini, and Beethoven, were full of admiration; but, when he attacked an enemy, he was almost imprudent in his rage. In the spring of 1830 he heard that the fair Miss Smithson, who had returned to London from her long continental tour, did not appear insensible to the addresses of certain persons who besieged her with their passions. He flew into violent rage, overturned his idol and shattered it, and wrote his "Symphonie Fantastique," into which he wove his love, his despair, his disappointment, his frenzy, with masterly skill. This strange creature, who seemed made of fire and dew, wrote best when he suffered most. He proposed to bring out the symphony at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, with an orchestra of two hundred and twenty musicians. He became so excited in writing the "Witches' Sabbath," with which the symphony closes, that his friends feared for his reason. Ophelia, conducting the orgies of the infernal crew, personated Miss Smithson. "I think you will be pleased with the plan of my symphony," he wrote to Ferrand. "The vengeance is not too harsh. Yet it is not in a spirit of vengeance that I wrote the 'Witches' Sabbath.' I don't want vengeance. I pity and despise *her*. She is an ordinary woman, dowered with an instinctive genius for expressing that anguish of the human soul which she has never felt, and incapable of conceiving of an immense and noble sentiment like that with which I honored her!"

Berlioz did not bring out his symphony. The theatre was too small for the symphony. The next episode in his life was a passion for Mademoiselle Camille Mooki, who afterward became the wife of Pleyel. He fancied that he loved her, and was anxious to marry her. But now came new successes, and the *grand prix* at the Institute —tardy reward of many and laborious trials. At last he was to see Italy! But the perverseness and oddity of his disposition led him to say that he would not, *could* not, go to Italy. He wished to give concerts at home, to obtain the consent of his "dear Camille's" parents to marry her. He proposed to write an overture to Shakespeare's "Tempest." He returned to the idea of bringing out the "Symphony" at a monster concert, and, in a letter to Ferrand, dated August 23, 1830, he wrote, in a *postscriptum*, "That unhappy girl, *Smithson*, is here once more. I have not seen her since her return." He carefully avoided her, and devoted himself assiduously to Camille, who had taught him, he said, to understand and to put into music the character of Ariel.

In 1831 Berlioz went to Italy as *prix de Rome*. His heart was filled with love for Camille: he still expressed only pity for Miss Smithson, who had been unlucky in her second trip to Paris, and was on the verge of financial ruin. His parents, who seem to have been fair-weather friends, were kind to him, and he entered Italy as if he had come to conquer it. "His Camille" had promised to write to him daily, but when he reached Rome, where he expected to find a bundle of letters from her, there were none for him. He was wild with grief and passion, and determined to return to France at once. It was in vain that Horace Vernet, who was then the director of the Academy, explained to him that, if he left Italy, he would probably be crossed off from the list of pensioners, and would lose the brilliant opportunities for which he had struggled so hard. He left for the North at once. In Florence he was ill eight days, and from his sick-bed he wrote to Ferrand, "You are the first Frenchman who has given me any sign of life since I entered this garden, peopled with monkeys, which they call *La belle Italie!*" He filled page after page with passionate invectives against the platitude of modern politics, the feebleness of modern music, and he had sharp words for Italian composers. "Here, in Florence, when I was first passing through the city," he wrote, "I saw an opera called 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a little rogue named Bellini! And the shade of Shakespeare comes not to exterminate this myrmidon! Alas! the dead return not! . . . Then a miserable eunuch named Paccini, has written a 'Vestal'—Licinius was played by a woman. I had just force enough, after the first act, to leave. I pinched myself, to be sure of my identity. . . . I tried in Rome to buy a piece by Weber. The music-dealer said, '*Weber, che cosa é?*' 'Don't you *know?*' I cried. '*Maestro italiano, francese, ossia tedesco?*' '*Tedesco,*' I answered, as calmly as I could. My man hunted for a long time on his shelves; then, turning around with satisfied

air, he said, 'Nothing by Weber, no such music as that, my dear sir. But, here we have *la Straniera, I Montecchi Capuleti del celeberrimo maestro signor Vincenzo Bellini!*'" And here Berlioz drew a lively picture of the furious manner in which he rushed out of the shop, leaving the dazed Italian repeating "*Weber? Che cosa é?*"

Berlioz received a letter at last, but not from his "dear Camille." It was from her mother, announcing the marriage of her daughter with M. Pleyel. The letter enraged him so that, according to his own confession, he left Florence for Paris, determined to kill first the mother, next the daughter, and third himself. When he reached Genoa, he went to take one of his furious promenades on the ramparts. His foot slipped, and he fell into the Mediterranean. This bath cooled him. When he was fished out, he no longer thought of vengeance. He went on to Nice, and from there determined to return to Rome. At Nice he wrote his overture to "King Lear," and then went back to Rome with his soul in the seventh heaven of artistic delight. His pension as an Academy student had not been taken away from him, probably because the director foresaw that his mad capers would not last long. The composer studied little at Rome. He absorbed Italy into his soul, but he detested Italian music. "The air which I share with these *industriels* of the Academy does not suit my lungs," he wrote to Ferrand; "I try to breathe a better one when I can. I take an old guitar, a gun, some books of ruled paper, and the germ of a great work which I hope to make blossom, and I pop off into the woods."

His head was filled with vast projects. In a letter written a few months after he had returned to Rome, he confided to Ferrand his plan of a colossal oratorio, to be produced at a musical festival given in Paris, either at the Opera or the Pantheon, or in the courtyard of the Louvre. "I must have three or four solo actors, choruses, one orchestra of sixty musicians in front of the stage, and another of two or three hundred behind it, arranged in an amphitheatre." This is the subject which Berlioz proposed to represent with his orchestras and choruses. "Men, arrived at the lowest stage of corruption, give themselves up to every kind of infamy; an anti-Christ governs them despotically; a small number of the just, led by a prophet, rebel against the general depravity. The despot torments them, carries away their women, insults their faith, and, in the midst of an orgy, destroys their holy books. The prophet comes to reproach him for his crimes, and to announce the end of the world and the last judgment. The irritated tyrant casts the prophet into prison, but, while he is indulging anew in unholy pleasures, he is surprised at a festival by the terrible trump of resurrection. The dead leave their tombs, the living utter cries of anguish and fright, the world crumbles, angels cry from the clouds—and this will form the *finale* of the musical drama. We shall have, as you can readily see, to employ entirely new means. Besides the orchestras, we must have four groups of brass instruments at the four cardinal points of the place. The combinations will all be new. . . . Not much recitative—few *airs seuls*." And so he wrote on, dozens of pages, sketching his colossal improvisations. They remind one of Rubens at his best.

In November of 1832 Berlioz returned to France, a special authorization of Horace Vernet allowing him to depart from Rome six months before the expiration of the customary two years sojourn. He hastened to Paris. At Lyons he went to the Grand Theatre, where he "felt a profound and painful emotion in hearing, in an ignoble ballet, an ignoble orchestra play a fragment of the 'Pastoral Symphony' of Beethoven." Once back in the capital, he felt lonely and oppressed. The critics had ceased to speak of him. He was impatient to reconquer fame. While he was organizing a concert at which he proposed to produce his monodrama of "Lelio," a kind of sequel to the "Symphonie Fantastique," he one day found himself face to face with the fair Miss Smithson. The Ophelia of his early adoration was returning from a professional tour in the North of Europe. She had been unlucky, and was likely to continue so in Paris. Berlioz felt all his old love come back with vehemence. Mutual friends so arranged matters that Miss Smithson attended the concert given by Berlioz in December of 1832, and the "Symphony" was produced on that occasion. She at once recognized the fact that she was the Ophelia of this strange, magnificent production. At last she consented to receive his addresses. She was a virtuous and good woman, and the tender charm which enveloped her had a soothing effect on Berlioz's stormy nature. While the fiery composer was in the full strength of his impetuous courtship, the actress fell and broke one of her legs. She was obliged to retire from the stage, and was harassed with debts. She repelled his advances, doubtless because she feared to burden him. Her family and his family endeavored to dissuade them from marrying. She tried to send him away for ever; he poisoned himself before her very eyes, and was saved only by miraculous skill. Finally she gave her heart to him, and in October of 1833 they were married. After their marriage she told him of the scandals which had been sent her concerning him—that he had epileptic fits—that

he was mad, etc. She loved him well, but he frightened her. "My dear Humbert," wrote Berlioz to his friend some time after his marriage, "Henriette is a delicious creature. She is Ophelia's very self: not Juliet; she has not Juliet's passionate temperament; she is tender, sweet, and *timid*. I have never imagined such impressionability as she possesses, but she has no musical education; and, would you believe it? she even likes to hear certain bits of Auber's nonsense!" It is unpleasant to be compelled to relate that years afterward Berlioz gave his wife such good cause for jealousy that a separation was rendered necessary. But in the early days of his married life he was entirely faithful to her. He labored to help pay her debts. He gave concerts at the Théâtre-Italien for this purpose. It was at the second of these concerts that Paganini first saw him. The great artist was so charmed that he asked Berlioz forthwith to write him an alto solo. Berlioz did this with only partial success, and subsequently made the solo the basis of "Harold in Italy."

The years between 1833 and 1840 were years of incessant toil for Berlioz. The development of the opera of "Benvenuto Cellini" began in 1834, and absorbed the composer's attention. The "Symphonie Fantastique" was published under the direction of Liszt, and was bitterly attacked by critics who were incompetent to read even its alphabet. In May of 1835 Berlioz chronicles the fact that he has begun "an immense work entitled 'Funereal Musical Offering to the Memory of the Illustrious Sons of France.'" From time to time he was in relations with the Director of the Grand Opera, but that worthy always found means to set aside his projected works on the ground that they were too risky. In April of 1836 he wrote to Ferrand, "Every poet in Paris, from Scribe to Hugo, has offered me operatic librettos; it is only the stupid *canaille* of directors who hindered me from getting on." The government from time to time gave Berlioz some proof of its approval. The Minister of the Interior ordered a requiem of him for the anniversary of the melancholy Fieschi attempt. At Leipzig the "Francs-Juges" began to make its way. The "Requiem," produced at the Invalides in 1837, was an electric success. It brought Berlioz into such popular favor that the administration of the Opera reluctantly consented to produce his "Benvenuto Cellini."

And here began a new series of vexations, disappointments, and troubles. Rich in all the elements of a durable work of art as was "Benvenuto Cellini," it was remorselessly hissed by the public, led on by the critics who hated Berlioz, both because he was an innovator, and because he was a contributor to a ministerial journal —the "Débats." This misfortune almost broke the composer's heart, and placed him in cruel financial embarrassment, as he had relied upon "Benvenuto" to mend his broken fortunes. In this strait, M. Ernest Legouvé, who had known him in Italy, came to his aid. Berlioz was slowly recovering his courage when he one morning received an enthusiastic letter from Paganini, telling him to persevere. A folded paper fell from the epistle to the floor; Berlioz took it up and opened it, to find that it was a check on the house of Rothschild for twenty thousand francs. This generous deed of Paganini's, added to M. Legouvé's help, enabled Berlioz to devote himself with renewed energy to his favorite topics. In seven months he completed the superb symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," which he dedicated gratefully to Paganini. Every moment that he could spare from composition he devoted to the defense of "Benvenuto" and his other completed works. "That which the critics call my system," he wrote to Ferrand, "is none other than that of Weber, Gluck, and Beethoven." And here he added a detail or two which show the extreme care with which he worked. "I wrote an overture to 'Rob Roy,' which seemed to me to be bad after it was brought out: I burned it. I then finished a solemn mass, the *ensemble* of which I judged to be inferior: I burned that also. There were three or four bits in our opera of the 'Francs-Juges' which I destroyed for the same reason. But, when I tell you that that score is filled with all the qualities which give vitality to a work of art, you may, and I am sure you will, believe me. The same may be said of the score of 'Benvenuto Cellini.'"

M. Legouvé, who so kindly came to the aid of Berlioz, when the composer was ill and poor, after the failure of "Benvenuto," has given a spirited account of the manner in which he first made the acquaintance of the eccentric genius. He had heard him much talked of, during a visit to Rome, at the academy from which Berlioz had just departed, and where he had left the reputation of a man who prided himself on his eccentricity. M. Legouvé took a letter of introduction from the wife of Horace Vernet to Berlioz, and on his return to Paris hunted for him in vain for a long time. But one day, being in the shop of an Italian barber, he heard some one say, "M. Berlioz has left his cane." Legouvé committed his letter of introduction to the barber's care, to be handed to Berlioz. That evening he attended the performance of the "Freischütz" at the Opera, and, just as Gaspard was in the middle of his famous *ritournelle*, a gentleman sitting near Legouvé sprang up, and shouted

out to the orchestra, "Not two flutes, wretches! Not two flutes! Oh, the brutes!" Then he sank back into his seat, overcome with rage at the error in the orchestration, and entirely unconscious of the excitement which his remarks had created. "I turned around," said M. Legouvé, "and saw not far from me a young man, trembling with anger, his hands clenched, his eyes sparkling—and his hair! Hair? no—it was rather an immense umbrella of a hirsute nature, which overhung an enormous nose, like the beak of a bird of prey. The face was both comical and diabolical. . . . Next morning I heard a ring at my door, went to open it, and I had no sooner seen my visitor than I said, 'Sir, were you not at the "Freischütz" last evening?' 'I was.' 'In the second gallery?' 'Yes.' 'Was it not you who cried out to the orchestra?' 'Of course. Did you ever hear of such savages? They don't know the difference between—' 'Then you are Berlioz?' 'I am.'" An intimacy sprang up at once. "Everything," said M. Legouvé, "our ages, our taste, our common love for the arts, brought us together. We both belonged to what Préault called the 'tribe of the pathetic.' Berlioz adored Shakespeare, as I did; I worshiped Mozart, as he did; when he was not composing music, he was reading verses; when I was not making verses, I was composing music. And, as the greatest bond between us, I had enthusiastically translated 'Romeo and Juliet,' and he was desperately enamored of Miss Smithson, the great actress who played Juliet." Eugene Sue, Berlioz, and Legouvé frequently sat up all night, discussing their plans for the future, and Berlioz often made the other members of the trio tremble at the vehemence of his sentiments.

Eccentricity can scarcely be regarded as a serious blemish of character, and it did Berlioz no harm to be known as an oddity while he was fighting his early battles. After his marriage with Miss Smithson he was less romantic in action, and, before he began his triumphal tour through the various countries to which he was called, little was left of his old manner except his incapacity to control his emotion when excited by music. He would weep like a child over the successful performance of one of his own works. In 1840 he began, in Belgium, the series of journeys which lasted until his death in 1869. He was far from happy in these years; his separation from his first wife caused him much pain, and, in his declining years, the death of the son who was a pledge of her affection caused him bitter anguish. He was married a second time, to a good and sensible woman, who knew as little of his extraordinary nature as he knew of the practical world. Her sudden death in 1862 was a great blow to him.

He spent a portion of his time in penning long condemnations of the Government for its neglect of himself and other men of genius. The applause of the stranger was doubtless sweeter to him than it would have been had he had ampler recognition at home. "You have probably heard," he wrote to Ferrand in 1841, "of the *spaventoso* success of my 'Requiem' in St. Petersburg. It was given entire at a concert arranged by the Lyric theatre, at the Chapel of the Czar, aided by a chorus of two regiments of the Imperial Guard. The performance, as directed by Henri Bomberg, is said to have been *of incredible majesty*. In spite of the pecuniary dangers of the enterprise, this brave Bomberg, thanks to the generosity of the Russian nobility, made five thousand francs profits. Commend me to despotic governments for the arts! If in Paris I should try to bring out the 'Requiem' according to its merits, I should lose more than Bomberg has made." At another time he wrote, bitterly, "If I get old and incapable, they will make me director of the Conservatory. But, so long as I am valid, I must not dream of such a thing." His journeys to Russia between 1842 and 1847 were very successful; he spoke of his reception as "imperial." When he was about to leave for England in 1847, he wrote to Ferrand: "France is becoming more and more *bête* about music, and, the *more I see of foreign lands, the less I love my own country*. Forgive the blasphemy, but art is dead in France, ay, and putrefied! So one must go where it is. It appears that a singular revolution has taken place in the musical sense of the English nation within the last ten years."

His heart was very sore at the outrageous treatment of the "Damnation de Faust" by French critics and public. He went down to his grave convinced that his countrymen would never do him justice. But scarcely two years after his death the "Damnation de Faust" enjoyed a popularity in France which has been accorded to the works of few French composers. In Germany, in 1853, the "Faust" was acclaimed as one of the greatest works of the age. Berlioz wrote to Ferrand of the "delirium" of the public at Brunswick; at Baden the number of listeners was immense; in some towns ladies kissed the composer's hands as he left the theatres. In Hanover the king and queen sat four hours at a concert, and the poor blind king cried out, "What a director you are! I can not *see* you, but I can *feel* you direct!" From 1856 to 1858 Berlioz labored on the opera of "The Trojans," which he intended for his master-piece. "I don't know, Ferrand," he wrote, "what will become of this immense work, which for the moment has not the least chance of representation. The Opera is in disorder. It has become a kind of private

theatre of the Emperor, where only the works of persons who are adroit at slipping into his favor can be represented. The work is done; I have written it with a passion which you will quite understand, you, who also admire the great Virgilian inspiration." A short time afterward he wrote: "The Emperor cares too little for music to interfere directly and energetically. I shall have to submit to the ostracism which that insolent theatre (the Opera) has always inflicted, without knowing why, on certain masters, such as Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven, who all would have been glad to write for the Opera of Paris, but could never obtain that honor. After all, what does it matter? The work exists, and, as Clio says in the epilogue, '*Stat Roma.*' It will be known one day. But to be compelled to put up with the insolence of idiots!" In 1861 "The Trojans" was received at the Opera by the director, but the Minister of State was the authority on whom its representation depended. The Minister of State was Count Walewski, who was angry with Berlioz because he had refused to direct the rehearsals of "Alcestis." "I had declined that honor," said Berlioz, "because of the transpositions necessary in order to fit the *rôle* to the voice of Madame Viardot. Such a course was irreconcilable with the opinions which I had professed all my life. I am therefore not in favor at court. But the musical world of Germany and Paris admits that I am in the right." All this time Berlioz was very ill, and his lack of success with "The Trojans" increased his illness. One evening, at the Tuileries, the Empress asked him when she was to have the pleasure of hearing "The Trojans." Berlioz answered very sharply, "I don't know, madame; but I begin to think that one must live a hundred years to get anything produced at the Opera!" After many more unsuccessful efforts, he withdrew "The Trojans" from the Grand Opera, and gave it to the Lyrique, where it was brought out in November, 1863. Berlioz was at first delighted with its apparent success; but in 1866 he writes, sorrowfully, "It would have been better for me to have written one of Offenbach's villainies!" In Germany, meantime, the triumph of Berlioz continued. The composer chronicles a "furious emotion," which he felt when, at Lowenberg, the orchestra of the Prince of Hohenzollern executed his symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," "and the leader, sobbing, cried out in French, 'No, no, no, there is nothing finer!' Then the whole orchestra rose, and made a thunderous noise of instruments, an immense applause. . . . It seemed to me that I saw in the air the serene face of Shakespeare, and I wanted to cry out to him, 'Father, are you content?'" The opera of "Beatrice and Benedict" was also highly successful at Baden, Weimar, and in other German towns. In France, to-day, it is comparatively unknown, but M. Gounod predicts for it a wide popularity in the future.

Berlioz heard with delight of the success of "Harold" in New York in 1864. "What has got into the heads of these Americans?" he wrote to Ferrand. In 1867, just before his visit to Russia, the last triumphal journey that he ever made, he chronicled an offer made him by an American *impresario* to pass six months in America. The sum offered as compensation was one hundred thousand francs. But he did not dare to undertake so long a journey. His health was thoroughly shattered by his incessant labors, excitements, and disappointments. He was lodged in a palace in Russia, and treated with the utmost care, but the fatigue there, nevertheless, so wore upon him that, when he returned to Paris, Nélaton, whom he consulted, told him that he had not long to live. Until March 8, 1869, when he died, he was a martyr to nervous disease. One or two French towns gave festivals in his honor, and crowned him with laurels, but their homage came too late. Paris gave him a magnificent funeral, and then forgot him for ten years. Now she is at last awakening to a proper appreciation of his great genius.

Berlioz was an egotist. A careful perusal of the intimate correspondence which he maintained for half a century with M. Ferrand establishes that fact. But he has given the world a vast volume of wonderful music—inspired, passionate, profound harmonies—which will last as long as civilization lasts. There are spots upon his career, as there are spots upon the sun. But we may charitably say of him, as he said of Spontini, "The temple may perhaps be unworthy of the Deity which inhabits it, but the Deity is always deity." We bow at the shrine of Berlioz's genius, without bestowing too critical attention upon the marks of storm and time which stain the shrine.

EDWARD KING.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE; OR, THE GOSPEL OF INTENSITY.

SOME apology is due to readers for the title chosen for this paper. "Renaissance" is perhaps too inclusive a word to be used, as we intend to use it here to signify the new birth of certain phases of art and literature. Attention is naturally directed to the great Italian revival of learning generally denoted by our title, and we hesitate to admit its significance as applied to the ephemeral changes of fashion which mark the present time.

Nevertheless, there may be rebirths of every variety of magnitude, and one such has begun in England during the last thirty years. During that time there has hardly been one belief, however firmly held, which has not been severely questioned; one habit of life which has not been altered or swept away; or any department of art, science, or literature which has not undergone the most vital changes. One result of these changes is undoubtedly a sense of uncertainty and unrest—a disposition to hesitate in the formation of beliefs, and to give to them, not an absolute, but a provisional, assent; to maintain, or at all events feel, that we are doing, not the best, but the best under present circumstances. The notion of development, snatched hastily from its first province of natural science, has quickly overspread the whole field of thought and action, and opens out, to us all, vistas of possible glory, as beautiful, and perhaps as unsubstantial, as the lands of purple and gold which we see—

> "... beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars."

We travel sixty miles an hour instead of six; we speak by electricity across the globe, and have the voices of our friends passed to us through an interval of two or three hundred miles as we sit by our own fireside; we have magnified sound till by its means we can detect disease, and imprisoned it till we can reproduce a lost voice years after its accents have faded; every power of earth, air, and water has been pressed into our service, and analyzed by our ingenuity; nay, even the last great problem has found claimants for its solution—and there be those who believe that means have been found to generate life itself.

At the very moment in which I write these lines a scientific Englishman, by a fast of forty days, is engaged in demonstrating that it is possible for a man to live without eating, and almost without drinking; and probably ere long sleep will be eliminated from the catalogue of indispensables, and it will be shown to have been only a vulgar error which has made us pass a third of our lives in dull oblivion.

But if the conquests and discoveries of science have been fruitful of change, a no less wonderful transformation has taken place in the region of the mind; though here, from the very nature of the case, the effects are not so clearly evident at first sight. If the whole field of the physical universe has been thrown open to science, the whole field of the mental universe has likewise been attacked. In philosophy, in morality, and in religion, the movement of the century has stirred the depths to an almost unparalleled extent; beliefs, the inheritance of ages, seem to have grown old, withered, and vanished almost in a day, and, instead of the calm, and perhaps a little unthinking, belief of our fathers, we now hear on every side—

> "Obstinate questionings
> Of self, and outward things";

and, as one of the most typical of present writers once said, there is "no child now but can throw stones at the windows which Colenso has broken." What the world has been for ages before our chronology takes it up; what it will be for ages after our race has done its work and gone its way; the evolution of mind from matter, of life from lifelessness—the great doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the still greater theory of evolution—all these speculations, theories, discoveries (call them by what name we will, according as we accept or dispute the grounds upon which they rest) have terribly shaken the old formulas of life. Every day a fresh attack seems to be made upon some hitherto secure position of thought, and the air is filled with the din, as the earth is covered with the ruins, of falling temples.

It is not my purpose here to enter upon any discussion as to the endurance or the ultimate result of the state of things which has been briefly indicated above; indeed, such a discussion would be premature and certainly futile. We are at present, to use the old simile, as soldiers in a hand-to-hand conflict, hearing the noise and seeing the dust of the battle, striking perhaps a hard blow now and then (we hope upon our rightful enemy), but getting no clew to the general issue, much less the purpose, of our combat. The question asked so frequently now,

"Is life worth living?" must be left for solution to the future generations—the most we can hope to do being to make it more "worth living" for them; and not the least efficient way of so doing will be to clear the path of the sham philosophies and sensational fashions which have sprung up thickly in the place of the ancient creeds.

At a time, such as we have described, when all things are being put to the test of fresh investigation, it was not to be expected that the wave of change would leave poetry and painting untouched; but rather that those factors in man's life, sensitive as they are by their nature to every passing influence, would show, perhaps more quickly and plainly than could be seen elsewhere, some of the effects of the new theories. In this paper I propose to trace, as briefly as possible, the way in which one special phase of poetry and painting developed under the influences which surrounded it, and say a few words upon some of the results which the cultivation of this special phase has brought about. If in the course of such narration I am forced to linger somewhat long over a "twice-told tale"—that of modern pre-Raphaelitism—I hope my readers will bear in mind that the subject is one upon which there has always been much misconception; and that though pre-Raphaelitism, in its pure and original form, has passed away, its dead carcass is still left with us, and is a source of corruption which can not be too soon fully understood. The claims of the modern gospel of intensity, and the critical theories of pure sensuousness which are proclaimed so loudly just now, have their curiously unfitting root in the pre-Raphaelite movement; and it strangely happens that the action taken by three or four clever art students, toward a reformation in art as healthy as it was needful, has ended in breeding phases of art and poetry which embody the lowest theory of art-usefulness and the most morbid and sickly art-results. And, as might be expected, the evil is spreading from pictures and poems into private life; it has attacked with considerable success the decoration of our houses and the dresses of our women; and, if it has not founded an actual creed, it is less because disciples are wanting than that its elements are so heterogeneous as to be incapable of easy consolidation. If this hybrid pre-Raphaelitism has not yet erected itself into a rule of conduct, it has become in some sort effective as a standard of manners; and there may now be seen at many a social gathering young men and women whose lack-luster eyes, disheveled hair, eccentricity of attire, and general appearance of weary passion, proclaim them to be members of the new school. What that school is, and how it arose and flourished, I will now endeavor to state; but to do so I must first beg you to carry your imagination back for about thirty years.

Even now, when much of the bitter antagonism on the one side, and enthusiastic exaggeration on the other, which alike helped to conceal the real motives of the young artists known as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, has cleared away, few people have a clear idea as to what were the objects at which the artists aimed, or what were the really vital characteristics of the art which they produced. More of the laity still connect the word pre-Raphaelitism with visions of gaunt, melancholy women, and pale, cadaverous men, standing or lying in more or less uncomfortable attitudes, in landscapes painted with minute chromatic accuracy of detail. There are but few who remember or believe that the object of the early pre-Raphaelite work was simply to paint things as they were, and that the crudeness of color and harshness of form, which in some cases resulted, were as much deplored by the artists themselves as by the most bitter of their opponents. Too proud to explain their shortcomings to those who misrepresented their work; too much praised by their friends, as well as vilified by their enemies, to have a chance of quietly working out their principles, the three artists who at first formed the association went on for some time endeavoring to paint as well as they could without reference to the praise bestowed as frequently upon their faults as their merits, and the blame which comprehended fault and merit alike in one anathema.

The point which needs to be insisted upon in speaking of this early time is, that the movement was not only an original, but a thoroughly healthy one. It was the protest of young, enthusiastic artists, who felt a pride in their profession, against being restricted to the conventional subjects, and to the conventional manner, of the English figure painters. They asserted their right to range at will over the whole field of human passion and natural beauty; they resolved that no problem of color should be shirked, no manifestation of human feeling be considered unsuitable, no fact of nature rendered inadequately, as far as lay in their power. They saw, or thought they saw, that painting had gone astray from its devotion, begun in the Renaissance times, to the antique ideal, and they sought, with a devotion perhaps too blind, to gain that simple directness of purpose and *naïveté* of treatment which had characterized Italian art previous to the great classic revival. No doubt the movement had its ludicrous side; no doubt the three young artists, challenging the practices which had been accepted as unquestioned (and unquestionable) for three hundred years, did present to the mass of graver and older painters a specta-

cle of absurd conceit. It is easy to be wise after the event; we can all see that failure was certain, now that failure has occurred. But, as I have said, the movement was undoubtedly honest, and as undoubtedly in the right direction. Let it be mentioned, too, in passing, that it gave us some of the grandest pictures of this century. When we think of the "Ophelia," the "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Scapegoat," "The Light of the World," "The Huguenots," and "The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple," we are forced to acknowledge that, were it only for the production of such works, we should owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Messrs. Millais and Hunt.

But far more was accomplished than this, for perhaps one of the greatest influences for good which have touched the art of the present day sprang from the book illustrations which were executed at this period by the pre-Raphaelites, and, above all, by Mr. Millais. Not to speak of his illustrations to the "Parables" (because of the comparative smallness of circulation of that book), the drawings made by this artist for Mr. Anthony Trollope's three novels of "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "Orley Farm," probably laid the foundation of the enormous progress in wood-engraving and book-illustration which ultimately gave us such work as Pinwell's and Frederic Walker's drawings for Jean Ingelow's poems and Thackeray's "Philip." Indubitably these works by Mr. Millais form some of the very finest art of the age. Manly and powerful in the extreme in their treatment of the subject and enforcement of its meaning; simple, as befits such work, with a frank simplicity which omits no essential point; with a grasp of character and power of depicting emotion which the present writer, at least, has never seen equaled and rarely approached; gentle in the highest sense of the word, giving a portrait of English gentlemen and English ladies such as we might well be proud to think them; essentially true to the spirit of the author's work, and yet as free and spontaneous as if they sprang alone from the artist's imagination—with all these merits, and many more, which it is beyond our province to dwell upon here, these works form, rightly understood, the strongest testimony that could be given to the perfect health and right intention of the early pre-Raphaelites. And it is the more necessary to remember this, as the movement was soon to change its character.

What happened after a while is perhaps best expressed shortly by saying the cause was given up, though probably no specific yielding ever took place. Mr. Millais, the healthiest, if not the greatest genius of the three, gradually worked less and less in his early manner, till he became practically the same in method as the ordinary run of academic painters. Mr. Holman Hunt, touched with the ambition of painting great religious pictures, and confining himself more and more to problems of light and color, set up his easel in the sacred city itself, and faded from the view of the majority of the picture-loving public. Mr. Rossetti, from causes which it would be impertinent to dwell upon, retired from public exhibitions altogether.

The brotherhood, as a brotherhood, was at an end; the cause, in so far as it hoped to propagate itself, was lost, and all that remained was the bray of the ferocious criticism which had been roused by the young artists' work, and the effect which had been produced upon contemporary art. Such was the first stage of pre-Raphaelitism: something at least had been achieved; men's minds had been shaken roughly out of the conventional grooves in which they had long traveled with sleepy contentment. New vistas of natural beauty and new phases of thought and feeling had been laid open to artists; above all, the first brunt of the battle of unconventionality had been borne, and the way was made comparatively smooth for innovators of less boldness or less ability.

Probably the society never had had much life in it as a society; the elements were too incongruous, the individualities of the founders too strong, to work together with much unity of purpose. A common bond of discontent with art as it was and the teaching they received had united them for a brief space; but probably no two ways of looking at life and art were more thoroughly opposed in spirit than those of Messrs. Millais and Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt had little in common with either. The future direction of the movement, or rather of the results of the movement, was mainly determined by the influence of a group of Oxford men, who in the three lines of painting, poetry, and criticism allied themselves to the dying cause, and who, though they entirely forgot the idea with which it had been started, and perverted its main doctrines, succeeded in endowing it with new life.

At this moment pre-Raphaelitism died as an instrument for regenerating art, and was at the same time re-born as a phase of artistic life, and furnished by the exertions of two or three poets and critics with new formulas. Many artists, too eccentric, too earnest, or to self-confident to work in the old methods, found a ready resting-place under the new banner, and it soon grew to be considered a sufficient claim to be a pre-Raphaelite if the artist's work showed a disregard of ordinary artistic principles and an adherence to archaicism of treatment. In fact, at this moment

the movement, so to speak, crystallized—it became an end rather than a means—it began to extol mediævalism in itself, not because of the qualities of simplicity, truth, and earnestness which had first led to the works of that period being selected as models.

To return, however, to the new influences: these were chiefly embodied in Messrs. Swinburne, Pater, and Burne Jones—a poet, a critic, and a painter—all of them Oxford men, and all (if I remember right) contemporaries at the university. The painter's career was begun under the auspices of Mr. Rossetti, and soon showed the direction to be taken in the future by the school in question. The slightest acquaintance with this artist's pictures, especially his early works, suffices to make evident the enormous difference in aim which had now taken place. Perhaps the difference of spirit between Millais and Burne Jones in pre-Raphaelitism may be fairly likened to that between the art of Giotto and that of Botticelli, in which there is evident on the one side a loss of purpose and frankness of treatment, and, on the other, a growth of sumptuous color and detail, and the substitution of over-refinement and sweetness of expression for the vivid energy of the older painter. One curious resemblance to Botticelli which belongs to Mr. Burne Jones's work may indeed just be noticed in passing, which is the assimilation of the types of male and female; it is difficult, if not impossible to tell, in many instances, in either painter's work, the sex of the person represented. In what proportion the character of Mr. Jones's art was first determined by the influence of his master Rossetti, or by the poetry of his friend Mr. Swinburne, it would be excessively difficult to say: probably a genuine love of mediæval art and a somewhat melancholy temperament co-operated with both these causes; but it is certainly the case that in many ways Swinburne's poetry does leave its accurate reflection in the painter's pictures, and that from this time forward the same note is continually struck by both men.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne's poetry; both are by this time generally acknowledged, and the venomous criticism and exaggerated praise bestowed so liberally upon the young author on the first appearance of his "Poems and Ballads" have given way to more temperate judgment. No one now denies the beauty of many of the poems; no one either—at least no sensible person—denies the unhealthy tone of the book as a whole. What concerns us here is not to pass a judgment upon either its beauty or its *morale*, but to explain very briefly what that *morale* was, because it formed one of the key-notes to all the melodies of the later pre-Raphaelites, and furnished the elements of the new "Gospel of Intensity." Whither that gospel leads us, in art, in criticism, and in poetry, we can at present only guess, but I hope at some future day to bring some of its first infantile results before you.

The following verse from one of the "Poems and Ballads," entitled "The Triumph of Time," puts the articles of the new creed before us plainly enough:

"Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight;
For what shall it profit when men are dead
To have dreamed, to have loved with the whole soul's might,
To have looked for day when the day is fled?
Let come what will, there is one thing worth
To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
To have held love safe till the day grew night,
While skies had color, and lips were red."

Such is the note struck throughout these poems of Swinburne's; sometimes with fierce repining, sometimes with dull resignation, but always to the same intent. What shall it profit? That is the question he has to ask. What shall honor, truth, energy, unselfishness, whatever you will, that men have agreed to seek and honor, what shall they profit "when the day is fled"? Turn in imagination from this verse to one of the later pre-Raphaelite pictures—all have had an opportunity of seeing them since the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—and think whether there could be a more accurately beautiful reflection of a poet's feeling than the reflection to be seen in, say, the great picture by Mr. Burne Jones, entitled, "Laus Veneris." Very beautiful is this work, perhaps as beautiful as any picture that has been produced in our time; but what a sad, weary, hopeless beauty it is. Struggle against the impression as we will, the composition enervates and depresses us, in exactly the same way as the poet's words above quoted do. And now, if one would feel the full difference between this and true pre-Raphaelite art, think for a moment of this view of love and the one taken by Mr. Millais in that most beautiful and poetic of his pictures, "The Huguenots." Note that in the first picture we are supposed to be looking at a scene of joy, and in the second at a scene of grief, and then let us ask ourselves whether we would not prefer the grief of the Huguenot, lightened as it is by the influence of truth and honor, to the joy of that Venus choir where truth and honor, and indeed all else, seem but "the shadow of a dream." And the sentiment of the picture is:

"All passes, naught that has been is,
Things good and evil have one end;

Can anything be otherwise
Though all men swear all things would mend
With God to friend?"

I do not intend to say a word on this philosophy beyond the statement of its motive, or rather its want of motive. What concerns us here is its enforcement by the new school. Rossetti's poems also were published about this time, and are in the main imbued with the same spirit, though they are neither so powerful nor so frankly material as those of Mr. Swinburne. The same melancholy hopelessness is in them as in the work of the younger poet, but expressed less vividly and with far less spontaneity of feeling. Sensuousness is still the main thing to be desired, as melancholy is still the inevitable end of all things; but the sensuousness is of a cultivated intellectual type, hesitates here and there between the philosophic and the amatory—sometimes even fades out of sight in the enjoyment of the literary or artistic aspect of legend or nature. Love interrupted by death is the main subject of the majority of the poems, sometimes even love dreaming of a possible reunion beyond the grave. On the whole, Rossetti's poems glorify the passion of love in its abstract, instead of in its concrete, sense. The moral element is perhaps even more absent than in Swinburne, whose very rebellion against morality seems to indicate a sense of it, which Rossetti appears to lack, unless the poem of "Jenny" be taken as an instance. In "Jenny," however, the moralizing is wholly *ab extra*.

So that here we have two great literary factors to take into account, the one a volume of poems inculcating a weary and hopeless passion, expressed in the most seductively beautiful music of which even our language can boast, and dedicated to an artist whose pictures express in color, form, and intention, the same ideas; and the other, an artist, publishing in mature years a volume of beautiful poems, written (we believe we are accurate in saying) chiefly under a sense of personal bereavement, and inevitably shadowed by such loss. Both books melodious in the extreme, both almost purely sensuous, both connected—one through friendship and kinship of feeling, the other through the author himself—with the new pre-Raphaelite idea.

Now, it would have mattered little that Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti, preachers as they were of a dreary gospel, should have been connected with and champions of a style of art which was tinged by the same melancholy as their poetry, had it not been the case that the very faults both of the poetry and the art were such as to chime in with the deep intellectual unrest and shaken beliefs of the more thoughtful portion of our countrymen.

It was, to say the least, excessively unfortunate that, at the very moment when a general desire for art had been awakened and a general doubt of ancient formulas of belief aroused, there should be presented for acceptance by society an art of great beauty, but of inherent weakness, backed by a poetry which took as its chief tenet that nothing was worth the doing but "love."

There were but wanting now two things to aid the little group of poets and artists in the consolidation of their principles to render the lately vanquished pre-Raphaelite school a working social power. These were a sympathetic criticism, which, while omitting all the more debilitating effects of the poetry and art, should point out its essential beauties, and some link with practical life, whereby the influence could be extended over those people who cared little for poems and pictures, or for the criticism which expounded them.

Nature, we are told by scientific authorities, never creates a want without creating also the means for its supply, and accordingly, in the instance before us, both requisites were forthcoming. A criticism of the required kind sprung up, headed by Mr. Pater and Mr. Swinburne, and the genius of Mr. William Morris, himself a poet and an artist, gave its main attention to the invention and supply of good decorative designs in accordance with mediæval theories.

The criticism which now started in aid of the new poetry and art was, in some ways, very notable. It was sympathetic in the highest degree with the objects of its laudation, and subtly suggestive of thought rather than actually thoughtful. It was, as we might have expected from its origin, scholarly almost to affectation, and was expressed with a seemingly accurate choice of beautiful words, the very sound of which was pleasant. It had, however, some great vices. Its praise was almost exclusively given to out-of-the-way people and things; poets and artists of very minor merit, long since forgotten, were dug up and held forth to the admiration of the disciples with praise which would have been fulsome if applied to Shakespeare. There was no medium in its judgments, no standard of comparison, no actual knowledge of the subject, save the fleeting and variable knowledge of emotional insight. The inner consciousness of the critic was taken as the first and ultimate judge in the matter, and, as the inner consciousness is often wrong when it reports on what it knows nothing about, the criticism was often very much astray. There were two other very great drawbacks. The first was that the critic's language often proved too strong for his meaning, and many of the sentences so ended

that it was doubtful whether they had any meaning at all. The other drawback was, that the criticism was almost purely governed by personal feeling—and so the critics and painters got to be spoken of as "The Mutual Admiration Society." The temptation of course was very great for Mr. W. M. Rossetti to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne, and who could complain if Mr. Swinburne felt inclined to return the compliment?

In fact, the way in which the art, poetry, and criticism of the new school were mixed up was excessively curious, and will perhaps one day be fully known. As it is, we know that Swinburne wrote criticisms and poems, that one Rossetti wrote poems and painted pictures, and the other wrote criticisms on them, and so influenced both arts; that Burne Jones painted pictures with motives from Swinburne's poems, and was at the same time in partnership with William Morris in his decoration business; that Morris wrote poems and made designs; and that Mr. Pater educated the public generally in the appreciation of whatever archaic and out-of-the-way art he could lay his hands on.

Other artists and poets soon followed suit, bringing other critics in their train. The decoration of Mr. Morris being really beautiful in its way, and very much needed as a protest against various upholstery abominations to which we had too long tamely submitted, grew and prospered prodigiously. Art upholsterers and decorators followed the lead in every direction. The mystic words "conventional decoration" began to be used a little vaguely, but with the best intentions; the "Queen Anne revival" set in; and one aspiring tradesman even christened his chairs and tables as Neo-Jacobean! This last bold flight of fancy was, however, I believe, a failure, as I have not since heard it repeated.

At this period, when the poetry, and decoration, and criticisms of Swinburne, Morris, and Pater first came into fashion, it must be remembered that the central idea of the early pre-Raphaelites, that namely of painting occurrences as they happened, emotions as they actually appear, and nature as it actually looks, had practically disappeared. Mr. Holman Hunt was in Jerusalem struggling with the problem of Eastern sunlight and shadow; Mr. Rossetti was equally out of sight as far as his painting was concerned; and Mr. Millais, wholly free from his old prepossessions, was just entering upon that career of portrait-painting in which he has since had such marked success. The new poetry, beautiful as it was, and wholly devoted in spirit to that changed pre-Raphaelitism of which Mr. Burne Jones stood at the head, was singularly inconsistent with the first tenets of the school. In place of the simple frankness of spirit, at which Millais and Hunt had aimed, it substituted a refined and weary cynicism; in place of showing things as they were, it depicted them as they were not, and as, fortunately, they never could be; in place of holding the belief that the subject-matter of art was far broader than was commonly allowed, it substituted the doctrine that there was only one subject worthy of painting or writing about, and that was—Love. Now, we should be doing great injustice to the poets, artists, and critics whom we have just mentioned, if we did not at once confess that their work was in the main good of its kind. The accusation which is rightly to be made against the clique is that their whole object was an unworthy one, that it inculcated a philosophy of life and morality out of which it was impossible that healthiness of thought or feeling should come, or with which it could coexist, and sought to turn all the power of art and poetry not to the improvement of the race, but its injury. The philosophy of its criticism and painting stood at the very opposite pole to Ruskin's great definition of the best art, and, instead of maintaining that art to be the finest which embodied "the greatest number of the greatest ideas," held that the province of art was altogether exclusive of ideas, and that, the fewer ideas there were contained therein, the finer was the art. For instance, according to one of the later and lesser lights of this school, Shelley's poetry was judged to be on a distinctly lower level than Keats's, simply and solely because there were to be found therein certain great intellectual ideas! These, the critic remarked naively, had no business there, and he — like Mr. Podsnap in "Our Mutual Friend"—"waved them off the earth."

Well, this poetry and art worked their way a little into the public mind, and a similar criticism commented on and explained the doctrines of pure sensuousness in art, as above hinted at. Morris's decoration began to be popular, and to overspread our houses, and even touch and alter the dresses of our women, and still no one seems to have suspected the healthiness or the advantage of the movement. Papers and magazines teemed with panegyrics eloquently incomprehensible except to the initiated, in favor of conventional art and erotic poetry—from the inner consciousness of critic after critic, we received instruction upon the merits of "solid sensuousness"; with one accord all reference to English art was considered to be Philistine, and nothing was allowed to be praised as worthy of later period than what the prophets termed the "Early Renascence." From the recesses of Oriel College Mr. Pater took every now and then dives into mediæval French or Italian history, emerging

triumphantly with some firmly clutched improper little story which he had rescued from the oblivion into which it had unfortunately fallen, or with the name of some forgotten painter, too long allowed to slumber in peaceful obscurity. Swinburne was no less active in the intervals of his poetic labors, and brought many a buried or misconceived genius before the glare of our modern footlights. Morris's business, and his epics, both expanded, and at last, only yesterday as it seems, the Grosvenor Gallery opened, and gave to the movement its final fashionable influence. Imitators and admirers had by this time sprung up all round, especially among the women, and the first Grosvenor Exhibition witnessed the curious sight of the now greatest master of the new school surrounded on all sides by the works of his followers, and as Mr. Ruskin said at the time, in a famous number of "Fors Clavigera," the effect of the master's work was both "weakened by the repetition and degraded by the fallacy" of its echoes.

Behold, then, a new philosophy of art and life, sanctioned by the aristocracy, and supported on all sides by an admiring, and what the Americans would call a "high falutin'," criticism. Can we wonder at the success attained? Here, indeed, was a gospel suited to cultured England, the very first article of whose creed was "Whatever is, is wrong"—a curious result this of scientific discovery and nineteenth-century progress in general culture and enlightenment, that melancholy should be discovered to be the *summum bonum;* that the great object of art was to express, in words or colors, that there is

> "A little time for laughter;
> A little time to sing;
> A little time to kiss and cling,
> And no more kissing after."

Cast your recollection back for thirty or forty years before this new light had broken upon us, and try to imagine what Turner, or De Wint, or David Cox, or even old William Hunt, would have thought of our new theories. Fancy inviting the painter of the "Hayfield" and the "Welsh Funeral" to a modern æsthetic "at home," or explaining "the sweet secret of Leonardo" to Hunt while he painted "Too Hot" or the "Listening Stable-boy"! Fancy a young lady asking Turner if he was "intense," or reading "Eden Bower's in flower" to De Wint as he sat sketching in the muddy lanes under the gray skies, which he knew so well and (curiously as it now seems to us) loved so dearly. And yet why should these suppositions sound so ludicrous? Surely all fine art has ties of blood-relationship, and we have not yet got so far as to deny that Turner, Cox, De Wint, and Hunt, were true artists!

Is it possible that somehow our revival has strayed "off the line," and is wandering in mazes of false feeling and morbid affectation? Is it possible that, after all, melancholy is not the key to all fine art, and that even a return to the "Early Renascence" will not compensate us for the loss of healthy national feeling? Is it possible that Hunt's motto, still to be seen on one of his pictures, "Love what you paint, and paint what you love," is a truer one than "Love nothing but regret, and regret nothing but love"? And lastly, is it possible that this self-consciousness of a miserable, thwarted, and limited existence—this conception of the world as a place where effort is absurd and action futile, and where the only vital thing to remember is

> "That sad things stay, and glad things fly,
> And then to die"—

is it possible that such a creed as this is unworthy of English men and English women, and is poorly compensated for by a little increased knowledge of the peculiarities of early Italian artists and a morbid love of mediæval ballads?

It is too soon to trace the effects which will surely follow the spread of the present fashion. If Mr. and Mrs. "Cimabue Brown," "Maudle," and "Postlethwaite" are to become permanent facts in our social system; if the mutual-admiration societies, and the "intense" young ladies who have lately been so well satirized for us by Mr. Du Maurier, still continue to increase as they have done of late; if our women's dresses and drawing-rooms continue to present a combination of dreary, faded tints, dotted here and there with spots of bright color; if china must still be hung upon the wall, and parasols stuck in the fireplace; if our houses continue to assume the appearance of a compromise between a Buddhist temple and a Bond-Street curiosity-shop; if the cultivation of hysteric self-consciousness continues to be considered as a sign of artistic faculty, and the incomprehensibility of art-criticism to be a guarantee of its profundity; if we still continue to think that no art is worthy of examination which has been produced since the time of the "Early Renascence"; if, in a word, the present fashion continues to live and flourish among us, if we can not have art at all unless we have art of the kind I have mentioned, with results to match—why then, in Heaven's name, let us "throw up the sponge" without further contention—let us become frankly and thoroughly "Philistine," as were our fathers.

Very certainly there is more hope for a nation in thorough but loving ignorance of art—

caring, for instance, for pictures in the way a child cares for a picture-book—than in a state of knowledge of which the only result is a sick indifference to the things of our own time, and a spurious devotion to whatever is foreign, eccentric, archaic, or grotesque. I may, perhaps, try to show my readers in a future article a few of the more evident absurdities involved in the new criticism and decoration; for the present I bid gladly adieu to the worst gospel I have ever come in contact with — the "Gospel of Intensity."

HARRY QUILTER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

GUIZOT'S PRIVATE LIFE.

ONE of the most excusable, as it is certainly one of the most natural, displays of human curiosity is that which is revealed in the wellnigh universal desire to know something of the private life and intimate personal character of those who have become eminent in any department of effort. There is an instinctive feeling that to know only what a man has done, or to see him only as he appears upon the great stage of events, is to become acquainted with but one aspect of what is probably a many-sided personality; and a wholesome distrust is felt for those judgments and estimates which are based only upon an author's published writings or a statesman's speeches and dispatches.

How partial and inaccurate is the conception of a man which we derive from a survey simply of his public life and acts is very happily shown in the sketch of "Monsieur Guizot in Private Life," which has been given to the world by his elder and only surviving daughter, Madame De Witt.* The common impression of M. Guizot—the "legendary" view, as he himself called it—is that he was a stiff, tragical, and solitary personage in social life, and that in politics he was a selfish and calculating man, with a cold heart and a scheming brain. Nor was this idea of him quite unjustified by that aspect of his character with which the public was most familiar. Yet his letters to his wife and children, now published for the first time, and the pictures given of his domestic and family life, show him to have been almost exuberant in the overflowing tenderness and abandon of his affection. To the average reader, indeed, there will be apt to appear something effusive, almost "gushing," in many of the letters; but this is one of the cases in which allowance must be made for differences of race and of social usage. It can hardly be doubted that many Englishmen and Americans love their wives quite as devotedly as M. Guizot loved either of his; yet no one of them, probably, even in the intimacy of the family circle, would display it with such an absence of reserve, or give it quite such ardent expression. Even so, however, it will be admitted by the most reticent that there is something very graceful and pleasing in the picture of a busy man of affairs turning aside at frequent intervals from the exactions of state and the absorptions of literature to seek solace and refreshment in an utter self-surrender to the tenderer claims of the affections.

It should be said, moreover, that this life-long habit of M. Guizot's was not the outcome of transient impulses of feeling, but of rational and deliberate conviction. There was never any doubt in his mind as to the life of the affections being higher and nobler than any other destiny possible to man. The story of a little passage of wit which he had with Talleyrand while still a very young man shows how early this convictien had rooted itself in his mind. "I know not how many years ago, but it is very long ago, I was at M. de Talleyrand's one morning with a very small circle of friends; there was the Duchesse de Dino, M. Piscatory, and I forget who else, all full of talk. I happened to say, 'Conversation is a great pleasure.' 'There is one still greater,' said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile—'action.' Whereupon I retorted, 'Yes, Prince, but there is another which is greater far than the other two—affection!' He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right." This characteristic anecdote was told to his younger daughter, and in another letter, addressed to his elder daughter, the author of the present biography, he expresses his mature and deliberate conclusion on the matter. This last letter was written in 1847, when M. Guizot was the trusted and powerful Prime Minister of Louis Phillippe.

* Monsieur Guizot in Private Life. 1787–1874. By his daughter, Madame De Witt. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. London: Hurst & Blackett.

"You are leading, my dear Henriette, a quiet and lonely life. My life is lonely, but not quiet. I am lonely, although I am almost always in company. My home is lonely. I have not you there to visit five or six times a day, to rest and refresh myself in your company. With you, I forget my life of labor and struggle; it always seems as if I left my burden at the door. The older I grow, the more room is occupied in my inmost heart by my affections. I do not say, as one often hears said, that public life has disappointed me, that I am disgusted with it, that I have no longer any ambition, even of the best and noblest sort, that I have ceased to be deceived by the world and mankind. This would not be true. Public life has not deceived my expectations. I take as much interest and pleasure in politics as I did twenty years ago. I have not found either men, or human affairs, or the world, below my anticipations. I have by no means the feeling of beautiful illusions which have vanished, of great expectations disappointed. I do not regret the dreams of youth. On the contrary, I feel that God has bestowed on me more than I fancied possible; and experience has confirmed rather than destroyed my most sanguine expectations. But, while the great and important interests which occupy my time have lost none of their value in my eyes, I am convinced of their insufficiency to fill my heart. Neither the engrossing occupations of politics, nor the excitement of opposition, nor the gratifications of vanity, have ever wholly absorbed and satisfied me. I have never been thoroughly and really happy except through my affections, and in the bosom of my affections; and, if I should succeed in everything else, it would be of very little consequence to me if I had no one on whom to bestow them. One's heart is one's life, and one's heart is in the bosom of one's family. I can say this with more authority than any one, for I have known and tried everything else."

To furnish proof and illustration of the exactness with which her father's life and habits were conformed to the sentiments expressed in this passage, may be said to have been the aim and purpose of Madame De Witt's memoir. To the incidents of Guizot's public career she barely refers at infrequent intervals, remarking that he has already, in his "Memoirs," written all that he wished to have said about it. Nor has she attempted to make a formal biography, in which place would have to be found for a consecutive array of those numerous events and details which must necessarily enter into the full record of a career so long and so varied. Assuming that the public life of Guizot and his relation to the history of his time are already familiar to the reader, she aims simply to portray the man as he was in the private life of his family and most intimate social circle; and this task she has performed with such tact and skill that her book will take a high and probably permanent place in the list of vivid personal sketches of great men.

Nothing which Madame De Witt has included in her sketch can well be spared, and the reader will be apt to feel that, if she has erred at all, she has erred on the side of too great brevity; yet, we shall render service perhaps to some who may never see the book, if we reproduce on a smaller scale, and in ruder outlines, a few of the most salient and characteristic of those lineaments which Madame De Witt has drawn with so loving and dexterous a hand.

François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot was born at Nîmes, France, on the 4th of October, 1787. Both his father and his mother belonged to old Protestant families which had been tried in the fiery furnace of religious persecution. His father, a distinguished advocate and brilliant orator, died on the scaffold, a victim to the Reign of Terror, when the young François was only six and a half years old. His mother, though her happiness was destroyed and her life ruined by the tragic fate of her husband, attained the great age of eighty-four, and lived to witness the most brilliant phases of her son's career. If the testimony of those who knew her best is to be believed, she was one of those women who are fit mothers of heroes and of saints; and it was to her that Sainte-Beuve referred in this fine passage from one of his "Causeries du Lundi": "I think I see her still—and who that had once had the honor of seeing her could ever forget M. Guizot's venerable mother, in her simple, antique dress, her countenance with its strong and deep expression, its sweet austerity, which called to my mind the portraits of the nuns of Port Royal, and which, in default of Philippe de Champagne, has been preserved for us by one of the most refined painters of our age *—that mother of the Cévennes, who kept until the end of her days the most devoted and submissive of sons. I think I see her now in the official saloon, which she only passed through, and in which she appeared for a moment as the living representative of faith, simplicity, and of those substantial virtues which were brought to light by persecution at the time of the *Désert*."

From the time of her husband's death until the close of her own long and honorable life, Madame Guizot belonged entirely to her children —consisting of another son (Jean-Jacques) besides François. For their sakes she controlled a grief the indelible impression of which never faded from her mind, and for their sakes she resolved to leave everything to which she had become attached, and to seek at Geneva the means of education which were wanting at Nîmes. "Madame Guizot," says our author, "established herself [at Geneva] in a small house opposite to the one in-

* Ary Scheffer.

habited by the professor who directed the education of her sons; she was present at all their lessons, she took part in all their work, she studied for and with her children; sometimes in the winter, when the severe climate of Geneva covered their little hands with chilblains, the mother wrote their exercises from their dictation. My father preserved several copybooks thus written. They led a hard and simple life. Madame Guizot's small fortune suffered from the disturbed state of France; the system of 'assignats' had diminished the resources of the country. The mother resolved to devote all she had to the education of her children. Their table was plainly served: Madame Guizot had no assistance in the household work, except that of a woman who came in for a few hours every day; but, on the other hand, her sons attended the lectures of the best professors; they took lessons in riding, swimming, and drawing; at the same time she made them learn a trade, in accordance with the teaching of Rousseau, to which the violent shocks sustained by French society during the Revolution had given practical influence. François Guizot became a skillful joiner, and excelled in turning."

The remarkable natural talents of François manifested themselves at a very early age, and we are told that he was hardly six when his mother found him one day standing on the ledge of the book-case, passionately declaiming a passage from Corneille's tragedy of "Les Horaces," which had captivated his childish imagination. He was just eleven years old when his mother established herself at Geneva; and there he applied himself to his studies with a zeal and success which justified the fondest hopes that she had entertained for him. When at work he was so absorbed that his companions in vain attempted to divert his attention by all sorts of practical jokes. It was one of their chief amusements to pull his hair or pinch his arms, without ever succeeding in making him raise his eyes; and more than once his coat-tails remained as trophies in the hands of his persecutors.

Of that long period of austere devotion to work and duty, Guizot's mind never lost the impression. It was then that he acquired that seriousness of demeanor, that earnestness of tone, and that inflexibility of character, which, in spite of the tempering influence of time and experience, remained characteristic of him throughout his life; which gave the world that impression of him which we have mentioned, and which it has been the business of Madame De Witt to show was a mistaken, or at least a one-sided, impression.

In 1805, at the age of eighteen, Guizot's education was finished, and, while his mother returned with her younger son to her parents at Nîmes, he repaired to Paris to begin the study of the law. His own tastes were for literature, poetry, and the serious branches of learning, and he early exhibited a decided predilection for politics; but his mother did not consider literature a serious profession, and regarded politics with the terror of a wife whose husband had fallen a victim to the Revolution; so, in compliance with her wish, he determined to be an advocate, like his father. Arriving in Paris during the summer of 1805, Guizot addressed himself to his law studies with his customary assiduity; but he took no pleasure in them, and as the months wore on he became more and more inclined to follow the strong bent of his inclinations. Writing to his mother on the 23d of November, 1806, he says:

"I do not know how I chanced to open the drawer to which I had banished the first attempts of my pen. I was not able to resist the temptation of reading some of them, and it made me sad to do so. I possess talents, but I can not yield to their impulse; I can not devote my youth to studying the art of writing, and all that appertains to it, so as to enable me in my riper years to give free expression to my ideas. I shall never be able to recover the time which I might have spent with so much satisfaction; it will never come back. Must I then be, in every way, thwarted by circumstances? I was intended by nature for a distinguished man of letters; I am sometimes devoured with the longing to write, if it were only for myself; I am oppressed by my thoughts, and I am continually occupied in resisting my inclinations. Now that I have taken my resolution I shall not go back; but I can not always stifle my regret. I ought to throw into the fire all those early essays, of which the sight annoys me, but I can not make up my mind to do so; it irritates me to look at them. I feel drawn toward literature and poetry by a charm which makes me miserable. Do not fear that I shall yield to it. I have said good-by to them for a long time, perhaps for ever, but do not be angry if I sometimes speak to you of the fire that consumes me. I shall long continue to suffer from it. I should soon be settled if I might only choose my work; but all men can not follow their wishes; this happiness is reserved for the select few."

Thanks to the intercession of M. Stapfer, formerly Swiss Minister in Paris, this envied happiness became the lot of Guizot. His mother at last consented to set him free to devote himself to literary work, and he returned with ardor to the studies which he himself felt had been left incomplete. In less than a year he had begun to attract attention as a writer for the magazines and reviews; and in January, 1810, when he was not yet twenty-three years old, we find him describing to his mother a number of important works upon which he was already engaged. For one publisher he is translating a volume of "Trav-

els in Spain," by Rehfus; for another he is preparing notes on Gibbon's great history. The "Dictionary of Synonyms" is pressing him, because the first part must be finished by the 1st of April; and besides all this there is the "Mercure," which he will not give up, and for which he is writing three articles on Kotzebue's "Ancient History of Prussia," together with a biography of the historian Müller. "Add to these my regular work for the newspapers, and, lastly, my daily lessons, and you will see that my time is more than filled up."

As he himself observed at a later period, however, we always have time for whatever we very much wish to do, and, notwithstanding his absorption in literary work, he found time at this period for a series of very charming letters to his mother, of which the following is a specimen passage:

"In order to fill my engagements, it is my duty to curtail, as much as possible, all correspondence that is not absolutely necessary; but you know as well as I do that this does not include my correspondence with you, which is necessary to both of us; I delight in repeating this to you, God grant that your belief in my words may be as deep as their truth! You are constantly in my thoughts, my dear mother; your grief harrows me more than I can tell; I would give half my life to restore some of your lost courage and happiness. Poor, dear mother! there is no one who more fully understands the void that you suffer from; I am aware of the impossibility of ever filling it up; nothing can repair your loss. Nothing can make up or console you for it. I am perfectly certain that no son ever loved his mother more than I love you, but I have no hope of filling my father's place in your heart; in that relation there is a charm, a perfect union which is above every other; its pleasures and its ties can be compared to nothing else. Those whom God has joined are henceforth beyond the reach of their fellow-men; there can be no complete consolation for the sorrow which springs from this source. Nevertheless, dear mother, I am not afraid of hurting you when I tell you that resignation should inspire not only submission but courage. Forgive me if I venture to say that one must try to enjoy, even in the midst of this hard life, the good which still remains to us. Continue to speak to me of my father, of your grief, of the things which made his happiness; but let me have the power of somewhat alleviating your sorrow. If I ever do any real good, the consolation that it may afford you will be my sweetest recompense. I ask you this for my own sake, for my own happiness."

With his growing literary reputation, the sphere of Guizot's social life began also to widen. M. Stapfer presented him to M. Suard, permanent Secretary of the French Academy, who received him with much kindness and introduced him into an entirely new world. The *salons* of M. Suard, of the Abbé Morellet, and of Madame Houdetot, were the last retreats of that easy and brilliant conversation of the eighteenth century which had been illustrated by the genius of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the lesser luminaries that clustered around them; and here Guizot enjoyed intimate social intercourse with a choice circle of the most accomplished men and women of his time. It was through M. Suard, too, that Guizot first heard of the lady who afterward became his wife. Mademoiselle de Meulan, herself an accomplished writer, was at that time editor of the "Publiciste," and, touched by the story of her trials and distress, Guizot wrote and sent her an article. Shortly afterward, impelled, as he thought, by a sort of presentiment, he called upon her in person; the acquaintance thus formed, in spite of the disparity of age (Mademoiselle de Meulan was thirty-four and Guizot twenty), developed in the course of time into mutual affection; and on the 7th of April, 1812, they were married.

A few days after his marriage Guizot was nominated Professor of Literature in the University of Paris. At first he was only the substitute for M. de Lacretelle, with a special dispensation on account of his youth; but he soon attained a definite position by his appointment to the Chair of Modern History, which was created especially for him. When M. de Fontanes, President of the University, announced the appointment to Guizot, he intimated that the Emperor read all the opening speeches, and was accustomed to find his own name loudly extolled in them. Guizot at that time cared little about politics, but he considered the suggestion derogatory to his dignity, and refused to comply. The scene took place at Courbevoie, in a pretty villa where M. de Fontanes often spent a portion of the summer. Guizot was dining with him. The President gently insisted. On Guizot's reiterated refusal he exclaimed, smiling: "How obstinate these Protestants are! I must get out of the scrape as well as I can." This appointment was a very happy one for Guizot, and the original turn of his mind was in future to display itself in the vast field of historical studies. His lectures speedily attracted attention outside as well as inside the University, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was becoming a power in the country.

Guizot was a Liberal as well as a Protestant, but he was a monarchist by conviction, and through his wife, who came of an old official family, he was drawn into association with the Royalists; and at the Restoration in 1814 he was appointed Secretary to the Minister of the Interior, and entered definitively upon his career as a public man. During the brief interlude of the

"Hundred Days" he was intrusted by the friends of constitutional monarchy with a mission to the exiled Louis XVIII.; and it was largely due to his influence that the king returned to Paris without M. de Blacas and the other objectionable advisers who had made his name and reign odious. For a short time after the return, Guizot occupied the post of Secretary-General of the Minister of Justice, and on the retirement of his chief was appointed legal adviser to the Council of State, and resumed his lectures at the University. In 1816 he wrote and published several pamphlets, of which one was a very important one on the "History and Present Condition of Public Education in France." Appointed Councilor of State in 1818, he helped to prepare those great laws which, as it was hoped, were to lay the foundation of well-regulated liberty in France, and became one of the most influential supporters of the Government. In 1819 he was made Director of Commercial and Departmental Affairs under the Home Secretary, and still more important posts seemed just within his grasp; but his friends were driven from office in 1820, and his own name was stricken from the Council of State.

With little of regret on his own part, and with genuine delight on the part of his wife, Guizot now returned to that "home life of work and conversation" which the turmoils of politics had interrupted. He established himself in the country, near Meulan, whence he issued from time to time various pamphlets on topics of current political or educational interest. He resumed his lectures at the University, selecting for his theme the "History of the Origin of Representative Government"; but the Cabinet took alarm at his language, and on the 12th of October, 1822, his lectures were interdicted. Disgusted at this treatment, and at the general conduct of the Government, he then, as he said, "completely renounced all party contentions," and, in conjunction with his wife, entered with ardor upon the series of important historical works with which his name is chiefly associated. "In 1833 he began to publish his collection of 'Memoirs' relating to the ancient history of France; at the same time Madame Guizot's translation of 'Gregory of Tours' struck all readers as a masterpiece of precision and unaffected simplicity. At the same time she edited the collection of 'Memoirs relating to the History of the English Revolution,' and M. Guizot was preparing those 'Essays on the History of France in the Fifth Century' which, for the first time, threw a strong light upon the dark origin of our civilization. The materials on which he founded his 'History of the English Revolution' were from this period the object of his most conscientious study. He classified, day by day, in a tabular form, events even of the smallest importance."

The domestic life of Guizot at this period is very charmingly portrayed by Madame De Witt. His devotion to his wife was extreme, their sympathy and congeniality seemed to grow with association, and a son came to satisfy those cravings which such love must ever awaken. Here is an extract from a letter written by him to his wife during a brief absence in Paris (in 1820):

"I had a violent headache on my arrival; it was not the shaking of the carriage, but sorrow for having left you that gave it to me. Throughout the journey I had an intolerable heartache. I do not complain; I think that, to tell the truth, I liked my headache, because it was for your sake, and because I love you. Nevertheless, you must not enjoy this luxury on your side; sleep well and take care of yourself. My headache is gone this morning; it would come back if I were uneasy about you. I can not tell you how happy I was during the six weeks which are just ended; I knew and enjoyed my happiness at the time, I feel it deeply now that it is over, and I shall enjoy it just as much when I return to you.

"I carry you with me: you are present with me everywhere; you and the happiness I owe to you; when I am away from you everything reminds me of you; when near you I forget everything else—my very soul is yours. And yet I feel that this life, so exclusively devoted to you, is free, active, and full of wide interests. I lavish it upon you every instant, and you give it back to me stronger and more beautiful than ever. No, my Pauline, we shall never know all that we are to each other; eternity will not be too long for our happiness."

A few days later Madame Guizot writes in her turn:

"I am well, only rather sleepy, in consequence of a detestable night. If there were no writing to be done I should have nothing to complain of, but it is a great misfortune for me that I can not make literary work agree with the rest of my life. If it were possible for me to give myself entirely up to it by devoting all my time and thoughts to it as you do when you want to write well, I should write well too. I still have the power of so doing, but I have not that of passing continually from one life to another; from the multitude of feelings, cares, and thoughts connected with other lives, to those conceptions which I alone can originate. When I am not writing I am *you*, or I belong to my child, I think of what you are doing, of what I have to do for my boy. In order to write I must be myself only, and I have no time for such transitions. I exhaust myself, and I have no power left for anything.

"My dearest love, I tell you this, not that you or I or anybody can help me, but in order that you

may be aware of it, and that I may not add to the idea which pursues me of not being all that I ought to be, the notion that you think I am not all that I ought to be. I am dissatisfied with myself, but I do not want you to be so, and yet I do not wish to deceive you; it is nevertheless true that when I accuse myself I feel at the same time a wish to excuse myself to you; you are the only person in the world from whom I wish to obtain more than I deserve. And how can I help desiring all that you can give me? Ah! my love, the world is too small and too weak for us, and we ourselves are too feeble for all that is within us."

Several years later, referring to the letters which she received from her husband, Madame Guizot wrote:

"Dearest, when I read over and over again your charming letters, these expressions of simple, I might even say of youthful tenderness, and I think of the idea that a great many people have of you—as of a proud, ambitious man, with a cold heart and calculating head—the contrast strikes as so strange that I can not be angry with these foolish judgments. I laugh at the effect which your letters—the whole series of them, alike and yet so various—would produce on certain people I could mention. Man's opinion is a very fine thing, and one cares about it, thank God! not more than in reason; nevertheless, one sets a certain value upon it, greater than it deserves; and this is good, for, if one estimated it at its real importance, social relations would be in some danger of annihilation."

Bravely as Madame Guizot spoke and wrote, passionately and eagerly as she flung herself into her husband's life and work, her health during all this period was steadily declining, and at length, on the 1st of August, 1827, this "realized dream of happiness" was shattered by her death after a prolonged interval of illness and suffering. The letter of Guizot describing her death and his own grief and desolation is one of the most touching in the volume; but it is too long to quote.

Like many a bereaved man before him, Guizot sought "surcease of sorrow" in renewed and greater application to his work. The first two volumes of "The History of the English Revolution" appeared in 1827, and in the beginning of 1828 he undertook the direction of the "Revue Française." The ministry of the day returning to more liberal courses, he resumed his duties at the University, and made an immense sensation with his lectures on "Civilization in France and in Europe." In a short time, too, the promise of domestic happiness seemed to return to him through his marriage (in November, 1828) with a niece of his first wife, whom he had known since her childhood, and who had been trained, as it were, under his own eye. The second Madame Guizot was a woman of fine natural talents and the highest cultivation; and in his literary work as well as in his household life she proved a true helpmeet to her husband, whom she regarded with a sort of idolatry. But this dream of happiness was even briefer than the first, and in March, 1833, she too died, leaving three little children, one of them an infant, in giving birth to whom she had made the sacrifice of her life.

Guizot's grief at this second bereavement was intense and passionate, and found expression in a series of letters as tender and pathetic as were ever written. Those wrung from him immediately after the event are too agonizing to quote. Nearly a year later (in February, 1834) he wrote to his sister-in-law, Madame Decourt:

"I live now only on the surface; even my children do not penetrate beneath it. Nevertheless, I love them tenderly, for their sakes as well as for hers. They are charming, but how they miss her—how they *will* miss her! When I look at Henriette, who is so bright and so tender, so intelligent, so good-tempered and at the same time so animated; at Pauline, who is more excitable yet more reserved, sometimes hesitating to speak or come forward, but blushing with pleasure when I go to her and speak to her; at Guillaume, who is beginning to open his great blue eyes in his endeavors to understand the meaning of his sisters' gestures and words—it wrings my heart to think of all these little minds which are so busy and so anxious to develop their powers. Who will give them, as she would have done, the attention of every minute? Who will talk to them, as she would have done, all the long day? Who will direct their development with that tenderness full of authority, that noble and simple intelligence, that indefatigable yet calm perseverance, the treasures of which she would have lavished upon them! They would have been so happy with her, and in the midst of their joyousness she would have prepared them so well for the trials of life. You yourself do not know, no one is aware, of the extent to which her character developed and became nobler day by day. I saw her, with rapture, rising above the little vanities, shaking off the uncertainties which disturb the finest minds in early youth—all conceit, all petty anxieties leaving her; the higher her position became the more she raised herself above her position; although, as you know, enjoying keenly every little pleasure and external adornment of life, she became more and more truly devoted to its serious and important duties. Happiness for her was the source of unselfishness, it seemed as if, having herself reached the goal, she was henceforth detached from all personal desires, and devoted only to her affections and her duties. And this was all without effort, without any fixed intention, almost unconsciously—the result simply of the development of her noble nature, blossoming as the flowers, and ripening as the fruit in the hands of God. And I was permitted to enjoy this lovely scene, and this treasure was mine."

A few months after the date of this letter Madame Decourt died also, and Guizot then wrote to his brother-in-law:

"You must not expect consolation from me; my fortitude is a sad fortitude. It is well enough abroad, it is nothing at home. But if my ardent, my intense sympathy can be of any momentary comfort to you, depend upon it, it is greater than you can form any idea of. . . . It is now twenty-seven years since I first became acquainted with the Meulan family; it contained the rarest, the most elevated natures, morally and intellectually, that I have ever known; two of them fell to my lot; I owe them all the happiness of my life, all that I shall take pleasure in remembering when age shall have conquered my activity, and I am confined within the circle of my own thoughts. Only twenty-seven years! and during that time I have seen mother, daughters, brothers, granddaughters, pass away — of all that animated and distinguished family, there remain only one deaf brother, my children, your son, and the poor, ruined Madame de Meulan, who is glad to live under my roof."

Toward the end of the year he writes to his friend, the Duchesse de Broglie:

"My heart is with the dead. I like to verify dates and places, to scratch off the moss, to raise the headstones, to take off my hat as I pass by. And not only for those whom I loved, but for all whom I have known tolerably well. They, too, have reached the other shore; they are with the loved ones who have carried thither my soul. I am exhausted by my efforts to bring it back again to employ it in the work we have to do on earth. As long as the actual labor lasts, I can do it; but as soon as the plow stops, my mind, my heart—my whole being, escapes to another world."

From this time henceforth to the end, Guizot's life was divided between devotion to his motherless children, his literary labors, and the cares of state. Before the death of his first wife, he had entered anew upon the stage of public affairs. In January, 1830, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and later in the year he played an influential part in securing the accession of Louis Philippe, whose character he admired, and whose system he regarded as an almost ideally excellent form of government. For three months after the accession he remained at the Home Office engaged in reorganizing almost the whole government, and then became in the Chamber the most eloquent and able supporter of the new régime. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Education, and in that capacity sowed the seeds of nearly all the improvements that have since been made in the educational system of France. Retiring from office on the fall of the Ministry in February, 1836, he was again reinstated in October of the same year; but in April, 1837, owing to parliamentary checks, he again resigned, and took no active part in the administration of affairs during the ensuing three years, though still powerful in the Chamber. In February, 1840, his friends being restored to office, Guizot was appointed ambassador to England; but in October he was recalled to Paris by the king, and intrusted with the formation of a ministry. As Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Guizot remained the most trusted adviser of Louis Philippe until the Revolution of 1848 overturned the throne, and both king and minister had to flee for their lives to a foreign land. Guizot spent a year in England, and, returning to France in July, 1849, abondoned politics for ever, and retired to his country estate at Val-Richer, there to devote himself to those philosophical and historical studies in which he took an equally eager delight, both in the beginning and at the end of his life.

That the comparative quiet and retirement of his closing years were by no means ungrateful to Guizot is shown, not only by the alacrity and cheerfulness with which he accepted his fate, but by many passages in his correspondence at different periods. Writing to his mother from London in 1840, when he was on the eve of the most trying years of his laborious life, he said:

"If the magnificent sunshine which floods my square this morning extends to Val-Richer, it must be delightful. I am certainly growing old, for the idea of retirement, final retirement, is agreeable to me. I do not know if I shall ever enjoy it. Besides the domestic reasons which oblige me to work, I feel called, impelled by my nature to action, every sort of action which circumstances may lay upon me. What one can do it is one's duty to do. And besides feeling that it is my duty, I am willing and eager to accept and seize every opportunity which presents itself, from an impulse which is stronger even than my natural inclination, and which shows that action is my mission; and therefore I shall go on, straightforward, as far and as long as God pleases. But I hope that before I take my final departure I shall have a few days of rest, absolute rest. It rests me beforehand to think of it."

Even during the busiest periods of his public life Guizot's relations with his children were of the most intimate and affectionate character. The third great sorrow of his life came upon him in 1837, in the death, at the age of twenty-one, of his eldest son, François, a young man of great promise and amiable character. Those who saw it never afterward forgot the face of the father when following his son's coffin to its last home, and he never again quite recovered his elasticity of spirits; but his great losses seemed only to redouble his appreciation of the

household treasures left to him, and, aided by his excellent mother, he watched over every phase of his children's growth and education with unwearied assiduity. His letters to these children are liberally used in the biography, and constitute perhaps its most pleasing feature. There are at least a dozen which we should like to quote, but we must content ourselves with one or two extracts. This is from a letter to his elder daughter, Henriette:

"You are very right, my dear child; a great many good qualities are wanting in you, and I pray God to give them to you; but he bestows nothing on those who do not try to deserve his gifts. Our own efforts are not enough to make us as good as it is our duty to become. We need God's help at every instant; and whenever we do anything that is right, if we acquire some new virtue, we may be sure that God has helped us, has helped us much, and we owe infinite gratitude to him for his assistance. But it is his will that we should ourselves work out our own improvement. God bestows his help in aid of our endeavors, to reward as well as to assist them. When God created man, he made him a free and a reasonable being, that is to say, able to distinguish between right and wrong, and to choose the right. Liberty, my dear child, is the power of choosing the right; and man inherits this great power from God himself. This is what constitutes the nobility of man's nature. But as man, while he is free and reasonable, is yet very imperfect and very weak, he needs, at every moment, the goodness and grace of God to assist his weakness and to help him to struggle with his imperfections. Alas! it is a never-ending struggle.

"One of the things which I regret most bitterly, my dear child, is, that when I am so far from you I can not talk to you about all that interests you, especially when your thoughts turn upon such serious subjects. Always tell me whenever they do so; our separation would be intolerable were I not convinced that I shall know every important thought that passes through your mind, and were I not able to give you my opinion in return."

And this was written on her birthday to his second daughter, Pauline:

"My dear Pauline,—Here is another kiss today for your birthday. This day nine years ago your mother was lying in bed, near the window, in my little room, in the street La Ville-l'Evêque, very tired but very happy, and I, too, was very happy. My dear child, you can not remember your mother; but you should think often of her. We can never think enough of those who loved us so much and who are no longer with us. '*Not lost, but gone before.*' Is not this true, my dear little one?

"You are right in wishing to train your mind yourself; you can do so, for you have an excellent heart and understanding; you know quite well when you have done wrong, and you never want to vex those you love. What I advise, my dear child, is that you should not always give way to your first impulses; that you should try to put a little more equanimity into your character and temper. Life, dear, is full of contrasts, of good and evil, great joys and great sorrows, of many little troubles, and many little pleasures. If our minds were as uneven as our fortunes, we should soon be tired and broken down, and a burden to our friends and to ourselves. When you are at Trouville, you will see ships tossed by the sea, driven by winds and waves hither and thither, to the right and to the left. What would happen, dear child, if there were no pilot to steer the ship through all these oscillations and dangers? She would soon founder or fall in pieces; but the pilot governs the ship while he prays to God who governs the sea. And the ship sails on her way and generally reaches the haven. This is a type of our condition in this world; we have to govern our own inclinations while we constantly, and with a firm faith, invoke God's help and protection, and try to preserve our presence of mind, our courage, our vigilance, and our serenity, through all the difficulties, perils, and vicissitudes with which our course is beset. I hope, dear Pauline, that God will permit me to remain with you all long enough to help you during your apprenticeship to life, and to teach you how to help yourselves."

The general tone of the letters, however, was not of this monitory character. Most of them consist of those bits of narrative and description which children so delight in. This is a characteristic specimen:

"I had two adventures at Windsor. The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew Scutari, and Scutari won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

"Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we staid behind, talking for half an hour. At midnight, I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am; was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly.' And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my

memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."

The following is from a letter written to his daughter from Fontainebleau, on October 8, 1839:

"There are a great many people here; yesterday there were seventy or eighty people at dinner, drawn from every quarter of the globe. Among them I found a young Secretary of Legation, M. Dubois de Saligny, whom I appointed a few years ago, and who has just arrived from Texas. Do you know what Texas is and where it is? It is a new nation which is rising up in America, between Mexico and the United States. Its capital is a town which as yet has no existence, on the borders of Colorado; and its President, who is like a king, set off with his ministers a few weeks ago, carrying his tent and provisions, to live on the banks of the river, and build his own house. A great many years and many events must pass before he will be as well lodged as the King of France at Fontainebleau."

Guizot enjoyed the satisfaction of living to see his children grow up around him; of marrying them well and happily; of keeping them all, like a patriarch of old, under his own roof-tree; and of having troops of grandchildren clustering round his knees and making their music through his house. With his "Memoirs" published and his "Meditations upon the Christian Religion" completed, he felt that his cup of life was full. These two works were the task of his old age, which he had longed to be spared to complete; and when they were finished he said: "God has bestowed great favors upon me; he has permitted me to employ my activity, first in literature, then in politics, and, finally, in the service of religion." The national humiliations of 1870 brought on an attack of illness which nearly proved fatal; but he lived to see his country shake off the paralysis of disaster and enter anew upon her career of prosperity, and it was with resignation, if not with satisfaction, that on the 13th of September, 1874, at the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, he dropped quietly, almost unconsciously, into that sleep that knows no waking. "A few days previously, as M. Guizot was sitting in his arm-chair by the side of his desk, overpowered by mortal weakness, he said to his daughter, 'Ah, my child, how little do we know!' Then, suddenly lifting up his hands, 'However, I shall soon enter into the light!' He had now entered into the light. The perfection to which he had so long aspired at length was his."

A passage from his will must complete our outline of a character and life which, to be comprehended in their full beauty, must be contemplated in Madame de Witt's full-length portrait:

"God has given me great blessings, great trials, and again great blessings. He bestowed upon me the matchless favor of living in the very closest intimacy with minds and hearts of the highest distinction. My dearest relations satisfied my most ambitious desires. And these treasures were twice withdrawn in my domestic life. God gave and took away the greatest happiness that this world can afford. He took away from me an excellent and charming son who had just attained manhood. He has not allowed many cherished friendships to accompany me to the grave. He permitted the fall of the political edifice to which I devoted the labor of my life and attached the glory of my name. After so many and such grievous losses God still left me a large share of happiness. My children have been the charm of my old age. I thank them for their affection for me and for their union among themselves. I earnestly pray them to remain always as united when I am gone as they have been while gathered round me. They will find, in family union, sources of happiness and strength which will support them beyond their expectations in the trials of life."

LOVE'S HERALDS.

THERE is no summer ere the swallows come;
Nor love appears
Till Hope, Love's light-winged herald, lifts the gloom
Of years.

There is no summer left when swallows fly;
And Love at last—
When Hopes, which filled its heaven, droop and die—
Is past.

F. W. B.

SOME CURRENT NOVELS.

IT was remarked long ago by Burke that you can not draw an indictment against a whole nation; and for the same reason—because, however generalized and comprehensive the accusation may be, there will necessarily be some who are exceptions and many who are innocent—summary general judgments, based on supposed differences of race and nationality, are almost sure to be inexact and misleading. Even Macaulay's schoolboy was doubtless aware that the mutual misconceptions of Englishmen and Frenchmen constituted one of the most prominent and influential factors in the post-mediæval history of Europe; and by fanatics on either side the two people were supposed to be as sharply contrasted with one another as the ancient Greek with the ancient barbarian. Yet with increased intercourse and wider knowledge this suppositious contrast has vanished; and now so competent and experienced an observer as Mr. Hamerton assures us that there is a greater difference between certain characteristic types of Englishmen than between the average Englishman and the average Frenchman, that, instead of Frenchmen being destitute (as we have been often told) of "the idea of home," their domestic life furnishes a model to which their insular neighbors have not yet attained, and that the Parisian gayety of disposition is very delusive evidence of a national frivolity of mind.

It must be said, however, that if these reciprocal fallacies have been in a measure dispossessed from the arena of politics and society, they still dominate the general judgments of the two peoples in regard to their respective literatures. If M. Taine firmly believes that the brutality of the primitive Angles and the gloom of the English climate permeate and darken the whole stream of English literature, the Englishman on his part considers French literature to be a sort of type and example of all that is frivolous, artificial, and wicked. More particularly in the domain of fiction does this sturdy Saxon prejudice assert itself; and while maintaining an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward the pruriencies of Ouida and the audacities of Miss Broughton, few Englishmen would hesitate to declare that "French novels" are inherently, inevitably, and invariably demoralizing.

How deep-seated and obstinate this conviction is will be appreciated when we consider the amount of evidence in refutation of it that has been furnished by recent French writers. If we confine our attention to the performances of Zola or of Alexandre Dumas the younger, the opinion might seem to be justified; but, on the other hand, the average of current English fiction is far more objectionable on the moral side than the historical romances of Erckmann-Chatrian, or the powerfully dramatic stories of Cherbuliez, or the real life-pictures of Daudet, to say nothing of the tender and dainty idyls of André Theuriet; and now M. About, turning aside for the moment from such ingenious conceits as "The Notary's Nose" and "The Man with the Broken Ear," has achieved a conspicuous success in the distinctively English-American domain of didactic fiction.

"The Story of an Honest Man"* is as unmistakably "a novel with a purpose" as any production of the Puritan spirit in either England or America, and, if its readers are not improved by a perusal of it, it will be from no fault of intention or effort on the part of the author. Finding that his countrymen are being drawn away more and more from the simple ideals and homely virtues of their forefathers, M. About endeavors to provide them with truer standards and safer guides for the conduct of life; to show them that the highest nobility and elevation of character can be combined with the contented performance of duty in the humblest stations; to win their adherence to the humane and inspiring doctrine that mutual helpfulness, not selfish competition, is the law of a healthy social development; to make them, in short, better Frenchmen and better men. No experienced novel-reader is unfamiliar with this species of story, and in general they constitute the pitfalls in the path of the pleasure-seeker; but "The Story of an Honest Man" differs widely from most others of its kind in the art of its arrangement, the skill of its execution, and the tenacity with which it maintains its hold on the interest of the reader from beginning to end. Such a story told by Mrs. Whitney or Miss Yonge would have been preachy and prosy in the last degree, and would have contained reams of exposition, exhortation, and sermonizing; but M. About has complied literally with Thoreau's advice to the makers of books to "leave out all their dullness," and while the reader is never left in doubt that a moral is being very strongly enforced, he is never allowed to suspect that he is the victim of moralizing. The explanation is that, with the instinct of a dramatist and the art of an accomplished character-painter, M. About conveys his lessons, not

* The Story of an Honest Man. Translated from the French of Edmond About. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

by precept, but by example and illustration. We are not asked to admire patriotism as an abstract statement of principle, but are shown its nobler aspects as vividly depicted in the character and life of Grandfather Dumont; philanthropy is commended to us, not as a panacea for social ills, but as a lovable and humanizing trait in the character of a successful manufacturer; and the idea that the condition of the laboring poor can be and should be ameliorated is not propounded as a pleasing speculation, but is exemplified in the numerous perfectly feasible measures of practical reform carried out by M. Dumont in the village and factory of Courcy.

Moreover, the characters, by means of whom these lessons are imparted, are not the mere lay figures of didactic novelists, but have a genuine flesh-and-blood reality and individuality. Indeed, the atmosphere of simple, practical, everyday life that pervades the story constitutes perhaps its chief charm — the charm of illusion; while a love-story of a peculiarly arch and piquant type gives just the needed touch of romance and color. The lists of current fiction will be searched in vain for a story more wholesome, more suggestive, or more interesting than "The Story of an Honest Man"; and it is one which, with special appropriateness, may be placed in the hands of the young, as a sort of antidote for the hazy ethics, the conventional insipidities, and the false views of life, contained in the ordinary popular novel.

If M. About's story is more vivacious and lively than its title would seem to promise, "The Stillwater Tragedy"* is less exciting and dismal than the reader has probably been led to expect. Indeed, for a book which invites attention by such a title, and which starts off with a particularly realistic and thrilling account of a midnight murder, it is, as a whole, remarkably subdued, not to say tame, in tone. It would seem as if Mr. Aldrich had set out with the intention of telling a melodramatic story of the lurid type, had then been led off into the more familiar paths of the domestic love-story, and had finally reminded himself that there were some loose threads of tragedy and crime which must somehow be worked into the texture of the narrative. During the first fifty pages the great murder mystery claims our whole attention, and the various efforts at its solution enchain our breathless interest, till a tragic sort of personage appears upon the scene and announces to another, "I have found the man!"

"The proprietor of the marble-yard [to whom the announcement had been made] half rose from the desk in his agitation.

"'Who is it?' he asked beneath his breath.

"The same doubt or irresolution which had checked the workman at the threshold seemed to have taken possession of him. It was fully a moment before he gained the mastery over himself; but the mastery was complete; for he leaned forward gravely, almost coldly, and pronounced two words. A quick pallor overspread Mr. Slocum's features.

"'Good God!' he exclaimed, sinking back into the chair. 'Are you mad!'"

At this moment of intense expectation for the reader a new chapter begins, and an interlude filling nearly two hundred pages (considerably more than half the book) narrates in detail the life of the principal character up to the moment described so dramatically in the quoted passage. Long before the interlude is ended, the reader has become so interested in other matters, and particularly in the extremely pretty love-making between Richard and Margaret, that the murder has receded completely into the background of the story, and even the author, when he comes to pick up again the dropped threads of mystery and melodrama, appears to have lost the zest and animation with which he started out, and a very conventional and commonplace ending seems to reveal the fact of impaired interest or jaded invention. The general result is that two independent threads of interest run through different portions of the story, which are intended to converge upon each other, but which seldom unite and never quite blend. At the outset, we are so fascinated with the murder, that the narrative of Richard's childhood and youth seems tame and flat. Afterward, we become so interested in the characters of Richard and Margaret, and their relations to each other, that the reintroduction of the tragic element is resented almost as an interruption. The superiority in attractiveness of good character-painting over any mere narrative or incident is well exemplified by this story; and we are not surprised that one of Mr. Aldrich's readers (as we hear) has written to ask him to tell us something further about the two lovers.

Mr. Aldrich would probably say, in defense of his plot, that equally tragical elements often in real life break in upon the peaceful current of lives equally gentle and refined; but in this case the two parallel streams of narrative are not quite successfully made to flow into each other; and, from the artistic point of view, the story is nearly as unsatisfactory as a picture would be which showed the idyllic figures of Herman and Dorothea in the foreground of one of Martin's lurid and portentous visions of judgment.

Inferior in readableness, perhaps, to "The Stillwater Tragedy," but much more satisfactory as a work of constructive art, is "The Grandis-

* The Stillwater Tragedy. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

simes,"* by Mr. George W. Cable, whose "Old Creole Days" seemed to indicate that the South had at last produced a story-teller of the first rank, both for invention and executive skill. The promise of those earlier stories is amply fulfilled in "The Grandissimes," which must henceforth be assigned a high place among the few really successful historical novels that American literature can boast. It is not a book to be dawdled over on a sofa, or to be carelessly skimmed through in order to catch up here and there the luminous thread of narrative. Its canvas is so crowded with figures, and the converging lines of story are so numerous and varied, that the author seems to find some difficulty in getting under way; and at no time is the movement very rapid. There are also many characters, and incidents, and episodes, the introduction of which intercepts and diverts rather than helps forward the main current of interest. But the attentive reader soon perceives that the story is no mere delineation of certain characters, or records of a few individual lives; it is a picture of an epoch, a people, an entire social state—and a wonderfully vivid and striking picture it is. Thanks to Mr. Cable's genius, there is no period of our colonial or provincial history with which we seem to be better acquainted than with the period of Creole domination and decay in Louisiana; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for the great majority of his readers he has not simply portrayed certain familiar types of character, as most novelists content themselves with doing, but has literally created a people, an era, and a place.

Nor is it only as an historical novel that "The Grandissimes" has claims upon the attention. Nothing that has been written upon the subject of slavery is more forcible, more penetrating, more moving, or more discriminating than the treatment which it here receives at Mr. Cable's hands. Its brutal and cruel side, as illustrated in the tragic story of Bras-Coupé, has been often enough portrayed, perhaps; but the more subtile evils that flow from it, in its debasing effect upon the character of the dominant race, and especially in its fostering of the accursed and inhuman spirit of caste, have never, we think, been so searchingly and so graphically pointed out. It is no trivial vindication of the terrible catastrophe of the civil war that, after an interval of less than twenty years, a Southern writer is found dealing with the slavery question in a manner so bold and so humane as Mr. Cable has done in "The Grandissimes."

Recurring for a moment to the more special features of the story, we may say that, as in "Old Creole Days," the author's aptitude for character-drawing is shown rather in his women than in his men. His ladies are always charming; but the most bewitching of them all is here, and no reader of sensibility but will be utterly in love with the widow Nancanou before the book is ended.

The task of the critic is comparatively easy when, as in the case of "The Grandissimes," he has little but praise to accord, and it is easier still, perhaps, when blame is all that is demanded of him; his real difficulty comes when neither qualified praise nor unqualified fault-finding will quite answer the requirements of justice, and such a case is presented by "Salvage."* The story starts off with a spirit and vivacity which make the reader feel that he has picked up a prize in that novel-reading lottery in which there are so many blanks. He is led to expect a vivid delineation of that interesting aspect which English society presents to the cultivated and successful American; and, just as its outlines and background appear to have been adjusted, he is whisked off to a narrow circle of shipboard life, with conventional people, conventional incidents, and the conventional catastrophe of a shipwreck. This, of course, would be, in itself, no legitimate subject for fault-finding; an author has the right to select his theme and mode of treatment; and the "situation" that constitutes the main feature of the plot of "Salvage" is, on the whole, finely conceived. But the incredulity of the reader is challenged, almost at the beginning, by a series of coincidences which violate the propriety of nature, which are wholly unnecessary to the accomplishment of the author's purpose, and which have not even the poor excuse of plausibility. The moment the reader finds a group of people so connected with each other brought together on shipboard under such peculiar conditions, he loses faith in their reality and *vraisemblance*, and the *dramatis personæ* are degraded in his estimation to the level of marionettes. Another mistake which shakes the confidence of the reader is, that the different periods in the careers of the several leading characters are not made to harmonize with each other. One feels instinctively that a girl, who could develop into such a woman as Mrs. Wolcott is represented to be, could not, in a great crisis of her life, have been so flippant and callous; and it lowers indefinitely our estimate of Colonel Wolcott, to find that he has ever allowed himself to entertain a serious passion for a woman who could afterward become such a vulgar hoyden as Mrs. Tontine. No doubt characters change, and change greatly; but the change is one of development, not of

* The Grandissimes. A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Salvage. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

transformation: and this is one of those "truths of nature" which novelists must keep in mind as well as biographers. Moreover, the story is inadequate for the moral which it was written to enforce. The aim of the author was to show the abominableness of any attempt to correct the mistakes of marriage by divorce, separation, and the like; but the case which she has chosen for illustration is one which presents absolutely no difficulty save that which comes from a transient misconception. Suppose Colonel Wolcott had been successful in his youthful wooing of her who afterward became Mrs. Tontine. What then?

It is probable that the defects of "Salvage" are mainly due to lack of practice and experience on the part of the author; but a similar excuse can not be found for the faults of Mr. Black's "White Wings: A Yachting Romance."* Indeed, the faults of "White Wings" are precisely the faults of the veteran and prolific novelist—an ease which runs off into carelessness, a fluency which almost continually drops into the redundant, as Mr. Wegg dropped into poetry, and a growing tendency to repetition of characters and monotony of incident. Several of the leading characters of "White Wings" have already figured prominently in two or three of Mr. Black's previous novels; but the story itself is both less and more than a "continuation"—it is simply "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" transferred from the land to the sea. The resemblance, indeed, approaches almost to identity. The group of characters and the relations between them are the same; the *dramatis personæ* are the same, though some appear with another name and visage; the mode of managing the narrative is the same; and the descriptions, instead of dealing with landscape, depict the wild coast scenery of western Scotland, while the incidents are such as they experience who go down to the sea in ships. It is a particularly bad mistake for Mr. Black thus intentionally to repeat himself, because he has not the faculty, like Mr. Trollope, of discriminating with minute precision between persons and things that are superficially alike, but essentially different. Love is always his theme, and, vary his circumstances as he will, his love-making and his lovers are always of the same pattern. The courtship of Bell and the German lieutenant in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" is duplicated in almost every variation in that of Mary Avon and Dr. Sutherland in "White Wings"; and the parts played by Queen Titania and her lord are not modified even to the degree that their long practice of the art of match-making would have led the reader to expect. The freshest and best character in the present story is that of the old Scotch laird, whose sterling qualities are but superficially disguised by a thin layer of rather grotesque eccentricities.

It should be said, however, that it is only when viewed relatively to its author's other work that "White Wings" is somewhat tedious and disappointing. The reader, who through its perusal should make Mr. Black's acquaintance for the first time, would probably pronounce it a very fresh and charming story; read as the tenth or twelfth in the list of Mr. Black's productions, we feel that he has, in homely phrase, written himself out, and should give himself a rest from the strain of invention.

Another writer who is drawing too copiously upon her resources is Miss Jessie Fothergill, whose story of "The Wellfields"* follows in less than a year upon her previous story of "Probation," which in turn was scarcely a year behind "The First Violin." Neither of the later stories is quite equal to the first one; and the explanation, we think, is to be found in the haste and rapidity with which they must have been written. "The Wellfields," in particular, bears the marks of this haste; and the least attentive reader will notice blemishes which would certainly have been removed by either slower composition or more careful revision. For Miss Fothergill has knowledge, taste, and skill, and can easily—almost too easily—write a novel which shall far surpass the average of current fiction. In spite of its faults, for example, "The Wellfields" is a strong, dramatic, and impressive story. Its plot is well constructed and carefully adhered to, its situations are well imagined and graphically portrayed, and its theme is one of the most interesting with which a novelist can deal—the gradual deterioration of a character through misfortune, which, instead of bracing up, corrodes and weakens the sensitive fibers of moral purpose. Not often has the great truth received more impressive illustration that

> "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

The retribution that a man's own conduct brings upon himself is the real retribution, and the reader's sense of this will seldom be more intense and vivid than after finishing the story of Jerome Wellfield. The worst fault of the story, aside from those we have mentioned as due to haste and carelessness, is the author's constant habit of using German idioms and phrases. No doubt there are technical meanings and psychological

* White Wings: A Yachting Romance. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* The Wellfields. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

states which may be most adequately expressed in German; but what does an English writer gain by using the word *sonnenuntergang* instead of sunset?

An author who never allows herself to be betrayed into crude or hasty work is Mrs. L. B. Walford, and her "Troublesome Daughters"* is as piquant, as polished, and as delicately humorous as even "Mr. Smith." The only objection that the reader will be likely to make to it is that it is too long, and his sense of this will be obtrusive only during the middle third of the somewhat stout volume; the first and the last portions are so truly charming that no one will be inclined to pause in order to look after defects. To our mind, there is no one who quite equals Mrs. Walford in the vivacity and vigor with which she paints the life of what we may call the upper ranks of middle-class English society; and her pictures have a truth-seeming quality which convinces us at once of their authenticity. The modesty of nature is so seldom overstepped in her books, that the device by which, in the present story, the lovers are separated and tortured, seems a little unworthy of her art.

Unworthy of the author's art for quite another reason is "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl,"† a notice of which at this time will probably have the air of being belated, but which is too good to be omitted from even the briefest and most select list of current fiction. It is a picture of the life of ultra-fashionable society, by one who quite evidently knows it well; and nothing of the kind comparable to it for excellence has been produced in this country since Mr. Curtis's "Potiphar Papers," which, indeed, it surpasses, as a finished and carefully elaborated picture surpasses a series of rapid outline sketches. Nevertheless, in spite of its excellence, its piquancy, its readableness, and its pungency, we can not avoid the feeling that it is beneath the level of Mr. Grant's powers. One who possesses so keen an eye for character, and such marked dramatic faculty, should address himself to more serious work than breaking social butterflies upon the wheels of satire.

Since Mr. Habberton has never given us evidence of ability to do anything better, he is employed appropriately enough, perhaps, in writing the history of "The Worst Boy in Town."* If any one can imagine Budge or Toddie, the heroes of "Helen's Babies," grown up to that period of life when boys are the natural enemies of peace-loving mankind, he will have a fair idea of what "The Worst Boy in Town" is and does; and to those who enjoy "funny stories," no matter how widely they depart from nature and probability, the book will doubtless prove a highly entertaining one. Admirers of "Helen's Babies," for example, will find this book just as good and just as amusing. For the benefit of those, however, who, without knowing precisely why, doubt the value of the product, we may suggest that, while no single performance of Jack's is impossible, taken by itself, yet to bring them all together as a record of the life even of a very mischievous boy is about as rational and truthful as it would be in describing, say, the climate of California, to confine our attention to the thunderstorms which, in many localities, occur at intervals of about a year.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

THERE are villages in the Dales and elsewhere in the north of England whose inhabitants are remarkable for the untutored character of their minds and the simplicity of their lives. Mostly excluded from the busy walks of life, seldom seeing any but their own neighbors, and reading little besides the Bible and a few elementary religious books, they are as different from their like in towns and cities as can be. For the most part they are a quiet, orderly, and industrious class of people, enjoying every essential of life with many of its comforts. And, not being exposed to temptations such as are common to those who live in more populous places, few are given to intemperance, or to the frivolities and pleasures which characterize the latter.

My object in writing this paper is to illustrate certain phases of life peculiar to these northern rural districts. No one can long mingle with his

* Troublesome Daughters. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. A Story of Fashionable Life. Edited by Robert Grant. With Vignette Illustrations by L. S. Ipsen. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

* The Worst Boy in Town. By the author of "Helen's Babies." Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

country brethren without seeing that, while they are generally given to the love of money, they are remarkable for hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not uncommon to find many tillers of the soil so fond of hard cash as to feel it a hardship to part with sixpence for almost any kind of benevolent enterprise; yet they begrudge not a hearty meal to any who may call; and I have seen the tables of such groan beneath the good things of this life, to the best and most of which you were made heartily welcome. And, at any hour of the day or of the night, they or theirs were ever ready to give a helping hand in any work either of need or mercy that might present itself.

Though not deficient in good sense, yet their ignorance of the ways of the world, especially of the tricks which are often played on the unwary, exposes them to the artful ways of the designing. A woman in one of the many obscure villages in the northern Dales had the misfortune to lose her husband by death; but she was consoled by being told by her minister that he had gone to be better off in Paradise, where in time she would rejoin him. Now, it is well known that in the coal-mining districts of Durham and Northumberland fine names are at times given to some newly formed settlements. One such was designated "Paradise." Well, it happened that a hawker of some kind, living in that village, found his way in his peregrinations to this poor woman's house, where he offered his wares for sale. While conversing with this man, the widow got to know that he came from Paradise, which was his home. "Why," said she, starting to her feet and looking earnestly at her visitor, "that's wheere ma good man hes gone ta live: happen ye knaw him?"

Now, whether the hawker saw a chance of enriching himself at the poor body's expense, or that he was leading her on, at first for the fun of the thing, I know not; but true it is that he told her that he saw her husband when he entered the village; "and," said he in reply to her eager inquiries, "he was well and all but happy when I left; but if I could take him a little of something, he would be perfectly content with his lot."

The consequence of this was that the hawker left the poor woman's cottage considerably richer in money and in apparel than when he entered it; she actually believing that what she gave the man would find its way to her husband and heighten his happiness. This may not be credited by many; but the incident really occurred not over thirty years since. I believe, however, that the hawker was made to disgorge most of his spoil, the police having heard of the case.

I was well acquainted with a woman, the wife of a farmer, who resided in an obscure hamlet among the hills. She had lived till beyond mature life before she married, and had saved during her life of domestic servitude nearly two hundred pounds. Most of this sum she had out at interest when she married. One day a female gypsy entered her house in her husband's absence, and, telling her that a fortune had been left her years ago by a relative, and that the money was then in the national funds, only awaiting certain acts which she (the gypsy) could easily perform in order that it might become hers, an arrangement was entered into at once for the getting of the fortune, one requirement, however, being absolute secrecy. Acting on the vixen's instructions, the woman called in one hundred pounds of her investments, and had the money in "golden sovereigns" when the gypsy called again.

"Now," said the hag, "this money must be put into a *blue* stocking; it must be tied up, and hung on a nail in the kitchen here, and there it must remain for fourteen days, when I will call again, and the fortune will be yours."

A blue stocking was fetched; the money was put therein, and it—or rather another stocking of the like color, brought in the gypsy's basket, and dexterously exchanged for the other—was hung up as described; and away went the gypsy. That same night the tents of the Bohemians were struck, to be planted fifty or more miles away. Need I say that when the stocking was taken down, instead of revealing the hundred gold sovereigns, a number of round pieces of lead appalled the gaze of the deluded one!

Some young men are possessed of a shrewdness not expected in them when judged by their appearance. The writer was once on a journey among the Dales. The morning was frosty. As he went along a highway, he was overtaken by a big, burly, half-witted-looking lad on the back of a pony, which was fearfully affected in its lungs, as its loud wheezing testified.

"Your pony is short of breath, my lad, this morning," said the writer.

"Duv yo think soa? Naa; aw think it's getten ower mitch, an' can't git shut on't."

And away trotted the pony, with its philosophic rider, leaving the writer to his reflections.

In these villages Methodist "revivals" are common. A young farm-servant had been "brought in" in one of them, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he was heard at times praying aloud in the barn. On one such occasion a man stopped to listen. With vehemence the lad was saying, "O Lord, send the divil aat ov aar village wi' twa hats."

"What does the lad mean?" said the listener to himself.

The meaning at length became plain. It was the custom of farm-servants, when they left their places to return after a holiday, not to take with them more than the hat they wore; but, when they left for good, the sign thereof was an extra hat in the hand. So the zeal of this young convert led him to ask that his satanic majesty might be sent away from among them, not to return—that is, that he might go "with twa hats."

An instance of an inventive genius in an illiterate farmer's boy is too good to be forgotten. A small farmer hired a youth to assist him in the work of his farm as an indoor servant. The first piece of work he was set to do was to thresh out some corn. As the farmer was passing the barn in which the youth was at work, he heard the flail lazily keeping time to a tune the lad was singing. Stopping to listen, he ascertained that the words were, "Bread-and-cheese, tak' thy ease."

Going into the house, the farmer said to his wife: "This is a queer sort of lad we have gotten; he seems to think that the speed at which he ought to work should be measured by the kind of food he gets." And then relating what he had heard, he suggested, "Suppose we give him something different to dinner to-morrow, and see how that acts?"

This being agreed to, he had apple-pie added to his bread-and-cheese. This brought down his flail somewhat more rapidly, for it was going to the speed wherewith the lad sang "Apple-pie according-ly."

"Bob's doing a bit better to-day, lass," said the farmer to his wife; "let us mend his dinner again to-morrow, and see what that will bring forth."

So, when the next dinner-time came round, he had a good plate of beef and pudding set before him, which went down right grandly, and brought the flail into splendid action to the words, "Beef and puddin', I'll gi'e thee a drubbin'," and to a jolly good tune.

"I see plainly," said the farmer, "if we wish to get good work out of Bob, we must feed him well"; so Bob had his bill of fare improved without having recourse to a strike.

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and wherein the introduction of manufactures has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farmhouse on a hillside where the good things of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After a while, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud, "What at ta *lateing?*" [seeking].

"I's lateing me shift," was the girl's reply, snappishly.

"Ugh! thaa needn't late it ony langer," said the mother, with perfect composure; "for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't ta boil t' puddin' in."

"I could not refrain from laughing outright," said my informant; "and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact."

Before the passing of the Ballot Act, an election often gave "free and independent electors" no small amount of anxiety, especially if their landlord was of a different political creed from his tenants. But I knew an instance of another kind. A large estate in the district about which I write was owned by a peer of the realm, who seemed to guide his political action more by the candidates in the field than by principle; for the tenants did not know how they would have to vote until the steward made known his lordship's will. So these sixty or seventy possessors of the franchise never suffered electioneering excitements to come near them until the day of the poll, when, having received a circular the day previously to say that "the Right Hon. Lord So-and-so wishes you to support Mr. So-and-so, and his lordship will be pleased if you can arrange to go to the poll in a body," they dressed in their best, and drove, with most serene and contented countenances, to the town in which the polling-booth was situated.

One man there was who farmed under two landlords of diverse political creeds. During my residence in the Dales there chanced to be an election for the division in which this worthy lived. Walking out with him one morning just before the day of election, I asked him if he had made up his mind as to the giving of his vote.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; and then, without waiting for another question, he said: "I got a papper first fra th' General axing me to vote yellow. Of coorse I said 'I will.' Th' next day theere com' a papper fra Maister Green, my uther landlord, axing me to vote blue. 'Of coorse I will,' was my reply."

"What! do you mean to vote both ways, Mr. Claypole?"

"Sure-ly," was the prompt reply; and then he added: "Dun yo think as I would vex owther o' my landlords for the sake o' politics? Noa,

noa; not soa. I knaws better nor that. I've written 'em boath to say, 'I'll do as ye desire me'; so nowther on 'em can say as I've gone contrairy to his wishes."

This Mr. Claypole was proverbial for his avarice, though he kept a capital table; but then most of what was served thereon was grown on his farms. It was therefore not a little surprising to the writer when the old gentleman said to him one day, as they were slowly walking through one of his fields: "I breeds about fower dozen geease ivery year; but I doesn't sell yan; I either eats or gies 'em all away." Seeing that my look was an incredulous one, he promptly added: "But mind! aw taks varry good care wheere aw gies 'em"; then looking me steadily and earnestly in the face, he said, with perfect *sang-froid*, compressing his lips and nodding at the close of the utterance, "Aw gi'es a goois wheere aw believes aw sall git a turkey."

"Exactly!" was my response.

The writer happened to be present at a preaching service which was held in Claypole's kitchen one work-day evening. His better-half was an earnest member of a Methodist body, and was vastly more liberal than her husband, who, however, kept her bare of money, so that it was with much difficulty that she could keep up her subscriptions to the "cause." There was to be a collection on this occasion, and it had been a subject of contention beforehand how much each of them should give. Claypole said he would not give more than a few coppers; but Mrs. Claypole said she would give a shilling, "that she would," which she had managed to save somehow. "You mun dew nowt ov th' kind," was the imperious order of her liege lord. As the collector neared the person of Mrs. Claypole, the old man's eyes were fixed upon her with a steady and earnest gaze, believing that he would thereby frighten her into compliance with his wish. Mrs. Claypole saw the movement and quailed beneath the stare. But, waxing bold as the crisis came near, she clutched the shilling between her thumb and forefinger, and holding it up before his steady, forbidding look she said, loud enough for all to hear, "It's gangin', see thee!" and down it dropped into the hat that did service as a collecting-box. I need not add that the poor woman had a bad time of it that night.

Upon the whole, there is much to reconcile one to a residence in these out-of-the-way places. The people generally are clean both in their persons and houses, and there is a solid comfort which can not be found so prevalent among their kind in large places; and their kindness endears them to us. Their simplicity and credulity may now and again bring upon them certain pains and penalties, but for the most part they only result in harmless mirth. The iron-road is beginning to penetrate these regions, and this will ere long be the means of greatly altering the character of the people; for, when able to mingle with persons of a different mental caliber, and when made familiar with the vigor and acuteness of their more instructed brethren, they themselves will be inoculated with similar influences, and thus become incapable of declaring, as did an old lady when taken for the first time to the top of a neighboring hill: "Hay! I didna think th' warld wor soa big!"

Chambers's Journal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[*On the Lawn on a Summer Afternoon.*]

B. (*Throwing down a magazine.*) Really, Macbeth's "nothing is but what is not" applies to critical canons more than to anything else. Everything escapes, eludes, vanishes, is transformed under the Protean changes of critical dogmas. Does anybody agree, for instance, as to what art is or what it should be? It is spiritual insight, says one; it is pure sensuousness, utters another; it is a story told to the eye, affirms a third; it is not a story at all, but a scheme of color, declares a fourth; it is a dream on canvas or in marble, says a fifth; it is the simple truth of nature, asserts some one else; it is creation; it is selecting and combining; it is technical skill plus imagination; it is joining or putting together with or without imagination; it is—well, it seems to be whatever anybody may ingeniously suppose it to be.

J. Art, of course, is scientifically undefinable, just as wit and humor and other abstract qualities are. It is conceded now, however, that true art is not imitation, but creation; that it begins where imagination begins; that it is evinced by something which the artist puts into his picture from the depths of his own soul, by the beauty evolved from himself and infused into his work.

B. Yes, I know. Art is not art unless it gets its head in the clouds, until it ceases to be something measurable and comprehensible, and loses itself in a mist. This is the dogma of the new æsthetic and

ecstatic school. Giving the school all the respect that by the utmost stretch is its due, all that can be said is that this is the definition of sensuous imaginative art. I say sensuous imaginative, for all this transcendental art is, at bottom, of the earth, earthy —it is ultra-sensuous, an intoxication of color and form. A definition of art that embraces only a part of the facts, that excludes nineteen twentieths of the things that are commonly included in art, is certainly as arbitrary as it is inadequate. There are imaginative art, graphic art, picturesque art, decorative art, and the average man has no difficulty whatever in determining what things belong to art and what do not. It is only when a mind of unscientific training feels called upon to define that confusion ensues. And this confusion arises mainly from confounding qualities of *degree* with *kind*. We see the same thing in regard to poetry. There are people who insist that poetry means something exalted, whereas it only means a definite form of literary expression. It is not imagination, nor imagery, nor beauty, that distinguishes poetry from prose, but simply metrical arrangement. In the same way it is not imagination, nor mystery, nor spirituality, nor exaltation of any kind that makes art, for these things relate only to degree and quality, to certain phases of art. Art begins at the beginning; it is in the rude sculpture of the Egyptian or the Aztec, in the tentative and often grotesque efforts of the earliest painters, in the crude sketch of the novice.

J. But art assuredly must mean performance, and not mere attempt at performance. It must have some significance, some thought, some appeal to the higher feelings. It must reveal to us forms of beauty, and awaken in us spiritual pleasure. If your idea is pushed to the extreme, it must include every form of mere mechanical execution, every piece of unimaginative literalism, every form of feeble manipulation. No one will assent to your judgment. Art begins this side of mechanism, and this side of every form of literalism; its essential quality is—

B. What? That is the whole question. If we can find the essential quality of art, the indisputable something the presence of which can be detected, we shall have a definition of art.

J. Is it not beauty?

B. Beauty covers a vast field in art, and we often hear it declared to be its real purpose. The real purpose of art is not so easily ascertained. That beauty is not the essential quality of art is evident from the fact that very ugly scenes in nature have been painted with such vigor and skill as to fairly captivate the beholder. Some of the French landscapists will fascinate you with a marsh, a few stunted, deformed trees, and a sky. A symmetrical tree gives us the lines of beauty, but there isn't an artist anywhere that wouldn't prefer twisted, misshapen trees to symmetrical ones. There is more character in them, he will say. But yet character does not make art. Some artists with us seem fairly to detest beauty. They wish to be bold, strong, virile; and they appear to delight in ugliness. The impressionists think themselves preëminently artists, yet their claims to art lie in the exclusion of form, of color, of meaning, and of every suggestion of beauty—as beauty is commonly understood. No; beauty is only one factor in art. Art may awaken sensations of awe or of sympathy; it may be weird, gaunt, grotesque, and melancholy; it may deal with storm, turbulence, anger, passion, death. It has, in fact, the whole field of expression, and is as catholic as life and the world.

J. I do not dispute its range of expression, although art continually makes excursions into fields where it does not legitimately belong. But, while the range of expression may be wide, the range of performance has its limits. Not every one who says "I am an artist" really reaches to art.

B. To worthy art, I grant. But I wish to scrutinize this notion that art begins somewhere with the beginning of the ideal. When I turn over an artist's portfolios I find scores of sketches—now the trunk of a tree, now a head or figure, now a mass of rocks, now a study of a ruin, now a bit of coast. Are these things not art? Meissonier once, when dining, caught up a burnt match and, half forgetfully, began drawing a figure on the tablecloth. The host quietly thrust other burnt matches in his way; and so spirited was the figure drawn in this spontaneous way that the delighted host afterward had the cloth framed. Was not this sketch art? Are not Détaille's single military figures art? Are not Tenniel's cartoons and Du Maurier's capital social sketches in "Punch" to be considered as art? Is not an etching by Haden or Unger art? Is not an Etruscan vase, a piece of majolica ware, an old bit of *repoussé* silver-work, a piece of carving by Gibbons, art? Come, where will you draw the line?

J. By a cheap license of speech, art covers almost everything that people desire to make it cover. There are artistic tailors and artistic boot-makers, you know. A term that is made to mean everything soon ceases to mean anything. I must insist upon it that art, in its fullness and completeness, means imaginative and creative putting together. I have no inclination to consider the innumerable idle things that borrow its name.

B. In one sense you are right. There is imaginative work in all genuine art, but it is that power of imagination which enables one to see things as they are, and grasp all the facts. Realism is absolutely a very high order of imagination. Look, now, at yonder group of trees, with tints just glinting their upper branches as presage of the coming sunset. You will say, perhaps, that copying those trees would be mechanical and not art work. And yet, to copy them as they are, to catch their grace, their form, their lines, their tints, their play of light and shade, their hundred vivid characteristics, could never be done by a cold, mechanical mind. To paint those trees the artist must penetrate them, appropriate them, master them. The forces within him must stir, his mind must awaken, his eye be full of alertness, his soul open itself to their unspeakable fascinations, his whole being glow with a sense of their wonders. And I tell you that there is not a rock, a

tree, a branch, a flower, a hill-side, a sweep of wave, a play of light, a touch of color, that, if reproduced with all its expression in form and tint, would not delight you. The painter need not draw upon his imagination by an atom. The thing itself, if it is the whole, true, full thing, is enough. And observe, all cold or mechanical copying never gets within a hundred degrees of the real facts. Do you think that it would be mere mechanism, mere deftness of hand, to draw the horse in the meadow beyond us? Mere deftness would give you nothing more than a wooden horse. It takes the very highest skill to give the lines, the sense of power, the truth of motion, the real life of the animal—and it has never yet been done by any one whose pencil was not guided by imaginative force. So you see there *is* imagination in art; not the imagination that certain writers mean, not the dreaming that strives for the light that never was on sea or land, but the immense force and susceptibility that master and possess the light that is on sea and land.

J. This is making realism a branch of imagination, facts as potent as poetry, things that are as exalted as things that we dream.

B. For my part, I haven't the slightest objection to people seeing visions, but prefer that they should begin by seeing facts. The sculptor who translates all the thousand expressions that exist in the human figure will rival the Greek Phidias; the landscapist who possesses himself with all the facts of nature will outdo all his competitors. I point again to my group of trees; who will come and paint them?—not feebly and vaguely, but reproduce them in all their splendor. Who will do it? You would find a hundred idealists to one with perceptions and hand vigorous enough for the task. As for a definition of art—let us say that art *is form, or form and color so combined or expressed as to awaken sensations of pleasure.*

J. I do not think this will do. Vulgar form or color may, for instance, awaken sensations of pleasure in vulgar minds, and very good form or color fails to impress stupid and insensible minds.

B. I am well aware that it is not a perfect or complete definition, such a definition as would enable one always, by applying it, to determine whether any given performance is art or not. It would be impossible, moreover, to define art so as to enlighten vulgar or stupid minds. But it is a definition that covers a tolerably wide range of conditions, and it is one which, if accepted, would stop a good deal of current nonsense—the nonsense that sets up a set of narrow dogmas and aims to turn out of the pale everybody's ideas and performances that do not coincide with them. It permits the ideal and includes the graphic; it recognizes pretty nearly the whole range of work usually characterized as art.

J. Have you not said that art deals with awe, sympathy, turbulence, passion, and death?

B. These may be its themes; but form and color are the media through which these things are expressed, and determine the art-character of the work—sometimes too much so, for the conception of an event is often overlooked by artists in considering exclusively the technical treatment. However, if you do not like my definition, I hope you will try and frame a better one.

THE theatrical season opened this year with two new comedies by American authors. "An American Girl," by Miss Anna Dickinson, and "Our First Families," by Mr. Edgar Fawcett. Miss Dickinson's play labored under the disadvantage of being, with two exceptions, very badly acted. Miss Davenport appeared as the heroine; and gave an effective and charming personation; and the part of the hero was neatly filled by Mr. Lee. The other people did not even know how to talk—knowing how to talk, however, is no slight accomplishment in an actor—and failed to make themselves heard or understood. It would be impossible for Miss Dickinson not to be vivacious and vigorous; not to write pointed sentences; not to be epigrammatic and strong. The literary part of her performance was, consequently, as was sure to be the case, very good. Throughout, the dialogue was either sparkling and pungent or vigorous and direct. But she had no story to tell worth telling, and she let talk take too much the place of action. The American girl here depicted is a brilliant, vivacious young woman, the daughter of a rich banker. The banker fails, is struck down by a paralytic stroke; the daughter evinces her devotion to her parent; goes on the stage to make money, and is brilliantly successful; and then her hand is demanded in marriage by the villain of the play under penalty of certain exposures which will bring dishonor upon her father, and which only this marriage or a large sum of money can avert. This incident is so amazingly old and stale that it is really astonishing that Miss Dickinson could have consented to make use of it. There are two or three scenes in the latter part of the play that are dramatic and really very good; and these indicate that Miss Dickinson can write a thoroughly good play if she will work at it until it meets all the needs of the stage. But she must never again expect to hold the attention of an audience with such acts as the first and second of this play. It is doubtful whether the dialogue of this portion, good as it is, would suffice even in the hands of a competent company, while in the hands in which it fell it was hopelessly tedious.

Mr. Fawcett's "Our First Families" is more amusing than "An American Girl," but is beneath it in literary quality; and, being well cast, all the possibilities of the scenes were brought out by the actors. The critics generally united in pronouncing the play farcical, and it is impossible not to concede the justice of this judgment. The close of the second act—where two of the characters fall into the water and are fished up by fishing-lines and held suspended in the air—is even lower than farce, belonging rather to the domain of pantomime; for even farce does not accept physical antics as legiti-

mate humor. The play, however, has several very pleasing scenes, and satirizes with some point our old Knickerbocker families, giving two fairly good portraits of the *ancien régime*. Its local touches were much relished.

On the first night of the performance, which was also the opening night of the theatre for the season, a prologue by Mr. Fawcett was read by Miss Fanny Morant. This revival of an old and once pleasant custom was scarcely a success. The critics have declared the prologue dull, and the delivery by Miss Morant excellent; but, we'll stand to it, it was the prologue that was excellent and the delivery that was dull! Miss Morant is undoubtedly an accomplished elocutionist, but in this instance she displayed a little too much of her art. She spoke with good accent and correct emphasis; she brought out all the meaning of the lines; and she gave two or three very good bits of mimicry; but the delivery was too formal and massive, the key-note being all wrong. Had it been delivered in a sprightly and vivacious manner, it would have been an entire success, for the lines were happily written, and in a literary sense were all that the occasion called for. The art of the prologue appears to have been lost, for above all things a preliminary address should catch the unsettled audience by its sparkle and animation. Miss Morant was finished and correct, we admit, but ponderous correctness was not what was required.

"An American Girl" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and "Our First Families" at Daly's Broadway Theatre.

In the discussion in our last number between a "skeptic" and a "believer" on infinitesimal doses, it was discovered, it will be remembered, that a drop of mother-tincture put through thirty decimal dilutions, would require for the purpose the contents of nearly sixteen quadrillion reservoirs of the capacity of that in Central Park. Inasmuch as it is simply impossible for the human mind to grasp a number so large as this, it would have been well had an effort been made to express the amount of liquid required in larger bulks with fewer numerals. One of the speakers asks if there can "be so much fresh water on the continent," which is proof of the little idea he entertained of the amount of water that such a number of reservoirs would contain. Let us see what can be done to make more obvious what those figures really mean. We do not know the area of the Central Park reservoir, but by consulting the map we find that it is half a mile in extent in one direction, a little less in the other, and that it tapers somewhat toward one end. If we estimate, therefore, that a square mile would contain five such reservoirs, we are pretty close to the facts—sufficiently so for our present purpose. The geographers estimate the entire surface of the world to be about two hundred millions of square miles. The surface of the world is then capable of containing one billion of our reservoirs. But we want space for 15,873,015,873,015,873 reservoirs; and to hold this number it will be found that we should absolutely require 15,873,015 worlds, and a fraction!

The Croton Reservoir, however, is comparatively shallow, perhaps not more than fifty or sixty feet deep—let us say fifty feet. Now, if we deepen our billion reservoirs standing on the surface of the globe, until they extend downward to the center, becoming, say, four thousand miles deep, which is about one half the diameter of the earth at the equator, we shall increase their capacity some four hundred and twenty-two thousand times (that is, we should do so if their area were uniformly maintained); so that, if the world were composed wholly of water, it would require, at the very least, roughly calculated, more than forty such worlds in order to obtain one nonillion drops of water—that is, to put the mother-tincture through thirty decimal dilutions. If the world were a cube instead of a sphere, a tolerably exact calculation could be given: it would then require nearly thirty-eight worlds of water; as it is, if we say forty-five, we shall understate the number, but a few worlds of water more or less are of no moment.

Now, it must be remembered that for every dilution we must multiply the preceding sum by ten. It would thus require four hundred and fifty worlds of water for the thirty-first dilution; four thousand five hundred for the thirty-second, and so on, the fortieth dilution needing four hundred and fifty billion worlds of water!! If the twenty million stars which the great telescopes reveal in the heavens were all composed of liquid, they would not nearly supply water enough, unless averaging twenty-two thousand five hundred times larger than our world, to put one drop of tincture through forty dilutions—and yet people are constantly cured by doses of the one-hundredth dilution!

Among the penalties which, according to popular report, fame of any kind is sure to exact, one of the heaviest, perhaps, is that which the successful author has to pay when the juvenile or other feeble productions which he himself has consigned to oblivion are dragged forth without his consent from their half-forgotten hiding-places, and exposed to the scorching light of his later-achieved celebrity. There are few authors, probably, even the most successful, who have not at one time or another written things which they would willingly have the public overlook; and their bitterest foe in cases of this kind is the fanatical admirer or speculating "bibliographer" who, together, are rapidly becoming one of the greatest pests of literature. The latest sufferer from this sort of posthumous pillorizing is Dickens. No other author, probably, of real genius and power, ever took a more lenient view of his own productions than Dickens, and it might fairly be inferred that anything that he chose to leave unutilized had better be left in the obscurity to which it had sunk. Not so, however, have his mercantile-minded ad-

mirers been willing to admit. Even Forster made use in his biography of every scrap of unpublished writing upon which he could lay his hands, including the foolish preface to the first edition of "American Notes," which his friends had wisely induced Dickens to suppress; and now in "The Mudfog Papers" we have a glimpse of the lowest deep which the profane eye of the curiosity-hunter can reach.

These "Papers" are described in the preface as reprinted from the early numbers of "Bentley's Miscellany," of which Dickens was editor; and it may be said in plain terms that they comprise the only genuine, downright, undisguised hack-work which their author ever compelled himself to perpetrate. Readers of Mr. Forster's biography can easily recall the circumstances under which they must have been written. The "Pickwick Papers" were drawing to a close, but were not yet completed; "Oliver Twist" was appearing month by month in the "Miscellany," and never written, as Dickens himself confessed, a day ahead of the demand for copy; "Nicholas Nickleby" had been contracted for and was in process of construction; the editorial drudgery connected with the "Miscellany" was proving more arduous than he had expected; and, worst of all, Dickens was quarreling with Mr. Bentley over the literary agreements into which he considered himself to have been unfairly inveigled. The "Papers" are the merest padding, written in fulfillment of an agreement under which Dickens had already begun to fret, and to meet the urgent demands of a position which he regarded with something like loathing. And it must be admitted that they exhibit the qualities which would naturally be expected of work produced under such conditions. They are crude, flimsy, artificial, and dull, with barely an evanescent gleam here and there of Dickens's characteristic humor. The only possible value that can be accorded them lies in the evidence which they afford that even with Dickens literary excellence was not that spontaneous, inborn gift which it has been commonly assumed to be, but that it was, as he himself so often and so earnestly assured us, the result of the most painstaking care and incessant labor.

A further objection to "The Mudfog Papers" is that, for this country at least, they do not possess even the doubtful charm of novelty. Of the six articles which the volume contains, "The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, Mayor of Mudfog," and "The Pantomime of Life," were published long ago in Peterson's edition of the Boz Sketches; while the two "Reports of the Meetings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything," and "Mr. Robert Bolton," were published as an appendix to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's well-known "Life of Dickens." This leaves only the short and slight paper, "Some Particulars concerning a Lion," which would bring ridicule upon the editor of any reputable magazine that should now give it the dignity of print. One is tempted to think that, if such compositions found ready acceptance a generation ago, the pathway of beginners in literature must have been infinitely easier than in our own more fastidious day; and, indeed, these papers throw a suggestive side-light upon several of the literary phenomena of the period in which they were produced.

We are not aware that any one has pointed out the recent marked intrusion of the peasant into French art and literature. Democratic theories and principles are no new things, but genuine democratic sympathies are a development almost of our own time; at least, both art and literature have largely held themselves aloof from phases of lowly life, and they do so even now in England to a great extent. France once politically deified the people, but that was a spasm of demagogism rather than any genuine sympathy with the lower classes; but to-day there are evidences of a new spirit there. A great deal of recent French fiction is devoted to the delineation and elevation of peasant life. George Sand, during the latter part of her life, employed rustic and the better forms of peasant life in her stories almost exclusively. Edmond About has just given us, in "The Story of an Honest Man," one of the finest pictures of sturdy, lowly life ever penned; Theuriet has written some most delightful sketches of provincial and rustic characters; and particularly in his "Young Maugars" has set upon a high place the simple virtues of peasant life; and many other French writers have caught up the idea. But Art, more conspicuously even than Literature, has opened its arms to this new thought. The painter Millet, a peasant himself, has revealed the character, the sorrows, and the struggles of the peasant to the world; he has challenged its critical attention and awakened everywhere its sympathies. We have long been familiar with the ideal peasant of the ballet, and the romantic peasant of the poets; and we have sometimes caught glimpses in history of ignorant, brutal, and starved masses; but the real peasant, just as he is, lowly but human, bent under many burdens but not without aspirations, has been effectively made known by the pencil of Millet. What the change that has come over the spirit of art in this particular betokens, we can not pretend to say. It is probably nothing more than the latest evidence of the general widening of the human horizon, of the broadening of sympathies, of the coming of that true democracy that shall make the human family all one brotherhood. But, whatever its significance may be, it is a very interesting fact to notice. Even a few decades ago art concerned itself almost solely with the historic and great. It thirsted for pomp and splendor, for great events, for heroes, for ethereal beauty, for tragic incidents; and now it is turning from these themes to paint gray skies, uncouth, humble figures, the shadow that lies on the path of the laborer. This is a change the philosophy of which may well be studied.

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A TREE IN ODENWALD.

"WHY did uncle leave the room so suddenly?" Like the young girl who asked the question, all the company turned their faces toward the door which had just closed behind the old gentleman. They seemed to attach no great importance to his going, but turned toward the piano, at which sat a young man ready to accompany the song of the others. Around him stood three young girls and a youth who was usually called Fritz, but by his parents, with justifiable pride, was frequently designated as the "Primaner." As they returned to the instrument this young man cries out:

"Well, come on now! 'There stands a tree in Odenwald'—"

"Herr von Hohnstein," interrupted one of the young ladies, "take a higher key, please. This is too low for my alto. Clara can sing the soprano, no matter how high the key."

"But really it is very strange," remarked Clara, "that uncle should hasten away the moment we propose to sing 'A Tree in Odenwald.' He did the same thing yesterday. To-day there was an expression on his face that was akin to pain."

"Oh, never mind him," said Fritz. "He is always laughing at us for singing so many sentimental songs. But come on—'There stands a tree in Odenwald'—well, am I to sing alone?"

"But you've turned over away beyond the place, Herr von Hohnstein," cried Clara, glancing at the notes. "Turn back." She did it herself, and with such haste that the leaves flew one way and the other without disclosing the song she was in search of.

"Oh, we know it by heart!" said Fritz; "but it seems we'll not be able to sing it to-day."

Herr von Hohnstein, however, looked at the little white hand that turned over the leaves so hastily before him and seemed quite willing it should continue to be so occupied. Finally the song was found.

"But perhaps you would like to do as uncle does?" suggested Clara, smiling. "Is there something in the song that is unpleasant to you also? You were with him during his recent visit to Odenwald. Did the tree make such a disagreeable impression on you too?"

"What tree?" asked Hohnstein, turning toward her.

"Why, the tree—the tree of which the song sings, of course."

"There are many trees in Odenwald—but, yes, there is one of them under which I have experienced something quite extraordinary."

Clara felt singularly moved by the tone and manner of her interlocutor, and the other two girls began to be equally attentive to what he was saying, when he turned suddenly to the piano and immediately they sang in chorus:

"Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald,
Der hat viel gruene Aest',
Da bin ich wol vieltausendmal
Mit meinem Schatz gewest.

"Es sitzet auch ein Vogel drauf,
Der singt gar wunderschoen,
Ich und mein Schatz wir hoeren drauf,
Wenn wir voruebergehn.

"Und als ich wied'rum kam zu ihr,
Verdorret war der Baum,
Ein andrer Liebster stand bei ihr,
Oder war es nur ein Traum?

"Der Baum der steht im Odenwald
Und ich bin in den Schweitz,
Da liegt der Schnee so kalt, so kalt,
Das Herze mir zerreisst."*

* There stands a tree in Odenwald with many a leafy branch bedecked. There many a thousand times I've been with my dear lady-love.

Meanwhile the uncle had passed through the hall into a room on the opposite side of the passage, where there were two men poring over a chess-board, while their wives sat with their work at the window. It was two families from North Germany, friends and relations, who had rented a cottage for the summer here on the mountain-road in Jugenheim. The mountainous neighborhood on the edge of Odenwald, which here covers the hills with luxuriant oaks and beeches, while fertile valleys wind in every direction, gives one in summer a desire to make daily excursions. A few days previous to the opening of our story these families had received a visit, which was to be for a few days only, from a gentleman named Humbert, whom all the young were justified in calling uncle. He had brought a young traveling companion with him, who, though a stranger, had quickly become an object of general interest. He was not alone indebted for his powers to please to a handsome face and figure, although these advantages, united to a perfect acquaintance with social usages, sufficiently recommended him. Though still very young, he already displayed a ripe judgment and varied accomplishments: indeed, he was in nearly every respect much in advance of most young men of his age whose opportunities have been the best. There was a mysterious something about him, however, that made itself more felt than these advantages — something that seemed to be natural and spontaneous rather than something behind which he sought to hide his real self. He was no ordinary young man, he seemed to live an inner life of his own; there was something peculiar about him which every one felt, though, perhaps, no one could have satisfactorily described. The uncle, who must have known him well, replied to questions concerning his young companion in a manner that left the inquirer as much in the dark as he had been before. It seemed that he had met Herr von Hohnstein in Heidelberg, had made a tour through Odenwald with him, and as he had found that the young man improved on acquaintance, he had prevailed on him to accompany him to Jugenheim and remain the few days he had intended to spend there. With this explanation the elders were compelled to content themselves; as for the younger members of the household they made few inquiries, but welcomed him as a desirable addition to their circle, which his varied accomplishments enabled him to materially enliven. To-day the rain kept everybody in the house, where the musical acquirements of the young people served as their chief resource.

Not long after Humbert had joined the elders, the young people came running in also.

"Uncle ran away from us when we began to sing 'The Tree in Odenwald,'" cried one of the girls. "Herr von Hohnstein also seemed to want to skip it. What is there, I should like to know, in our favorite song that is so very objectionable to the gentlemen?"

Humbert glanced at his traveling companion, who smiled significantly as he sat down beside Clara's mother, and entered into conversation. He was soon interrupted, however, by the uncle, who asked in a loud tone:

"What objection have I to the song? What are the words of the first stanza?"

Three voices hastened to repeat them to him.

"Hold!" he cried, "hold! There it is. I don't know which your song is most remarkable for, its rodomontade or its immorality."

The young people looked at one another, evidently amazed, while the two mothers seemed to be horrified at the intimation that their daughters had been singing an immoral song, though one they themselves were familiar with, and till now had looked upon as being wholly unobjectionable.

"Da bin ich wol vieltausendmal mit meinem Schatz gewest!" continued the uncle. "The number is unthinkable! The fellow who wrote this song does not talk about one or even several appointments with his lady-love; no, he boasts very foolishly of having met her many thousand times under this Odenwald tree. Let us see how long this remarkable courtship must have lasted in order that he should have met the poor girl even one thousand times. The year has three hundred and sixty-five days. Suppose, now, that they met every day, allowing neither the winter's snow nor the summer's rain to stop them, and we find that it took them two years and nine months to accomplish one thousand. But if he talks to us of two thousand, why, then he asserts that they kept up their daily meetings under the tree for five years and six months; if of three thousand times, then he says he kept the girl coming daily for eight years two months and twenty days. But the wretch goes further, and boasts, not of two or three, but of many thousand times—"

A general outburst of laughter here interrupted the speaker. The young ladies stigmatized this calculation as being simply "horrid," while the *Primaner* got out his note-book and

And on it sits a happy bird that sings in notes so clear: I and my love, we listen to 't, as we go strolling by.

But when again I came to it, all withered was the tree; another lover stood hard by, or was it but a dream?

The tree still stands in Odenwald, while I'm in Switzerland, where lies the snow so cold, so cold—my heart within me breaks.

pencil to see if the calculation was correct. The uncle, however, continued:

"But we can hardly suppose that it was possible for him to visit the tree every day, or that she was able to do so regularly either. We will allow them three meetings a week, which will make one hundred and fifty-six yearly. It will, therefore, require six years two months and four days for them to meet one thousand times; twelve years four months and eight days for them to meet two thousand times, and eighteen years six months and twelve days for them to meet three thousand times—"

Here the listeners laughed louder than ever, and protested that they would hear no more.

"Did you reckon all that up in your head, brother?" asked Clara's mother.

"Now, the fact is, that three times a week is more than we are justified in supposing they met," continued Humbert. "Let us say twice—quite enough, surely!—then to meet one thousand times they would require nine years two months and four days; two thousand times, nineteen years and two days; three thousand times, twenty-eight years two months and eighteen days. But how many years would it take the fellow to meet his sweetheart only one thousand times under their tree if we suppose that these meetings took place only in summer; that the lovers had some other trysting-place during the cold, inclement months—"

"But Uncle Humbert," cried Fritz, "on the other hand, the time may be shortened. Could they not, instead of meeting only once a day, have met two or perhaps three times a day?"

"Oh, you young sybarite!" cried the uncle. "But that is the natural transition of this song from fanfaronade to immorality. For is it anywhere stated that the fellow who wears out so much sole-leather in visiting a certain tree, because he meets there a certain young woman, ever, like an honorable man, marries the girl? By no means, but over the border to Switzerland he goes, and now the wretch pretends to be a prey to remorse, and he cries out that, 'Das Herze ihm zerreisst!' What becomes of the aged creature he has made a fool of for so many years we are not told."

"Oh, but it is not stated that he had forsaken her," interposes Fritz. "He was only away on a journey and trusted to her fidelity; but he returned, and saw, to his amazement, 'Ein andrer Liebster stand bei ihr'; and this is the reason he went to Switzerland."

"Worse and worse for the morality of the thing! This wonderful old spinster—"

But now the nieces fell upon their horrid uncle and prevented his going further by holding their hands over his mouth, while Clara's mother opened the window, and a streak of sunshine suddenly found its way through the clouds. In a few minutes the sky was quite clear, and promised pleasant weather for the rest of the day. The young people were soon ready to sally out. Humbert followed with Clara's father. The others were compelled to shun the wet paths and confined themselves to a promenade on the graveled walks of the garden.

When the others were a little distance away, Humbert took his brother-in-law's arm, and, turning into a side-path that led to the park, he said:

"Let the young people go their own way. I have a long story to tell you, and would not be interrupted. It is true that this song about the tree in Odenwald did affect me strangely just now, and for the reason that I too have a tree in Odenwald around which cluster some of the saddest recollections of my life. By jesting with the children I sought to turn their thoughts on other things, but to you I would tell the whole story, and I am all the more desirous to do so because it would perhaps be wrong to withhold it."

"You excite my curiosity," replied the brother-in-law.

"When you have heard my story to the end you will understand me. You will allow me to go somewhat into details; we have time, and my story, I am confident, will not prove altogether uninteresting:

"It is now twenty-five years since I was a student at the Heidelberg University. Even then my love for natural philosophy often separated me from my comrades. When I spent hours in an old stone-quarry hunting geological specimens in which the others could see nothing to interest them, or when I came home from an excursion with bundles of plants and weeds that were anything but ornamental, or when I went out with my pockets filled with little boxes in which to imprison specimens from the insect-world, I was made the subject of much merriment. This, however, I did not allow to disturb me or to cause me to lead the life of the recluse. I was one of a little circle in which there was no lack of joviality. About this time I made an acquaintance that was unexpected, as the young man, who was the first to make advances, belonged to a circle, the members of which, as a rule, were very reserved toward those who were untitled or did not belong to their 'corps.' He was a baron. I knew not only that his estate lay near my native town, but I had also considerable knowledge of his family affairs.

"One day I had extended my tour somewhat farther from town than usual—into the so-called 'Oden Forest'—and was crossing the Schoenauer Valley to the Neckar on my way home. Although I already had my pockets filled with

stones, I still continued to find something on my way to arrest my attention; and so absorbed did I become in examining a piece of rock I chanced upon, that I was startled when suddenly some one near me pronounced my name. The young baron, whom I will call by his Christian name Ansgar, who stood beside me, introduced himself in the most direct and unceremonious manner, and asked what I was examining so carefully. He said he had often seen me in the neighborhood before, and seemed interested in the specimens I had collected and in what I told him concerning them. Although I saw the interest he evinced in what I showed him was rather that of the polite man of the world than of the student of nature, I was nevertheless much impressed by his faultless manner and the ease and dignity of his bearing. He called attention to the fact that we were from the same part of the country, which led to our soon being in animated conversation. We walked on together. I wondered what he could be doing alone in this out-of-the-way path, and where he could be coming from, for, had he risen from the earth, it seemed to me he could not have appeared more suddenly beside me. As the last steamboat—there are now no more on the Neckar—had passed, we decided to spend the night at Neckarsteinach. We emptied one bottle after another, and, for two people who met for the first time, we became quite confidential. There was a limit on my side, however, as well as on his, that was strictly observed.

"From this time on we saw each other frequently, but our manner was always more reserved than it was on the evening of our first meeting. Ansgar visited me occasionally, when he would generally propose a walk to the castle, the old mill, or somewhere in the neighborhood. This new friendship was something my other associates could not understand. It was a mystery to them how I could spend so much time in the society of a man whose proud, repellant bearing was so notorious, whose manner of living, views, and tastes were so opposed to mine. Many things concerning Ansgar now came to my knowledge of which I had been ignorant before. I learned that he spent his money very freely, and that he was pretty deeply in debt. I had long known that his manorial estate was very heavily encumbered, and I saw indications, from time to time, that he was pecuniarily embarrassed; but he never took me so far into his confidence as to make such matters the subject of conversation. Nor did he, so far as I know, speak with any one concerning those things that most nearly affected him; he was looked upon by every one as being remarkably self-reliant and uncommunicative. All the outward forms of good-fellowship he was careful to observe, but beyond that he had never been known to go even with those of whose society he seemed most fond. As his comrades were accustomed to missing him from their usual places of resort, his frequenting my society at first attracted little attention, though many of them disapproved of it; they reckoned it with some of his other eccentricities. And indeed there was much about him that was eccentric. There was, for example, a hankering after adventure in his nature, which at times made his manner and conduct appear in strange contrast with his habitual exclusiveness. He would make assertions and express desires which were in direct opposition to his usual views and prejudices; he would go suddenly from one of his most joyous moods into one of the deepest melancholy, in which he would profess to be utterly tired of life. At first I used to laugh at him, but, finding that this generally displeased him, I came to treat his moods seriously. I discovered that his dissatisfaction with himself and the world was not due, as is so frequently the case, to early dissipation. In all his relations with the other sex he was more than ordinarily respectful, and never did I hear a cynical word from his lips. But the frequency of his moods began to weary me, and I did not hesitate to tell him so. At such moments he for a time would avoid me, we would pass each other with a simple recognition, and our friendship seemed to be at an end. It was always he who made the first advances. He would enter my room hastily, reach me his hand, beg my pardon, reproach himself, and express himself in such terms and with such unction that it was impossible not to believe in his sincerity. Nevertheless we never went about as the inseparables, as is so often the case with young men united by the ties of friendship. More or less of the time of each was given to his especial circle, and as a consequence sometimes for days we would not be seen together.

"It was about midsummer that I, with some of my fellow-students, made a somewhat extended tour through Odenwald, by way of Schoenau, to the highly picturesque neighborhood of Heiligenkreuz-Steinach. I had been compelled to promise that I would not stop to examine either stone, plant, or insect. So we walked on up hill and down dale, singing as we went, after the fashion of the sons of the Muses. My comrades found their greatest amusement in watching me, for involuntarily I would reach now to the right and now to the left whenever I saw anything that seemed to be worth examining. At such times I would be seized and forcibly relieved of my "find" amid shouts of laughter and showers of admonitions. During the enacting of such a scene, in which I tried to

defend myself, and the shouting and laughter were more than ordinarily loud, I suddenly noticed that some one who was about fifty yards ahead of us stopped and looked round. I recognized Ansgar, and hastened to overtake him. As his road was ours, I asked him to join our party. He looked back at my comrades and seemed to hesitate, but nevertheless consented and allowed me to introduce him. My companions were far from being pleased with the addition to our number, and took little pains to conceal their displeasure. The laughing and joking ceased, and but a few minutes elapsed when Ansgar and I found ourselves separated from the others and considerably in advance of them. I soon noticed that he was not in one of his most cheerful moods, and asked him if he was displeased at finding himself suddenly in the society of my companions.

"'Yes and no,' he replied. 'Your friends are neither polite nor entertaining; fortunately, it's easy getting away from them. But it's better for me, perhaps, that I should not be entirely alone."

"I looked at him inquiringly.

"'I will be more explicit,' he continued. 'I am annoyed by something I have heard from home. When I say "from home" I mean my steward. The fellow has sent me so little money—'

"'And you have spent so much!' I interrupted, 'The old story, which I have divined without your telling me.'

"'There is much truth in your divination,' said he, smiling, 'as I know by experience. But what's to be gained by indulging in regrets? you will say, and I am quite of your opinion. See how beautifully the village lies in the valley yonder. *Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald—*' He began to sing, and we quickened our pace toward the village ahead of us. I looked back for my companions. They must have been some distance behind us; I could see nothing of any of them.

"In due time Ansgar and I reached Heiligenkreuz-Steinach, where we directed our steps toward the garden of the tavern that at that time was most visited. We had hardly entered the inclosure, when around a clump of bushes came a young girl directly toward us, and with such rapidity that we both involuntarily seized hold of her. Behind her came a young man with a heavy black mustache so rapidly that he, too, came near running against us. The girl was Barbel, a waitress of the tavern, and quite a widely-known person. The young man I recognized as one of a number of Servians, who at that time prosecuted their studies at Heidelberg. Hardly had Barbel recognized us when, blushing deeply, she tore herself away from us and ran into the house, while the Servian, concealing his embarrassment as well as he could, raised his hat to us, and remarked laughingly in his broken German:

"'Only a bit of fun. The girl is as skittish as a young colt.'

"With this he indicated by his movements that he would join us; but Ansgar replied to him in his coldest tone:

"'Sir, I have not the honor to know you,' and walked on by him.

"The Servian hereupon formally introduced himself. He seemed desirous to efface the ludicrous effect of his undignified entrance on the scene. He said his name was Alexius Rudnik. He was of medium height and very dark-complexioned, with black hair and eyes; his voice was so thin and weak, and he spoke in such a soft, almost feminine tone, and had in his manner and bearing something so humble, so at variance with what one would naturally expect from a man of his physical appearance, that it was difficult to avoid feeling a certain distrust toward him. Ansgar took little pains to conceal his aversion for him. The Servian did not allow himself to be in the least disconcerted by Ansgar's manner, and remarked with a complacent smile:

"'You know the girl very well too, I think, baron?'

"I saw plainly that Ansgar found it hard to control himself.

"'Yes, I know her quite well,' he replied, 'and I think she shows her good sense in seeking to escape your boyish familiarities. However, I have no desire to occupy myself with the girl or with you either, sir.'

"A flash of the Servian's dark eyes was the only intimation that this response was distasteful; he controlled himself perfectly, and bowing low he replied with a smile, 'Nevertheless, I am much pleased, baron, to have met you.' With this he left us.

"'The puppy!' muttered Ansgar, but loud enough to be easily heard. We found seats in an unoccupied arbor near the house, and were hardly seated, when Barbel came to serve us with whatever we might desire to order.

"She was a relation of the innkeeper, an orphan, and in the house, where there was little difference between master and servant, she did a goodly share of the service. The attendance on the strangers who visited the house—for the most part sons of the Muses from Heidelberg—was left almost wholly to her, a circumstance which, with not a few, constituted the chief attraction of the house. It was the fashion among the young men of Heidelberg to speak not of

having stopped at the 'Golden Lion,' but of having paid a visit to Barbel. She was decidedly pretty, singularly graceful in all her movements, and very winning in her manner, despite a certain crudity which one would hardly have wished to see her without. She was slightly built, a little below medium height, quick in her movements and rapid in speech, and was altogether far more ladylike and self-possessed than the women of the class to which she belonged generally are. Her manner had doubtless been somewhat modified by her associations with their Heidelberg guests, although she could not have been subjected to this influence long, as she was still very young. There was an engaging artlessness in her manner that was very pleasing: she reached her hand to every one who offered his, and if he was a frequent visitor she never took it amiss if he held it a little longer or pressed it a little harder than civility absolutely demanded. Still it was well known that Barbel knew perfectly how to repel unseemly liberties, or rather how to so carry herself that they were rarely attempted—in short, Barbel was not less successful in making herself respected than in making herself beloved. I had known her longer than Ansgar, and had every reason to believe that she counted me among her friends. I had often emptied my pockets before her and spread out my collection of stones on her lap to hear her merry laugh, as she could not understand what use they all could be to me. My bundles of plants used to afford her equal amusement.

"'They wouldn't be of any use, even in the drug-shop,' she said.

"But whenever I appeared, tired, hungry, and thirsty, as I was pretty sure to be after my long rambles through the woods and fields, she would greet me with one of her sunny smiles, lament that I was compelled to endure such hardships, and then hasten to furnish me with whatever I might desire to recruit my wasted energies.

"And to-day, as usual, Barbel hastened to bring us refreshments, after which, having for the moment nothing special to do, she sat down with us in the arbor. The episode with the Servian was adverted to, but she simply remarked:

"'I should have found a way to bring him to his senses easy enough,' and turned the conversation to something else.

"So we sat undisturbed for some time, chatting familiarly—that is, Barbel and I; as for Ansgar, he seemed to be in one of his thoughtful moods, and said but little.

"Suddenly our attention was attracted by loud talking and laughter, and, looking out of the arbor, I saw my friends entering the garden —accompanied, to my surprise, by M. Alexius Rudnik. I knew that none of them had been previously acquainted with the Servian, and that he must, therefore, have introduced himself to them in order to justify his return to the garden. The sight of him seemed to affect Ansgar very unpleasantly, while Barbel, as she rose from her seat, remarked coldly:

"'There he is again!'

"The new arrivals looked our way and nodded as they entered the garden, and then, seating themselves at some distance from us, called out for some one to wait on them. At this Ansgar started up, and in an almost commanding tone said:

"'Barbel, so long as that fellow yonder is at that table you will please keep away from it!'

"The girl's cheeks crimsoned and her eyes flashed; she, however, so far controlled herself as to reply with calm dignity:

"'No guest has the right to dictate to me what other guest I shall wait upon and what one not, Herr Baron. But you are quite right that I ought not to go over there. Peter can wait on them.' With this she went into the house, and did not return. Nor did she come to us when we took leave.

"The discussions I afterward had with my fellow students concerning their lack of civility, as I contended, and the merits and demerits of the Servian, I will pass over, as they have nothing to do with my story. Weeks passed—I thought no more of the accidental meeting with Alexius Rudnik, which was the more natural, as I rarely saw him. Nor did I see the people at the 'Golden Lion' for a good while. Instead of directing my steps toward Heiligenkreuz-Steinach when I went out herborizing and geologizing, I turned toward the west side of Oden Forest, following the mountain-road, where, in the neighborhood of Weinheim, in the beautiful Virkenau Valley, I found some productive stone-quarries.

"It was here, on the plateau, above the valley, that I found a mighty old beech with wide-spreading limbs, which excited my admiration. An overgrown path led directly to the foot of the mountain, where this giant tree stood. It was equally as remarkable for its age and beauty as for its immense size. It afforded a charming retreat, and seemingly the most complete seclusion. A few moss-covered stones lay scattered about, affording seats that commanded a view of the distant plain and the mountains beyond. Here I often rested from my long rambles, sometimes remaining for an hour or two to enjoy the shade and luxuriant landscape spread out before me. And here I one day led Ansgar, who, like me, was delighted with the peculiar fascination

of the spot. The pretty little village of Virkenau near by, where we stopped for half an hour at an inn that was known to me, also seemed to interest him.

"One day, about a week after this excursion, Ansgar entered my room in a worse humor seemingly than I had ever seen him before. He appeared to have something on his mind that greatly troubled him; he said nothing, however, but picked up one book after another, only to glance at the title-page, and then to throw it down. It was very evident that his mind was very far from being on his immediate surroundings. I sat down at my writing-table as I was wont to do, when he came to me in one of his silent moods, and waited for an intimation that he was disposed to talk. Thus we sat for a long while silent. Finally I heard him rise, and a moment afterward I felt his hand on my shoulder. I leaned back and looked him full in the face. I had never seen him look so utterly wretched.

"'Humbert,' said he, 'I am a sorry companion. I know I try your patience severely.'

"'If I only knew how I could serve you better, my dear fellow!' I replied; 'but, when you are in one of your melancholy moods, I never know what to do with you.'

"'I set out to-day with the determination to acquaint you with something of which you have not the least suspicion, and to ask your advice and possibly your assistance. But I find now that I can not—I must do it alone—I ought not to drag you into what concerns me alone; at all events not yet—later, perhaps. You will pardon me. Good morning!'

"He turned hastily toward the door, but I held him fast, begging him to tell me what it was that troubled him, and insisting that it could not possibly be anything for which there was no remedy. But he, quite contrary to his habit, pressed my hand warmly, silently shook his head, and hastened away, leaving me utterly confounded. What the meaning was of his strange manner I could not even remotely divine, so I decided to seek him out at his lodgings. I did not find him at home, and, moreover, no one could give me any information concerning his whereabout.

"It was August. The long summer vacation had begun, and the majority of the students had gone home or on some tour. I had remained in Heidelberg, making frequent excursions in the surrounding country. I saw nothing more of Ansgar, nor could I learn anything concerning him. I concluded that he had gone home—perhaps was on his estate. With this thought I was compelled to content myself, and to patiently await the late autumn, which was pretty sure to bring back the fugitive, or at least to bring tidings of him.

"I had not been in Heiligenkreuz-Steinach for a long time. Toward the end of September I concluded to make it another visit. The autumn had already given the landscape a variegated appearance; the air was fresh and invigorating, and upland and valley shone in the morning sun. My expectations of having a pleasant day were materially heightened by the thought that I should have the pleasure of having a chat and merry laugh with Barbel once more, for I, in common with many another, had a real friendly liking for the girl.

"When I entered the inn, I found the *Loewenvater*,* as we were in the habit of calling the landlord, poring over his newspaper. He rose as he saw me enter, and received me with little more than a nod of recognition.

"'Where is Barbel?' I asked.

"'Don't know!' he replied, as he placed a glass of wine before me.

"'She'll be here before long,' I thought, as I reached for one of the papers on the table. Just then in came Peter and reached me his hand. After the usual inquiries had been made and answered, I said to him:

"'But where is Barbel? If you see her, tell her I'm here, please.'

"'Barbel — she — ah!—' stammered Peter, looking round inquiringly at his father.

"'She is no longer with us,' said the *Loewenvater*, rising and turning toward the door.

"'No longer with you?' I asked. 'But where is she, then?'

"'I've sometimes thought you knew better than I did,' said the landlord, coming close to me, and looking me full in the eyes.

"I was startled.

"'*Loewenwirth!*' I cried, 'be sensible. How can I know where Barbel is if she is no longer in your house?'

"'Well, I'm not the man to accuse you, and I'm convinced that you know nothing about her. Who does, I wonder—who does?' And with this he left the room, seemingly to avoid further conversation on an unpleasant topic.

"I could not believe that the girl had left the house in such a manner that her relations hesitated to even speak about it. I naturally was desirous to have an explanation and hoped to get it from Peter, who was now a big, brawny fellow, seventeen years old. He had pretended to be occupied in arranging the glasses on the sideboard in the room, but as soon as his father had left us he turned toward me. In reply to my question what had become of Barbel, he said

* Literally, lion-father.

that she disappeared about six weeks previously, and had not been heard of since. Search had been made in the neighborhood, but no trace of her had been found.

"'I don't believe,' continued Peter, coming close to me, and speaking almost in a whisper—'I don't believe, though it's hard to say it, that she went away alone. Out of the house—yes; but not far from the village there was somebody waited for her with a carriage. I saw the carriage myself as I returned one evening late from Schoenau; but who was in it I could not distinguish. The next morning, when we found that Barbel was gone, I thought of the carriage, and then I think I guessed who was in it.'

"'Yes! and who was in it, think you?' I asked. 'Whom could she have gone with?'

"'Of course I don't know for certain—it's only guess-work, but I think—in fact, I'm almost sure it was with the Baron.'

"'Impossible! impossible!' said I.

"'Not at all impossible,' insisted Peter; 'it was with the Baron that you are so good friends with. He used to come here so often, and always alone, except that once with you! Mother, she thinks so too, and sent me to Heidelberg to inquire after him. I went to his lodgings, but the people could tell me nothing about him, except that he had been away for some time, where they didn't know. I was at your house also, but you too were not at home. We had no suspicions of you, but thought you might know something about the Baron. Afterward, however, we thought that, if they had gone off together, they wouldn't either of them have been likely to have told you. But Barbel has been gone now these six weeks, whether she's with the Baron or not, and, if she was to come back now, father wouldn't let her step foot in the house. It's plain enough that he feels very bad about it, though he don't say anything.'

"Peter's suspicions seemed to me only too well-founded. It was a little more than six weeks since Ansgar had come to me freighted with some secret, that he found it hard to conceal. He was on the eve of consulting me with regard to something: it was now quite clear to me what that something was. Perhaps he even suspected that there was some sentiment in my liking for Barbel, and on that account hesitated to take me into his confidence. If so, he was in error, for the feeling I had for Barbel was simply friendly; in fact, the relation that existed between us was as nearly a friendly one as could exist between an uncultured country girl and a university student. But, now that I had good reason to suppose her in a path that could only lead to a bad end, I felt something more than commiseration for her. And then, there was the feeling of humiliation consequent upon my discovering that I had—as it seemed—been deceived in Barbel's character. And on Ansgar's account, too, I was grieved. He had been guilty of an offense for which a long life of well-doing could not atone. In him also I felt that I had been deceived. I had always looked upon him as being the soul of honor, and now it seemed that he had executed a long-contemplated piece of villainy. The feeling I nursed toward him as I retraced my steps to the city was very bitter.

"The first person whom I met on the street the following day was Alexius Rudnik. Although we had not exchanged a word since our meeting in the little inn-garden, he spoke to me with his sweetest smile, and inquired what had become of the pretty bar-maid at Heiligenkreuz-Steinach. I answered evasively, and endeavored by my manner to convey the impression that it was a matter that did not specially interest me. He also asked after Ansgar. It was now a long time, he said, since he had had the pleasure of seeing the Baron. I told him that he had gone to his estate in northern Germany, and would probably be back at the beginning of the winter term.

"'But it's a pity, a real pity,' he continued, 'that the pretty Barbel is gone. However, I trust I shall find her again, sooner or later.'

"I soon managed to get away from the fellow and continued on my way, being fearful, however, that at every turn I should meet some one who would inquire after Ansgar or Barbel, with regard to either of whom I, unfortunately, knew nothing certain.

"That evening I was occupied with my books. It was still early when I heard some one hastening up the stairs. The step was familiar. The next moment Ansgar burst into the room, cried out my name, and threw his arms around me in the same demonstrative manner in which he had taken leave of me six weeks previously. I involuntarily picked up the lamp and held it up so that I could see his face well. I had never seen him look so robust, so fresh and handsome, nor had I ever seen his features wear so happy and joyous an expression. I, however, was in no mood to respond to his effusive greeting. He laid his hands on my shoulders.

"'My dear Philistine,' he began, in a tone that was in keeping with his manner, 'you are angry with me, I see. And you have reason to be, I confess. But listen to me and we shall come to an understanding, I am sure, though you may—and probably will, I am confident—disapprove of what I have done. I come to you by night to tell you what, as yet, no one in Heidelberg has the most remote suspicion of—to tell

you, my dear fellow, that I am married—that Barbel is my wife!'

"'Married! Barbel your wife!' I cried, almost speechless with amazement.

"'Married, yes! Barbel my wife, yes! According to every rite prescribed by Church and state, Barbel is Madame la Baronne!'

"'But why did you observe such secrecy in the matter?' I asked. 'People think very ill of Barbel. I was yesterday in Heiligenkreuz-Steinach.'

"'Ah! I have no doubt they feel very much incensed toward the poor child over there; but a marriage certificate executed in due form will, I trust, change all that.'

"He told me how Barbel, after much persuasion, had finally consented to a secret marriage; how they went together to Rhein-Hessen, where they were married according to the French civil law, and then how in accordance with Barbel's wishes they went to a priest in some village and had the marriage ceremony performed according to the Church rites.

"'And why did you do all this so secretly? you ask,' he continued. 'My dear fellow, only think how many more difficulties I should have encountered—as it was, Heaven knows I had enough!—if I had undertaken to be married publicly! I am a student and a baron. Think of the talk, the scandal, it would have made! How the members of my "corps," and above all those of my rank, would have turned up their noses! Why, it would have saddled me with duels enough to have kept me fighting all winter. My courage is not of the sort that believes in risking life and limb when it can be honorably avoided. I see in your looks what you would say in reply. True, our marriage will become known sooner or later; that is unavoidable, nor would I avoid it if I could. But not at first here in Heidelberg, where Barbel is so well known. We shall go away; soon, I hope. When we are gone they can talk as much as they please, and that will be little in comparison with what would have been said if our marriage had been public and we had remained here. As soon as I can manage to get hold of sufficient money, away we shall go for a while. Then Madame Barbara, the aforetime bar-maid, shall be Madame la Baronne indeed! But, good Heavens! why don't you congratulate me?'

"'I doubt whether I can congratulate you consistently. I certainly wish you well—both of you, but—'

"'But!' he interrupted. 'Well, go on! I didn't expect that even you would approve of what I have done. Well?'

"'You have never given me anything but a general idea of your family affairs,' said I. 'But, so far as I know, yours is an entailed estate, and consequently by marrying a woman of the people—'

"'I deprive my eldest son, under our primogeniture laws, of all claim on our old baronial domain,' interrupted Ansgar, laughing heartily. 'Heaven protect the fellow from any such inheritance! My worthy ancestors were such wretched domestic economists that this debt-burdened domain brings to its possessor little else than trouble and perplexity. When I succeeded to it, not as my father's but as my uncle's heir, I soon discovered to my amazement that, as it had come down to me, it was not worth having. I have no desire to retain it for myself or for my children, should I ever have any; my intention is to get what I can out of it while I have control of it, without considering the interests of those who may come after me, after the fashion of my predecessors. The next in the order of succession is a rich cousin, a miserly niggard, who is terribly afraid that I may die leaving no son behind me, and thereby saddle him with the delectable inheritance. During my minority, when I was sadly in need of assistance, not a dollar could my guardians get out of him. He is my only near relation. I lost my parents when I was quite young, and consequently grew up without knowing what it is to really have a home. And now I will be free and independent of mere prejudices. I have been long enough at the university; I propose to enter the service of the state, and hope to make my way.'

"Reassuring as his resolve sounded, I could not share his hopeful confidence in the future. The elopement had led to a different and better result than I expected, but this hasty and ill-assorted marriage did not seem to me to promise much happiness. In fact, it appeared to me to be wellnigh as likely to be productive of evil as the relation that had been presupposed. Ansgar and Barbel—I could not realize that these two people—they were so different!—could be husband and wife. Barbel a baroness!

"I knew not what to say in reply. I feared that, if I said anything, I should say something that would wound. It was too late to dwell upon the folly of such a union, so I remained silent, while he walked nervously to and fro in the room. Suddenly he stopped and cried out:

"'Come, don't sit there like a block! Say something! What reproaches have you to make me? Let me hear them, that I may have a chance to defend myself.'

"'Well, in the first place, I don't think you ought to have thought of matrimony for a good while yet—you are too—'

"'You think, I suppose, I ought to have waited ten or a dozen years, until I was securely launched

in some career,' he interrupted. 'Meanwhile I should have kept Barbel at some boarding-school, *n'est ce pas?* No, sir! In a wife I prefer youth and ignorance to age and accomplishments. Oh, you practical people! I should have sinned less in the eyes of your code, doubtless, if I had carried on a *liaison* with her for a time and then had abandoned her? To my shame, I confess that I, without maturing any detailed plan, at first thought of nothing else; but the more I came to know her the more the thought repelled me and the stronger was my inclination to marry her. To her honor be it said that she consented very reluctantly. True, we have married young, but how else could we enjoy our youth together? As for old age—bah! I have no desire to ever reach it.'

"'I have no desire to annoy you with useless reproaches; but I profess myself your friend, and I take a deep interest in Barbel.'

"'Humbert!' he interrupted, 'one question!—one that I would have asked long ago if I had not become convinced that it was not necessary. I will ask it now, nevertheless. Have you ever had any warmer feeling for Barbel than simple friendship? Answer truly. If you ever have had, say so frankly.'

"I was able to answer truly, and in the negative.

"'So Barbel says,' he continued. 'I long since spoke with her about it. When she finally consented to our union, she assured me that your feeling for her was only a friendly one, and, had she had her way, we should have concealed nothing from you, but have taken you fully into our confidence. But now you must do us the favor to make us a visit. Barbel is very anxious to see you, and to justify herself in your eyes if she can. The fact is, her desire in that direction is so stong that, if you were not just the Philistine you are, I might be a little jealous.'

"'Where are you living?' I asked.

"'Our asylum is well concealed,' said he, laughing. 'I should prefer taking you with me to-night. I shall take the express train, which leaves at half-past eight—a couple of stations and we are there. You have a full half hour to get ready. What say you?'

"I decided to accompany him. He was delighted, and evinced his joy in a boylike manner that I had always thought him entirely incapable of. We left the train at Weinheim, but were not yet at the end of our journey. We took a hack and drove for about three quarters of an hour over a road that wound around between the hills, until we came to a well-built village and paved streets.

"'Where are we?' I asked. 'What town is this?'

"'We are at our journey's end,' said he. 'We are in a little town to which you yourself showed us the way—we are in Virkenau. You see you are, in some measure, our accomplice.'

"We left our hack. It was after ten o'clock; darkness and the most profound stillness reigned everywhere in the village. Turning into a side street between garden-fences and hedges—a path which Ansgar traveled as though he were perfectly familiar with it—we walked up hill for some minutes toward a solitary light.

"'She is waiting for us,' said Ansgar, quickening his pace.

"In the dark, partly concealed by old shade-trees, a small house began to be visible. At the garden-gate, Ansgar sang a few bars of a familiar air. The door was quickly thrown open, and a lady ran out and threw her arms around his neck. Behind her appeared an old woman, and a peasant-boy with a lamp.

"'Whom do I bring you, Frau Barbara, do you think?' cried Ansgar, triumphantly, as he turned to show me into the house.

"'Ach Gott! Herr Humbert!' I heard Barbel exclaim. She covered her face with her hands, and, when Ansgar gently removed them, I saw that there were tears in her eyes. Our greeting was very cordial, although in the young wife's manner there was a certain restraint which, in view of all the circumstances, seemed quite natural. Ansgar, however, soon cut our interchange of inquiries short by announcing that we were both half famished, and that if they wanted to keep us in good temper they had better make haste to give us something to eat. As Barbel had expected her husband home at this hour, she had a table ready set and well provided, waiting him in an adjoining room. During the meal, Ansgar did most of the talking, while Barbel listened to every word and watched his every movement in a manner that plainly showed she was most fondly attached to him. She was fashionably and tastefully dressed, and, at the first glance, might easily have been mistaken for a lady of culture; but, in her walk, in her gestures, and in her language, she was still Barbel. And yet she was no longer wholly the Barbel of the 'Golden Lion'—who was animated, fresh, open, and free from restraint, while the Barbel of now was reserved and uneasy, her laugh lacking in spontaneity, and her seriousness degenerating into something akin to melancholy. But Ansgar was studious not to allow the conversation to become serious, and, above all, not to let it turn upon the past. A journey to Paris was discussed. Their plans for it seemed to be pretty nearly perfected, and the only obstacle in the way of carrying them out was the necessary means, which Ansgar hoped to be in possession of at an early date.

Meanwhile they proposed to remain where they were. The house belonged to a widow and her son, and, although small, was pleasantly situated, and was by no means lacking in comforts. Their sojourn here was not likely to be specially remarked, as the town always had a small floating population in summer—mostly people from the larger cities, who, during the hot months, sought the semi-rural life of the country village.

"As Ansgar was looking about the room for something, he chanced upon a letter that was lying on the bureau.

"'When did this come?' he asked, hastily.

"'Ah! I forgot all about it,' replied Barbel. 'Heiner'—that was the name of the landlady's son—'brought it from the post-office this afternoon.'

"As Ansgar hastened to open and read the letter, an expression of anger came over his face that an observer could not fail to notice.

"'Is it anything so very unpleasant, Ansgar?' asked Barbel, anxiously.

"'The old story—ever and again the old story—from home,' he replied, refolding the letter and putting it in his pocket. 'But we will not let that disturb us to-night.'

"Meantime it lacked but a few minutes of midnight, and I thought it high time for me to repair to the village inn, where the coachman who drove us out from the railroad had ordered a room for me. As the way was none of the easiest to find in the dark, Barbel wanted to call Heiner to accompany me.

"'No, no!' cried Ansgar, 'I will go with him myself.'

"He kissed Barbel, saying that he would be gone but a few minutes, and we started. We were but a short distance from the house when he suddenly broke silence by saying:

"'I must leave for the North in the morning, early. Instead of sending me money, my steward writes only of complications which, he says, make my presence indispensable; and he gives me cogent reasons why I should set out at once. The infernal estate! It has never ceased to be a source of continual annoyance and trouble to me. This will be my first separation from Barbel since we have been married. She will want to go with me, but that can not be, much as I shall regret to leave her behind. And, use what dispatch I will, I shall be gone at least a week. Now, would it not be possible for you to remain for that length of time here, in Virkenau? It will be a consolation for Barbel to talk with you of me, and pleasant for her to have you to accompany her in an occasional stroll through the woods. Alone, she would not venture out, as she is more careful even than I am to avoid discovery.'

"I promised him to remain in Virkenau until his return. This I could do easily enough, as during the holidays there was nothing that made it specially necessary for me to be in Heidelberg. The next morning Ansgar took the coach in front of the inn where I slept. I got up to see him start.

"'She shed a few tears,' said he; 'but she is obedient, courageous, and good. Go to her early; she will be expecting you. Good-by!'

"Having occupied myself in the interim with a book I had taken the precaution to bring with me, I delayed my morning visit to Baroness Barbel till nearly ten o'clock. The reception she gave me was cordial, and the smile with which she received the love-message I brought her from Ansgar told how entirely her affections were centered in the sender. She was simply but tastefully dressed in black, and I thought I had never before seen her look so attractive. There was a pensive melancholy in her mien that had a refining effect which was very pleasing.

"'Ansgar has allowed me to take a stroll every day with you in the woods,' said she. 'If it suits you, let us start out at once. I feel restless, and as though nothing would do me so much good as a long walk.'

"She put on her bonnet and concealed her face behind a veil so thick that I, when close to her, could scarcely distinguish a feature. She already knew the paths in which we were least likely to meet any one. We were soon in the woods, and here Barbel began to tell me how it 'all came about.' It was evident that she had her misgivings with regard to the future, that she felt anxious, and, above all, guilty. We neared a clearing, and I recognized the overgrown path that led to my tree. Barbel, I discovered, was already acquainted with the locality.

"'There is the road to the tree,' said she. 'You showed it to Ansgar, you remember, and one of the first things he did when we came here was to show it to me. It was under that tree, he says, that he first resolved things should be as they are, if I would consent.'

"When we reached the big beech, Barbel sat down on a moss-covered stone and threw back her veil. As she did so I was fairly startled with her beauty; it seemed to me I had never seen her look half so lovely before.

"'Here, at least, thank Heaven! I need not fear to show my face,' said she. 'Where is Ansgar now? The poor fellow has a world of trouble with his old baronial domain. If he should not succeed in getting the money for our journey to Paris, it will be a great disappointment to him. As for me, I don't care very much about it; it will cost more than he can afford, I fear. He wants to show me something of the world, he says. Oh, he is so good!—But sometimes I think of the future with dread.'

"In this way she ran on, going from one thing to another that had little or no connection. The future seemed to give her great uneasiness; this was the dark cloud that floated beneath her silver canopy. Ansgar was still a student—nominally, at least—and was a baron. She knew, if their marriage were now to become known, that in various ways it might result to Ansgar's disadvantage. All her solicitude seemed to be for him. She spoke of her own people only once, and then she could not restrain her tears. I did not tell her that I had been to Heiligenkreuz-Steinach. She, however, took it for granted that I had.

"'Don't tell me anything about them,' said she; 'I can imagine what they think of me.'

"The next day, and the third and the fourth, we followed the same path and sat for a while under the old beech-tree; but we were not always in a melancholy mood—far from it. In due time a letter came from Ansgar—the first the young wife had ever received from her husband. On that day she was very happy, although he wrote that he should probably be detained longer than he had anticipated. But it was a long letter, and clearly contained much that warmed and cheered her loving heart. Two or three days afterward we paid another visit to our tree. The tone between us had become easier, and I, Philistine as I was, being in very good spirits, indulged in an unusual amount of pleasantry; and yet I never degenerated into the familiar tone toward the Baroness that I had felt at liberty to indulge in toward Barbel, the pretty bar-maid of the 'Golden Lion.'

"And now I made a discovery that at first terrified me. What I had never felt a scintillation of for the bar-maid, during my frequent visits to Heiligenkreuz-Steinach, I discovered that I began now to feel for the wife of my friend. My conscience reproached me severely. My days were divided between joyous exhilaration and culpable anxiety, and my nights between despair and self-condemnation. What my thoughts were occupied with Barbel could not divine, but that something weighed heavily upon my mind naturally did not escape her observation. She questioned, she scolded, and she bantered, and this change of *rôles* made the situation of the poor, enamored Philistine wellnigh unbearable. When I look back now upon those days and think of the frame of mind I was in, I can't help smiling. Then, however, I was in no mood to laugh, and what soon happened was certainly far removed from anything like humor.

"At the end of the week I made another discovery, of a more prosaic character. My wardrobe, and especially my stock of linen, needed replenishing; as a consequence, it was necessary for me to return for a day to Heidelberg. Barbel saw the necessity for my making the trip, and readily gave me a day's leave of absence. On the way I tried to bring my thoughts into a more rational channel.

"It was now the beginning of October. The students had already begun to return to Heidelberg, and in the streets one saw a goodly number of new faces. At one of their usual haunts I met many of Ansgar's friends, and one of them did what none of them had ever done before—he approached me with the question whether I knew anything of Ansgar's whereabout. I told him that Ansgar was on his estate, where I learned he was detained by business matters; whereupon a Count S——, one of three or four others who had approached me, remarked that he had heard indirectly very unfavorable reports concerning the condition of Ansgar's affairs. I replied that I was ignorant of details, and knew nothing with regard to them beyond the fact that they were not in as satisfactory a condition as would be desirable. The Count said that, if he was correctly informed, they had gone from bad to worse until nothing was left to our friend but a long list of debts. The others doubted the truth of this report, and evinced not a little sympathy for Ansgar's misfortunes.

"With this additional cause for solicitude, I packed my little hand-trunk and returned the next morning to Virkenau. I entered the little house once more with an anxious heart.

"'Ah, thank Heaven that you are back again!' cried Barbel. There was something unusual in her appearance—she seemed nervous and flurried. I asked if she had heard from Ansgar again. She said she had not, and did not try to conceal her anxiety. I did what I could to turn her thoughts into other channels, but found it a difficult task. I could not persuade her to take any more strolls in the surrounding country, or even to leave the house. At a loss what to do, I decided to have recourse to a book, offering to read aloud to her. She said neither no nor yes to the proposal; her only answer was a deep sigh. She did not seem to have heard me. In looking for a book, the first one I found was a copy of Shakespeare—one of a few volumes Ansgar had brought with him—and the first play I opened to chanced to be 'Hamlet.' I began the first scene. Whether Barbel listened or not is doubtful, but it is certain that I had been reading only a few minutes when she uttered a low cry, pointed to the window, and hastily withdrew to the farther side of the room. I looked out, and whom should I see, to my amazement, but the Servian, who greeted me with a friendly nod and smile! As he just then turned toward the door of the house, I hastened out to bar his en-

trance. I met him in the path before he reached the door. What passed between us it is not necessary to relate; but, despite his soft, oily manner, he said things that exasperated me.

"'When I set out to find any one, or to find out anything,' said he, 'I generally succeed. I was told that there was a young baroness living here. Humph! I would have wagered my ears I could tell who the "baroness" was.'

"I became more serious and sought to bow him out, but he was not to be gotten rid of so easily. Fortunately or unfortunately, I know not which, just then out came Heiner, who seized the Servian in his strong arms and threw him to the ground. Seeing this, Barbel and the widow set up such a cry that I feared they would alarm the neighbors, and consequently interfered to separate the combatants. In obedience to my remonstrances, Heiner let go his hold, when Rudnik lost no time in regaining his feet and making his escape.

"This scene did not last a minute, probably, and I had little fear that it was seen by strangers, as the house was somewhat isolated, and the garden was bordered by sunflowers and other autumn plants that obstructed the view from the distance.

"That Heiner was the innocent cause of the discovery of Ansgar's retreat I soon discovered by a little questioning. On the previous Sunday he had been in Weinheim, and had spoken with some of his acquaintances there of the Baron who lived in the house with him and his mother. The Servian chancing to overhear him—Weinheim is a village much visited by the Heidelbergers—had come to him and had asked him several questions concerning the Baron, all of which Heiner had answered without hesitation, not knowing there was any reason why he should not. In return, to Heiner's astonishment, the stranger had ended his inquiries by thrusting a florin into his hand. All this he now confessed, censuring himself for his stupidity.

"Barbel was not of a nervous disposition, but the feeling of dependence on Ansgar, his absence, and her anxiety concerning him, which naturally increased from day to day, had made her restless and timid.

"'Oh, dear, dear, if Ansgar only would come back!' she would exclaim a dozen times a day.

"That Alexius Rudnik had often annoyed her when she was at the 'Lion' I knew, and I thought it unfortunate that she could not blot this circumstance from her past, as well as some other circumstances that were susceptible of an equally compromising construction. Although it was not at all probable that the Servian would soon return, Heiner and his mother seemed to fear that he might, and urged me to come there to sleep. Their fears were, happily, to be otherwise quieted. When I returned to the inn, I saw an open carriage approaching, and in it I recognized Ansgar. His first question was:

"'How is Barbel?'

"'You are anxiously awaited,' I replied, and added: 'And how are you? Are you satisfied with the results of your journey?'

"'So, so!' he replied. 'Of that later. Of course you will remain a day or two longer with us? Come up to us soon.' With this he hurried away. I was convinced that the result of his journey had been far from satisfactory, for he was pale, the features of his face had sharpened in outline, and his manner was forced and unnatural.

"As I delayed returning to the cottage for a couple of hours, Heiner was sent after me. I found Ansgar bolstered up at the end of the high-backed old sofa, complaining of fatigue; Barbel, on the contrary, was all life and animation. She was as cheerful and chatty as he was serious and silent. He said that he had encountered much that was unpleasant while he had been away; more than he anticipated—this was as much as he saw fit to tell me—and that the journey to Paris would have to be postponed. Barbel said that, for her part, she was just as well satisfied, and tried to turn the conversation into a pleasanter channel. She had never seen her husband in even a similar mood before, and, despite her seeming cheerfulness, every now and then she would glance at me with an anxious, inquiring look. The episode with the Servian had not, as yet, been spoken of. The question was, who should mention it, and whether it had better be mentioned that evening or postponed till the morrow. Barbel seemed to have forgotten it, and I thought it as well to say nothing about it till Ansgar had recovered from the fatigue of his journey and was in better spirits. Just as I had come to this conclusion Heiner made his appearance, and he was hardly in the room when he blurted out the whole affair. Ansgar's eyes flashed fire; but he kept his anger under control, and, passing his hand over his forehead, he calmly remarked:

"'Then we are not safe here, even! Well, we must find an asylum elsewhere. How unfortunate that there are so many people in this world who will persist in meddling with what does not concern them! However, we will not allow this meddler to disturb our good humor to-day, will we, Frau Barbara?'

"Barbel threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. She was evidently as much surprised and as much pleased as I was to hear him treat the matter so philosophically.

"The next day I returned to Heidelberg,

where I expected soon to see Ansgar, as before his 'departure'—as he vaguely expressed himself—he had some matters to arrange in town. I suspected that these were for the most part money-matters, and that his journey to his estate had yielded him far less than he anticipated. The folly he had been guilty of in marrying as he had done became more and more apparent. It began to be autumn in earnest. It was cold, windy, and rainy. In a few days the smiling landscape had become gray and forbidding. I had been back to town about a week when, one day as I turned a corner, I came upon Ansgar surrounded by a group of his comrades. Although they were in animated conversation, he hastened forward to take my hand and to tell me that he would visit me that evening. I waited for him, but he did not come.

"To make amends, as it might have seemed, for my disappointment, the next evening I received a visit that was most unexpected. I heard a light, unfamiliar step in the corridor, then a very gentle, hesitating rap at the door, when, in obedience to my 'come in,' there entered a female figure in black, which I immediately recognized as that of Barbel.

"'Great Heavens! What! You here, madame?' I cried.

"She sank into a chair near the door, completely exhausted, seemingly, and gasped:

"'Yes, yes, I am here! It's the only way I knew. I wanted to go to Ansgar, but I have forgotten where his lodgings are. You had spoken of yours so often that I was able to find them.'

"'But, Barbel, why do you come alone in this way to town?'

"'Because I could remain alone in Virkenau, with my fears and anxiety, no longer,' she replied. 'He said he would be away two days, at most; on the third day he wrote a short letter saying that he was unavoidably detained. He has now been gone a week, and I have heard from him only that once. Something must be wrong! There is something that he is afraid to tell me! Ah! he is so different; he seems so worried since he returned from his estate! If he only had not married me! He would have been better off without me.'

"Tears choked her utterance, and she sobbed as though her heart would break. I suggested that she should remain where she was, and rest herself, while I went in search of Ansgar. But now new fears were awakened. She reproached herself for not patiently awaiting his return. Ansgar might be displeased with her for coming to him: it might embarrass and inconvenience him. We had not yet decided what to do, when we heard voices below, and then some one hastily ascending the stairs.

"'They are coming to you!' cried Barbel, bewildered. 'How can I get out?' and, without waiting for a reply, she ran to the nearest door and disappeared. Imagine my consternation! It was the door of my sleeping-room. But now it was necessary for me to call into requisition all the self-possession I could command.

"A moment later two young men entered the room. One of them I recognized as Count S——; the other, also a friend of Ansgar's, the Count introduced to me.

"'We come to you in behalf of your and our friend,' began the Count. 'It is necessary for him to confer with you, and he wanted to be sure that he would find you at home at this hour. He has no time to lose. You will allow me to remain here, while my friend here goes for him.'

"The Count, in response to my invitation, took a seat, while his companion set out on his errand.

"'The unwelcome report proves to have been more than true,' the Count continued; 'the poor fellow has lost everything. To you, who are so intimate with him, one may speak freely of that which we would conceal from others. The loss of his fortune would, if alone, have been comparatively easy to bear, though, with Ansgar's love of the luxurious, it would not have been easy. But this foolish, this maniacal marriage! What could the fellow have been thinking of?'

"I sat on needles, for the Count spoke so loud that Barbel could not help hearing every word.

"'Why marry?' he went on. 'Were it only a *liaison*—which, understand me, I would not have approved of—there might be some remedy, but now there is none possible. From what he has told us, it appears that this Servian, Rudnik, the contemptible cur— But he will be here directly and tell you all about the matter himself. When he told us of his marriage we could not conceal from him our disapproval, and I think you will agree with us that this bit of romance—of which I would have thought him utterly incapable—ruins all his prospects. Nor can it bring anything but unhappiness to the poor girl, or rather to his wife. She is said to be more than ordinarily bright and sensible, but the brighter and more sensible she is the more will she realize the falsity of her position.' He continued to talk on in this strain, and I dared not, by even a look, impose silence upon him.

"At last Ansgar came. The Count retained his seat.

"'Humbert,' said Ansgar, 'something will occur to-morrow that I doubt not you will censure, but it is too late now to consider *pros* and *cons*. To-morrow morning I meet the Servian, Rudnik, and that, too, with pistols.'

"Think of my situation now! In the adjoining room sat Barbel listening to every word. I expected each instant to see her come forth and put a new and more dramatic phase upon the scene. Ansgar continued:

"'The villain has publicly boasted of an intimacy with Barbel before her marriage, and furthermore has insinuated that you, too, were on similar terms with her. Come, come, nobody believes a word he says, so no protestations are necessary. In short, he has assailed the honor of my wife, and I have challenged him. We meet under our tree—you know the spot. At first I thought of other ground, but this will be very convenient. The carriages can wait in the valley below, and should I be—disabled, you will have but a short drive to the little cottage in Virkenau.—And now, Humbert, comes your mission. I would not have you present at the meeting, but there may be much, very much that you can do for me.' Thus far he had succeeded in keeping his feelings under control, but his emotion nearly choked his utterance. 'I dare not trust myself to see Barbel, and she must remain ignorant of everything till all is over. I would have you present when I come, or am brought to her, as the case may be. If you can, possibly, I hope you will go to Virkenau to-night, so as to be sure to be with Barbel early in the morning. O my poor, poor Barbel!' Here his feelings completely overcame him. He rested his arms and head on the table, and for a few moments sobbed like a child.

"The Count, though deeply affected, succeeded in preserving a perfectly stolid demeanor. He rose, walked to and fro for a minute or two, and then approaching Ansgar he laid his hand on his shoulder and said:

"'You must be calm, my dear fellow. It is very necessary that you should husband your strength, and above all that you should avoid getting into a state of nervous excitement. We have assured you that, in case the worst happens, your wife shall be provided for, and I think you know us well enough to be confident that our promise will be fulfilled to the letter. If Herr Humbert goes to Virkenau to-night it is necessary that he should set out soon, and then we, too, have much to do. Come!'

"Ansgar arose, embraced me, and turned silently toward the door.

"'At what hour in the morning?' I asked the Count.

"'At seven,' he replied, as he pressed my hand, and closed the door behind him.

"I was now alone in the room, and holding my breath I listened until I heard the street door close behind my visitors. Then I ventured to rap gently on my bedroom door. I feared I should find its occupant in a swoon, but no—Barbel came forth erect and firm; pale it is true, but perfectly calm.

"'We must hasten,' said she, 'or we shall miss the train. We, too, must be promptly on the ground in the morning.'

"'What you have been compelled to listen to!'

"'To nothing that I did not already fear. But come, let us make haste, as you, too, will want to be there.'

"'What! you do not think of being on the ground? What could you do?'

"'Nothing. When they have resolved to fight, all the world can't stay them; Ansgar himself has told me so! Still I will be there, securely concealed. He must not know it, as it would unnerve him; but there I must be! And if it is his fate to—O God! O God! Then I shall, at least, have seen him once more alive!'

"For a moment her grief quite overcame her; but, soon regaining self-control, she continued:

"'He need not grieve for me, for whether he lives or dies my course is clear. I love him too well to ever stand in his way.'

"'Barbel, what are you saying?' I cried.

"'But there will be time enough for all that,' said she. 'Now let us make haste, else we shall be too late.'

"Who could ever forget such a night as this one was! We journeyed silently to Virkenau, and separated with few words. I made myself as comfortable as I could in a large arm-chair at a window of the little cottage, in order to be at hand betimes. In fact, I thought I should get more rest in this way than I should if I went to the inn and took a bed. Heiner wanted to give his bed up to me, but I did not feel like lying down. In order to account for my not going to the inn, I had to give him a hint as to the cause. It was sure to be known in a few hours, no matter what the issue might be. Despite his astonishment he was soon fast asleep. Without, there was a strong autumn wind that blew the leaves from the garden trees, wet with a fine rain, against the window-panes. It was a dreary, inclement night. It was about two o'clock when I heard a door move softly on its hinges. I arose and opened mine.

"'Ah! all right; you are not asleep,' said Barbel. 'It must soon be time.'

"I told her the hour, and begged her to be patient and rely on me. The wind went down toward morning, and, as it became still without, I grew sleepy, until it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my eyes open. In order to keep awake, I opened the door as softly as possible and stepped out into the open air. It was

cold and damp. The day was just beginning to dawn and the cocks to crow. A thick fog filled the entire valley. The terrible hour approached, and I began to think it would be better for us to let it pass. It was, indeed, nearly time for us to set out, and Barbel had, as yet, not appeared. But now I turn toward the house; and there she is, standing at the window, securing her hair in a knot on the back of her head. Seeing me, she stepped outside the door and in an anxious undertone cried:

"'I fell asleep! How could I? If now we should be too late!'

"I reassured her with regard to the time we had for our melancholy walk, and we hastened to set out. The paths and roads in the valley were in the worst possible condition in consequence of its having rained for several days. They were so slippery that it was with the greatest difficulty that we ascended the mountain till we left the beaten track and got into the forest. But Barbel pressed eagerly forward, silently, and above all uncomplainingly. At length we reached the plateau. The rising sun had dispelled the damp gray that hung over the valley, while in the forest above the morning mists hung about the foliage only like a thin veil. The nearer we came to the old, now overgrown, path between the trees, the more we hastened forward, until at its farther end we suddenly heard voices and could distinguish through the undergrowth the forms of three or four men. Barbel pressed her hands to her bosom and gasped for breath: it was the supreme moment, the last and the most severe for her powers of self-control, which proved equal to the occasion. Not a word escaped her. The suspense was but momentary, for almost at that instant we heard the reports of two pistols, discharged so nearly together that they were barely distinguishable. I saw one of the men throw up his hands and fall heavily on the ground, while another—which proved to be Ansgar—took a step forward, staggered, and was about to fall when he was caught in the arms of the others. Barbel now gave breath to her long pent-up agony and darted forward to the tree under which they had laid Ansgar down, and threw herself on her knees beside him. The bystanders, amazed by this sudden apparition, stepped back for a moment, while the surgeon proceeded to examine Ansgar's wound, from the stunning effect of which he quickly so far rallied as to open his eyes and fix them on his young wife, with an expression so full of love and despair that it brought tears to every eye but Barbel's. Her eyes, instead of shedding tears, seemed almost to start from their sockets as she followed every movement of the surgeon, and scanned the expression of his face.

"Meanwhile the other surgeon had examined Ansgar's opponent and pronounced him dead. The Servian had been shot through the heart. The seconds of the combatants spoke a few words, and then the corpse was carried by the friends of Rudnik to their carriage, which, fortunately for them, had halted but a short distance from the place of meeting. We had more difficulty with the wounded Ansgar than they with the dead Rudnik. True, Ansgar and his friends had also come in a carriage; they had, however, been compelled to take a circuitous route in order to avoid driving through Virkenau, which Ansgar was unwilling to do, and consequently had been compelled to leave their carriage somewhat farther off. No one knew where to find anything that would answer for a litter, and each one seemed to be of a different opinion from the others as to the best course to pursue. Ansgar, hearing our discussion, declared that he could walk, and tried to rise to his feet, but he was unable to do so, and fainted in making the attempt. Our only course now was to carry him the best way we could. With the cushions from the carriage, two poles, and some ropes the coachman chanced to have with him, we hastened to extemporize a sort of stretcher, which served our purpose quite well. The surgeon and I took the lead, I acting as guide. Our progress was slow, on account of the muddy and slippery condition of the paths; nevertheless we reached the widow's cottage without accident. Here Barbel, who had spoken scarcely a word on the way, asked the surgeon in a low, tremulous tone:

"'Will he live?'

"'Let us hope so,' replied the surgeon, and turned toward his patient.

"As Barbel would allow no one to do anything for Ansgar, but insisted on doing all herself, I went for a few minutes into the garden.

"Ansgar's comrades seemed to be waiting for me. Count S—— sat on a bench among the sunflowers and mallows, apparently in deep thought. As I approached him, he arose and came toward me.

"'As we can be of no further service here, for the moment,' said he, 'we will go down to the inn. I shall remain in Virkenau to-day, at least, and will return here in an hour or so.' He motioned to his companions and they silently followed him, while I sent Heiner along with them to return the cushions and rope to the coachman.

"I will pass over the sensation the duel created in Heidelberg, the particulars concerning which were soon generally known. I will also pass over the judicial proceedings that necessarily followed. Alexius Rudnik's countrymen made all the display at his funeral they well could,

and a good many other students walked in the procession, but they were nearly all foreigners. I learned now what I had not known before, namely, that he was of a very rich and distinguished family.

"I would gladly pass in silence over the days we spent beside the bed of our friend. Ansgar lived some days, which seemed a great consolation to Barbel, who scarcely left his side; but he, poor fellow—it was only too evident that to him they were days of mental anguish. To die so young was hard; but to live a confirmed invalid, and a life of deprivation, perhaps, was still harder. Such thoughts as these were only too legibly written in every feature of his face. The end, however, was near at hand, and when, on the evening of the fourth day, he calmly passed away, I inwardly thanked Heaven that his sufferings, physical and mental, were ended. Through all Barbel had been untiring, calm, and courageous; but now she made me shudder, when, after some time, she arose from her knees and said to me in resolute tones:

"'I know that for a time I must live on without him; such is the will of Heaven!'

"Ansgar's comrades wanted to take his body to Heidelberg and make as much display at the funeral as the Servians had made at the burial of Rudnik, but Barbel would not yield her consent.

"'He is mine,' said she, 'and he shall be buried here, near where I am to live.'

"After a little reflection, they themselves came to the conclusion that it would be better not to make the funeral the occasion of any special display. All the members of Ansgar's 'corps,' however, together with many others, went from Heidelberg to Virkenau to follow his remains to the grave. Count S—— was prompt to act in accordance with the generous promise he had volunteered to make. A considerable sum was immediately placed at the disposition of the 'Baroness widow,' and by her, by my advice, accepted; for she was absolutely without means.

"About a week after my return to my Heidelberg lodgings, I received a most unexpected visit. The landlord of the 'Golden Lion,' in Heiligenkreuz-Steinach, and his wife, came to inquire after Barbel. They had heard of the duel, of the death of the Baron, that Barbel had been married, and furthermore that she was left unprovided for. Although the 'Lion' landlord had at one time refused to have the runaway mentioned in his presence, he was now more than willing that the unfortunate young widow should make his house her future home. After listening to a confirmation of all the particulars concerning Barbel's marriage and her present situation, they made her a visit at Virkenau. They were unable, however, to persuade her to leave the spot where she had, for a brief space, been a happy wife, and where now was the grave of her husband.

"Meanwhile I put myself in communication with Ansgar's relations. I advised them of his marriage, of his death, and suggested that they should interest themselves in the welfare of his widow. The replies I received were intended to end the correspondence at once, and so they did. Count S—— shrugged his shoulders and said the result was what he anticipated. At this time I met the Count and other friends of Ansgar quite frequently, and out of my relations with them grew more than one lasting friendship. Though these young men censured Ansgar's marriage severely, still they never wavered in their loyalty to his memory.

"In the spring Barbel became the mother of a fine boy, whose birth cost her her life. We buried her beside her husband. The boy as legitimate son was entitled to the name of his father, and so we christened him Ansgar von Hohnstein. Count S——, together with several "corps-brothers," and I were his god-fathers. At the same time his maintenance was provided for. We all looked upon him as our boy, and I am sure each and every one of us felt a lively interest in his welfare. It is safe to assert that the christening was one of the most remarkable that ever took place in Virkenau or anywhere else. Though conducted with becoming seriousness, it was not without its humorous features. The kind offer of the good people of the 'Lion' to take charge of the child was very welcome to us all; we, however, all insisted that they should accept from us a fair remuneration for the trouble and expense it put them to. This they at first positively refused to do, but finding us inexorable they finally yielded, and the sum fixed upon was promptly paid at the end of every quarter as long as the boy remained with them.

"After my marriage, I took him with the consent of his other god-fathers, who still continued to contribute to his support, into my house, where he spent most of his boyhood. My wife always called him her eldest son, and knew little if any difference between him and her own children. And we are and have good reason to be proud of the result of our training.

"He inherits his father's handsome, manly figure, and something of his father's cast of features; in his character, however, he is more like his mother, who, had she had better advantages and had lived, would have been a very superior woman. But what he is you have had some opportunity to judge; it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that he is no other than my young traveling companion. He has long been desirous to visit the places where his parents lived and

found so early graves. As he, very naturally, wished me to accompany him, and as I have never till now been able to do so, the journey has been from year to year postponed, till this summer, when we finally met in Heidelberg. From there we first went to Heiligenkreuz-Steinach. The old people at the inn are both dead, and Peter is now its landlord and the father of a family. The next day we visited Virkenau. The widow, now nearly eighty years old, is still alive; Heiner has two grown-up daughters and a younger son, and the cottage has been enlarged by the addition of a wing. The neighborhood, however, is little changed from what it was when I had last seen it. From the old cemetery, where, among the high grass, the thistles, and the scokes, we with difficulty found the two graves, we ascended to the forest, where the old beech-tree still flourishes, and the view of the valley below and the mountains beyond remains unchanged. And here we sat down to rest on a stone beside which, a quarter of a century ago, Ansgar von Hohnstein lay mortally wounded, and here we ended our pilgrimage.

"Such is the story of *my* tree in Odenwald."

OTTO ROQUETTE (*Deutsche Rundschau*).

PARIS TWO YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

IN the month of May, 1787, three young men of Nancy, then the capital of the province of Lorraine, set out upon a journey. They were to visit Paris, and afterward descend the Seine to Havre. Their objects were to see the world, and to purchase seeds and agricultural implements; for they belonged to the middle class, and had no social pretensions or ambitions. They were frugal although bent on pleasure, and one of them wrote a journal in which he recorded their joint-stock experiences and observations, for the benefit of their respective families. Two years later (although no word in the journal shows that change or trouble was at hand) all France was ablaze with revolution. This paper, having served its purpose, lay forgotten in the drawer of an old writing-desk, until recently a descendant of the writer drew it from its hiding-place. He has given it to the world as an interesting picture of a Paris very different from the Paris of the Third Republic or the Second Empire. The style of the young man's narrative is clear, straightforward, and unsensational. It differs about as much from the French of modern newspapers and novels as the Paris it describes does from the heaven of the good American in the appearance of its streets and the every-day ideas which shaped its manners.

Our three young men, Thiry, Jacquinot, and Cognet (their historian), left Nancy by diligence May 7, 1787. Their fellow passengers were an Englishman and a Friar of the Order of St. Bernard. The Friar they found a bore, while the Englishman was intelligent and very amusing. They picked up other passengers along the road. Their first stage was to Ligny, which they reached in a pouring rain. There they supped upon delicate trout, and went to bed for about three hours. Anxious, however, to get as much as possible out of their journey, they got out of bed at 3 A. M. to walk around the town of Ligny, where they found wide streets and handsome houses. We judge that at that time ideas of the seclusion of women regulated domestic architecture, for they note with surprise that one of the principal of these houses had twelve windows looking on the street. At Bar, Jacquinot paid a visit to the well-looking housekeeper of a certain M. Arnoud, who had a small place under government, but the rule of the establishment seems to have been "no followers," and the visit was resented as an intrusion by her masters.

At Saint-Dizier, the next stage of their journey, they got an excellent dinner for twenty-five sous. At Vitry they changed horses, and were much struck by the free and easy manners of its pretty women, some of whom stood at their windows to watch them as they waited beside the diligence, and one lady of high consideration, as they heard, actually waved her hand to them as their carriage rolled away.

With Chalons they were not well pleased, their supper was dear and bad, the women were ill dressed and took no interest in travelers. "They had no notion how to put their clothes on," says our observant journalist. "They wore full-dress *chignons* with morning *déshabille*."

At Chalons they left the diligence and hired a cabriolet. The weather was very bad, and they were deeply indebted to their landlady, who laid some old cloths over the frame of their vehicle.

At Sézanne they passed the night with an uncle of Jacquinot's, who took them to see "The

Prodigal Son" performed by ragged actors in a barn, the stage being separated only by rude curtains from a stable full of horses.

From Sézanne they went forward on foot, hoping for good quarters at a certain abbey on their route, to the Prior of which Jacquinot's uncle had given them a letter of recommendation. The Prior, however, by no means honored the draft upon his hospitality. At Meaux they insisted upon supping on mackerel, the first salt-water fish they had ever tasted; but the mackerel having "*un léger goût de décomposition*," Jacquinot alone could stomach them.

On the 15th of May, a week after they left Nancy, they found themselves, at 8 A. M., before the gates of Paris. They breakfasted in a *guingette*, or canvas booth, and then sought out a fellow countryman from Lorraine, who had engaged three bedrooms for them in the Rue Montmartre, opposite the courtyard of the diligences. Their trunk (they traveled with light luggage) had arrived before them; and, having changed their clothes and had their heads dressed, they proceeded to the Palais Royal. "The beauty of the buildings," says Cognet, "the regularity and elegance of the arcades, the magnificence of the shops, hardly impressed us more than the vast number of people who flocked there at mid-day. It is the rendezvous of strangers, idlers, and the most noted courtezans of the capital, so beautifully dressed that one might have mistaken them for court ladies."

At three o'clock they went to dine with a friend at Hue's restaurant, in the Passage des Petits Pères, where they had excellent entertainment for thirty-three sous apiece. The dining-hall was large, and could seat from sixty to eighty persons at small tables. Then they went forth to walk up and down the Rue St.-Honoré, and to see for themselves how well its evil reputation was deserved. They were informed that it was not respectable for any woman to look out of her windows on the street, and wondered how their fair friend at Vitry would feel if she could know what conclusion would be drawn from her behavior by a Parisian.

Returning to the Palais Royal they went to the Beaujolais, a little theatre much the fashion at that period, where children made gestures on the stage, while others sang behind the scenes. They saw three comic operettas at this place, and at nine o'clock were out again, and enjoying in the arcades of the Palais Royal "the brilliant *coup d'œil* offered by the light, not only from a street-lamp hung between each arcade, but from the number of lamps and candles in the shops, which illuminated the richness of the goods displayed in contrast with the dark alleys of the chestnut-trees."

The next day, the first thing they saw, on going out at 10 A. M., was a great crowd of people in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, waiting with impatience for the drawing of the royal lottery. "That ceremony took place," says Cognet, "with all the pomp and publicity calculated to tranquillize an anxious public. The Lieutenant-General of Police, whose rank is considered equal to that of a Minister, stood on a scaffolding surrounded by a group of officers. On the same scaffolding was the wheel of fortune, standing beside which was a child with a fillet over his eyes. The wheel turned, a little door opened, the child put forth his hand, took up a paper lying in the opening, and gave it to the Lieutenant-General of Police, who opened it with his hands held up over his head before the crowd. The number, then proclaimed aloud, was exhibited on a frame in large figures to the people. When all the numbers were drawn, the noise was very great. The crowd dispersed, cursing their ill luck, but all ready to test it again upon the next occasion."

Thence our young men turned into the Place Vendôme, one side of which was then occupied by the church and convent of the Capucins. The convent-gardens extended at that time to the garden of the Tuileries, from which they were separated by a narrow alley, now the Rue de Rivoli. To this place, four years later, the National Assembly removed when the court was forced to leave Versailles and occupy the Tuileries, but no shadow of such coming events hung over the minds of the young sight-seers as they gazed at the equestrian statue of Louis XIV, then occupying the center of the square, or stood inside the convent church and wondered at the simplicity of the monument to Madame de Pompadour.

The Boulevard was to Paris in that day what the Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue des Champs Elysées are in ours. This Boulevard (for they then spoke of it in the singular) was very different from the Boulevards as we know them, the trees that were their glory having been nearly all cut down during successive revolutions. "The Boulevard," says one authority, "consists of two grand avenues of four rows of trees each, under which people walk on foot, while in the middle is a large *chaussée* intended for carriages. In dry weather this road is watered twice a day. On *fête* days, if there is no public *divertissement* to celebrate the occasion, the Boulevard is the rendezvous of all Paris. There are generally four lines of carriages abreast for more than two leagues. The shabby *fiacre* rumbles alongside of the most brilliant equipages. Along this drive are the handsomest houses in Paris; and, besides two theatres, there are curiosities of all kinds shown very cheaply under the trees. There are

also three or four *cafés*, beautifully fitted up, where, from 2 P. M. to 11, a band plays without intermission."

The opera-house of that day excited the admiration of our provincials. It had been built in seventy-five days. It was entirely of wood, and the builders had not been willing to guarantee it for more than five years. Those years had passed, and it was still in perfect order. Its façade was on the Boulevard Saint-Martin. Its curtain was *de toute beauté*. It represented Parnassus, Apollo crowning the Arts and the Graces standing by him. The perfection of the scenery and the mechanical appliances for moving it, the vastness of the auditorium, and the brilliancy of the ballet—especially the performance of the celebrated Mademoiselle Guimard—delighted our young men even more than the singing.

They went next day to see the Halles, and were struck by the general activity that prevailed in them, and by the brutality and vile language of those men and women who so soon were to become the greatest power for evil in the world.

The garden of the Tuileries—or Thuileries, as they write it—was much as we have known it in our day, but the palace was unoccupied and dilapidated. "The trees are of a prodigious size, and their branches meet together, forming an impenetrable shade. This spot is the resort of respectable *bourgeoises*, and of such ladies of quality as, having no carriages, wish to take the air without being elbowed by disreputable women. They are brought to the gates in sedan-chairs, which are left outside with their porters. All this is in excellent taste, and one feels on entering the garden that it is the refuge of virtue. When we quitted the Thuileries we crossed a desert spot called the Champs Elysées, and soon found ourselves inside the park of the celebrated M. Beaujon."

That day they had a bad dinner for thirty-six sous, and complain that in fashionable places proprietors and waiters show much less regard to guests out of the provinces than to *seigneurs* of the capital. "To get a good dinner at these places one has either to show a red heel, or to drive up in an equipage that stamps you as one concerned in government finance, the jingling of money being as good as a title to the people who preside there."

They were struck by the activity prevailing along the quays on both sides of the Seine. These were crowded with all sorts of merchandise, provisions and otherwise, and each quay was called after the product to which it was especially devoted.

There was an Italian opera in those days, though the performers sung in French. It was situated on a wide, open space surrounded by buildings in the course of construction. They admired the skill of the police in keeping order among the fashionable carriages; and they there saw a great many *seigneurs* and *grandes dames*.

The Bois de Boulogne is described as a park nearly a league from Paris, used by the Parisians for picnics upon *fête* days. At that time one of the curiosities of the Bois was a ruined palace called Madrid, built by Francis I on his return from captivity. It had as many windows as there were days in the year, and the exterior had been covered with porcelain tiles; but the whole was going to decay. Not so the country-house of the Comte d'Artois, in the same neighborhood, whose English gardens, winding walks, artificial lakes, and falling waters, are admirably described as "*imitant péniblement la nature*."

The Jardin Mabille of that day was called Wauxhall, and was attended by our young men with but little edification; the orgy, however, broke up in time to send them to bed by eleven o'clock.

The cathedral church of Saint-Denis was then in all its glory. "*C'est là!*" exclaims one young philosopher, in words less trite before the Revolution than they are to-day, "*le terme de la puissance de nos rois.*" The treasure-room contained reliquaries and chalices of inestimable value. There, too, were the crowns used at the coronation of French sovereigns; the sword of Charlemagne, and his crown and scepter. But the most wonderful thing of all was a chalice carved out of a single agate, the work of one man's lifetime, which had been left by will to the cathedral by the Abbé Sugger. There, too, they saw the royal mantle of purple velvet, spangled with gold *fleurs de lis* and lined with ermine. It weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. It was the custom of the place always to keep in the chancel, lying under a magnificent canopy, the coffin that contained the body of the last king, during the reign of his successor. Louis XV died of small-pox, and his body, being unfit to embalm, was buried. A catafalque, however, covered an empty coffin, and lights burned round it night and day.

They observed with satisfaction that the body of Turenne "lay honored among those of kings"—and shared their fate, being dragged from its resting-place in 1793.

The mania for building and the decoration of country places was the folly of the period. Well might Waller's warning to Englishmen a century back have been applied to courtiers bred in the school of Louis XIV and his successor:

> "If you have those whims of apartments and gardens,
> Of twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings,
> And in you will be seen the true gentleman's fate,
> Ere you've finished your house you'll have spent
> your estate."

At Neuilly they saw the flower-gardens of M. de Saint-James, who had squandered four millions of francs upon his country place. Money had been frittered on cockney absurdities of all kinds. Grottoes had been lined with fish-bones. Cascades were shrouded by glass, and one grotto was brilliantly lighted by reflections thrown on yellow glass balls, recalling the cave of jeweled fruit entered by Aladdin. These marvels, and the really beautiful conservatories and pineries, must have been destroyed during the Revolution.

Our friends attended the hundredth representation of Beaumarchais's "Figaro" at the Français. The performance began at five o'clock, and there was a great struggle to get in at the doors. The theatre had seven rows of boxes, crowded by a delighted audience, and the pit *had seats* as they remarked, and was filled by people of fashion. The difficulty of getting out again was great, for before the theatre was a piece of waste ground full of open drains and dangerous excavations.

Notre-Dame at that period was the richest cathedral in the kingdom. Over its entrances were life-size statues of the twenty-eight kings of France; all afterward destroyed by the Revolution. The high altar, soon to be desecrated by a *fille de l'Opéra*, in the guise of the Goddess of Reason, was of porphyry; and the chapels were full of noble statuary and precious marbles.

On the 25th of May Jacquinot came of age, and his companions celebrated the event by a most sumptuous breakfast, costing them two francs and a half apiece. They visited the Church of the Maturins, where they saw an altar-cloth that would excite the decorative art people nowadays, if it had escaped the destructiveness of the Revolution. "It was marvelous—the oldest thing of the kind that exists! *Brocatelle de soie d'or et argent.*"

The Gobelins was just as we have all seen it, no changes in that establishment having been effected by the Revolution. They dined outside the *barrière* for eighteen sous apiece, "as well as they could have done within the walls for twice that sum"; and they spent the afternoon in seeing one of the saddest sights that ever disgraced humanity. The Salpêtrière was a place of confinement for all kinds of unfortunate women whom the law did not suffer to be at large. The establishment, in 1787, contained seven thousand women, and was presided over by twelve Sisters of the Order of Sainte Claire. Among the women of loose character they saw Madame de La Motte, the infamous heroine of the "Diamond Necklace," who, escaping soon after during the Revolution, became, under the assumed name of Countess Guacher, partner in the evangelization of Russia with Madame de Krudener, the friend of the Emperor Alexander. Although classed with the Magdalens on the register of the establishment, she had a room to herself, and was not obliged to wear their dress, a robe of coarse woolen, fashioned like a sack. The young men bribed their guide to let them see her. "It is perfectly true," says Cognet, "that she is like the pictures of our Queen, and she has the deportment and manners of a lady of quality. She seemed very much surprised by our visit, but, as it probably was a change to her, she did not resent it, and entered into conversation. She was dressed like a lady in *déshabille*, and was busy fluting something when we entered."

The other women slept five in a bed. The kitchens were neat and commodious. Seven coppers made soup for the seven thousand women, half an ox to each copper—which seems a miserable allowance. They were all occupied, generally with needlework; and among them were several women who were there by choice. The hospital and nursery departments were also visited, but the Sisters with all their care "could not prevent the air of these places from being intolerable. The most dreadful sight we saw, however, was that of the poor creatures deprived of reason." Some of Cognet's details are too shocking for repetition. Those liable to fits of fury were kept chained to kennels, and an iron barrier cut them off from personal communication even with the keepers of the establishment. Their lairs were cleaned out twice a day by rakes, and their food was thrust in to them. Among these wretched creatures was a beautiful young girl who had loved a young nobleman who had betrayed her. "If it had not been for the fetters round her beautiful bare arms we could not have believed that she was subject to attacks of violent mania. Her melancholy, beseeching looks proved that in lucid intervals she realized the horrors of her situation." She hid herself in her kennel at their approach, but afterward came out and made gestures to Thiry. When they came back she was in a paroxysm of despair, and was tearing her flesh and clothes. Many had only an old quilt for a covering.

No traveler could visit Paris without going to Versailles. On Whit-Sunday our young Lorrainers went out there with a great crowd.

Their first sight was the procession of those who wore the grand cordon of St. Louis. All noblemen so decorated left the King's apartment at mid-day, and went in procession to the chapel, followed by the princes of the blood, the Queen, her ladies, and the King himself. The Dauphin, whom the Queen held by the hand, was not the sufferer of the Temple, but his older brother, who

died two years after this Whit-Sunday—June 4, 1789.

"Our Queen's features are not perfect," remarks Cognet, "but she seems more beautiful than any lady at court because of her nobility of expression and the splendor of her carriage. Were she dressed in very humble garments it would be easy to guess that she was born to a throne. Her great dignity does not impair her grace. She has an enchanting smile and a peculiar turn of her head. The King's countenance shows his great kindliness, and his glance, though it is timid (*dépourvu d'audace*), is full of majesty. The Dauphin," Cognet also remarks, "is a very pretty boy, but he seems sad and sickly. Though hardly five years old, he behaved admirably at mass, and only once made a little friendly gesture to his cousin the young Duke d'Angoulême, when the grand cordon was conferred on him." The richness of the court costumes amazed the young provincials. The Queen and the princesses were literally covered with jewels. The Duchess de Polignac and the Princess de Lamballe were pointed out to them as the Queen's intimate friends. All present were required to wear swords, but every one who did so was admitted to the palace on that occasion. "The only fault that we could see in the apartments," says Cognet, "was perhaps a too lavish profusion of gold."

The grand fountains played, and they were interested in the menagerie, particularly in the rhinoceros. One wonders what became of him in the Revolution! "Versailles," says our young author—and his observation is as true now as it was then—"seems still to be pervaded by Louis XIV."

The Louvre at that time was in process of construction, and the part finished was full of artists' studios, and workshops of all kinds, granted rent free to persons who had influence to secure them.

On the Sunday after Whitsuntide, June 4th, they left Paris for Saint-Cloud, in a flat-boat containing four hundred persons. On reaching their destination, where the fountains did not play till five o'clock, they made their way on foot across country to Versailles, and visited the Trianons.

At the Petit Trianon, "the Queen's plaything," they saw her English garden, her farm, her farm-buildings, a ruin, a plain, a forest, and a mountain, all artificial, and on a tiny scale. "The Queen comes hither frequently," says her young subject, "to get rid of the burden of her greatness. She loves to be alone here for hours at a time. The house is in no sense a palace; the walls are covered with straw-work, alternating with worsted embroidery; the floors are spread with matting imitating *marquetrie*.

"In the garden there are nothing but wild flowers. There is no etiquette observed at the Petit Trianon, none of the *distinctions du tabouret* prevailed there. As we were leaving the bathing-rooms we were apprised of the arrival of Marie Antoinette, and, as we had not time to escape through the gate, our guide hurried us into the dairy. The Queen approached, accompanied by one of her court ladies; but she dismissed her presently, and came alone directly toward us. She wore a simple dress of clear white cambric, a *fichu*, and a head-dress of lace; and in this quiet dress she seemed even more queenly than in the court costume in which we had last seen her. Her way of walking is peculiar. She glides forward with inexpressible grace, and her head was thrown back more proudly when she thought herself alone than when she was in the midst of pomp and people. Our Queen passed close to the place where we were hid, and we all three had an impulse to step forth and kneel before her. We were divided between the wish that she should see us and the fear that she might do so. As soon as her Majesty had passed, our guide made us leave the garden. As it was four o'clock, we took a carriage, which soon brought us to Saint-Cloud."

At this time the first fire department was being organized in Paris. One of the sights they had been to see was *La Samaritaine*, a dilapidated piece of machinery constructed for forcing water from the Seine on to the Tuileries in case of fire. They remarked at the time that the recent discovery of fire-engines (*pompes à feu*) would supersede its usefulness. This prophecy was fulfilled for them as they returned home from Saint-Cloud. As they came in sight of the Tuileries they saw part of the Pavillon de Flore on fire, and, while interesting themselves in the *pompes*, which were mounted upon boats in the Seine, Jacquinot was pressed into the service, and compelled to work hard for eight or ten hours. The Tuileries seems to have been always thought particularly liable to conflagration.

Thiry had been greatly depressed for more than a week past, and, declining an expedition to Marly, took to his bed. His illness, however, proved to be homesickness. He was pining for his family, and, having made up his mind to return to Nancy by the next diligence, he grew perfectly well again. His companions saw him off, and then went out to the country-house of poor D'Enghien's father, the Prince de Condé, at Chantilly. The place was extraordinarily beautiful, and was everywhere decorated with illustrations of La Fontaine's fables in sculpture. Chantilly they thought as charming as Versailles was dull and magnificent. Among other things,

they saw in the Armory the swords of Jeanne d'Arc and of Henry IV.

On the 11th of June they wrote a letter to say they should soon be home, sent off their trunk by diligence, engaged their places for the following week, and spent the day in executing commissions. They had some difficulty in getting their trunk through the custom-house, which then examined every article that left Paris, but this being accomplished they prepared for a fresh jaunt, to see the ocean.

They started on foot through Marly and Saint-Germain, and at Poissy took a flat-boat—*galiote*—on the Seine. This vessel had no seats, no cabin, and no protection from the weather, so that they suffered terribly from a blazing sun, but it was a cheap mode of traveling—eight hours of it cost them each thirty sous. They hired two rough Norman ponies at Roulle, and rode twenty-one miles on them toward Rouen, paying another thirty sous apiece for the animals. They saw the sights of Rouen, the same as in our own day, and continued their journey by flat-boats and by hired horses to Honfleur, the harbor of which was then full of vessels from the Baltic, but was being rapidly filled up by sand. On the 15th they saw Havre and the sea for the first time, and bathed in it at once. They ate turbot, lobsters, and shell-fish, went on board a man-of-war corvette, and admired the merchant-shipping. They went to the theatre, as a matter of course, and, in short, made the most of their one day at Havre. They were very much interested in all they saw, but thought Havre a very dear city to live in. They had the good taste to admire the beautiful scenery along the Seine, on the journey back to Rouen, and Cognet informs us that at that time it contained a hundred thousand inhabitants. They visited the market-place, where poor Jeanne d'Arc was burned, drank Norman cider, and went to the theatre, where they made two in an audience of ten, the manager having quarreled with the public. Partly on foot, and partly in a flat-boat, they returned to Paris. The last stage of their journey, on a wet night, in an intolerable crowd upon the bare deck of the boat, was very uncomfortable. They were interested, however, in an escaped nun they had on board, who made no secret of her adventures. "She was a girl of no personal charms, who had been put into a convent against her will. She got out by climbing up some trellis-work beside a wall, till she got to the top, whence she slipped down into the road. There is little doubt she will continue to *slip* more as she goes farther."

They staid three more days in Paris, and then, June 22d, in company with a Jesuit father, "good company and no bigot"; a spur-maker and his son; the Sieur Bouthoux, a bookseller at Nancy; two Englishmen, who could not speak French; and a tobacco agent from Lunéville, they started for Nancy. The journey was uneventful, without any accident to the passengers, though the diligence, going down hill without breaks, at one stage ran over its two postilions, who were left behind under charge of charitable persons, while the two Englishmen mounted their horses, and carried the diligence through to the next post-town.

Thiry had come out one stage to meet them. They all breakfasted together at Toul, and then took leave of their fellow travelers, for the farther route of the diligence did not lie through Nancy. In a few hours they were safe at home, "enjoying," as Cognet concludes, "each of us on his own part the pleasure that others felt in our safe return, after seven weeks' absence."

Le Figaro.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

IN February, 1838, Lieutenant Wood, of the Indian Navy, rode across the level summit of the Kotal of Ish-kashm—the only pass across that long and lofty offshoot from the Hindoo Koosh which forms the eastern frontier of Badakhshan; and thence, at a height of nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea, he looked down into the narrow mountain-valley wherein, undiscernible beneath the snow, flowed the infant stream of the Oxus. For long centuries no European had beheld that river in its upper course; and the brief narratives of Marco Polo and one or two other early adventurers were still received in Europe with skepticism, and even with incredulity. That is the way in which the world receives the narratives of all first explorers. Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," with its true story of a strange land and strange peoples, were treated as purely mythical; and the "Tales of Baron Munchausen," which have delighted the children of subsequent generations, were originally published in derision of Bruce's narrative. For some days before we here meet him, Lieutenant Wood had been on the actual track of Marco Polo; and his brief, memorable. and interesting expedition which we are about to

recount shows how accurate is the simple narrative of the daring Venetian, whose tidings of the great empire of China and of the Indies fired Columbus with the desire to find a way thither across the wild wastes of the Atlantic.

More than a twelvemonth had elapsed since Lieutenant Wood started from the mouths of the Indus, making his way slowly up that most unnavigable of large rivers; and, when at length baffled by the rapids at the Salt Range, he made his way overland, by Kohat and the Khyber Pass, to Cabool. His special object was to visit the unknown region of the upper Oxus, and, if possible, to track the river to its source. Taking the most direct route he endeavored to surmount the Hindoo Koosh by one of the passes immediately to the north of Cabool; but he found the Parwan Pass impracticable so late in the year, and, wisely turning back, he escaped the fate of another party which had started from Cabool along with him, and whose members perished in the snow in an adjoining pass. Back, down the long valley again, he had to go to Cabool; thence he made for Bameean, the best known and most westerly of the passes over the Hindoo Koosh; and thence he descended northward toward the Oxus until he came to the sultry and unhealthy lowlands of Koondooz. The Oxus was there within a day's ride; but his object was to strike the river much farther up; and, as the course of the Oxus above Koondooz projects northward in a semicircle, he resolved to proceed along the chord of the arc, through Badakhshan, and over the Kotal of Ish-kashm.

Standing upon the summit of the pass, an unbroken expanse of snow spread around. Far as the eye could reach white mountains towered aloft into the cold sky. Behind were the narrow mountain-valleys of the eastern part of Badakhshan, in one of which lie the lapis-lazuli mines, famous from the earliest times, and which Wood had just visited. In front, and two thousand feet below him, flowed the snow-covered Oxus, coming down a long, narrow valley from the east—an opening between precipitous parallel mountain-chains, on whose summits, and far down their sides, lay the unmelted snow of countless centuries. To the right, as he thus looked eastward, the Hindoo Koosh towered above the narrow vale; while, to the left, the mountain-chain on which he stood ran north by west beyond the range of vision—a mighty barrier, which causes the Oxus to turn at right angles to its previous course, curving northward round Badakhshan.

There, then, was the infant Oxus, only a hundred feet in width; and he was the only European of modern times who had seen the sight. Descending the pass, Wood and his small party (himself the sole European) crossed the river on bridges of hardened snow; for the ice was ruptured by the rise of the river, which begins early in spring. He had a great desire to visit the world-renowned Ruby Mines, which had been famous when Europe was still in its infancy. They lay only twenty miles down the river, and he could see the mountain into whose sides the galleries were quarried in search of the gem which rivals even the diamond in value. Only twenty miles; but he could not reach the spot! And yet the route to the mines from where he stood is actually the only one by which the people of mountain-girdled Badakhshan can communicate with the provinces of Darwaz, Roshan, and Shagnan, opposite to them on the north or right bank of the Oxus. Throughout these twenty miles the mountains on the left bank descend in lofty precipices to the river-bed—the only route is along the right bank. But even there the mountains come so close to the river that journeying by horseback is rarely possible, and journeying on foot is only safe in the summer months; and the best route of all is along the surface of the river in winter when it happens to be hard frozen.

Wood had been partly prepared for this disappointment. When ascending the Pass of Ish-kashm, a strange, way-worn figure had met them, brushing his way through the willow scrub that covers the slope, with the skin of a horse wrapped round him. Tempted by the frozen state of the river, he had gone with some comrades to pay a visit in Darwas, just beyond the Ruby Mines; but when about to return they found the river had burst its icy covering. His companions turned back to await the coming of summer; but he had pushed on, and only got through after sacrificing his horse, whose hide he was carrying home with him. Hardly had this strange-clad wayfarer passed on, when Wood met a party of horsemen descending from the pass, who told him they had been sent to collect tribute at a hamlet near the Ruby Mines. They had to leave their horses and make their way thither on foot; and on their return one third of the party had been overwhelmed by an avalanche on the mountain-side. Happening to look back, the foremost of the party beheld a white mist rushing down, and their comrades were seen no more. Such was the region which Wood had now reached.

Overruling the fears and natural dislike of his little party, Wood now turned his face eastward, or east by north, resolved to make his way up through the wild and lonesome narrow mountain-valley down which flowed the Oxus from its unknown source in the far-off mountain-land of Pamir. This valley, which he entered and first looked down upon from the Pass of Ish-kashm,

is called Wakhan — so Wood found: a name which is mentioned passingly by Marco Polo, but which had never since been heard of in Europe, and which now became replaced in geography. Proceeding up this valley, which for fifty miles above Ish-kashm varies from a mile to barely two hundred yards in width — a mere thread among the tremendous mountain-ranges on either hand—Wood's little party early in the afternoon reached Ishtrakh. The word hamlet is too big for this little settlement—a few rude and small houses built for shelter among the rocky fragments of the mountains. As a snow-shower was falling when he arrived, no sign of human habitation was discernible, but for a yak standing quietly at what proved to be the door of one of the dwellings: the yak—the reindeer of Thibet and the Pamir—a creature that can not live where the temperature is above the freezing-point!

The mountain-range which here shuts in the valley of the Oxus on the south is the most easterly part of the Hindoo Koosh. Ishtrakh stands at the mouth of a glen or gorge in these mountains, down which a rivulet flows into the Oxus from its source in the eternal snows; and up this glen there is a path leading to a pass over the Hindoo Koosh, so that by a three days' journey one may reach the seat of the ruler of Chitral. But the journey must be made on foot, and is only practicable in summer, and the entire route is through the wild mountains, utterly uninhabited. So inaccessible is this region that even a route of this kind is held worthy of mention.

At Ishtrakh, Wood learned that for forty miles upward the valley of the Oxus was wholly uninhabited. The cold was great, and the wind from the mountains so piercing that nothing short of necessity would justify a bivouac for the night in the open. Accordingly, after some ten hours' rest, Wood and his little party started from Ishtrakh at midnight—whether by moonlight or by the gleam of the snow is not mentioned—and rode along by the river through the wild and profound solitude for forty miles—thirteen hours in the saddle—to a little settlement called Kundut, which, be it observed, is due north of Attock. Just before reaching this place, the ground became more level, and the Oxus, dividing into many channels, meandered over a sandy bed studded with numberless islets, which were thickly covered with an undergrowth of red willow-trees. In passing through one of these copses, Wood's dog started a hare from its bed—the only living thing they had seen throughout their forty miles' ride.

At Kundut, Shah Turai, in a little fort, ruled as monarch over the fifteen families which constituted the population, and whose houses clustered about the fort like so many cells in a beehive. Wood was hospitably received by the Shah. "A large fire soon blazed upon the hearth of the best house; and, his subjects being convened, I was paraded round it to refute the assertion of a wandering *callender* (fakir) from Jumbo in the Himalaya Mountains, who had persuaded the credulous Wakhanis that the Feringis were a nation of dwarfs." And here we get a glimpse, reminding us of one of the earliest stages of settled human life long before calendars were compiled or timepieces invented. The holes in the roofs of the houses, besides giving vent to the smoke, perform the office of sundials, indicating the hour of the day when the sun is shining. "Before the housewife begins to prepare the family meal, she looks not up at a clock, but round the walls or upon the floor for the spot on which his golden light is streaming. The seasons also are marked by the same means; for, when the sun's rays through this aperture in the roof reach one particular spot, it is seed-time."

Resuming his journey up the valley of the Oxus, Wood and his little party had not proceeded far when the barking of dogs and the sight of yaks, camels, and sheep roaming over the plain bespoke the vicinity of a pastoral people. It was an encampment of Kirghiz, numbering a hundred families, and possessed of about two thousand yaks, four thousand sheep, and one thousand camels: "not the ugly-looking camel of Africa, but the species known as the Bactrian, and which, to all the useful qualities of the former, adds a majestic port that no animal but the horse can surpass." It was the first time that the Kirghiz had ever wintered in that district, and they had just arrived—having been solicited to do so by the Uzbecks of Badakhshan, with whom they are connected by race.

Throughout that day's journey the valley of the Oxus continued level, about a mile wide, grassy in some places, and, though far from fertile, improved in appearance compared with its lower course. But it is only on the brink of the river that herbage and willow-copse abound; the outer part of the narrow plain, at the foot of the mountains, being entirely bare and devoid of vegetation. After a twenty-four miles' ride, Wood reached a place called Kila Panj (from five hillocks clustered together); and at this point he crossed to the right or north bank of the river, which there flowed at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. At the crossing-place at Kila Panj, the stream is split into two channels—one of which, twenty-seven yards broad, was two feet deep; the other, which was broader by ten yards, was so shallow that Wood's dog

crossed it without swimming. A farther ride of about ten miles brought the party to their halting-place for the night at Hissar—a small rude fort, with a little settlement around it.

At this point the valley of the Oxus bifurcates. One valley or glen runs up among the mountains east by south, the other runs northeast; and down each of them flowed a stream of nearly equal size. Which was the Oxus? To Wood's eye the stream from the east seemed slightly the larger; but the Wakhanis held the opposite opinion as a fact; nor was it easy for Wood to decide, for the stream from the north was broken into several channels. The northern stream, however, was covered with ice to the point of junction, whereas the eastern one was unfrozen —plainly showing that the stream from the north rose in a much greater altitude than the other. Also, when Wood made a clearing in the ice, he found the velocity of the northern tributary double that of the one from the east. Further, the Kirghiz tribe whom he had met on the previous day had told him positively that the source of the Oxus was to be found in the lofty table-land to the northeast. So Wood resolved to track the stream which came down from the north.

But he wanted guides, and an escort for protection against the roving Kirghiz tribes; and he was detained at Hissar and at Langar Kish, a place a few miles farther on; until it occurred to him to boldly ask an escort from the Kirghiz encampment down the river—that is, from the very people whom he had to guard against; and he had not to repent his confidence.

At Hissar, which stands at the confluence of the two streams, the valley of the Oxus—narrow at the best—terminates; and the route lies up the *durah* Sir-i-kol—the defile or rough glen down which comes the Oxus from the plateau of Pamir. Langar Kish (ten thousand eight hundred feet above the sea) is the most easterly point of Wakhan, and the last place of human habitation. The travelers now clothed themselves more heavily than ever, to keep out the intense cold: "The Munshi in particular was so hampered up with worsted cloaks that his arms were all but useless, and his short legs had scarcely action enough to keep him on his horse." The sides of the mountains forming the defile were broken down in abrupt declivities, and the snow-wreathed stream flowed roughly amid their dislocated fragments. This is the route by which the Yarkand caravan travels; and, three hours after starting, Wood's party came to a ravine which they had great trouble in crossing, and where frequently the caravan is interrupted, and its merchandise has to be transferred from the camel's back to that of the yak. They bivouacked for the night on a knoll, free from snow, but only so from its being swept by every gust that traversed the *durah*. The cold was intense. Wood's thermometer was only graduated down to 6° above zero, Fahr., and the mercury had sunk down into the bulb. Three of the party (two of them Afghans) suffered so much during the night that they had to be sent back to Langar Kish. Height of the bivouac above the sea, twelve thousand feet.

Next morning, resuming their course up the rough snow-covered glen, the journey was most fatiguing. Although the snow lay only two feet deep, it was but half frozen, and drifts abounded in which the horse and his rider floundered painfully. At noon they took to the frozen surface of the river, and the change was most agreeable. It was dark before they reached the halting-place chosen by the Kirghiz guides; the snow on it lay a yard deep, and a cold ugly spot it looked: but the Kirghiz, taking their wooden shovels, quickly showed that there was a store of fuel, sheep and camels' dung, beneath; and by the help of a good fire, and high snow walls around them, the night was passed in tolerable comfort. Height above the sea, thirteen thousand five hundred feet.

Before starting next day, the footmen of the party had to be sent back, dead-beat; and the party resumed their way up the frozen river. Horns in large numbers (the spoil of the Kirghiz hunters) now were strewed in all directions, projecting from the snow—some of them of astonishingly large size. These belonged to the *Ovis Poli*, a creature between a goat and a yak, first seen by Marco Polo, and hence its European name. That night they bivouacked again on the site of a summer encampment of the Kirghiz, and with the same "comforts" as before. Height above the sea, fourteen thousand four hundred feet.

Next morning—the fourth after leaving Langar Kish—there was a strike among the escort—only two of them could be persuaded to go farther. But that was enough; for now the object of search was said to be only twenty-one miles distant. Hitherto Wood's party had been greatly helped by following in the tracks of a band of Kirghiz who had just preceded them; but these had turned off up a glen to the left, and now they had to make a way for themselves through the half-frozen snow, which lay deeper and deeper as they advanced. Near as Wood had now approached to the source of the Oxus, he would have failed after all in reaching it, had not the river been frozen. They were fully two hours in forcing their way through a field of snow not five hundred yards across. "Each individual by turns took the lead, and forced his horse to struggle onward until exhaustion brought it down

in the snow, where it was allowed to lie and recruit while the next was urged forward. It was so great a relief when we again got upon the river," says Wood, "that in the elasticity of my spirits I pushed my pony into a trot"; a proceeding which was instantly checked by a Wakhani, who cautioned Wood to beware of the "wind of the mountains"—the rarefied air of those great altitudes, of which we shall see more by and by.

As they neared the source of the Oxus, the ice on its surface became brittle. In the afternoon they had to leave it, and journey for an hour along its right bank. Ever since leaving Langar Kish, the mountains on either hand had appeared to become lower and lower—the ascent being so gradual that they hardly thought of the great altitude which stage by stage they were reaching. Now the mountains appeared to be entirely falling away from them; and, ascending a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of February, 1838, Wood at length stood upon the Bam-i-duniah, the "Roof of the World." Height above the sea, fifteen thousand six hundred feet.

Before him, looking northward, Wood beheld a wide mountain table-land mantled in snow. A plain, stretching almost to the horizon and about four miles in breadth, lay embosomed amid swelling hills about five hundred feet high, but which on the southeast towered into mountains; and in the middle of the plain, or rather along one side of it, spread a fine lake, in the form of a crescent, fifteen miles in length, and with an average breadth of one mile. And almost at his feet, at the southern end of the lake, the Oxus was flowing from its source, and plunging into the *durah* by which the travelers had approached. Here, then, was the object of this bold expedition accomplished. The old and almost forgotten story of Marco Polo was true; and the great river Oxus, which, after creating the Oasis of Khiva, disappears in the marshes of the Aral Sea, has its source in a lake on the Great Pamir steppe, the Roof of the World.

Passing on to the frozen surface of the lake, called Sir-i-kol, Wood cut some holes in the ice to let down his sounding-lead; but the depth was small—only about six feet—and the water was discolored and fetid, doubtless from the decay of the rich rank grasses which grow in summer. The lake was probably deeper in other parts, but Wood was unable to explore farther, owing to the labor of cutting through the ice, which was two and a half feet thick. The difficulty of doing anything was felt to be excessive, owing to the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. "A few strokes with an axe brought the workman to the ground. A run at full speed for fifty yards made the runner gasp for breath." The pulse, too, was bounding as if at high fever-heat. Wood first observed this peculiarity when he was still among the mountain-valleys of Badakhshan. Accidentally touching his pulse he felt it was galloping, and, turning somewhat anxiously to his medical instructions, he took the remedies prescribed for fever. Next morning the pulse still galloped, but he felt quite well; and he soon found that the pulses of all the party were in the same way. As he remarks, man has a barometer within him which approximately shows his elevation above the sea. On the banks of Lake Sir-i-kol the pulses of his party beat at from 110 to 124 per minute—the pulsation being quicker in the stout or fat men than in the spare or thin.

On this elevated solitude Wood halted for the night. The uniform robe of snow rendered it difficult to determine distances or altitudes—hence, he says, it is possible that Sir-i-kol is much larger than he took it for—but he reckoned that the mountains at the southern end of the lake were about three thousand four hundred feet above the lake, or nineteen thousand above the sea; and the perennial snow upon them, partially melting in summer, furnishes a never-failing supply of water to the lake and the Oxus which flows from it. The wintry scene was oppressive, almost appalling—a dull, cloudless sky overhead, with a snowy waste below, extending far as the eye could reach. Not a living thing was to be seen, not a sound to be heard; the air was as silent and tenantless as the earth. Not even a bird stirred the air with its wings.

"Silence reigned around—silence so profound that it oppressed the heart; and," says Wood, "as I contemplated the hoary summits of the everlasting mountains, where human foot had never trod, and where lay piled the snows of ages, my own dear country and all the social blessings it contains passed across my mind with a vividness of recollection that I had never felt before. It is all very well for men in crowded cities to be disgusted with the world and to talk of the delights of solitude. Let them but pass one twenty-four hours on the banks of Sir-i-kol, and it will do more to make them contented with their lot than a thousand arguments."

Saddling-up soon after mid-day, Wood and his escort reëntered the defile, descending to Langar Kish, and finding the mountains rising higher and higher on either hand as they descended. Journeying down the narrow valley of the Oxus, and recrossing the path of Ish-kashm, he made good his return through Badakhshan to Koondooz; and finally visited the Oxus at the point where it is about to enter the Deserts, after making its semicircular *détour* from Ish-kashm around Badakhshan. It was now a great river. It was

with difficulty that he forded it on horseback, riding three abreast to break the current; and yet the river, at the ford, was split into three channels. These had an aggregate breadth of about three hundred and fifty yards, and the stream in the main channel ran at the rate of four miles an hour.

Since Wood's memorable journey, the eastern "fork" (as the Americans say) of the Oxus, which joins with the Sir-i-kol River at Hissar, has been explored by the Indian traveler known as "the Mirza." As Wood suspected, this eastern branch, called the "River of Sirhad," is really the larger, although it has a much lower source. The length of its course is about one hundred miles, while Wood's Oxus is about seventy. From Hissar (the point of confluence) the valley of the Sirhad River rounds east by south, close under the eastern extremity of the Hindoo Koosh, to where that mountain-chain is met at an angle by the lofty Karakorum chain of the Himalaya. Apparently, at the angle where these mighty chains meet, a lofty spur runs northward, forming the eastern front of the Roof of the World, looking down upon Yarkand and Kashgar. Certainly at this point the valley of the Sirhad River turns northward, opening out on the steppe of the Little Pamir, where this branch of the Oxus (like the other) issues from a lake—about thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the sea.

Captain Wood's narrative was originally published at a time when Central Asia was a region not merely unknown to (which it still is), but wholly uncared for by, the public. In 1872, when the exploits of the Athalik Ghazi, of Kashgar, and the military invasion by Russia, attracted public interest to that part of the East, Wood's narrative was republished, prefaced by an "Essay on the Valley of the Oxus," by Colonel Yule, C. B.* The "Essay" is worthy of the high reputation of its author, who, by his commentaries on Marco Polo's "Journey," and also by other writings, has proved himself our ablest authority on the geography and history of the greater part of Central Asia. It is from Colonel Yule's writings that we have mainly drawn the concluding portion of this paper, auxiliary to the simple narrative of Wood.

Very remarkable is it, in the historical incidents quoted by Yule, to see how prosperous and populous were many parts of this region which are now not only desert or in decay, but in some of which both soil and climate would seem highly adverse to civilized settlement. It is strange to find Wakhan—the wild, narrow valley through which Wood (like Marco Polo) journeyed to the source of the Oxus—spoken of by the old Venetian traveler (in 1272) as "a land containing a good many towns and villages, and scattered habitations"; or, in still earlier times, by the historian Abulfeda, who speaks of the splendid palaces of the kings of Waksh—a most mountainous country on the upper tributaries of the Oxus—remaining unknown to the modern world, despite the "scientific expeditions" of General Kaufmann.

Strange as it may seem, these lofty mountain solitudes of the world were as well known to the Chinese twelve centuries ago as (or better than) they are to us at the present day. The first travelers who have left a written and published account of the region were two Chinese pilgrims of the Buddhist persuasion, who passed this way on their visit to India about A. D. 518, and who mention that this lofty region (called by the Chinese *Tsung Ling*) was commonly said to be half-way between heaven and earth—just as the northern continuation of the Pamir Mountains is to this day called by the Chinese the *Tien Shan*, or Heavenly Mountains. In the next century (about 644 A. D.), another Chinese pilgrim to the Buddhist shrines of India, named Hwen Thsang, on his way back to China, took the very course up the valley or defile of the Sir-i-kol branch of the Oxus recently explored by Wood, and thence down from the Roof of the World into the plains of Yarkand and Kashgar, on his way to cross the very different, but not less formidable, obstacle to travelers—the Desert of Gobi. Hwen Thsang states that, on leaving India, he journeyed for one hundred and forty miles across the mountains, and reached the valley of Pomilo (Pamir), lying between two snowy ranges of the Tsung Ling.

"The traveler," he says, "is annoyed by sudden gusts of wind, and the snow-drifts never cease, spring or summer. As the soil is almost constantly frozen, you see but a few miserable plants, and no crops can live. The whole region is but a dreary waste, without a trace of humankind. In the middle of the valley is a great lake. This stands on a plateau of prodigious elevation. The lake discharges to the west [southwest], and a river runs out of it in that direction, and joins the Potsu (Oxus). The lake likewise discharges to the east, and a great river runs out, which flows eastward to the western frontier of Kiesha (Kashgar), where it joins the river Sita, and runs eastward into it to the sea."

That a lake should have two outlets in opposite directions is very unusual, but not physically impossible; and, although Hwen Thsang's statement is generally disbelieved, Burnes heard the same story from the natives about forty years ago.

* Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New edition, edited by his Son. With an Essay on the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus, by Colonel Henry Yule, C. B. With Maps. London: John Murray. 1872.

In the thirteenth century, the Roof of the World was, for the first time, beheld by the eye of a European, Marco Polo; and only two or three Europeans have ever beheld it since then, even down to the present day. The "Travels of Marco Polo" is truly a remarkable book. Its author was simply an enterprising Venetian merchant, who undertook the most wonderful and difficult journey, or series of journeys—no doubt with a strong love of adventure in his heart, but merely in the way of business. He seems totally unaware that he himself was doing anything wonderful, although he expatiates on the strange sights and peoples which he met with. As regards his own adventures, and his own impressions of the difficult expedition which he undertook, he says almost nothing—not even when traveling for weeks among the coldest and loftiest mountains in the world, or while traversing for a month the pathless wastes of the sandy desert of Gobi.

The portion of Marco Polo's itinerary wherein he describes the approach to the lofty table-land of Asia, from Badakhshan up the valley of the Oxus, and the sight which met him when, like Wood, nearly six centuries afterward, he emerged upon the Great Pamir, is as follows—in his own words, but abridged:

"In leaving Badashan, you ride twelve days between east and northeast, ascending a river that runs through a land containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. And, when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among the mountains, you get to such a height that it is said to be the highest place in the world! And, when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two [ridges of] mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain. The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it south to north for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing; so that travelers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that, because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually."

Let an Alpine climber, or a tourist standing for his brief hour on the summit of Mont Blanc, look around upon the expanse of mountain-peaks and deep valleys, and fancy it all leveled up to his own altitude—a comparatively level expanse far as the eye can reach, but with round-topped hills (unlike the jagged peaks of the Alps) of a few hundred feet in height projecting above this mountain-plain, with small lakes in the hollows among the hills. Such would be a resemblance to the Pamir plateau where Wood saw it; except that in one quarter the horizon was girdled by a lofty range of mountains, whose summits rose between three and four thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. And, when Wood beheld it, this vast and unique mountain-plain was entirely covered with snow, and the Sir-i-kol Lake frozen deep with ice.

Wood saw only the southwestern extremity of the great plateau; but not the least remarkable feature of the region is its vast extent. From Lake Sir-i-kol it extends northward for wellnigh two hundred miles, where the plateau joins nearly at right angles the lofty Alai chain, along whose northern base flows the Jaxartes. The breadth of the Pamir plateau is variously reckoned from twenty miles by Hwen Thsang, who apparently speaks of one particular valley-route, to one hundred by Colonel Yule, who computes the general breadth of the mountain-mass. Marco Polo, for some unexplained and unaccountable reason, except it were the spirit of adventure, did not content himself with crossing this mountain-mass, but proceeded across its entire length, descending into the eastern plains at Kashgar and thence returning south to Yarkand. After speaking of Lake Sir-i-kol, the source of the Oxus, the Venetian says: "Now, if we go on with our journey toward the east-northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolor." Hwen Thsang said, "The whole tract is but a dreary waste, without a trace of human habitation." Benedict Goës, who crossed the Pamir steppe late in the autumn of 1603, speaks of the great cold and desolation, and difficulty of breathing. In recent times (1861), Abdul Medjid, an agent of our Indian Government, who passed the Pamir on his way to Khokan, in the valley of the Jaxartes, says: "Fourteen weary days were occupied in crossing the steppe; the marches were long, depending on uncertain supplies of grass and water, which sometimes wholly failed. Food for man and beast had to be carried by the party, for not a trace of human habitation is to be met with in these inhospitable wilds. The steppe is interspersed with tamarisk jungle and the wild willow, and in summer with tracts of high grass."

The loftiest part of the plateau is believed to be at its southern extremity where Lieutenant Wood saw it, fifteen thousand six hundred feet above the sea; and it declines to about ten thousand feet at its northern end. From its western front, several lofty ranges run southwestward for two or three hundred miles, till they strike the course of the Oxus below Ish-kashm, where the

river makes its northeasterly circuit round Badakhshan—with as many large rivers flowing down the narrow intervening valleys, draining the great snowy mass of the plateau. Colonel Yule says: "The core of the mountain-mass of Pamir forms a great elevated plateau, at least one hundred and eighty miles north and south, and about one hundred east and west. The greater part of this plateau appears to consist of stretches of tolerably level steppe, broken and divided by low, rounded hills—much of it covered with saline exudations, but interspersed with patches of willow and thorny shrubs, and in summer with extensive tracts of grass." Many lakes are scattered over the surface of the plateau, from which rivers flow—the many streams, as Marco Polo says, which have to be crossed when traversing the steppe from south to north. As might be expected from the great breadth of the plateau, there is no sharp ridge dividing the drainage or water-flow; some of the eastern rivers, which flow down to the plains of Kashgar and Yarkand, apparently rising far back on the western side of the steppe; while some of the western rivers, tributaries of the Oxus, appear to run in valleys overlapping the others, and having their source near the eastern edge of the plateau. As already said, the eastern side of the plateau appears to be higher than the western, and some of the peaks in that quarter, according to Hayward, rise to a height of twenty thousand or twenty-one thousand feet above the sea. In its northern part, the great steppe is crossed from east to west by a belt of mountains, traversed by the Kizil Yart Pass, which leads to the *dersht* or steppe of Alai, bounded on the north by the Alai range, whose northern front drains into the Jaxartes River. This small northern portion of the great plateau is only about twenty miles from north to south, but forty from east to west; and it is drained westward by the Surk-ab ("Red River"), which is the greatest tributary of the Oxus, and, except one, the last of the large rivers which join the Oxus from the north.

Across this mountain-land of Pamir, lofty and desolate as it is, lay the earliest route between Western Asia and early-civilized China. In the reign of the Emperor Justinian an embassy was sent from Byzantium to the country from which silk came; but when they reached the Bolor Mountains, and the Roof of the World frowned before them, the Byzantines lost heart and turned back; and so China remained unvisited by Europeans for other eight centuries. But, for generations before Justinian, commercial enterprise had established a route to Eastern Asia across this formidable barrier of mountains. Ptolemy, the geographer, speaks of the "Seric caravan," of which the Yarkand caravan of the present day is doubtless a relic. The Seric caravan, says Ptolemy, started from Hyrcania, at the southwestern corner of the Caspian Sea, and "then the route runs through Aria [the Herat territory] to Margiana Antiochia [Merv]. Thence the route proceeds eastward to Bactra [Balk], and from that [crossing to the right bank of the Oxus, where there was a stone bridge in the days of the Emperor Humayoon] northward up the ascent of the hill country of the Comedæ; and then, inclining somewhat south through the hill country as far as the gorge [probably about the Ruby Mines], in which the plain [along the bank of the river] terminates; and then for a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, extending to the Stone Tower, the route would seem to tend northward [as the valley of the Oxus does above Ish-kashm]. The Stone Tower stands in the way of those who ascend the gorge; and from it the mountains extend eastward to join the chain of Imaus [the Roof of the World], which runs north to this point from the territory of Palimbothra" [or India].

From this statement it is plain that the ancient Seric caravan crossed the Pamir by following either the eastern or western "fork" of the Upper Oxus—either by the glen of the Sirhad river, or by Wood's Oxus, up the defile to Lake Sir-i-kol. The geographical position of the Stone Tower mentioned by Ptolemy has given rise to much discussion among geographers. Apparently, it was a fort guarding the defile leading down from the Pamir, and through which invaders or marauding bands would come from the mountains or from the country to the east, about Yarkand and Kashgar. Such a fort might be placed almost anywhere in the valley of the Oxus, as far down as the Ruby Mines, if not lower still—for, in Darwaz and Roshan (the provinces on the right bank of the Oxus below Ish-kashm), the long and lofty parallel chains of which we have spoken as sloping southwestward from the Pamir come down abruptly upon the Oxus. And it is curious to observe that, when the Turkish tribes began to descend into Western Asia, a fort was actually built in this quarter to check their irruptions. "In 793," says Yule, "Fadhl Ibn Yahya, the Barmecide, was invested with the government of all the countries from Kerman to the *frontier of the Turks;* and he caused a barrier with two castles to be erected in a defile beyond Khotl, by which the Turkish marauders used to come down in their forays. The memory of this barrier, which was known to the Arabs as *El Bab*, or 'the Gate,' is believed to survive in the name of the State of Darwaz (Gate), which still exists on the Panja, or Upper Oxus." This castellated barrier, erected "beyond Khotl," must have stood on the banks of the Oxus within some eighty or

one hundred miles below Ish-kashm—in which district, as already said, several lofty mountain-chains from the Pamir come down abruptly upon the river's bed, as at the Ruby Mines. The Stone Tower of Ptolemy, however, lay much farther up the river, at "the gorge" leading up to the Pamir steppe; and it seems to me that Hissar, where the two forks of the Upper Oxus unite, and whence one gorge leads up to Sir-i-kol and the Great Pamir, and the other to the Little Pamir, very aptly corresponds with the position assigned to the "Stone Tower" of Ptolemy. Moreover, Hissar means "the Fort," just as Darwaž means "the Gate"; and the rude fort which still exists at that place may actually have existed there since the early times of the Seric caravan.

Nowhere in the world is there a more mountainous and inaccessible region than that of the Upper Oxus and its tributaries; and it is just in such localities that one finds the remains of the old population. The various travelers who have recently penetrated here and there into this mountainous region—comprising the provinces of Karategin, Roshan, Shagnan, and Wakhan—agree in stating that the settled but thin and scattered population belongs to the Iranian (Persian) branch of the Aryan or Indo-European race. The people, called Tajiks, are descendants of the early Persians: the poor rude denizens of Wakhan and adjoining districts belong to the once mighty nation which established the empire of Cyrus and Darius. In Badakhshan, also, the bulk of the people are Tajiks. Among this upland section of the Tajiks there are relics of the old Zoroastrian fire-worship. In Wakhan, between Ish-kashm and Hissar, Wood saw the ruins of three "Kaffir" forts, which the natives believe to have been erected by the Guebres or fire-worshipers: and I have no doubt the natives are right, for only a year ago the correspondent of the "Daily News" found a fire-temple not wholly abandoned on the shores of the Caspian. Moreover, Wood mentions the reluctance with which a Badakhshi blows out a light. In like manner, he says, "A Wakhani considers it bad luck to blow out a light by the breath, and will rather wave his hand for *several minutes* under the flame of his pine-slip than resort to the sure but to him disagreeable alternative" of blowing it out.

The Tajiks, says Wood, are a handsome race of the Caucasian stock, differing widely from the Turkish or Mongolian, Uzbecks and Kirghiz, who from the sixth century onward have been flooding Western Asia. The Tajiks are to be found both to the north and south of the Hindoo Koosh. According to Wood and others, the Kaffirs of the valleys to the north of the Cabool River, leading up to the lofty Chitral and Baroghil Passes of the Hindoo Koosh, belong to the Tajik race; and they are certainly the wildest and most barbarous branch of it. Living in snowy and inaccessible valleys, it may be doubted whether they were ever brought under the influence of the Zoroastrian creed, or any other. They fiercely repel Mohammedanism, and do not appear to have any settled religion: hence the name "Kaffirs," or unbelievers, applied to them by their neighbors, the Mohammedan population both of Afghanistan and of Badakhshan. About the time of our first invasion of Afghanistan, when a British officer (I think Captain Conolly) was at Jellalabad, he was surprised one day by his attendants rushing into his tent, in a state of great excitement, and exclaiming, "Here are your countrymen coming!" It was a party of Kaffirs. But the officer apparently had little taste for ethnology, and he got rid of his wild-looking "countrymen" as quickly as possible.

The highlanders from the Upper Oxus—the Bactrians and Sacæ—formed the hardiest and most daring regiments in the armies of Darius and Xerxes; and the Sacæ led the van in the attack upon the Greeks at Thermopylæ. They must either have been Turkish or Iranian, but there is no reason to believe that they were different in race from the Persian host among whom they were enrolled. Rawlinson, in his "Herodotus," places the country of the Sacæ at the head of the Oxus, on the Pamir, if not also beyond the mountains, in the plains of Yarkand. The empire of Darius appears to have extended beyond the Roof of the World; and undoubtedly in those times the entire population between the Oxus and Jaxartes was Iranian—as in the main it still is to this day eastward of the longitude of Balk, except on the Pamir itself.

Widely different is the Kirghiz race, which now form the thin and roving population of the Pamir Mountains, and one of whose tribes Wood found wintering for the first time in the valley of Wakhan. They are evidently of the same race as the Uzbecks, who have long been settled in Koondooz and on the plains around the lower course of the Oxus. The difference between a temperate and a rigorous climate on the *physique* is observable in the well-proportioned frame of the Uzbeck and the stunted growth of the Kirghiz of the Pamir. "More weather-beaten faces," says Wood, "I have never seen; they had, however, the hue of health. Their small, sunken eyes were just visible from beneath fur caps, while the folds of a snug woolen *comforter* concealed their paucity of beard. The clothing of most of them consisted of a sheep's skin, with the wool inside." They liked tobacco, but were absolutely voracious of snuff—eating, not snuffing it. When Wood presented his box to the chief of the tribe, the Kirghiz quietly emptied half of its contents into

the palm of his hand, then, opening his mouth, and holding his head back, at two gulps he swallowed the whole. Wood pronounced the young women (very unlike the men) pretty. "All have the glow of health in their cheeks; and, though they have the harsh features of their race, there is a softness about their lineaments, a coyness and maidenly reserve in their demeanor, that contrasts most agreeably with the uncouth figures and harsh manners of the men." Colonel Burnaby, in his "Ride to Khiva," mentions a charming Kirghiz girl who greatly took his fancy until he saw the cool way, or rather the lively relish, with which the fair damsel cut the throat of a fat sheep which he had presented to her family for a banquet!

To the denizens of this land of snow the yak, or *kash-gow*, is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander; or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow, and its hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk, a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed: like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight, and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and, when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen), a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain-slopes and their level summits; it needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the heights lie too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes, and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top, he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak can not bear a temperature above freezing; and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails. It was on the summit of the Pass of Ish-kashm that Wood first met this strange animal; and he sent one down to a friend at Koondooz: but, although Badakhshan was then in winter, the poor yak died long before it reached the plains.

The Roof of the World is not a place for the census-takers, but it is computed—a mere guess—that the several tribes who inhabit or frequent these mountain solitudes number about a thousand families, chiefly on the Little Pamir, around Lake Rangkul. In the summer the women, as in the pastoral districts of the Alps, encamp in the higher valleys, and devote their whole time to the dairy, the men remaining below, but paying flying visits to the upper stations. "All speak in rapture of these summer wanderings." Doubtless the temporary separation of the sexes imparts a zest to these occasions; but it is wonderful the change which summer makes even upon that lofty mountain-land. Even around Lake Sir-i-kol, the loftiest part of the plateau, as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, no sooner does the summer sun melt the snows in the valley than the most succulent verdure covers the soil. The grass grows nearly a yard high, of the richest quality; and every traveler, from Marco Polo down to Faiz Bakhsh, repeats the fact that the leanest horse becomes fat in a fortnight's time upon that verdurous upland. The *kirgahs*, or tents of the Kirghiz, are strongly built and very comfortable—about fourteen feet in diameter and eight feet in height; the fire blazes in the center with a good outlet at the top; and a suspended mat secludes the dressing-place of the women. While the females tend the flocks—sheep, yaks, and camels—there is ample scope for the hunters. Lake Sir-i-kol is a favorite summer resort of these rovers of the plateau. No sooner does the sun melt the snows on the little plain than the banks of the lake are studded with their tents, while the waters of the lake are frequented by abundant flocks of wild-fowl. The tenantless air, as Marco Polo and Wood saw it in winter, becomes noisy with the flight of birds. The spoils of the chase not only add to the small supply of human food, but comprise skins and fleeces alike of domestic and commercial value. The most remarkable animal of the plateau is the great sheep of the Pamir (for it is found nowhere else in the world), the *Ovis Poli*, with its enormous horns. Here and there on the plateau the yak is seen in a wild state, in small herds far up on the snowy slopes of the mountains. Whether wild or domesticated, the yak is gregarious, and is able to beat off the hungry wolves. There is also a kind of goat, called *rang*, having a valuable fleece, and from which several of the lakes which dot the plateau take their names—Rang-kul, or "Goat Lake." Strange to say, deer (of some kind) abound; foxes and wolves frequent the plateau, and bears and tigers are occasionally met with.

A remarkable but highly comfortable change on the face of the earth is the great circumscription which has occurred in the domain of the wild beasts, especially of the man-slaying kind. What hard times the "prehistoric" peoples must have had, in regions of dense forest, where savage man was a feeble intruder, and the *feræ* were the lords dominant! The matter-of-fact annals of the Chinese record that their ancestors at first were so ignorant and helpless that they made their dwellings in trees to escape from the wild beasts—just as do the Veddahs of Ceylon

at the present day, and also some of the rude tribes of Borneo. Even in historic times, according to Vergil, the lion was a native of Italy; and the Nemæan lion was doubtless the last of his race in Greece. In less remote times the "king of beasts" abounded in the valley of the Jordan, and also on the plains of Mesopotamia, affording royal sport to the bold and hardy monarchs of Nineveh, who tracked the lion to his lair—sometimes attacking him single-handed and on foot—as coolly and frequently as the Czar or the gallant old Emperor of Germany goes a-boar-hunting, shooting the brute from his ambush. So late as the fourteenth century lions abounded on the Oxus; and it is recorded that a great review of his army, held by Genghis Khan on the banks of that river (somewhere about Balkh), was interrupted by a party of lions that broke into the camp. *Now*, the lion has entirely disappeared from the valley of the Oxus and the whole western part of Central Asia. The Pamir knows him not; and although the Russian officers have heard of his being seen about Lake Issyk-kol (the White or Frozen Lake), close to the frontier of Siberia, it seems that even the vast mountain-chains of Central Asia have ceased to be the habitat of the royal beast.

"Habit is a second nature"; and when habit has operated for several generations it is marvelous what it enables human nature to bear. So, the Kirghiz tribes can roam with impunity, and in summer with pleasure, over the inhospitable Roof of the World. Even a Venetian gentleman can journey over it for forty days without a single word as to his own hardships, and merely with a few sentences descriptive of the aspect of the region. But it hardly needs the uncomplaining words of Lieutenant Wood to realize the perils of journeying at such an altitude. "The danger," he says, "which is increased by [the necessity for] sleeping literally among the snow, in the middle of winter, did not occur to me at the time. We were most fortunate in having done so with impunity. Our escape is, under Providence, to be attributed to the oceans of tea we drank, . . . which kept off the drowsiness which cold engenders, ending in death. . . . The kettle was never off the fire when we encamped; indeed, throughout the whole of our wanderings the Munshi and myself lived almost entirely upon it. We used the decoction, not infusion, and always brewed it strong. Another preventive was the firing we constantly kept up, and the precaution of sleeping with our feet toward it." Wood was only a week on the Pamir—namely, in ascending and returning from Hissar, where the Sir-i-kol defile begins—and yet the greater part of his small party had to be sent back before reaching the summit of the plateau.

Such, then, is the Bam-i-duniah, the "Roof of the World." At present the interest which attaches to that remarkable region is even more military and political than geographical. Russia now holds all the country north of the Alai-Tau chain, the southern watershed of the Upper Jaxartes; and Russian "scientific expeditions" have been out on the Pamir, and exploring the quadrangular mountain-region lying between their own frontier and the Upper Oxus and Hindoo Koosh. West of the Pamir plateau, for about two hundred miles, the country is intersected by a series of mountain-chains coming down from the plateau unbroken till they reach the Oxus—a region wellnigh impervious and uncrossable, either from north or south. But the Pamir plateau is like a lofty mound, a mountain-bridge, whose comparatively level summit connects the Terek and other eastern passes of the Alai chain with the Darkot and Baroghil Passes of the Hindoo Koosh—leading down the Chitral Valley to Jellalabad, or by the Gilgit across the Indus, to Cashmere. No army will ever cross this mountain-bridge. Asiatic armies, or rather single *corps d'armée*, have crossed the Pamir from east to west, but no army can traverse the two hundred miles from north to south. No doubt a column might do so, even with light artillery, and might steal across it secretly, arriving suddenly at the crest of the Hindoo Koosh. If Stolietoff's mission could come from Samarcand to Bameean, entering Afghanistan before we had tidings of its starting, one of Kaufmann's columns might still more secretly traverse the solitudes of the Pamir. Hence, when war lately threatened in Europe, our Indian Government ordered the Maharajah of Cashmere to occupy the Baroghil Pass with his troops—albeit we never heard that this had been done. But, even had they arrived at Baroghil, the Muscovites would have been little more than half-way to India. "It's a far cry to Lochawe!" Anyhow, we have described the geographical features of the Pamir, and readers who have military tastes may be left to draw their own conclusions.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS — the elder and greater bearer of that name—has perhaps been more persistently underrated, in England at least, than any modern writer of his caliber. There is, so far as I know, only one English biography of him in existence; and this biography seems to be devoted to the task of belittling, in every possible way, the name and fame of one of the greatest figures of modern European literature. The compiler appears to have believed all the malevolent stories collected, exaggerated, and invented by a pseudonymous libeler and pamphleteer of a past time concerning Dumas. Surely Alfred de Musset must have had some such person as this libeler in his mind's eye when, in one of his beautiful dialogues between the Muse and the Poet, he introduced these lines of satire addressed to the Poet by the Muse. The Muse is urging the Poet, borne down by stress of real or fancied grief, to new exertions. "Shall we," she cries to him, "compose some pastoral elegy?" or

> "Shall he of Waterloo recount his deeds,
> And tell how may lives his sword mowed down
> Before Death's angel struck him with his wing
> And crossed his hands upon his iron breast?
> 'Or on a satire's gibbet shall we hang
> The thrice-sold name of some pale pamphleteer
> Who, urged by avarice, from his haunts obscure
> Came shivering with envy's impotence
> To stab at genius and its lofty hopes,
> And bite the laurel that his breath had fouled?'"

The thrice-sold name of the pamphleteer who stabbed at Dumas, as at many others of his great contemporaries, was Jacquot. He, who was among those who sneered at Dumas for sometimes reminding people that he had a genuine claim to a noble title, proved how much he would have liked himself to have such a claim by dropping the name of Jacquot and assuming the more brilliant designation of Eugène de Mirecourt, under which title he wrote some of the basest, most venomous, and least trustworthy accounts of the distinguished writers of his time that it is possible to conceive. Jacquot has long been known for what he is worth—and mighty little that is—in France; and his efforts at detraction might have obtained scarcely any attention in England but for the unfortunate industry with which they have been raked out of their native mire. This has made it necessary to refer to them; but I do not propose now to dwell upon this matter further than to say that, like most slanders which attain some success, Jacquot's relations are ingenious examples of malicious exaggeration and invention built upon one brick of truth. Apart from the imputations made in this way upon Dumas's private character in his literary dealings, his literary works have, it seems to me, very seldom been rated at their true merit by English people. One great English writer did, indeed, leave his appreciation of the great French writer on record. That was Thackeray; and in this connection I can not do better than refer to a singularly appreciative study of Dumas which Mr. Saintsbury published some time ago in the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Saintsbury has been dwelling, as I have dwelt, upon the curious notions current about Dumas's place in literature. He finds, in what he says is a deservedly popular book of reference, that Dumas's "crisp hair and thick lips bear testimony to his African origin, a testimony confirmed by the savage voluptuousness and barbaric taste of his innumerable compositions." He finds, in this book of reference, that Dumas's "works are for the most part worthless, and for the most part not his own" (mark the wonderful logic of this passage); and he finds Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" "full of complimentary expressions to Dumas, while 'On a Peal of Bells' contains a formal panegyric devoted to the creator of Chicot and Dante's D'Artagnan and Coconnas." I have myself lately come across just such an account as Mr. Saintsbury quotes, in another and an equally popular book of reference. Here Dumas is spoken of as the author of many frivolous works, the low moral tone of which does not appeal to an English mind. The writer of this last account has, however, the grace to add, "Dumas also wrote a treatise on cookery." Mr. Saintsbury, in his article, quotes a passage from Thackeray which bears particularly upon the many invectives leveled at Dumas on the ground that he was in the habit of putting his name to work which was not executed by himself:

> "Of your heroic heroes," writes Thackeray, "I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Count de la Fère, is my favorite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through how many volumes? Forty? Fifty? I wish for my part there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah! Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a most magnificent trio. I think I like D'Artagnan in his own memoirs best; I bought him years and years ago, price fivepence, in a little parchment-covered, Cologne-printed volume, at a stall in Gray's-Inn Lane. Dumas glorifies him, and makes a marshal

of him if I remember rightly. The original D'Artagnan was a needy adventurer who died in exile very early in Louis XIV's reign. Did you ever read the 'Chevalier d'Harmenthal'? Did you ever read the 'Tulipe Noire'—as modest as a story by Miss Edgeworth? I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me with thanks and wonder. To what a series of splendid entertainments he has treated me! Where does he find the money for these prodigious feasts?

"They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds?"

This was what Thackeray thought and wrote. Hundreds of lesser writers have decried Dumas as "a scene-painter," as "an arranger of other people's ideas," as "a literary manufacturer," and so on. Most of such writers know Dumas only as the author of "Monte Cristo," of "The Three Musketeers," and of other novels which have given delight to thousands. There are happily not many writers who with fuller knowledge have deliberately kept Dumas's great qualities out of sight, and brought forward all the petty qualities which they could manage by hook or crook to attribute to him. Let it be noted in passing that not one of Dumas's popular novels is a work to be lightly dismissed; there is not one indeed which does not bear at least in some parts of it the easily recognized mark of the master's genius, though no doubt in some the laziness of the master or the inefficiency of the pupil is here and there visible. But let it be noted also that Dumas did not first make his mark as a writer of novels. Later on he became famous all over Europe as the arch-image of the style of fiction which he introduced in France. In this fiction he gave a vivid picture of men and manners; he showed various types of human character and human events; every page was alive with gayety and bravery and adventure. The characters lived before the reader's eye, and he was left to draw his own conclusion from their action in the stirring events that they took part in. Now all this is out of fashion, and, instead of a moving story of wildly splendid deeds and wildly intricate plots controlled or thwarted by one master mind, we look either for detailed analysis of some character, which, if the analysis is carefully made, turns out to be only saved from being commonplace by its morbidness, or else for a flippant record of flippant flirtation described with a Vesuvian eruption of big and incongruous words. But, as has been said, it was not in the realms of now old-fashioned fiction that Dumas first distinguished himself. From what seemed a hopelessly obscure position he came to the front as the first practical representative of the great romantic school on the stage of the great classical theatre —the Français. His play, "Henri III et sa Cour," opened a path for the subsequent battles and triumphs of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" and all the plays that followed it. Probably no one will dispute the fact that in the band of young and ardent writers who from 1830 onward worked for and created a salutary revolution in French literature and drama one figure towers supreme over all the rest—that of Victor Hugo. And I think few people of literary taste will deny, after studying the story and works of that revolutionary time, that, viewed from all points, the figure of Dumas comes next to that of Victor Hugo.

The story of the production of "Henri III et sa Cour" has many points of interest, and Dumas has left two records of it, one in his "Souvenirs Dramatiques" and one in his "Mémoires," the ten volumes of which have scarcely a dull page, except sometimes when they deal with politics. Dumas fancied himself a politician, just as many people who have gained distinction in one way of life have felt themselves to be born for quite a different sort of success. Perhaps some excerpts from the shorter of the records may be enough for our purpose.

It may be well to state that Dumas, who came of a distinguished and noble family—he had creole blood in him, and his enemies said that he had only a left-handed right at best to the title, which he never used, of Marquis de la Pailleterie—it may be well to state that when he first devoted himself successfully to dramatic work he was a clerk in a public office at an extremely modest salary, and enduring a more than fair share of the insolence of office from his superiors. Under these trying circumstances he betook himself to the task, more congenial to him than office-work, of writing plays, and the first play he wrote belonged to the Romantic School. This school, it must be remembered, had at this time, that is before 1830, no recognized position. The classicists, the people who believed that the narrowing of great men's talents to a servile imitation of the Greek drama was the Alpha and Omega of art, were still completely or almost completely in the ascendant. At any rate they were strong enough to bar the door of the stage against their rising opponents. Dumas, however, had his own ideas, and he has recorded these ideas in an eloquent passage. A company of English actors, including players of such different caliber as Charles Kemble and Liston, came over to Paris in 1828, and Dumas practiced the economy, which later in his life he exchanged for extravagance, in order to see their performances.

"They announced Hamlet," he writes. "The only Hamlet I knew was the Hamlet of Ducis, and I saw the Hamlet of Shakespeare. Then I found what I had longed for. I found actors who forgot themselves in their parts. I found art giving life to invention. I found on the stage human beings in all their grandeur and all their weakness, instead of those heroes of our classical drama who were so impassive, stilted, and sententious. I read, I devoured the library of foreign theatres, and I saw that as in the living world all springs from the sun, so in the world of the drama all springs from Shakespeare. I saw that none could be compared to him. He had the dramatic power of Corneille, the comic force of Molière, the invention of Calderon, the thought of Goethe, the passion of Schiller. I saw in fact that in power of creation Shakespeare came next to God."

This was the impression produced upon Dumas by Shakespeare, and this it was that spurred him to see what he could do in the way of opposing such apparently natural art as Shakespeare was a master of, to such obviously artificial art as then in various forms possessed the French theatre. There are too many who would have us believe of the man who could feel and act upon this impression—received in spite of all the narrow prejudices which were then rampant—that he was at best a second-rate joker and manipulator of manuscripts, a boaster without any true courage, a successful playwright without any true genius. History tells, and will tell when feeble and venomous attacks are forgotten, a different tale.

Before "Henri III et sa Cour" was accepted and played at the Théâtre Français, Dumas had offered another piece called "Christine," which had for its culminating point of interest the murder of Monaldeschi by Queen Christina. This piece, after various difficulties which Dumas has described in his own inimitable manner, was accepted and put into rehearsal. At the first reading of the piece the author received an extraordinary compliment in being asked to read two of the scenes over again. When the reading was over, Firmin, the great actor of the day, Talma's successor, came to him and told him that the committee of decision was much embarrassed.

"Why?" said Dumas.

"Because," replied Firmin, "the committee really doesn't know whether the piece is classic or romantic."

"What does that matter?" said Dumas. "Is the piece good or bad?"

"Well!" answered Firmin, "the fact is, the committee doesn't know that either."

Finally Firmin took Dumas to visit a certain M. Picard, a fanatical classicist, who was supposed by some people in the theatre to be an infallible judge.

When Dumas and Firmin went to him he took snuff with a proud air, and received the manuscript with an equally proud air, and with various depreciatory remarks. A week later Dumas and Firmin went to ask for his opinion.

"Ah!" said Picard, with a wicked smile, "I expected you."

"Well!" said Firmin.

"Well!" repeated Dumas.

Picard took up the manuscript of the play, and rolled it in his fingers with a malevolent joy; then assuming a caressing tone, he said to Dumas, "Have you any means of living apart from literature?"

"I have," said Dumas, "an official post under the Duc d'Orléans, which gives me fifteen hundred francs a year."

"Ah! well," replied Picard, giving him the manuscript, "go back to your office—go back to your office."

This was discouraging enough; but in spite of this and other discouragements the play was, as has been said, accepted, and actually put in rehearsal. Apropos of these difficulties, Dumas, in his account of his connection with the Théâtre Français, tells a story of a great actor of that day, M. Lafon. Lafon came to him asking for a part to be written into the play. The part could not be written in; but at the mention of Lafon's name Dumas goes off in his discursive way to tell how there was a certain actor at the Français who was bad at acting, but uncommonly good at imitating Lafon. One evening in the green-room he cut short an imitation on Lafon's unexpected appearance. "Ah!" said Lafon, as he came in, "you all seem amused, and I think your imitation of me is the cause of this amusement."

"Oh, M. Lafon!"

"My good soul, I don't mind; you can not do better than copy a good model!"

"Oh, M. Lafon!"

"Well, no denial—let us hear how you do it."

"If it must be so," said the mimic, and gave his celebrated imitation with unusual success. Lafon listened most attentively—applauded frequently; and said at the end: "Well, why don't you act as well as that on your own account? You would escape a certain amount of hissing if you did!"

Unfortunately for Dumas, Mademoiselle Mars was then the reigning actress at the Théâtre Français, and the result of her influence goes with many later instances to prove that a state theatre is not necessarily a perfect affair. Mademoiselle Mars was no longer young; indeed, she was something like sixty years old, and perhaps for that very reason she was petulantly anxious

to assert her supremacy. Mademoiselle Mars, who was to play the heroine's part in "Christine," was enough interested in the play to pay a special visit to the author. She paid him many compliments, and was bent upon being amiable. What she wanted, as she said, was to have a certain passage cut out. The passage was this:

"Oh! lorsqu'il est écrit sur le livre du sort
Qu'un homme vient de naître au front large, au cœur fort,
Et que Dieu, sur ce front qu'il a pris pour victime,
A mis du bout du doigt une flamme sublime,
Au-dessous de ces mots la même main écrit:
Tu seras malheureux, si tu n'es pas proscrit!
Car à ses premiers pas sur la terre où nous sommes,
Son regard dédaigneux prend en mépris les hommes.
Comme il est plus grand qu'eux, il voit avec ennui
Qu'il faut vers eux descendre, ou les hausser vers lui.
Alors, dans son sentier profond et solitaire,
Passant sans se mêler aux enfants de la terre,
Il dit aux vents, aux flots, aux étoiles, aux bois
Les chants de sa grande âme avec sa forte voix.
La foule entend ces chants, elle crie au délire,
Et, ne comprenant point, elle se prend à rire.
Mais à pas de géant, sur un pic élevé,
Après de longs efforts, lorsqu'il est arrivé,
Reconnaissant sa sphère en ces zones nouvelles,
Et sentant assez d'air pour ses puissantes ailes,
Il part majestueux; et qui le voit d'en bas,
Qui tente de le suivre et qui ne le peut pas,
Le voyant à ses yeux échapper comme un rêve,
Pense qu'il diminue à cause qu'il s'élève,
Croit qu'il doit s'arrêter où le perd son adieu,
Le cherche dans la nuit — il est aux pieds de Dieu!"

On these fine lines Dumas, whose vanity has always been the point most easily assailed and worried to death by his detractors, makes what seem to me some curiously modest remarks: "I have read again, after an interval of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years, these verses. No doubt better have been made, but also far worse have been made. When I wrote them I thought them the greatest of great achievements, and this was on my part a homage paid half to Corneille, half to Hugo. . . . I was astounded that these verses, of all others, were those that Mademoiselle Mars disliked."

Dumas stuck to his verses—Mars stuck to her objection. She was not accustomed to be opposed, but she seemed to yield. Garnier, the prompter of the Théâtre Français, when he heard what had happened, told Dumas to give up all hope of having his piece played; and, to cut a long story short, his prophecy turned out to be true. Mars had convenient attacks of nerves, and the piece was put off *sine die*. Dumas, however, with the extraordinary energy which was a chief part of his nature, instead of being discouraged, set to work to find another subject, and found one by making a most ingenious collocation of passages which he found by chance in Anquetil, in the "Mémoires de L'Estoile," and in Walter Scott's "Abbot"; and of this collocation came the striking play of "Henri III et sa Cour," the first play, as has been said, of the real Romantic School which made its way to the boards of the Théâtre Français.

It may be here again noted, in passing, that Dumas's account of his difficulties concerning this play shows that the state theatre of France has from an author's point of view few, if any, advantages over a well-managed theatre belonging to a private manager in England; and it may also be not uninteresting to give some account of what this play was.

The nucleus of the play is a possible and suspected, but not an actual intrigue between the Duchess de Guise and St. Mégrin, one of the favorites of Henry III of France. I wish to mark this point, because both in his own day people who knew his writings, and now people who do not know his writings, impugn Dumas with having demoralized literature—especially the literature of the theatre. Let these people deliberately compare any of the stage works of Dumas père, who never posed as a moralist, with any of the stage works of Dumas fils, who *does* pose as a moralist, and let them then say which of the two is the more corrupt.

Of the literary merit of the two writers I can say little, because it appears to me to be a matter beyond argument; but I think if "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" is compared with the "Demi-Monde" or "L'Etrangère," the question will decide itself.

But to return to "Henri III et sa Cour." The suspected intrigue which has been referred to between the Duchess de Guise and St. Mégrin is the kernel of the play, but the political events of the time are brought in, and from a dramatic point of view admirably brought in, to give it substance and reality.

In the first act we have an interview between Catherine de Médicis, Henry III's mother, and Ruggieri, the great astrologer of the time. This takes place in Ruggieri's retreat. With singular naturalness and striking effect the various characters of the piece and their various motives are unfolded to us in this scene. In the course of it Catherine de Médicis expounds to Ruggieri why she wishes St. Mégrin to be supposed the lover of the Duchess de Guise, and gives him weighty reasons for supporting this supposition. The scene is throughout striking and exciting, and at the end of it the Duke de Guise, who has

come on affairs of his own to Ruggieri, finds by a chance the handkerchief of his wife the Duchess left in a room which he knows St. Mégrin has just quitted. He jumps to a conclusion already artfully suggested, and calls to one of his followers, "Seek out the man who stabbed Du Gast," another of the King's favorites. On this the curtain falls.

Of the rest of the play till the last act it may be said briefly that the curtain always falls upon a striking situation led up to by the taking dialogue of which Dumas had the secret. In his plays, as in his novels, he had the art of making people interchange words, sometimes for two or three pages together, which never seemed forced and which are never dull. For political as well as for personal motives, St. Mégrin seeks a quarrel with the Duke de Guise, and from the political point of view, the only one which he knows of, the King approves and gives his sanction to the proposed duel. But meanwhile Guise has laid his plans. He compels his wife, whose hand he grasps and bruises with his iron gauntlet, to write and propose an assignation to St. Mégrin, and the third act closes with the Duchess sending this letter to St. Mégrin by the hands of her favorite page, while the Duke, concealed, watches her to see that she sends no word of warning with it. In the fourth act the letter is delivered, and the excitement is kept up by its seeming likely that St. Mégrin will be detained by orders from the King, and prevented from keeping his fatal appointment. In the fifth act, however, he goes, following the directions of the letter, to the Duchess's apartments; the doors are shut upon him, and he learns from her that he has come into a trap. There is a scene of much power between them, and when escape seems hopeless a coil of rope is thrown into the window with a note from the Duchess's page, who has discovered the plot, and thinks thus to thwart it. The Duke's voice is heard at the door, the Duchess bars it with the arm which he has already injured, while St. Mégrin attaches his rope to the window and descends it. When he is out of sight the Duchess gives a cry of joy, "He is saved!" Then the clash of steel and the noise of firing are heard in the street; she rushes to the window followed by the Duke. From the rapid words which they interchange the spectators learn what is passing below. St. Mégrin is surrounded, covered with wounds, but he dies hard. One of the assassins cries out that he must have a charm against steel and lead, and in fact such a charm has been given to him by Ruggieri. The Duke leans out and flings down the handkerchief on the finding of which he has based his mistaken distrust of his wife. "Eh bien! serre-lui la gorge avec ce mouchoir," he cries. "La mort lui sera plus douce; il est aux armes de la Duchesse de Guise!"

The play, which was produced when Dumas was only twenty-six years old, had an immense success, and, as has been said, it opened the way for those other plays with which the Romantic School fought and conquered the Classical School. The first and fiercest pitched battle between the two took place on the production of Victor Hugo's "Hernani." Among other vices and crimes of which Dumas has been accused by his biographers, it has been often said that his literary judgment was warped by the inordinate admiration which he had for one writer—M. Alexandre Dumas. Possibly the people who have recorded this were thinking of the story, which if not *vero* is *ben trovato*, of the answer made on one occasion by Dumas the son to Dumas the father. The young man, it is said, had just brought out a successful play, and his father wrote to him as if to a stranger, proposing that they should become collaborators. To this the son replied that he disliked the system of collaboration, but added, "I am the more sorry to refuse what you ask me because my sympathies are naturally enlisted by the great admiration which you have always expressed for my father's works."

To show, however, how much ground there is for the supposition that Dumas was incapable of any generous admiration of a rival, it may be mentioned that in one part of his "Mémoires" he devotes a great deal of space to an elaborate panegyric of Victor Hugo, cast in the form of an answer to a stupid criticism, and that this panegyric was written at a time when he was not on good terms with Hugo. Moreover, in another part of the same "Mémoires," he gives an account of how he first received the news of the production of Hugo's great play "Marion Delorme." He was leaving Trouville, which was then a delightfully quiet little fishing village, and in the diligence with him there was one of the contributors to a well-known Paris paper. Thinking to please Hugo's rival, this man told him that the reception of "Marion Delorme" had been cold, and began to abuse the play. Dumas defended it, and quoted a whole scene from it.

"What! you know all that by heart!" said the critic.

"As you see, I know all that by heart. I know nearly all the play by heart."

"Ah! how odd!"

"Not at all odd. I think 'Marion Delorme' one of the finest things ever written. I had the manuscript in my hands for some time, and I have quoted the first scene I can remember to support my opinion of its merits."

"Well," said the critic presently, "this is a good joke!"

"What is a good joke?"

"Your defending Hugo."

"Why not? I like him and admire him."

"Un confrère!" said the critic, in a tone of pity and amazement.

Dumas goes on to give an admirably appreciative summary of the play, speaks again of his immense admiration for it, and sums up by writing down what came into his mind after his conversation with the critic. "Ah! if, with my knowledge of the playwright's craft, I could only write such poetry as Hugo's!"

No criticism could well be juster. Dumas possessed to perfection the one quality which is wanting to Hugo's splendid dramas, and he was as conscious of this as he was of his inferiority, as a poet, to his great rival. No playwriters of that time, and very few playwriters since, have shown such complete mastery of all the resources of the stage as Dumas displayed; and it seems to me that no one who devotes a moderate attention to his dramatic works can reasonably doubt that, in the celebrated quarrel about the play called the "Tour de Nesle," right was on the side of Dumas. This quarrel is worth some attention. The story takes up some four chapters of Dumas's "Mémoires"; but briefly the main facts were these: Harel, the great theatrical manager, had received a play in manuscript from a young author named Gaillardet. He thought there was capital stuff in it, but as it was written it was quite unfitted for stage representation, on account of the author's inexperience. Jules Janin had tried to do something with it, and had failed. Harel then came to Dumas, who, according to his own account, which I for one believe, entirely remodeled it, and made of it one of the most impressive melodramas ever put on the stage. He had previously written a somewhat imprudently self-effacing letter to the young author, who, instead of being grateful, was furious at having, as he said, a collaborator thrust upon him, and ended by writing to the papers to assert that he was the sole author of the piece. The matter went through all kinds of intricacies into which it would be tedious to go; but the last word which ought to be said about it is found in a letter written by Gaillardet in 1861 to the manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The letter runs thus:

"A judgment of the courts in 1832 decreed that the 'Tour de Nesle' should be printed and announced under my name alone; and this was done up to the date of its being forbidden by the censorship in 1851.

"Now that you are going to put it on the stage again, I give you permission—nay more, I beg you to join to my name that of Alexandre Dumas, my collaborator. I wish to prove to him that I have forgotten our old quarrel, and that I remember only our later pleasant relations and the great share which his incomparable talent had in the success of the 'Tour de Nesle.'"

At the time, however, the quarrel made an immense stir, culminating in a duel between Dumas and Gaillardet, which Dumas relates in his best manner. One or two touches in the narration are intensely characteristic. He begins by saying that as he started for the place of the combat Bonnaire, a friend of his, came up to him with an album in his hand. "Ah!" he said, "you are going out. Are you in a hurry?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you are not, I should like you so much to write something in this album."

"Well, leave it in my room, and when I come back I will write something in it."

"You can't now?"

"No; I am in a hurry to keep an appointment, and would not be late for any consideration."

"Where are you going?"

"To fight a duel with Gaillardet."

"Oh, then please write something now. Think how delightful it would be for my wife to possess the last lines you ever wrote."

"Ah!" said Dumas, "you are right. I will not deprive Madame Bonnaire of that pleasure," and so saying he went back and wrote a few lines in the album.

Then, when they were on the ground, Bixio, a friend of Dumas, who was a doctor, said to him, "Shall you hit him?"

"I don't know," said Dumas.

"Try to."

"I shall certainly try; but do you dislike him?"

"Not at all; I don't know him."

"Then why so anxious?"

"Well, have you read Mérimée's 'Etruscan Vase'?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you remember that he says every man killed by a bullet turns round before he drops? I want to see if it's true."

He had no opportunity of seeing on this occasion, for the duel was fortunately harmless; but the pendant to this odd story is that Bixio himself was shot some years afterward at a Paris barricade—shot to death—and as he fell, turning, he cried, "Ah! one does turn, then!"

Dumas was quite unable to resist embellishing any story which he told with things of this kind; and it is no doubt his marvelous fertility of inventing light dialogue which gives a never-fading charm to his stories and sketches. Oddly enough, it was by a mere chance that he discovered himself to be capable of light writing. In

a passage of his "Mémoires" he tells us with his charming *naïveté* that in his earlier years, in the days of his first successful drama, he used to pose as a melancholy genius, after the then prevalent fashion set by Lord Byron. One day he wrote a letter of introduction or recommendation for a friend of his, who on reading it said with surprise, "Why, you have wit!"

He certainly had wit, both for himself and for the dashing and delightfully impossible characters of his romances. There are plenty of stories which illustrate his readiness in conversation. Before telling one of the best of these it is necessary to remember that Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist, had a younger brother named Thomas, who had a considerable talent which was completely overshadowed by the greater genius of his brother. There was also in the height of Dumas's success another playwright—no relation of his—who bore the name of Dumas. This writer produced a play which is forgotten now, but which on the night of its production had enough success to intoxicate the author with joy. After the curtain had fallen the obscure Dumas came into the box of the great Dumas and said, "Ah! after to-night people will talk of the two Dumas as they talk of the two Corneilles!" "Ah!" said the great man, looking at him from head to foot, "adieu, Thomas!"

There are also plenty of passages in Dumas's novels which illustrate the extraordinary ease and fluency with which, whether in stirring or comic scenes, he heaped one extravagant detail upon another until the reader was lost in admiration at his fertility of invention. But it would be very difficult to pick out any such scene which would not lose by being separated from its surroundings. We can, however, find a tolerably good instance in a story founded no doubt on fact, and equally no doubt dressed up by him, which he tells apropos of George Sand's play "François le Champi."

It begins at a supper given just after "François le Champi" had been produced in Paris with complete success. George Sand was far away at her country-house at Nohant. The actors and their friends wondered how the good news could be conveyed to George Sand. There was no telegraph, and it was too late to post a letter. Paul Bocage, nephew of the great actor, offered to convey the news himself.

"How will you get there?" said his uncle. "By rail. There must be some night train to Châteauroux."

"I believe," said a voice, "there is one at about four in the morning."

"I must start at once, then," said Paul. "Have you any money, uncle?"

The uncle emptied his pockets, and produced a hundred and three francs, armed with which Paul set out.

It was impossible to get a cab; the pavement was covered with frozen rain, and heavy snow was falling. Paul had nothing to protect him against the weather but a light overcoat. He ran, slipping constantly, to the Orleans Station.

There was just such a sharp breeze as made Hamlet say, "The air bites shrewdly," but Hamlet had a cloak to keep him warm, and a friend to console him. Paul had neither. He arrived bitterly cold at the station at four o'clock. There was no sign of a train. He knocked furiously at a little tavern-door. The tavern-keeper came down grumbling, and asked what he wanted. Paul reflected that if he asked what he really wanted to know—when there was a train—and called for what he really wanted to have—a fire to warm himself—the tavern-keeper would grumble still more. He asked, then, for an omelette and a glass of rum. He calculated that to make an omelette it was necessary to light a fire, and that while the omelette was being made he could ask about the trains. There was no train till six, so he had plenty of time to warm himself. He had just had supper, and had no intention of eating his omelette; but he was very cold, and had every intention of drinking his rum. The tavern-keeper thought he had asked for an *omelette au rhum*, and presented him accordingly with an omelette swimming in blazing spirit—a sort of Delos floating on a sea of flame. This was not what Bocage wanted at all. He called for his glass of rum. It was not to be had. All the rum in the house had been devoted to his omelette. He emptied the blazing spirit into a glass and swallowed it straight off, thinking that the hotter it was the better it would warm him. In five minutes he was so warm that he walked about mopping his forehead. But for economy's sake he was obliged to travel third-class, and was very soon frozen again. A nurse whom he met in the carriage gave him half of her flask full of brandy. At six o'clock he arrived shivering again at Châteauroux. It was colder than ever, and he had eight leagues to go to Nohant. With infinite difficulty, having got hold of a friend of his who lived in Châteauroux, he procured a kind of country vehicle to take him. He had no time to make a regular meal, so he devoured some bread, and asked his friend what kind of thing he had better drink.

"A glass of rum," said the friend.

"I swallowed a plateful this morning."

"A glass of brandy, then."

"I drank half a flask in the train."

"A glass of kirsch, then."

"Not a bad idea," said Paul, and drank his kirsch and started.

They had a horrible journey—once he had to drag his driver and the horse out of a snow-drift; and they did not get to George Sand's house till three in the morning. The house was shut up and dark. The driver cursed, a dog barked, and Paul rang the bell furiously. Amid this babel of noises a light at length appeared. Paul wanted to let go the bell; but the bell did not want to let go Paul. His hand was frozen to it, and he had to sacrifice some of his skin.

An old woman appeared at the gate and said, "Who are you?"

"A friend of Madame Sand."

"Where do you come from?"

"Paris."

"You think we shall wake up madame at this time of night?"

"I don't want you to."

"What do you want, then?"

"I want you to open the gate."

"And supposing I do open it?"

"Then you will take me to a room, the horse to the stable, and the driver to the kitchen."

"You think that is how things will be done?"

"That is how I should like them to be done."

"Well, wait here, and I'll send some one to talk to you."

She went away, and in ten minutes came back with a strong man and a bludgeon. The man kept guard over Paul while the horse and cart went in, and then led the way to the house. Paul was so cold that if a sword had been thrust through his body it would have come out colder than it went in. The man took him to an anteroom lighted by a candle standing on the ground. "Stay here," said the man.

"You are going to tell Maurice that I am here, I suppose," said Paul.

"I am going," said the man, threateningly, "to send *some one* who will talk to you."

Paul knelt down and tried to warm himself at the candle. While he was doing this he heard footsteps, looked up, and saw the devil, in his traditional costume of red and black. He began to wonder what had befallen him.

"What do you want?" said the devil.

"To see Madame Sand."

"I am not Madame Sand."

"So I see," said Paul.

"What do you want with Madame Sand?"

"To give her a message."

"What is it?"

"I will tell her to-morrow."

"If," said the devil, "you are in no greater hurry than that, you need hardly have come here at three o'clock in the morning."

"I am in a hurry, but what I have to say to Madame Sand regards herself alone. You I do not know."

"Nor I you," said the devil, and turning on his heel disappeared.

Paul wondered whether the rum, the brandy, and the kirsch had made him drunk. No—he felt perfectly sober, and could only suppose that his driver, instead of taking him to Madame Sand's, had taken him to quite a different place.

The man with the bludgeon now came back, and said to Paul, "Follow me."

He then led him into an extraordinary room, about twenty-five feet long and four feet wide. On one side of it were an immense looking-glass and a vast number of candles. The other was hung with tapestry. Paul knew that there was no such room in Madame Sand's house. However, all he could do was to make the best of things. He caught sight of himself in the glass, and found his mustache and beard a mass of icicles. While he was trying to disentangle them, the tapestry suddenly disappeared, and he saw reflected in the glass a charming landscape, with a summer-house occupied by various persons in mediæval costume — among them the devil whom he had just seen and a student draped in black. The student advanced, and cried, "Ha! Señor Pablo! is it thou?"

"Ah!" cried Paul, "it's Madame Sand."

Then, in spite of his bewilderment, he began to tell her his news, but she stopped him by saying: "No, no—I'll hear all that afterward. At present you are greatly wanted here."

"How so?"

"We have no alcade."

"No alcade?"

"Isabella's father. Without a father to give his consent there can be no fifth act. Go and dress at once; and remember that your daughter has run away with a young student—you pursue them—you catch them, and are at the point of killing the student, when Mascarille so touches your heart by his prayers that you relent."

"But I wanted to tell you—"

"Make haste—go and dress—catch the fugitives first—pardon them afterward—and then, if you like, tell me your news."

"But what in Heaven's name are you doing?"

"Acting a play."

"Without an audience?"

"Of course—we act for ourselves."

"But you can't see yourselves?"

"Yes, we can—in the looking-glass."

"Oh! I see," said Paul, who was immediately hurried off to the wardrobe, and given his choice of costumes. He was still shivering, and he put on a Polish dress with heavy furs.

"What are you doing?" said one of the company; "you mustn't wear a Polish dress."

"Oh, yes," said Paul, "it's quite simple. The fugitives have fled to Poland, and, so as to be unobserved, I have assumed the dress of the country. It makes the situation more natural." Paul pursued and pardoned his fugitives, and tried again to give George Sand his news, but was again stopped, and it was not until they were at supper that she said, "Now for your news, Paul!"

He replied by raising his glass and saying, "To the hundredth night of 'François le Champi,' which was produced yesterday with immense success!"

The band of writers who in the 1830 period formed the nucleus of the Romantic School, delighted in practical jokes of the wildest and generally the most harmless kind. There was one of them who gravely dragged a live lobster, which he said he had tamed, through the streets of Paris at his heels. It was painted red, so as to look, as they said, more natural, and was harnessed with a blue ribbon. Two others of the band, Rousseau and Romieu, are hardly known even by name, except to people who have made a special study of the time. Rousseau it was who helped Dumas to get his first piece—a little farce—put on the stage, and he was a man who had considerable talent. Unfortunately, he had also a considerable habit of getting drunk. He and Romieu were a kind of Damon and Pythias, but Romieu managed at least to appear sober, and was rewarded by being made prefect of some country place. Rousseau, when he heard of this, immediately concluded that he would be made Romieu's secretary, and enjoy a comfortable sinecure. When he stated this idea to his friend, Romieu replied that he didn't know if he had power to appoint a secretary. Would Rousseau come back in a day or two? He came back, and Romieu said gravely, "I have been making inquiries."

"About what?"

"About you. They tell me that you drink. I can not take you with me."

This story may possibly be an invention of Dumas's; but one which he tells of one of Rousseau's jokes bears the stamp of truth. Rousseau went into a grocer's shop and said, "Have you any eight candles?"

"Yes, sir—we sell a good many of them. You see there are more poor people than rich in the world."

"Ah!" said Rousseau, "I see you are more than a grocer—you are an observer."

"Oh, sir!" said the grocer, flattered, "then you want, sir—"

"An eight candle, please."

"Only one, sir?"

"One to begin with — I'll see about more afterward."

The candle was produced, and Rousseau said, "Will you kindly cut it in two?" This was done, and he then said, "Now would you kindly cut the two halves into four?"

"Into four, sir?"

"Yes—for my purpose I want eight small pieces of candle."

"There they are, sir."

"One moment; would you kindly make a wick to each piece? And now can you oblige me with a match?"

This being done, Rousseau stuck the eight pieces in a line on the counter and lighted them.

"May I ask what you are doing?" said the grocer.

"Oh!" said Rousseau, "it's a joke."

"A joke?"

"Yes—and having made it, I wish you good day."

As he left the shop the grocer ran after him, crying, "But you haven't paid me for the candle!"

"If I did," replied Rousseau, "where would be the joke?"

Dumas excelled in telling and embellishing stories of this kind; and readers of "The Three Musketeers" will remember many passages in which the heroes of that immortal work are concerned in equally childish escapades. It may be noted in passing that among the accusations brought against Dumas by his detractors is one to the effect that the whole of "The Three Musketeers" was written by somebody else. It need hardly be said that the notion is on the face of it absurd, and carries with it its own condemnation. But if Dumas excelled in light dialogue and in the description of wild adventure, there are on the other hand few writers who can touch him in scenes of dramatic passion. There are to my mind few finer things in fiction than the scenes in the sequel to "The Three Musketeers"—"Twenty Years Later" it is called—which deal with the trial and execution of Charles I. However sure we may feel that they are not true to history, while we read we are compelled to believe in them, and to follow them with breathless interest. And that, after all, has something to say to the question of art, whether in a novelist, a painter, or an actor. I remember a conversation between the greatest living French tragedian and an English critic concerning the performance of Hamlet by the greatest living English tragedian. The critic pointed out this and that defect which he had discovered in the Englishman's rendering. M. Mounet-Sully heard him out and replied: "It may be all as you say, but what does that matter? I can only tell you that Mr. Irving moved me as no other actor has moved me—and that is all I care about." There

is, it seems to me, in this speech a great truth, to be accepted, of course, like most generalities, with certain reservations. If no fault were to be found with any performance which stirs our feelings, the occupation of criticism would be gone. The crudest means might be employed to harrow up the emotions, and might pass for exquisite art. But when a true and artistic effort is made to move us, and succeeds in moving us, then surely—though we need not be blind to the shortcomings of the attempt—it is better to dwell more on its successful than on its insufficient results. This, it seems to me, is much the case with Dumas père. We have seen that he has been constantly accused of immoral writing, but it is not too much to say that not one of his books could be the cause of immorality to any reasonable grown-up person. As to whether Dumas succeeded in moving his readers, that, of course, must be a matter of individual opinion and experience. We live in a free country, and no one is forced to admire or like Dumas's writings. But those who do not are, I think, deprived of a considerable pleasure. As to the literary sins which have been before referred to, it may not be amiss to say a few words about them.

Dumas was born in 1802, at Villers-Cotterets, a small country town between Paris and Rheims, and he died in 1870. Consequently, as he himself would have said, he lived for sixty-eight years. He began writing when he was between twenty and thirty, and in the course of his life he produced rather more than three hundred romances and eighty dramas, besides ephemeral articles. One of his detractors went through an elaborate calculation to prove that no one man could have written every word that appeared with Dumas's name attached to it. It would be absurd to argue that he did write every such word, and his admirers would perhaps be sorry to think, from a literary point of view, that he was the author of everything that was put forth under his name. The third volume of "Les Quarante-Cinq," for instance, is most obviously by an alien hand. From a moral point of view it is not perhaps desirable to defend the practice of adopting other people's work as one's own. Only let it be observed that the work which Dumas did so adopt is never equal to his own, and can be recognized as not being his own, just as the pupils' work in what are called the studio-pictures of the old masters can be recognized.

As to his being merely an arranger of other people's ideas, that is a charge which might as easily and as justly be brought against many writers of genius and fame. He never concealed the sources of his inspiration; he has recorded how his first successful drama was founded on a passage in an old French chronicler and on a chapter in Walter Scott. Is there anything more disgraceful in thus putting two and two together than in Shakespeare's going for his plots to Holinshed? If taking suggestions from history and fiction is criminal, then almost every writer of mark is worthy of the hulks. But the fact is that the meanest reptile, if it has a sting, is capable of doing damage out of all proportion to its apparent power. The artfully concocted slanders of Jacquot—self-styled De Mirecourt—have left their mark. They have been eagerly seized on by all the tribe of writers to whose nature the key-note is envy; and they have spread so far that unhappily one can not say of them what Pierre Clément said of a libelous pamphlet on Colbert, published just after the great minister's death, "History takes no notice of these anonymous insults." All one can do is to raise up one's voice against them.

To sum up, Dumas was born, as has been said, in 1802, and died in 1870. When as a very young man he occupied a somewhat dreary position as a clerk in a public office, he was fired by a noble ambition, which first assumed a definite shape under the influence of Shakespeare. He rose—and quickly—to the very height of success. It was his fault that he bore himself with less dignity after than before he had attained success, and that he adopted the system of unacknowledged collaboration. But even if the greater part of the charges brought against him in this respect were admitted, it would still be seen that his industry was no less extraordinary than his imagination. He acquired and kept a position in the first rank as a playwriter, as a novelist, and as a writer of that kind of discursive essay of which Mr. Sala is in England at the present day the master. He had immense wit, not a little poetical feeling, a perfect command of dramatic resource, and unflagging gayety. If his writing is not intended for boys and maidens, that is one quality which he has in common with such playwriters as, for instance, Shakespeare, Racine, and Molière, and such novelists as Goethe, Fielding, and Le Sage. His method was at any rate like that of the playwriter quoted by Hamlet, "an honest method": he did not palter, as the modern French school of playwriting does, with vice and virtue, keeping one foot in the domain of each, and casting a false glamour of splendor around corruption. He made immense sums, and unhappily spent them more easily than he got them. He was open-handed to a fault. He had a childlike vanity and a childlike simplicity mixed with a curious astuteness. His name, I think, will live, and his work be rated at its proper value, long after the efforts of his detractors are forgotten.

W. H. POLLOCK (*Nineteenth Century*).

MEMORY.

"Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!"
ROGERS.

IT is a trite observation that the attention of few persons is awakened by the commonplace occurrences in the world around us. Life is full of wonders, but we see them not; and death of mysteries, but we comprehend them not. Whatever is habitual to us in the physical universe loses its power to excite our astonishment in proportion to the degree of our familiarity. That the stars remain fixed in their orbits, and that the rains descend to the earth, are facts which elicited our childish wonderment; but in after-life they have awakened few questionings as to the laws which govern either one phenomenon or the other. The fall of an apple can set the inquiring spirit of only a Newton on a train of thought out of which is developed the theory of gravitation. If the physical world without us, with its myriad of occult marvels, fail to provoke our admiration, why should the operations of the intellectual world within us, with its more subtile secrets, call forth our wonder or our awe? "Habit dulls the senses," says the author of "Ecce Homo," "and puts the critical faculty to sleep." We are more inclined to look at the results of mental phenomena than to analyze the processes by which they are brought about. The fruit of our intellectual life is more pleasing to contemplate than the hidden laws which control its growth. There is an admission of ignorance in the "Scaligerana," which exhibits a notable honesty in the first scholar of his age. "My father declared," says Joseph Scaliger, "that of the causes of three things in particular he was wholly ignorant—the interval of fever, of the ebb and flow of the sea, and of *reminiscence*."

What is this mysterious mental process, which baffles the investigation of the acutest of men, the effects of whose operations are so common to all, that its habitual play excites no more wonder than the revolution of the seasons; which connects the past with the present, and about which metaphysicians draw subtilest distinctions, as perplexing to the unphilosophic mind as the exercise of the faculty itself? Earliest developed in the child, soonest impaired in the aged, memory is the harbinger of infantile intelligence, and its failure the approach of second childhood. It meets us alike at the threshold of time and of eternity. Plato compares it to a tablet on which characters are written; Cicero calls it the *thesaurus omnium rerum;* Gassendi, precursor of Newton in astronomy and of Locke in philosophy, likens it to folds in a piece of paper; Locke characterizes it as the storehouse of our ideas, and Shakespeare as the warder of the brain. Reid defines memory as an immediate knowledge of the past, thereby distinguishing it from consciousness, an immediate knowledge of the present. This theory is regarded by Sir William Hamilton as self-contradictory. "To be known immediately," says he, "an object must be known in itself; to be known in itself, it must be known as actual, now existent, present. But the object of memory is past, not present, not now existent, not actual; it can not therefore be known in itself. If known at all, it must be known in something different from itself—i. e., mediately." In the philosophy of Stewart we approximate a definition sufficiently concise for our purpose, and at the same time within the comprehension of the unmetaphysical reader. Memory denotes, according to Stewart, a union of two faculties, implying two distinct things, the one being the complement of the other—"a capacity of retaining knowledge, and a power of recalling it to our thoughts when we have occasion to apply it to use." Memory, therefore, is the combination of the faculty of acquisition and the faculty of reproduction. The same laws of mental activity which govern the association of ideas, govern also the faculty by which we are enabled to reproduce them. It is of the operations of reproduction or of reminiscence that Julius Scaliger makes his frank confession of total ignorance. The problem of the excitation of thought escapes the closest scrutiny of mental analysis, and the speculation of ages has yielded no more plausible solution than that underlying the hypothesis of Avicenna, the Arabian philosopher, who advances the theory of the "irradiation of divine light through which the recovered cognition is infused into the intellect." The intellectual law that governs the whole phenomena of reminiscence is as impalpable as the law that regulates the phenomena of life itself. Metaphysicians and physicists may reduce them to elemental principles, but beyond these the human ken can not pierce. It is the border-line of the infinite, beyond which no finite vision, however keen, no finite reason, however sagacious, can penetrate.

Memory is developed before the reasoning powers begin to assert themselves, and the wis-

dom of this provision in our mental economy is seen in the fact that when the higher faculties of the mind come into exercise there is material stored away for their use. It is often fallaciously supposed that memory depends primarily upon the attention bestowed upon objects brought within its field of vision. This theory is maintained by Helvétius in his treatise "De l'Esprit": "C'est l'attention, plus ou moins, qui grave, plus ou moins profondement, les objets dans la mémoire." There is no more common mistake among those who have much to do with the training of the young. Attention, to be sure, is quite requisite; but, after all, it is the impression made by the object of attention, rather than attention itself, which enables us to recall at pleasure what belongs to the past. Our impression of objects is controlled by the condition of the mind itself, and by the condition of circumstances external to it. How many of us can recall certain passages of authors and remember distinctly the time and place in which we first read them? And if we analyze the mental process which enables us to do this, after perhaps the lapse of years, we will surely find that, aside from their striking thought or beauty, there existed some circumstance external to the mind which prepared it to receive impressions as lasting as life itself. Well do I remember my first acquaintance with Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Robert Emmet's speech. They were read to me when a mere lad by an Irish book-peddler, and the patriotic feeling with which he rendered them made an indelible impression. As a boy I had other poems, tales, and perhaps speeches read to me; but my earliest recollection of literature is for ever connected with Goldsmith and Emmet, and their humble interpreter.

Some metaphysicians have placed great emphasis on the different kinds of memory, and have attempted to reduce them to a philosophic division, but this division is in reality one of degree rather than of difference. Constitutional habit and professional training give to memory a large share of its readiness and accuracy. For the sake of convenience, however, we may speak of a philosophic, a pictorial, and a professional memory. A mind educated to habits of close thought is more interested in general principles than in circumstantial details, in the relations of cause and effect rather than in the inconsequential concomitants of time and place. A memory that can associate facts and truths as illustrative of universal principles is usually denominated a philosophic memory. Bacon and Sir William Hamilton are striking instances of this kind of memory. De Quincey says, "The first thing I heard about Sir William Hamilton was, that he might be regarded as the modern Magliabecchi, or even as a better Magliabecchi, if better there could be." Both had so carefully surveyed the whole field of human philosophy that, when they came to develop a system marked by their own individuality, the association of one truth with another was clearly and indelibly mapped out by memory. Hence it is that the writings of both are repositories, not only of their own thought, but of the thought of the ages. Pascal and Grotius possessed in a remarkable degree this philosophic power of memory, and it is asserted that they forgot nothing that they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were alike celebrated, and both could repeat the whole of the Æneid of Vergil.

But all men are not interested in the principles of abstract truths, or in the essential relations of genus and species. Their range of mind, either by natural gifts or acquirements of vocation, lies within another province than that of philosophical analysis. Facts and events of themselves chiefly engage their attention, and the details of time and circumstance leave a vivid impression behind. Such men generally possess, in a greater or less degree, what we may call a local or pictorial memory. The notable instances of mnemonic power, in the history of learning, are especially of this kind, modified in most cases by professional habit and association. It is a very prevalent opinion among mankind that the cultivation of memory to any extraordinary degree usually weakens the other mental faculties. This view is very successfully combated by Sir William Hamilton, who says that "there seems, however, no valid ground for this belief. If an extraordinary power of retention is frequently not accompanied with a corresponding power of intelligence, it is a natural but not a very logical procedure to jump to the conclusion that a great memory is inconsistent with a sound judgment. The opinion is refuted by the slightest induction; for we immediately find that many individuals who towered above their fellows in intellectual superiority were almost equally distinguished for the capacity of their memory." Antonio Magliabecchi (1633–1714), the famous Florentine bibliopolist and librarian of Cosmo III, is frequently cited as an example of a wonderful local or pictorial memory, and it is assumed that, as a consequence of the cultivation of one intellectual faculty to the detriment of others, he failed to produce any literary work himself, and that his vast stores of learning were of little service to succeeding times. While Magliabecchi cheerfully aided the scholars of his own age, and many of the most noted were attracted to Florence chiefly to converse with him, this was by no means the only important work which he did for the scholarship of his times. Classical literature is indebted to him for

the preservation of many manuscripts in the Laurentian Library of the Medici. Sprung from the humblest origin, Magliabecchi became, through his love of books, one of the most distinguished of Continental scholars. His name was familiar to men of letters throughout Europe, and so great was the honor in which he was held that literary travelers sought him out before obtaining an interview with the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In Florence he was a far more important personage than the reigning monarch, who was jealous of the attentions bestowed upon him. His memory treasured up not only the results of a prodigious amount of reading, but the very words of authors, and the position of their works on the shelves of libraries. Two anecdotes are preserved which illustrate his readiness and retentiveness, both of which were often submitted to rigid tests. The Grand Duke, himself no mean scholar, inquired of him if he could procure a copy of a book which had become extremely rare. Magliabecchi replied: "It is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you enter." It may not seem so remarkable that an accomplished librarian should remember the exact shelf and position of a very scarce book; but to recall the *ipsissima verba* of a manuscript appears almost incredible. To test the accuracy of his memory, a Florentine gave him a manuscript, prepared for the press, to read. Some time after its return, the author visited him in feigned grief for the loss of his manuscript. Touched by the irretrievable misfortune of his friend, Magliabecchi consoled him by the information that his labor was not in vain, as he could reproduce the whole from memory, and, setting about the task, he soon replaced the first manuscript by a second, in which, it is said, he omitted not a single word.

In the acquiring of languages no faculty of the mind is so constantly called into requisition as that of memory. Great linguists are always distinguished both for their power of retention and of reproduction. Among the scholars of our own century, Cardinal Mezzofanti is fully a match for Magliabecchi in astonishing feats of mnemonics. Of an equally humble origin with the Florentine librarian, the illustrious linguist gradually rose from one preferment in the Catholic Church to another, till finally he was raised to the cardinalate on the same day with the great palimpsest discoverer, Angelo Mai, and made custodian of the treasures of learning hid from public view in the library of the Vatican. Like most men who have risen from poverty and obscurity to great eminence, he owed his first success to the encouraging words and kindly offices of a patron. Destined to follow the trade of his father, who was a humble carpenter at Bologna, he had, as is common in Italy, his workbench in the open air, immediateiy under the window of a benevolent Oratorian, Father Respighi. This good old priest instructed a class of young men in Latin and Greek. Mezzofanti, thirsting for knowledge, soon gave more heed to the instruction in languages than to the work of his trade. That wonderful linguistic aptitude for which he was afterward so noted thus early began to show itself. Without the aid of a book and without a knowledge of the alphabet, he soon acquired, by surreptitiously listening to the instruction of Father Respighi, quite an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek language. When the Oratorian learned of the marvelous memory of the youthful carpenter, he took him under his tuition in Latin and Greek; and at a later period, when Mezzofanti chose the ecclesiastical state as his vocation, the same instructor prepared him for the episcopal seminary of Bologna. Among the remarkable feats of memory which are related of his early life, it is recorded that he would repeat a folio page of St. Chrysostom in the original, which he had never seen before, after one reading.

In a delightful conversation with the lamented Sumner, in which he spoke of the many distinguished statesmen and men of letters whom he had met abroad, I remember very vividly the graphic description which he gave of a red-letter day in his life, of which he had many—a day spent with Lord Macaulay at the charming country-seat of Lord Stanhope, near London. Among other pleasant bits of literary chit-chat about the brilliant essayist and historian, Mr. Sumner especially remarked upon the iron tenacity of his memory. Macaulay, as it is well known, seems never to have forgotten anything in the domain of literature; and during this visit which the two statesmen made together, Mr. Sumner was impressed with the singular fluency with which the historian quoted strophe after strophe from the choruses of the Greek tragedies. As a classical scholar Sumner himself was not a whit behind his English peer, and indeed I doubt if the one was more remarkable for his memory than the other. I have known instances of Sumner's verbal accuracy which are as truly astonishing as any parallel cases in the history of literary men. A few years ago, Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, had prepared a speech on Ku-klux legislation, which was to be delivered without delay in the House of Representatives. He was sorely pressed to find a quotation from Virgil, the substance of which he remembered, yet, as a classical scholar, preferred the exact language of the original. After fruitless endeavors to catch the words of the Æneid from

his colleagues on the floor of the House, he dispatched a page to Sumner, giving him a clew to the needed passage; and the messenger, in a few minutes, returned with a paper upon which were written the lines so eagerly sought:

"Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque, auditque dolos."
(Æneis, lib. vi, 566, 567.)

Sumner's memory was not only faithful in treasuring up the lore of antiquity, but it was equally exact in retaining an extensive and scholarly knowledge of the languages and literature of modern Europe. Three years' residence abroad, before his entrance into public life, afforded him facilities, which he improved, for becoming acquainted with the wide field of Continental learning. I have heard of an incident which happened at a dinner in Cambridge, at which some of the leading literary spirits of Harvard and Boston were present, when a discussion arose as to the authorship of a few French verses which Longfellow quoted as an example of rhythmical ease and elegance. No one, at the moment, could place them; and Sumner, taking down a volume of Voltaire, at once turned to the passage in the tragedy of "Mérope."

Mrs. Somerville, in her "Personal Recollections," has preserved another signal instance of a great pictorial memory in the person of Dr. Gregory, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, who was as famous for his Ciceronian Latinity as for his professional skill. Mr. Somerville, her husband, who she says was a good Latinist, met in his reading a Latin quotation the source of which he was unable to trace. He applied for information to his friend Dr. Gregory, who remarked, "It is now forty years since I read that author, but I think you will find the passage in the middle of such a page." Somerville obtained the book, and found the quotation at the place indicated.

By the use of the unmetaphysical term professional memory, I simply mean a memory, philosophic or pictorial, which is modified by the circumstances of the possessor's pursuit or vocation, and the accidental direction which that pursuit gives to it. To say that one best remembers that with which one is best acquainted, and in which one is most deeply interested, is but to utter a truism patent to all. Here again memory is one of degree, and not especially one of kind.

When Hercules Consalvi, the illustrious prime minister of Pius VII, was attending the Congress of Vienna, which was to decide grave questions affecting the States of the Church, inquiries were frequently made by German scholars, who were presented to him, about Ignatius De Rossi, one of the most erudite of Italians. It is reported that the Cardinal not only felt no little chagrin in not being able to answer, for he really had no knowledge of such a person in Rome, but that one of his first duties on returning to the Eternal City was to seek out the helpless old man whose name was so familiar to the learned world. As a pensioner of the Papal Government, De Rossi had lodgings in the Roman College, whither Consalvi went to see him. His days of usefulness were over, and he was but a shadow of his former self. Versed in all the wealth of Oriental learning, De Rossi had devoted the earlier years of his life to the preparation of commentaries and dictionaries elucidating every department of recondite thought. From the Propaganda press in 1807 he sent forth his "Etymologicæ Ægyptianæ," whose appearance was honored by a special meeting of the Academy of Leipsic, and a letter of congratulation sent to its author. As a mnemonic prodigy, De Rossi has scarcely an equal, certainly not a rival. Having been a professor of the classic languages of antiquity, he was perfectly at home in the whole realm of Greek and Roman literature. Canon Lattanzi, his colleague in educational labor, related to the late Cardinal Wiseman an anecdote of De Rossi's great memory. Spending a little time together in *villeggiatura* at Tivoli, De Rossi remarked that if any one would repeat a line from any of the four great poets of Italy, he would follow it by reciting a hundred lines in due order of connection. The trial was made, and, to the astonishment of every one, he was entirely successful. The query was then raised as to his ability to perform the same feat in the Latin classics. "It is twenty years," he replied, "since I read the Italian poets, and then it was only for amusement; of the Latin classics I have been professor, so you had better not try me." De Rossi had prepared a valuable Arabic lexicon, which he would never put to press from a dread of proof-reading, for which he had an unconquerable aversion. Cardinal Wiseman reports him as saying that, "if the tempter had now to deal with another Job, and wished to make him lose his patience, he would induce him to try his hand at publishing an Oriental work."

There is, I presume, no great question cognate with classical literature that Richard Porson, the second Grecian that England ever produced, has not dissected with more or less circumstantiality, according to its degree of importance. Among Continental *savants* he shares with Valckenaer the honor of being the profoundest Greek scholar since the days of Bentley. I am sometimes inclined to think that the age of great classical scholarship is past, and that the Scaligers,

Casaubons, Bentleys, and Porsons belong to a different era of culture than our own. Modern education having taken a new departure into the regions of experimental philosophy, there are multitudes of sciolists who regard the classical autocrats of former times as men who have misdirected their powers. Porson's character presents a strange admixture of incongruities. With vast acquirements in classic studies we naturally associate that seclusion and self-denial which, to accomplish anything in the world of letters, must

"Scorn delights and live laborious days."

But Porson was one of the most irregular of men. Unmethodic in intellectual work, even to idleness at times, and lawless in habits of life, even to gross drunkenness, he has left as an editor of classical literature a copious storehouse of profound reflections and delicate criticisms. When deepest in his cups, he could discuss with the precision of an Aristarchus the readings of the Greek tragic poets, recite Homer by the hour, and expound such problems as the intricate doctrine of the digamma. There are many curious anecdotes related of him by Rogers, the poet, Basil Montagu, and other of his intimates, and they all speak of his singularly versatile memory. In the "Personal Memoirs" of Pryse Lockhart Gordon, it is narrated that Porson, having been invited to dine with him on a Friday at his residence in Sloane Street, mistook the day and appeared for dinner on Thursday. Like Saxe's Familiar—

"Who comes—but never goes"—

he was not in the least disconcerted by the blunder, nor was he to be put off till the morrow. Remaining for dinner, he exhibited no disposition to go to bed at the usual retiring hour, and, in company with two bottles of wine and an Italian novel, Porson made a night of it, finishing the beverage and the romance by breakfast-time. At dinner next day he gave a translation from memory, and, although there were forty names mentioned in the story, he remembered all of them but one. Exasperated that he could not at once recall the forgotten name, he abstractedly walked the floor for a few minutes, when he shouted, "Eureka! The Count's name is Don Francesco Averrani." Mr. Cogan, another friend of the eccentric Professor of Greek, says that Porson, happening one day to call on an acquaintance who was considerably mystified over an obscure passage in Thucydides, was consulted as to the meaning of a word. He immediately repeated the passage in which the word occurred, and, being asked how he knew it was the correct one, replied: "Because the word occurs only twice in Thucydides, once on the right-hand page, in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly knew to which passage you referred."

No class of professional men has exhibited so many examples of the great power of memory as that of actors. Their *memoriter* training conduces to the strengthening of the faculty to an extraordinary degree. The history of the stage furnishes an inexhaustible fund of anecdote of the almost incredible feats of memory performed by histrionic genius, from the most gifted tragedian to the most shiftless strolling player. Cooke could commit to memory the contents of a daily paper in eight hours; and William Lyon, an obscure player of Edinburgh, wagered a bowl of punch that he could repeat next morning the entire contents of the "Daily Advertiser." He began the task, and completely reproduced that day's issue of the paper, including not only the news, but all the multitudinous advertisements of a metropolitan journal!

Memory is so essential for the performance of the ordinary functions of animal life, that even the brute creation and the lowest types of human intelligence are alike endowed with the faculty of recalling the past in a more equal measure than is usually supposed. Metaphysicians of the older school resolve such exhibitions of reminiscence in the lower order of creation into mere recognitions. Such a theory is certainly at variance with the slightest observation of the habits of domesticated animals, for it presupposes that they have no power to recall an absent object, and can recognize it only when present. Upon this hypothesis no satisfactory explanation can be adduced for the poignant grief which animals often display when robbed of their offspring, nor for the tricks of the trained dog, horse, or bird, which approximate so closely to human intelligence that we fail to establish a clear line of distinction between the two. The recent investigations of such scientists as Darwin and Douglass Spalding offer another and a more plausible elucidation of the problem of reminiscence. According to their theory, which has been pronounced materialistic by a writer in the London "Spectator," the resuscitation of impressions to consciousness depends upon the molecular change in the brain. Reminiscence, therefore, is not exclusively a mental faculty of man, nor of the wise and the learned only, but is possessed in some degree by the whole animal world. Mrs. Somerville has recorded striking particulars of two Scotch idiots who were wonderfully endowed with the gift of memory. One she met in Edinburgh, the son of a respectable gentleman who took the afflicted creature to the kirk on Sundays. Upon returning home he would repeat the whole

sermon from memory word for word; and this was in days when Scotch sermons were almost treatises on systematic divinity. The other she met while on a tour in the Highlands. So perfectly familiar was he with the Bible, that if you inquired where such and such a text was to be found, he would not only tell you without hesitation, but recite the whole chapter from which it was taken. Mrs. Somerville adds: "The common people of Scotland at that time had a kind of serious compassion for these harmless idiots, because 'the hand of God was upon them.'"

Ferdinand Gregorovius, in his "Wanderjahre in Italien," speaks of a celebrated Corsican of the sixteenth century, Giulio Guidi, whose memory was so encyclopedic that he was called in Padua *Guidi della gran memoria*. He is said to have been able to repeat thirty-six thousand names after once hearing them; but Gregorovius mentions this prodigy as an example of a man who had developed one faculty of mind, to the almost total obliteration of all the rest.

So important an agent is memory in the intellectual and moral progress of the human race, that men have taxed their ingenuity to devise some system of mnemotechny which might assist the natural memory or lighten it of its burdens. Dr. Grey, Feinaigle, Aimé Paris, and Gouraud have devoted time and skill to the amplification of various plans, but with only a partial success. Artificial aids, however admirable in themselves, can never act as substitutes for practice and attention. Be their usefulness what it may, there is still remaining a large work, which can only be accomplished by the faculty itself unassisted by any mnemonic system. I know that certain writers on psychology have lavished much praise on such artificial plans, and I have witnessed some exhibitions of their success which, to say the least, were remarkable; but I have never been convinced of their utility for the ordinary concerns of life. In short, they appear rather as sports for the pastime of the intellectual acrobat than as helps for the improvement of the scholar. In the "Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys" there is an instance of artificial memory whose strength was tested by Lord Clarendon and others by dictating sixty independent words in numerical order to M. Meheux; after a delay of eight minutes he repeated them in the same order backward and forward. Among words given was *heautonimoroumenos*, which he objected to, not on account of its length, but because it suggested nothing to his mind. Captain Hatton, who had seen his experiments in France, inquired of M. Meheux "whether his making another trial presently upon a fresh set of words would not entirely efface the memory of the first," to which he replied, "it would not, if he proposed to himself the remembering of the former." Quaint old Thomas Fuller was as famous for his memory as for his puns and quibbles. Pepys bears testimony to the strength of the former, while he often enjoyed the humor of the latter. Going from Temple Bar to the end of Cheapside, this jocular divine could tell, on his return, every sign on either side of the way, in the order in which they stood. Underlying his facetious style, in "Rules for improving the Memory," there is a practical philosophy which can not be amended. Want of space forbids giving the whole passage: "First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning. Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it can not shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable."

It is not my purpose to enumerate the advantages to be derived from a right culture of the memory, but I can not forbear alluding to one which is intimately connected with its improvement. Youth is the proper season to begin the training, not of one, but of all the mental faculties; and the education of the head, like the education of the heart, continues as long as life shall last. There is nothing which so invigorates the memory as the habit of committing passages from favorite authors. If we are careful in our selections, they are serviceable to us, and may become, as Ruskin says, "nests on the sea indeed, but safe beyond all others; . . . fairy palaces of beautiful thoughts, bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to dwell in." I can cite no greater example of the incomparable benefits of thus educating the memory than that of Milton, who turned with sightless eyes to the composition of "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hallam has beautifully and instructively pictured this period in the blind poet's life: "Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark

and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude, or in traveling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favor, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life."

There is a phenomenon of the past so mysteriously connected with memory, that no intelligent explanation of it has ever been attempted. I refer to the vague feeling of preëxistence which has assumed with some a certitude of belief. It has variously found expression in our literature, and a writer in the London "Practitioner" believes it to be an evidence of an overworked condition of the brain, and not unfrequently the forerunner of incipient epilepsy. Some years ago I was intimately associated with a cultivated Irish gentleman who often referred to this curious sensation—this echo, as it were, of a long-forgotten past—which he experienced at intervals. He was a man of rare gifts, and superior to anything like vulgar superstition. The fact is at least noteworthy that fifteen years after my first acquaintance with him I heard of his death from epilepsy of a violent form. A kinsman of ours, now a septuagenarian, visited Aix-la-Chapelle in early life, and he maintains to this day that its streets and cathedral containing the tomb of Charlemagne, which he saw for the first time, were as familiar to him as though he had resided there for a long period. He jocularly explains the fact on the hypothesis that memory was making note of a preëxistent state of being when he must have been a denizen of that city. Coleridge and Tennyson, Dickens and Rossetti, have been subject to the delusion, if it may be called such. In an exquisite sonnet, commemorative of the birth of his son Hartley, Coleridge says:

"Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
We lived ere yet this robe of flesh we wore."

Rossetti suggests, in a beautiful poem entitled "Sudden Light," a continuity of being both in a preëxistent and in a future state:

"I have been here before,
But when or how I can not tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

"You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

"Then, now—perchance again!
O round mine eyes your tresses shake!
Shall we not lie as we have lain
Thus for Love's sake,
And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain?"

Equally clear is the sentiment of Dickens in "David Copperfield," who makes it as universal among mankind as that of any of the sensations with which the science of psychology is acquainted: "We have all some experience of a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing having been said or done before, in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it."

Tennyson, always delicate, subtile, and full of pathos, but dimly foreshadows, in "The Two Voices," this phenomenon, which in his verse lies in close proximity to the realm of the supernatural:

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

Among our own writers, Whittier has made the problem of preëxistence the burden of a beautiful poem, quite aptly called "A Mystery." Like a finely chiseled piece of sculpture, it must be seen entire to appreciate the deftly arranged sequence of incidents subordinated to the chief thought uppermost in the crëation of the artist. To quote a disconnected stanza or two would be but the conversion of a perfect antique into a torso:

"The river, hemmed with leaning trees,
Wound through its meadows green;

A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

"One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang.
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang.

"No clew of memory led me on,
But well the way I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

"Not otherwise above its crag
Could hang the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

"So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain-road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

"The river wound as it should wind,
Their place the mountains took;
The white, torn figure of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

"Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine;
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain-line.

"A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

"Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

"But from the vision, ere it passed,
A tender hope I drew;
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew—

"That love would temper every change
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven rise."

A. J. FAUST.

THE LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

SECOND SURVEY.*

THE later period which we have now to survey is more rich in scientific literature than that former period which we assumed to close with the Crimean war. In practical science, as we have already shown, the advance made during the reign of Queen Victoria has been greater in many ways than the advance made from the beginning of civilization to that time. Sir Robert Peel traveled from Rome to London to assume office as Prime Minister, exactly as Constantine traveled from York to Rome to become emperor. Each traveler had all that sails and horses could do for him, and no more. A few years later Peel might have reached London from Rome in some forty-eight hours. Something of the same kind may be said for economical, political, and what is now called social science. The whole of that system of legislative reform, which is founded on a recognition of the principles of humanity, may be said to belong to our own times. Our penal systems have undergone a thorough reform. More than once it seemed as if the reform were going too far, and as if the tenderness to criminals were likely to prove an encouragement to crime. But, although there have been, for this reason, little outbursts of reaction every now and then, the growth of the principle of humanity has been steady, and the principle has taken firm and fixed root in our systems of penal legislation. Flogging in the army and navy may be said to be now wholly abolished. The senseless and barbarous system of imprisonment for debt is abandoned. There is no more transportation of convicts. Care is taken of the lives and the health of women and children in all manner of employments. Schools are managed on systems of wise gentleness. Dotheboys Hall would be an impossible picture, even for caricature, in these later years. We are, perhaps, at the beginning of a movement of legislation which is about to try to the very utmost that right of state interference with individual action which, at one time, it was the object of most of our legislators to reduce to its very narrowest proportions. It may be that this straining of the right of the majority over the minority is destined to bring about in due course its reaction. But we do not think that "the survival of the fittest," the doctrine on which our forefathers acted, more or less consciously, in the education of children and the treatment of criminals, will ever again, within any time to which speculation can safely reach, be adopted as a principle of our legislation.

* A chapter from Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." Vol. IV. For preceding chapter ("First Survey") see "Appletons' Journal" for June, 1879.

Much of the healthier and more humane spirit prevailing in our social systems, in our criminal laws, in the management of our schools, in the care of the state for the working-classes, for women, and for children, is undoubtedly due to the spread of that sound and practical scientific teaching which began to make it known everywhere that the recognition of the laws of health will always be found, in the end, to be a recognition of the laws of morality.

But, though the philosophy of these later days has proved itself thus essentially practical, it is to be observed that the great scientific controversy of the time is distinctly and purely speculative. The Darwinian theory, as it is commonly, we will not say vulgarly, called, may be described as one of the most remarkable facts in the history of its time. Dr. Charles R. Darwin, grandson of the author of "The Botanic Garden" and "Zoönomia," was born in 1809. He showed at an early age great capacity as a naturalist. He accompanied, as naturalist, the expedition of her Majesty's ship Beagle for the survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. This expedition occupied him nearly five years, and he returned to England in 1836. He published several studies in geology and in fossil species, and seemed to have made his mark as a naturalist of distinction, and nothing more. Charles Knight's "English Cyclopædia," published in 1855, twenty years after the return of Dr. Darwin from his great voyage, speaks in high terms of his contributions to the sciences he studied, and adds, "Mr. Darwin is still in the prime of life, and may, therefore, be expected to contribute largely to the extension of the sciences he has so successfully cultivated." If Mr. Darwin had died soon after that time the world would never have suspected that it had lost anything more than a highly promising naturalist. In 1859 appeared "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of the Favored Races in the Struggle of Life." The book had hardly been published when it was found that a great crisis had been reached in the history of science and of thought. The importance of Darwin's "Origin of Species," regarded as a mere historical fact, is of at least as much importance to the world as Comte's publication of his theory of historical development. In these pages we are considering Darwin's theory and his work merely as historical facts. We are dealing with them as we might deal with the fall of a dynasty or the birth of a new state. The controversy which broke out when the "Origin of Species" was published has been going on ever since, without the slightest sign of diminishing ardor. It spread almost through all society. It was heard from the pulpit and from the platform; it raged in the scientific and unscientific magazines. It was trumpeted in the newspapers; it made one of the stock subjects of talk in the dining-room and the smoking-room; it tittered over the tea-table. Mr. Darwin's central idea was that the various species of plants and animals, instead of being each specially created and immutable, are continually undergoing modification and change through a process of adaptation, by virtue of which such varieties of the species as are in any way better fitted for the rough work of the struggle for existence are enabled to survive and multiply at the expense of the others. Mr. Darwin considers this principle, with, indeed, some other and less important causes, capable of explaining the manner in which all existing types may have descended from one or a very few low forms of life. All animals, beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, have descended, he contends, from a very limited number of progenitors, and he holds that analogy points to the belief that all animals and plants whatever have descended from one common prototype. The idea that man gradually developed from some very low prototype was, of course, not Dr. Darwin's especially, nor belonging even to Dr. Darwin's time. It was an idea that had been floating about the world almost at all times. It had become somewhat fashionable in England not long before Dr. Darwin published his "Origin of Species." It was led up to in the "Vestiges of Creation," a book that once caused much stir in scientific and religious circles. A strong-minded lady in Lord Beaconsfield's "Tancred" bewilders and saddens the young hero by gravely informing him that we once were fishes, and shall probably in the end be crows. But Darwin's book, if we take it as resting for its central point of doctrine upon that principle of the survival of the fittest, was the first great systematized attempt to give the theory a solid place among the scientific opinions of the world. It was worked out with the most minute and elaborate care, and with an inexhaustible patience—qualities which we do not expect to find in the originators of new and startling theories. Dr. Darwin's work was fiercely assailed and passionately championed. It was not the scientific principle which inflamed so much commotion; it was the supposed bearing of the doctrines on revealed religion. Injustice was done to the calm examination of Darwin's theory on both sides of the controversy. Many who really had not yet given themselves time even to consider its arguments cried out in admiration of the book, merely because they assumed that it was destined to deal a blow to the faith in revealed religion. On the other side, many of the believers in revealed religion were much too easily alarmed and too sensitive. Many of them did not pause to ask them-

selves whether, if every article of the doctrine were proved to be scientifically true, it would affect in the slightest degree the basis of their religious faith. To this writer it seems clear that Dr. Darwin's theory might be accepted by the most orthodox believer without the firmness of his faith molting a feather. The theory is one altogether as to the process of growth and construction in the universe, and, whether accurate or inaccurate, does not seem in any wise to touch the question which is concerned with the sources of all life, movement, and being. However that may be, it is certain that the book made an era not only in science, but in scientific controversy, and not merely in scientific controversy, but in controversy expanding into all circles and among all intelligences. The scholar and the fribble, the divine and the schoolgirl, still talk and argue and wrangle over Darwin and the origin of species.

Professor Huxley is one of the most distinguished and thoroughgoing supporters of Dr. Darwin's principle. Professor Huxley advocates, in his own words, "the hypothesis which supposes that species living at any time must be the result of a gradual modification of preëxisting species." He maintains that to suppose each species of plant or animal to have been formed and placed on the globe at long intervals by a distinct act of creative power, is an assumption "as unsupported by tradition or revelation as it is opposed to the general analogy of nature." Professor Huxley would have been a distinguished scientific man if he had never taken any part in the Darwin controversy. He would have been a distinguished scientific man even if he had not been, as he is, a great thinker and writer. In the arena of public controversy he has long been a familiar and formidable figure. He came into the field at first almost unknown, like the Disinherited Knight in Scott's romance; and, while the good-natured spectators were urging him to turn the blunt end of the lance against the shield of the least formidable opponent, he dashed, with splendid recklessness, and with spear-point forward, against the buckler of Richard Owen himself, then the most renowned of England's living naturalists. Professor Huxley has a happy gift of shrewd sense and sarcasm combined. Few men can expose a sophism so effectively in a single sentence of exhaustive satire. It would be wrong to regard him merely as a scientific man. He is a literary man as well. What he writes would be worth reading for its form and its expression alone, were it of no scientific authority. He has a fascinating style, and a happy way of pressing into the service of strictly scientific exposition some illustration caught from literature and art, even from popular and light literature. Mr. Huxley seemed from the first to understand that a scientific school can never become really powerful while it is content with the ear of strictly scientific men. He cultivated, therefore, sedulously and successfully, the literary art of expression. His style as a lecturer has a special charm. It is free from any effort at rhetorical eloquence; but it has all the eloquence which is born of the union of deep thought with simple expression and luminous diction. There is not much of the poetic about Mr. Huxley's style; but the occasional vividness of his illustrations suggests the existence of some of the higher imaginative qualities. There was something like a gleam of the poetic in the half-melancholy, half-humorous introduction of Balzac's famous "Peau de Chagrin" into the well-known protoplasm lecture. But, as a rule, Mr. Huxley treads only the firm earth, and deliberately, perhaps scornfully, rejects any aspirings after the clouds.

Professor Tyndall, another great teacher in the same school, has, like Mr. Huxley, the gift of literary expression, informed, perhaps, by more of the imaginative and the poetic. Mr. Tyndall has done, perhaps, more practical work in science than Mr. Huxley. He has written more; he has sometimes written more eloquently. But there is a certain coarseness of materialism about Mr. Tyndall's views with regard to man and nature. There is a vehement aggressiveness in him which must interfere with the clearness of his views. He has occasionally assailed the orthodox with the polemical intemperance of a field-preacher. He has more than once been carried clear away from his purpose by the unsparing vigor of his controversial style. He is sometimes one of the most impatient of sages, the most intolerant of philosophers. His temper, as a controversialist, may have tended sometimes to weaken his scientific authority, but of course this only happens where the subject engrossing Professor Tyndall's attention is one of that class which have, in all ages, proved too exciting now and then for the cool judgment even of philosophers. Mr. Tyndall has made noble contributions to scientific literature, which concern in no wise the tremendous questions put by Mr. Carlyle, with such solemnity and such emotion—"Whence, and, oh Heavens! whither?"

Mr. Herbert Spencer may be said to have taken the sphere of the naturalist and the spheres of the metaphysician and the psychologist, and drawn a circle round, embracing and enfolding them all, and adopting them as his province. If Mr. Darwin's attempt to map out the process by which vegetable and animal life are gradually constructed was an ambitious effort, the task which Mr. Herbert Spencer undertook was of still more vast and venturous scope. Mr. Spencer is the author of a series of connected philosophi-

cal works intended to reduce to harmonious and scientific order the principles of biology, psychology, sociology, and morality. He has applied universally, and carried out in systematic detail, the doctrine of evolution or development. In 1855 appeared his "Principles of Psychology," an attempt to analyze the relations between the order of the worlds of matter and of mind. The central and governing idea of this work is, that the universal law of intelligence flows directly from the coöperation of mind and nature, in the creation of our ideas. As there is a persistency in the order of events in nature, so will there be a persistency in the connection between the corresponding states of consciousness. The succession or coexistence of external phenomena produces a like succession in our mental perceptions, and when any two physical states often occur together, there is at length established an internal tendency for those states always to recur in the same order. Starting from the law which has been thus described, in words that are not ours, Mr. Spencer traces the growth of human intelligence from the lower phenomena of reflex action and instinct, and then shows how our unconscious life merges in a succession of conscious phenomena; and, lastly, he endeavors to carry us upward from the origin of memory to the highest exercise of reason and the scientific development of the moral feelings. In other words, Mr. Spencer endeavors to lay down the principles of development for the whole world of matter, of mind, and of morals. Mr. Spencer has written essays on education, on the government of states, and on other subjects, which, however, scarcely seem to be marked by the precision of thought which distinguishes him as a psychological writer. His views of education and of civic government seem occasionally to degenerate almost to the degree of crotchets. His style is not fascinating. It is clear, strong, and simple, but it has little literary beauty, and borrows little from illustration of any kind. Mr. Spencer himself utterly undervalues what he regards as superfluous words. Attractiveness of style is part of the instrumentality by which a great writer or speaker accomplishes his ends. If a man would convince, he must not disdain the arts by which people can be induced to listen. Much of Mr. Spencer's greatest work had long been little better than a calling aloud to solitude for the lack of the attractiveness of style which he despises, but which Plato or Aristotle would not have despised. Mr. Spencer, however, rather prides himself on not caring much about the Greeks and their literature. A great thinker he undoubtedly is—one of the greatest thinkers of modern times; perhaps, a man to be classed among the few great and original philosophers of all time. It is only of late years that his fame has begun to spread among his own countrymen. Gradually it has become known to the English public in general that there was among them a great, lonely thinker, surveying the problems of mind and matter as from some high, serene watch-tower. His words were well known among reading people in the United States long before they had ceased to be the exclusive property of a very select few in England. Of late he has come to be, in a certain sense, the fashion in this country among people who desire to be thought clever. It is not any part of our purpose to raise the question whether less honor is done to a great writer by neglecting him altogether, or by adopting him as one of the authors whom it is conventionally proper to have read, and with whom, therefore, everybody is bound to affect an acquaintance. It certainly was not for that that Mr. Spencer toiled his way over the rugged, unpitying Alpine heights of thought, "*ut pueris*—we may add, *puellisque—placeat etde clamatio fiat.*"

The name of Professor Max Müller is now by common consent enrolled with the names of famous Englishmen. Max Müller has adopted England as his home, and England has quietly annexed his reputation. He has approached the history of man's development by the study of man's speech. He has opened a new and a most important road for the student. In his hands philology ceases to be a dry science of words, and becomes quickened into a living teacher of history. Max Müller has contributed to various departments of thought, and has proved himself a charming writer, who can invest even the least attractive subject with an absorbing interest.

Metaphysical and psychological science have lately lost a pupil of marvelous versatility in George Henry Lewes. No literary man in our time did so many different things and did them so well as Mr. Lewes. He wrote novels; he made some of the most successful adaptations from the French theatre known to our stage; he was an accomplished literary and dramatic critic; he translated Spinoza; he wrote the lives of Goethe and of Robespierre; he produced a history of philosophy in which he had something of his own to say about every great philosopher from Thales down to Schelling and Comte; he was the author of all manner of physiological essays; his "Problems of Life and Mind" and his "Physical Basis of Mind" were really contributions of permanent value to the studies with which they so boldly dealt. It is not, perhaps, unworthy of notice that Mr. Lewes was even a remarkably good amateur actor. It seemed as if he must be able to do everything well to which it pleased him to put his hand. His peculiar merit was not, however, that he could write clever books on a great variety of subjects. London

has many hack-writers who could go to work at any publisher's order, and produce successively an epic poem, a novel, a treatise on the philosophy of the conditioned, a hand-book of astronomy, a farce, a life of Julius Cæsar, an account of African explorations, and a volume of sermons. But none of these productions would have one gleam of native and genuine vitality about it. The moment it had served its purpose in the literary market it would go dead down to the dead. Lewes's works are of quite a different style. They have positive merit and value of their own, and they live. It was a characteristically audacious thing to attempt to cram the history of philosophy into a couple of medium-sized volumes, polishing off each philosopher in a few pages, draining him, plucking out the heart of his mystery and his system, and stowing him away in the glass jar designed to exhibit him to an edified class of students. But it must be admitted that the "History of Philosophy" is a genuine and a valuable study, although the author, not then in the calmer maturity of his powers, crumples up the whole science of metaphysics, sweeps away transcendental philosophy, and demolishes *a priori* reasoning in a manner which strongly reminds one of Arthur Pendennis upsetting, in a dashing criticism, and on the faith of an hour's reading in an encyclopædia, some great scientific theory of which he had never heard before, and the development of which had been the life's labor of a sage.

The period which we are surveying was especially rich in historical studies. It was prolific, not only in historians and histories, but even in new ways of studying history. The Crimean war was still going on when Mr. Froude's "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth" began to make its appearance; and the public soon became alive to the fact that a man of great and original power had come into literature. The first volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization" was published in 1857. Mr. Freeman literally disentombed a great part of the early history of England, cleared it of the accumulated dust of traditional error and ignorance, and for the first time showed it to us as it must have presented itself to the eyes of those who helped to make it. Mr. Kinglake began the story of the Crimean war. Mr. Lecky occupied himself with "The History of Rationalism in Europe"; "The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," and more lately with the great days of the eighteenth century. Canon Stubbs made the "Constitutional History of England" his province; and Mr. Green undertook to compress the whole sequence of English history into a sort of literary outline map, in which events stood clearly out in the just perspective and proportions of their real importance. Of the men we have named, it would not be unreasonable to say that Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake belong to the romantic school of historians; Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky to the philosophic; Mr. Freeman, Canon Stubbs, and Mr. Green to the practical and the real. To show events and people as they were is the clear aim of this latter school; to picture them dramatically and vividly would seem to be the ambition of Mr. Froude and Mr. Kinglake. To show that they have a system and a sequence, and are evidence of great natural laws, is the object of men like Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky. Mr. Froude is probably the most popular historian since Macaulay, although his popularity is far, indeed, from that of Macaulay. He is widely read where Mr. Freeman would seem intolerably learned and pedantic, and Mr. Lecky too philosophic to be lively. His books have been the subject of the keenest controversy. His picture of Henry VIII set all the world wondering. It set an example and became a precedent. It founded a new school in history and biography—what we may call the paradoxical school—the school which sets itself to discover that some great man had all the qualities for which the world had never before given him credit, and none of those which it had always been content to recognize as his undoubted possession. The virtues of the misprized Tiberius; the purity and meekness of Lucrezia Borgia; the disinterestedness and forbearance of Charles of Burgundy: these and other such historical discoveries naturally followed Mr. Froude's illustration of the domestic virtues, the exalted chastity, and the merciful disposition of Henry VIII. Mr. Froude has, however, qualities which raise him high above the level of the ordinary paradoxical historian. He has a genuine creative power. We may refuse to believe that his Henry VIII is the Henry of history, but we can not deny that Mr. Froude makes us see his Henry as vividly as if he stood in life before us. A dangerous gift for an historian; but it helps to make a great literary man. Mr. Froude may claim to be regarded as a great literary man, measured by the standard of our time. He has imagination; he has that sympathetic and dramatic instinct which enables a man to enter into the emotions and motives, the likings and dislikings, of people of a past age. His style is penetrating and thrilling; his language often rises to the dignity of a poetic eloquence. The figures he conjures up are always the semblances of real men and women. They are never waxwork, or lay-figures, or skeletons clothed in words, or purple rags of descriptions stuffed out with straw into an awkward likeness of the human form. The one distinct impression we carry away from Mr. Froude's

history is that of the living reality of his figures. In Marlowe's "Faustus," the Doctor conjures up for the amusement of the Emperor a procession of beautiful and stately shadows to represent the great ones of the past. When the apparitions of Alexander the Great and his favorite pass by, the Emperor can hardly restrain himself from rushing to clasp the hero in his arms, and has to be reminded by the wizard that "these are but shadows, not substantial." Even then the Emperor can hardly get over his impression of their reality; for he cries—

> "I have heard it said
> That this fair lady, while she lived on earth,
> Had on her neck a little wart or mole";

and, lo! there is the mark on the neck of the beautiful form which floats across his field of vision. Mr. Froude's shadows are like this; so deceptive, so seemingly vital and real; with the beauty and the blot alike conspicuous; with the pride and passion of the hero, and the heroine's white neck and the wart on it. Mr. Froude's whole soul, in fact, is in the human beings whom he meets as he unfolds his narrative. He is a romantic or heroic portrait-painter. He has painted some pictures which may almost compare with those of Titian. Their glances follow and haunt one like the wonderful eyes of Cæsar Borgia, or the soul-piercing resignation of that face on Guido's canvas once believed to be that of Beatrice Cenci. But Mr. Froude wants the one indispensable quality of the true historian, accuracy. He wants altogether the cold, patient, stern quality which clings to facts; the scientific faculty. His narrative never stands out in that "dry light" which Bacon so commends; the light of undistorted and clear truth. The temptations to a man with the gift of heroic portrait-painting are too great for Mr. Froude. His genius carries him away, and becomes his master. When Titian was painting his Cæsar Borgia, is it not conceivable that his imagination may have been positively inflamed by the contrasts between the man's physical beauty and moral guilt, and have unconsciously heighened the contrast by making the pride and passion lower more darkly, the superb brilliancy of the eyes burn more radiantly, than might have been seen in real life? Mr. Froude has evidently been often thus ensnared by his own special gift. There is hardly anything in our modern literature more powerful, picturesque, and dramatic than his portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. It stands out and glows and darkens with all the glare and gloom of a living form, now in sun and now in shadow. It is almost as perfect and impressive as Titian. But no reasonable person can doubt that it is a dramatic and not an historical study. Without going into any controversy as to disputed facts, even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mary was as guilty as Mr. Froude would make her, it is impossible to believe that the woman he has painted is the Mary Stuart of history and of life. No doubt his Mary is now a reality for us. We are distinctly acquainted with her; we can see her and follow her movements. But she is a fable for all that. The poets and painters have made the form of the mermaid not one whit less clear and distinct for us than the figure of a living woman. If any of us were to see a painting of a mermaid with scales upon her neck, or with feet, he would resent it or laugh at it as an inaccuracy, just as if he saw some gross anatomical blunder in a picture of a man or woman. Mr. Froude has created a Mary Stuart as art and legend have created a mermaid. He has made her one of the most imposing figures in our modern literature, to which, indeed, she is an important addition. His Queen Elizabeth is almost equally remarkable as a work of art. His Henry VIII stands not quite so high, and far lower comes his Cæsar, which is absurdly untrue as a portrait, and is not strong even as a romantic picture. Mr. Froude's personal integrity and candor are constantly coming into contradiction with his artistic temptation; but the portrait goes on all the same. He is too honest and candid to conceal or pervert any fact that he knows. He tells everything frankly, but continues his picture in his own way. It may be that some rather darksome vices suddenly prove their existence in the character of the person whom Mr. Froude had chosen to illustrate the brightness and glory of human nature. Mr. Froude is not abashed. He deliberately states the facts; shows how, in this or that instance, truth did tell shocking lies, mercy ordered several massacres, and virtue fell into the ways of Messalina. But he still maintains that his pictures are portraits of truth, mercy, and virtue. A lover of art, according to a story in the memoirs of Canova, was so struck with admiration of that sculptor's Venus that he begged to be allowed to see the model. The artist gratified him; but, so far from beholding a very goddess of beauty in the flesh, he only saw a well-made, rather coarse-looking woman. The sculptor, seeing his disappointment, explained to him that the hand and the eye of the artist, as they work, can gradually and almost imperceptibly change the model from that which it is in the flesh to that which it ought to be in the marble. This is the process which is always going on with Mr. Froude whenever he is at work upon some model in which, for love or hate, he takes unusual interest. Therefore, the historian is constantly involving himself in a welter of inconsistencies and errors. Mr. Froude's

errors go far to justify the dull and literal old historians of the school of Dryasdust, who, if they never quickened an event into life, never, on the other hand, deluded the mind with phantoms. The chroniclers of mere facts and dates, the old almanac-makers, are weary creatures; but one finds it hard to condemn them to mere contempt when he sees how the vivid genius of a man like Mr. Froude can lead him astray. Mr. Froude's finest artistic gift becomes his greatest defect for the special work he undertakes to do. A scholar, a man of high imagination, a man likewise of patient labor, he is above all things a romantic portrait-painter; and the spell by which his works allure us is the spell of the magician, not the calm power of the teacher.

Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" created a sensation hardly less than that produced by Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." Indeed, for a time the interest it created was keener and more widely diffused. Mr. Buckle undertook to prove four great principles, which he contended were essential to the understanding of history. First, that the progress of nations depends upon the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and the extent to which a knowledge of these laws is diffused. Second, that before any such investigation can proceed a spirit of skepticism must arise "which at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it." Third, that the results of this investigation tend to increase the influence of intellectual truths, and to diminish, not absolutely but relatively, the influence of moral truths, which latter are more stationary than intellectual truths, and receive fewer additions. Fourth, that the great enemy of this progressive investigation, and consequently of human civilization, is the protective spirit in which governments undertake to watch over men and direct them what to do, and in which churches and teachers prescribe for them what they are to believe. Now, it is plain that on the decision of the first point rested the whole issue between Mr. Buckle and his opponents. If the progress of civilization depended upon the discovery and right appreciation of phenomena, then the basis of the science of history would be settled beyond dispute. History would then take its ordered place like any of the physical sciences. But it was on this very first point that the struggle had to be made in which, as it seems to us, Mr. Buckle's endeavor broke down. He labored to establish nothing less than the fact that all the movements of history, and indeed of human life through all its processes, are regulated by fixed physical laws as certain as those which rule the motions of the waves and the changes of the weather, and of which we could arrive at a sound and trustworthy knowledge if we were content to study their phenomena as we do the phenomena of the sea and the skies. Of course, this was not an idea which occurred for the first time to Mr. Buckle. It is an idea which has always been more or less clearly in the minds of some men. It belongs to that principle which Comte laid down when he endeavored to explain the development of human history. It was more than once put into the form of a principle by Goethe, and had been described more distinctly still by Lessing. But men like Goethe and Lessing suggested it rather as a probability than endeavored to define it as an actual law. Mr. Buckle set about establishing it as the law of human life by illustration, argument, and evidence drawn from the actual facts of history and of nature. He brought to his task a vast amount of more or less arranged information, an ardent spirit full of faith in his own theory, and a power of self-will and self-complacency which enabled him to accept as certain and settled every dogma on which he had personally made up his mind. The "History of Civilization" was never finished. The author's early death brought the task to a close. It remains a great effort, a monument of courage, energy, and labor; perhaps, indeed, it might not inaptly be described as a ruin. Mr. Buckle had attempted a task beyond the compass of one man's capacity and of men's combined knowledge thus far. He tried to build a literary Tower of Babel, by means of which man might reach the skies and look down complacently on the mechanical movements of planets, races, and generations beneath. He died at the age of forty, lamenting almost with his latest breath that he had to leave his work unfinished, and still believing that life, mere life, was all he needed to make it complete.

Mr. Kinglake's still unfinished history of the Crimean war is full of brilliant description and of keen, penetrating thought. It shows many gleams of the poetic, and it has some of the brightest and bitterest satirical passages in the literature of our time. The chapters in which Mr. Kinglake goes out of his way to describe the career, the character, and the companions of the Emperor Napoleon III cut like corrosive acid. Mr. Kinglake found his mind filled with detestation of Louis Napoleon and his companions. He invented for himself the theory that the Crimean war arose only out of Louis Napoleon's peculiar position, and his anxiety to become recognized among the great sovereigns of Europe. The invention of this theory gave him an excuse for lavishing so much labor of love and hate on chapters which must always remain a masterpiece of remorseless satire. They hardly pretend to be always just in their estimate of men, but no one rates them according to their justice or

their injustice. They are read for their style, and nothing more. Perhaps it would not be altogether unjust to say much the same of the history as far as it has gone. It is brilliant; it is powerful; it is full of thrilling passages; but it remains after all the historical romance rather than history. Moreover, it is a good deal too long. The Crimean war came after a generation of peace, and to many Englishmen it almost seemed as if there never had been such a war before or would be again. Mr. Kinglake set about his great book with something like the same estimate of the historical importance and proportions of the war. Even already the perspective of events is beginning to come fairly out, and it seems as if the Crimean campaign hardly needed the huge historical monument at which Mr. Kinglake is still at work.

Mr. Lecky has probably more of the philosophic mind than any of his contemporaries. He has treated history on a large scale and in the philosophical spirit. He has taken a wide and liberal survey of the progress of thought and of morals as a whole, and then has brought the knowledge and observation thus acquired to the practical purpose of illustrating certain passages of history and periods of human development. His "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is not more remarkable thus far for the closeness and fullness of its details than for its breadth of view and its calmness of judgment. Mr. Lecky is always the historian, and never the partisan. His works grow on the reader. They do not turn upon him all at once a sudden glare like the flash of a revolving light, but they fill the mind gradually with a sense of their justice, their philosophic thought, and the clear calmness of their historical observation.

Dean Stanley, the pupil and the biographer of Dr. Arnold, has made some of the most valuable contributions to ecclesiastical history which our time possesses. His "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" fascinates the reader by its beauty of style and by the evidences of the loving care with which the author has approached his subject. Mr. John Morley has produced monographs of Burke, of Rousseau, and of Voltaire which are original in their very form, and which have made a distinct mark on the literature of their day. There are many essayists in history, biography, and the criticism of art and letters who well deserve to be named in a survey of the literature of our time, but whom we are compelled to pass over. Space would hardly allow of our even classing them in schools —as, for example, the Positivist, the Neo-Pagans, the Æsthetics, the Agnostics, the Satirists, and all the rest. In an age of prodigious literary activity the essayists of various schools have certainly not been the least active and productive.

The poets, however, outnumber them by far. We have had no great poet in these later days, but the number of our singers is prodigious. A great meeting of poets could be got up in London alone. Many really fine poems are the almost unnoticed result of this multitudinous labor. Sir Walter Scott once said, with good-humored modesty, that he had taught many ladies and gentlemen to write romances as well, or nearly as well, as he could himself. Of the poetic voices which literally fill the air around us, the majority must be those of mere mocking-birds, and yet it is not always easy to distinguish between the original notes and the imitation. The highest reach attained among the poets of this later day is assuredly that of Mr. Swinburne. His first volume of poems, containing "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," published in 1861, made no mark whatever, but his "Atalanta in Calydon," which appeared in 1865, startled the world. The mere boldness of the return to the subjects and the very forms of Greek drama would have commanded attention; but there was something much more commanding in the genuine originality with which the poet breathed new life into the antique forms. Mr. Swinburne's mastery of melodious phrase and verse astonished even the age acquainted with the musical richness and softness of Tennyson's lines, and Mr. Swinburne had a vibrating strength in his verse such as the poet-laureate never tried to have. Mr. Swinburne decidedly shot an arrow higher into the air than any of his fellows in these later days, but he only shot one arrow. To vary the illustration, we may say that the jet from his poetic source soared higher than that of any of his rivals; but it was only one thin, narrow stream, and not a full fountain sending its spray and its waters broadly in the sun. His poetic ideas are very few. Even his vocabulary is not liberal. Words as well as ideas are soon exhausted. Even the greatest admirer becomes conscious of a sense of monotony as he listens again and again to the same cry of rebellion against established usage, the same hysterical appeal to lawlessness in passion and in art, poured forth in the same phraseology with the same alliteration. Mr. Morris, the author of "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise," is a poet of a milder and a purer strain. Nothing can be more beautiful, tender, and melancholy than some of his sweet, pathetic stories. Mr. Morris has been compared to Chaucer, but he is at the best a Chaucer without strength and without humor. He has such story-teller's power as one might suppose suited to absorb the evening hours of some lady of mediæval days. She would have loved Mr. Morris's beautiful tales of

love and truth and constancy and separation, tales which, to quote the poet's own words, "would make her sweet eyes wet, at least sometimes, at least when heaven and earth on some fair eve had grown too fair for mirth." But the broad strength of Chaucer, the animal spirits, the ringing laughter, the occasional fierceness of emotion, the pain, and the passion are not to be found in Mr. Morris's exquisite and gentle verse. Mr. Dante G. Rossetti has written some sonnets which are probably entitled to rank with the best of their kind at any time, and one or two ballads of fierce, impassioned style, which seem as if they came straight from the heart of the old northern ballad world. Miss Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" is almost perfect in its way. Miss Jean Ingelow has written some tender and pathetic poems. Mr. Aubrey de Vere is a true poet, and one of a family of poets. Mr. Robert Buchanan at one time gave promise of taking a high rank among modern poets. Assuredly he has not fulfilled all the hopes of his first days, but he must always stand well among the singers who only claim to form the second order of the poets of our time. "The Spanish Gypsy" and other productions in verse, by the novelist George Eliot, are the clever attempts of a woman of genius who is not a poet to write poetry. The poetry of these days may boast of having produced a distinct school, which has contrived to inoculate not only literature, but art, architecture, ornament, dress, and social life generally, with its influence. It is possible that long after the world may have ceased to read even the best writers of the school, the school itself will live curiously in memory with its mannerisms, its affectations, its absurdities, imitations, and quackeries, and at the same time with its genuine beauty and high spiritual aspirations. The *précieuses*, it is to be remembered, were not always ridiculous. They were not ridiculous at all, to begin with. They were ladies of intellect and true artistic feeling. It was only when imitation and insincerity set in, when sentiment took the place of emotion, when mannerism tried to pass itself off as originality, that the heroines of Molière's immortal comedy could have been life-like figures even in caricature. So it is with the pre-Raphaelite school, as a certain group of poets and painters came to be fantastically designated. Pre-Raphaelitism was in the beginning a vigorous protest in favor of truth in nature and art, of open eyes and faithful observation in artistic critics, students, and every one else, as against conventionalities and prettinesses and unrealities of all kinds. Mr. Ruskin was the prophet of the new school. Mr. Dante Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Madox Brown, and Mr. Millais were its practical expounders in art. A great controversy sprang up, and England divided itself into two schools. No impartial person can deny that Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites did great good, and that much of their influence and example was decidedly healthy. But pre-Raphaelitism became a very different thing in later years, when it professed to invade all arts, and to establish itself in all the decorative business of life, from the ornamentation of a cathedral to the fringe of a dress. Lately it has become a mere affectation, an artistic whim. It has got mixed up with æstheticism, neo-paganism, and other such phantasies. The typical pre-Raphaelite of the school's later development is, however, a figure not unworthy of description. The typical pre-Raphaelite believed Mr. Dante Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones to be the greatest artists of the ancient or modern world. If any spoke to him of contemporary English poetry, he assumed that there was only question of Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, or Mr. Morris. In modern French literature he admired Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and one or two others newer to song, and of whom the outer world had yet heard little. Among the writers of older France he was chiefly concerned about François Villon. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the paintings of the late Henri Regnault. Probably he spoke of France as "our France." He was angry with the Germans for having vexed our France. He professed faith in the philosophy of Schopenhauer and the music of Wagner, and he was greatly touched by Chopin. He gave himself out as familiar with the Greek poets, and was wild in his admiration of Sappho. He made for himself a sort of religion out of wall-paper, old teapots, and fans. He thought to order, and yet above all things piqued himself on his originality, He and his comrades received their opinions as Charlemagne's converts did their Christianity, in platoons. He became quite a distinct figure in the literary history of our time, and he positively called into existence a whole school of satirists in fiction, verse, and drawing to make fun of his follies, whimsicalities, and affectations.

The fiction of this second period has one really great name, and one only. The author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" stands on a literary level with Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. "George Eliot," as this author chooses to call herself, is undoubtedly a great writer, merely as a writer. Her literary career began as a translator and an essayist. Her tastes seemed then to lead her wholly into the somewhat barren fields where German metaphysics endeavor to come to the relief, or the confusion, of German theology. She became a contributor to the "Westminster Review"; then she became its assistant editor, and worked assiduously for it under the direction

of Dr. John Chapman, the editor. She had mastered many sciences as well as literatures. Probably no other novel-writer, since novel-writing became a business, ever possessed anything like her scientific knowledge. Unfortunately, her scientific knowledge "o'er informed" her later novels, and made them oppressive to readers who longed for the early freshness of "Adam Bede." George Eliot does not seem to have found out, until she had passed what is conventionally regarded as the age of romance, that she had in her, high above all other gifts, the faculty of the novelist. When an author who is not very young makes a great hit at last, we soon begin to learn that he had already made many attempts in the same direction, and his publishers find an eager demand for the stories and sketches which, when they first appeared, utterly failed to attract attention. But it does not seem that Miss Marian Evans, as she then was, ever published anything in the way of fiction previous to the series of sketches which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and were called "Scenes of Clerical Life." These sketches attracted considerable attention, and were much admired; but not many people probably saw in them the capacity which produced "Adam Bede" and "Romola." With the publication of "Adam Bede" came a complete triumph. The author was elevated at once, and by acclamation, to the highest rank among living novelists. In one of the first numbers of the "Cornhill Magazine," Thackeray, in a gossiping paragraph about novelists of the day, whom he mentioned alphabetically and by their initials, spoke of "E" as a "star of the first magnitude just risen on the horizon." Nothing is much rarer than the union of the scientific and the literary or artistic temperaments. So rare is it that the exceptional, the almost solitary instance of Goethe comes up at once, distinct and striking to the mind. English novelists are even less likely to have anything of a scientific taste than French or German. Dickens knew nothing of science, and had, indeed, as little knowledge of any kind, save that which is derived from observation, as any respectable Englishman could well have. Thackeray was a man of varied reading, versed in the lighter literature of several languages, and strongly imbued with artistic tastes; but he had no care for science, and knew of it only what every one has to learn at school. Lord Lytton's science was a mere sham. Charlotte Brontë was genius and ignorance. George Eliot is genius and culture. Had she never written a page of fiction, she must have been regarded with admiration by all who knew her as a woman of deep thought and of a varied knowledge such as men complacently believe to be the possession only of men. It was not this, however, which made her a great novelist. Her eyes were not turned inward or kept down in metaphysical contemplation. She studied the living world around her. She had an eye for external things keen almost as that of Dickens or Balzac. George Eliot is the only novelist who can paint such English people as the Poysers and the Tullivers just as they are. She looks into the very souls of such people. She tracks out their slow, peculiar mental processes; she reproduces them fresh and firm from very life. Mere realism, mere photographing, even from the life, is not in art a great triumph. But George Eliot can make her dullest people interesting and dramatically effective. She can paint two dull people with quite different ways of dullness—a dull man and a dull woman, for example—and the reader is astonished to find how utterly distinct the two kinds of stupidity are, and how intensely amusing both can be made. There are two pedantic, pompous, dull advocates in Mr. Browning's "The Ring and the Book." How distinct they are; how different, how unlike, and how true are the two portraits! But then it must be owned that the poet sometimes allows his pedants to be as tiresome as they would be in real life, if each successively held a weary listener by the button. George Eliot is not guilty of any such artistic fault. No one wants to be rid of Mrs. Poyser, or Aunt Glegg, or the prattling Florentines in "Romola." There never was or could be a Mark Tapley or a Sam Weller. We put up with these impossibilities and delight in them, because they are so amusing and so full of fantastic humor. But Mrs. Poyser lives, and every one knows an Aunt Glegg, and poor Mrs. Tulliver's cares and hopes and little fears and pitiful reasonings are animating hundreds of Mrs. Tullivers all over England. George Eliot has infused into the novel some elements it never had before; and so thoroughly infused them that they blend with all the other materials, and do not form anywhere a solid lump or mass distinguishable from the rest. There are philosophical novels—"Wilhelm Meister," for example—which are weighed down and loaded with philosophy, and which the world only admires in spite of the philosophy. There are political novels—Lord Beaconsfield's, for instance—which are only intelligible to those who make politics and political personalities a study, and which, viewed merely as stories, would not be worth speaking about. There are novels with a great direct purpose in them, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Bleak House," or Mr. Charles Reade's "Hard Cash." But these, after all, are only magnificent pamphlets, splendidly illustrated diatribes. The deep philosophic thought of George Eliot's best novels quietly suffuses and illumines them everywhere. There

is no sermon here, no lecture there, no solid mass interposing between this incident and that, no ponderous moral hung around the neck of this or that personage. The reader feels that he is under the spell of one who is not merely a great story-teller, but who is also a deep thinker.

Mr. Anthony Trollope carries to its utmost limit the realism begun by Thackeray. He has none of Thackeray's genius; none of his fancy or feeling; none of his genuine creative power. He can describe with minute photographic faithfulness the ways, the talk, and sometimes even the emotions of a Belgravian family, of a nobleman's country-house, or the "womankind" of a dean in a cathedral town. He does not trouble himself with passion or deep pathos, although he has got as far as to describe very touchingly the mental pains of a pretty girl thrown over by her lover, and has suggested with some genuine power the blended emotion, half agony of sorrow, half sense of relief, experienced by an elderly clergyman on the death of a shrewish wife. It was natural that, after the public had had a long succession of Mr. Trollope's novels, there should come a ready welcome for the school of fiction which was called the sensational. Of this school Mr. Wilkie Collins headed one class and Miss Braddon the other. Miss Braddon dealt in what we may call simple, straightforward murders and bigamies, and such like material; Mr. Wilkie Collins made his crimes always of an enigmatic nature, and compelled the reader to puzzle them out as if they were morbid conundrums. Mr. Trollope, however, continued to have his *clientèle* all the time that the sensational school in its various classes or branches was flourishing and fading. Mr. Trollope's readers may have turned away for a moment to hear what became of the lady who dropped her husband down the well, or to guess at the secret of the mysterious Woman in White. But they soon turned loyally back to follow the gentle fortunes of Lily Dale, and to hear what was going on in the household of Framley Parsonage and under the stately roof of the Duke of Omnium.

Mr. Charles Reade, with all his imperfections as an artist, belongs to a higher order than Mr. Trollope, who is so much more thoroughly a master of his own narrower art. "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," the former published so long ago as 1852, seem almost perfect in their symmetry and beauty. "The Cloister and the Hearth" might wellnigh have persuaded a reader that a new Walter Scott was about to arise on the horizon of our literature. In Mr. Reade's more recent works, however, the author began to devote himself to the illustration of some social or legal grievance calling for reform, and people came to understand that a new branch of the art of novel-writing was in process of development, the special gift of which was to convert a Parliamentary blue-book into a work of fiction. The treatment of criminals in prison and in far-off penal settlements; the manner in which patients are dealt with in private lunatic asylums, became the main subject and backbone of the new style of novel, instead of the misunderstandings of lovers, the trials of honest poverty, or the struggles for ascendancy in the fashionable circles of Belgravia. Mr. Reade may claim the merit of standing alone in work of this kind. He can make a blue-book live, and yet be a blue-book still. He takes the hard and naked facts as he finds them in some newspaper or in the report of some Parliamentary commission, and he so fuses them into the other material whereof his romance is to be made up that it would require a chemical analysis to separate the fiction from the reality. The reader is not conscious that he is going through the boiled-down contents of a blue-book. He has no aggrieved sense of being entrapped into the dry details of some harassing social question. The reality reads like romance; the romance lives like reality. No author ever indulged in a fairer piece of self-glorification than that contained in the last sentence of "Put Yourself in his Place." "I have taken," says Mr. Reade, "a few undeniable truths out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes the dry bones live."

Distinct, peculiar, and lonely is the place in fiction held by Mr. George Meredith, the author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist," and other novels. Mr. Meredith has been more than once described as a prose Browning. He has, indeed, much of Mr. Browning's obscurity of style, not caused by any obscurity of thought, but rather by a certain perverse indifference on the part of the artist to the business of making his meaning as clear to others as it is to himself. He has a good deal of Mr. Browning's peculiar kind of grim saturnine humor, not the humor that bubbles and sparkles —the humor that makes men laugh even while it sometimes draws tears to the eyes. He lacks the novelist's first charm, the power of telling a story well. But, despite these defects, he is unquestionably one of the most remarkable of all the modern novelists, short of the very greatest. There are times when the reader is inclined to

wonder how with so many great gifts he has failed to become a great novelist. The story called "Beauchamp's Career," which probably not one in every thousand novel-readers has even opened, seems to us to have only narrowly missed being one of the great romances of the age of Queen Victoria. It is full of beauty, of power, and of pathos. Some of its characters are so drawn that they not merely stand out as if in life before us, but they enable us to enter into all their thoughts and anticipate all their purposes. We can conjecture beforehand what they will do in a given condition of things, just as we can tell how some friend of our own is likely to act when we hear what the circumstances are under which he is called upon to take a decision. This story, too, is not overladen, as others of Mr. Meredith's unluckily are, by epigram and antithesis, by curiosities of phrase which it is difficult to follow, and conceits which rather dazzle the eyes of the reader than light up the page. If Mr. Meredith's novels were to be examined according to their intellectual worth, they would deserve and demand a much fuller analysis than has been attempted here. But in these pages we are looking at the literature of the time from the chronicler's rather than the critic's point of view. We tell that a certain soldier won a battle or statesman gained a political victory, although we may ourselves be of opinion that the victory was better deserved on the other side. In the same spirit we record the fact that Mr. Meredith has not yet succeeded in gaining that place in fiction which our own judgment of his capacity would say that he is surely well qualified to attain.

Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" seems to us, on the whole, the best novel of the second class produced in England in our time. That is to say, we rank it distinctly below the great novels of Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, but above any novel produced by any writer short of these, and above the inferior works of these great artists themselves. Mr. William Black is the head of a school of fiction which he himself called into existence. Scottish scenery and Scottish character, alternating with certain phases of London life, are the field in which he works, and in which he has no rival. He has not as yet shown himself great in passion or in pathos. The deeper emotions of the human heart, the sterner phases of human life, he has apparently not often cared to touch. But in his own province, somewhat narrow though that be, his art approaches to perfection. He can paint not merely scenery, but even atmosphere, with a delicacy and strength of touch which in themselves constitute an art. Mr. Hardy has done something the same for certain English counties that Mr. Black has done for Scotland. He is occasionally stronger than Mr. Black, but he has not his subtile sweetness, charm, and tender grace, and he is far less equal, far less surely master of his own craft. A word must be said of the delicate porcelain of Miss Thackeray's work in fiction—her tender, gentle, womanly stories; nor should we fail to record the fact that Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman," was one of the literary successes of the day.

A style of novel peculiar to this age, and very unlike that of Miss Thackeray or Mrs. Craik, deserves a word of mention. That is the novel which records the lives, the rompings, the ambitions, the flirtations, and the sufferings of what we may call the Roaring Girl of the Victorian age. With tousled, unkempt hair, disorderly dress, occasionally dirty hands, and lips bubbling over with perpetual slang, this strange young woman has bounced into fiction. She has always a true and tender heart under her somewhat uncouth appearance and manners. When she falls in love, she falls in love very intensely, and, although she may have had all manner of flirtations, she generally clings to the one true passion, and is not uncommonly found dying of a broken heart at the end of the novel. Perhaps the one merit about this kind of fiction, when it is really honest and at its best, is that it recognizes the fact that women are not a distinct angelic order of beings, but that they have their strong passions and even their coarse desires like men. Such advantage as there may be in setting this fact plainly before the world, on the authority of writers who are women themselves, the school may claim to have. It is not a high, or refined, or noble, or in any way commendable school of fiction, but at its best it is sincere. At its worst—and it very soon reached its worst—it may be described as insufferable.

The fiction of this later period is, like the poetry, inferior to that of the period which we had to consider in our former survey. It has more names, but not such great names. It would almost seem as if the present school of fiction is, to borrow a phrase from French politics, exhausting its mandate. The sensation novel has had its day, and its day was but an episode, an interruption. Realism has now wellnigh done all it can. Its close details, its trivial round of common cares and ambitions, its petty trials and easy loves, seem now at last to have spent their attractive power, and to urge with their fading breath the need of some new departure for the novelist. Perhaps the one common want in the more modern novel may suggest the new source of supply. Perhaps, in order to give a fresh life to our fiction, it will have to be dipped once again in the old holy well of romance.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

HYMN TO NATURE.

HE who would worship—hear!
He who would bend in adoration low,
And, bending, know
The might of mighty Love, unscathed of fear—
As lightning scathes the mightiest—bow
Clasped palms and level forehead!
Hail, Nature—sought in sadness!
Hail, power divine! invoked through hidden lore—
A lore unquarried
Save by the God-touched, in divinest madness,
Upborne by passionate joys and lowliest gladness,
That drains the soul of self and leaves therein
A goodlier, godlier store—
The equal storage of what aye hath been—
The knowledge of the level tides of men—
The meted flow of nations and of streams—
The sunset's constant beams
And the day's rising: then
Know that all things are measured; and the power
That crowns and glorifies, yet like a flower—
Great Nature! with thy golden-pollened dower—
Sways thee and bends thee to all needs, is He
Who lays the levels of the land and sea!

Thou art the same!
The same in bud and blossom,
In cunning workmanship of light and flame!
Or billows harsh and hoarse
When the long coiling wave with swollen force
Holds in its swarthy bosom
Some shipwrecked corse;
Or in rejoicing waterfalls that spout
Their jubilant waves about;
Or the bright rivulet, that through the meadow
Turns light to sunny shadow:
Ever the same, fair Nature! as a child
Or as a goddess grown; thy locks are wild
With wind-sprays, starry flowers—while changeful eyes
Half shadow, half reveal thy mysteries!

Come to these silver strands—
The lips of distant lands
Drawn far apart by Ocean's billows hoar!
And on the foam-flecked shore
Thy name is murmured low, or, mounting high,
Thy terror, far resounding, shakes the sky!
Yet ever in all gifts that life demands
Ever the same!
Flushed in the tender light that flows and braids
The morning's flame—
In storm-clouds or in twilights, pearl-touched, fair—
Thy magic power, thy sovereign grace is there,
Wrapped in the strength, the glow, that all pervades;
The blessing unaware—
Ever the same!

Ever the same: Thine influence blindly falls
On ruined walls,
Pictured and patched with lichens orange-brown
Or rankest green or forests of soft down—
Lithe palm-trees for the midgets' home—and wooest
With smiles from brooding skies the bluest
The scarlet poppy and the seeds
Of unknown tangled roots and vagrant weeds
Strong souls adopt for children, when
Sickened with love of men,
They turn to Nature tenderly, because
By sweet and subtile laws
All artist-souls grow poppies and wild weeds,
And have a thousand needs
The Universal Mother sows and breeds—
Then gently tends and feeds!

Ever the same: Thy liberal dew comes down
On wheat-fields brown
As on the spring-tide blade: Thou know'st no times;
The tenderest chimes
That woo the ear and charm the heart to rest
Are in thy breast;
The lapse of idle waves and distant bells
And the low brook-like insect-haunted swells
That wander through the grasses
Or tall pines,
When soft the light wind passes
In dalliance that uplifts the budding goat-cropped vines!

Would that deep Love—devotion to thy spirit—
That passionate souls inherit—
Would that deep Love had music in its plumes
Like far perfumes,
Robbed from rich acres filled with closest blooms,
That penetrate wide casements, opened high
Where sick men lie;
Would that it had such music, that each beat
Of its strong pinions strove like scaling feet
Of prayer to God! Would that the heart were full
Of Nature, which of God
Is attribute made visible! Charm the sod
To render up its secrets—microcosms
We crush at will; as perfect as the blossoms
We give our young brides on their bridal morns!
What is there deep that warns
Our senses, that such living circles coil
In spirals high as heaven and deep as hell,
From atoms needed as ourselves, whose toil
Is to build islands whereon empires build,
To forms art dare not tell
Nor reason yield
An inference? All is held
Wrapped in thy heart, great Nature! and thy tongue
Shall utter prophecies for ever young,
For ever old—till heaven itself is scaled!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

THE DOG'S UNIVERSE.

AS I sit here on a stile in the summer meadows of a bright afternoon, I am watching my dog running to and fro along the hedge, and sniffing vigorously at every hole for the faintest indication of rat or rabbit. Anacharsis—that is my dog's name—has a sharp nose for sport, and takes kindly to ratting, as is the nature of terriers generally. I can not look at him now, his nostrils close to the ground, and his body stretched eagerly forward on the scent, without thinking of many strange problems raised by his attitude. For many years the intelligence of dogs was a sore stumbling-block and puzzle to me in my rambling psychological inquiries; and I could not account for their obvious cleverness upon any known and accepted principle. Gradually, however, it began to dawn upon me that I had neglected this important element of scent, and that the neglect of so large a factor in the canine life had made me quite misread the dog's universe in many ways. A pregnant hint of Professor Croom Robertson's, thrown out in a letter to "Nature," first set me on the right track. I have since tried to follow out that hint for myself by observation and experiment; and I propose now to set forth my developed notions on the nature of the universe as it appears to Anacharsis, so far as analogy or guess-work enables us to realize it. Let us, if possible, put ourselves mentally inside my terrier's head, and try for a moment to see and smell the world as he sees and smells it.

As long ago as the age of the Sophists, it was already suggested that man was perhaps the wisest of animals in virtue of his possessing a hand. Anaxagoras, like the prototype of all Bridgewater-Treatise writers that he was, thought fit to oppose this sensible view by asserting that, on the contrary, man was provided with a hand because he was the wisest of animals. Thus early do we get a first glimpse of the alternative ideas of design and evolution: for, unless somebody had propounded the evolutionist view, Anaxagoras would never have been at the trouble to contradict it. A couple of thousand years later Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that intelligence varies among animals generally in a rough proportion to their special organs of touch and prehension. Almost all the cleverest creatures possess some mechanism for grasping an object, so as to feel it on both sides, and gain a real tactual knowledge of its shape and solidity. For example, men and monkeys, the head and crown of the mammalian race, have hands with opposable thumbs, supplemented among our more distant quadrumanous relations by a prehensile tail. The elephant, second in sagacity to the monkey alone among the lower animals, has his very flexible and delicate trunk, with which he can embrace the boles and branches of trees, or lift up a man bodily from the ground. Moreover, at its tip, he possesses a still more discriminative tactile organ in the lip or finger, with which he can pick up a needle from the floor or gather small crumbs out of a bed of straw. This lip is largely supplied with nerves of touch, which make it probably almost as sensitive as our own tongues, and perhaps far more so than the tips of our fingers. Now, we must remember that the elephant (as Dr. Bastian well remarks) is really the wisest wild animal we know, save only our own ape-like allies; for elephants will not usually breed in captivity, and almost every one that we see has been captured as an untamed roamer among the forests of Ceylon or the Himalayan valleys. They have thus never enjoyed the same advantages of education as the dog and the horse, which have been domesticated by man for thousands of generations, and have accordingly inherited the accumulated effects of long intercourse with a superior race. But the elephant's cleverness is all his own. He has learned and developed it for himself in the course of his wanderings up and down the world, for ever seeing and handling with curiosity every new object that comes in his way.

Again, if we look at the pouched animals, like kangaroos and wombats, we shall find that they are, as a rule, extremely stupid. The great kangaroo himself is said to be so hopelessly silly, that when he is beaten he turns to bite the senseless stick, instead of attacking the person who wields it. But there is one of these marsupials which shows great intelligence and cunning, so that its name has become as proverbial in America for sagacity as that of the fox in England—I mean the opossum. Now, the opossum is remarkable for the possession of a hand on its hind feet, with an opposable thumb, almost as perfect as the monkey's. Furthermore, many species of opossum have a prehensile tail, which stands them in good stead as a grasping organ. It is this faculty of grasping and handling things which accounts for their superior intelligence. The brain has become hereditarily enriched with all kinds of nervous connections answering to the tactual facts disclosed to them by their developed organs of touch.

Similarly, among birds, as Mr. Spencer also points out, the parrots are universally acknowl-

edged to rank first in intellectual order; and they are equally distinguished for their very hand-like claws, with which they can firmly grasp a nut or a lump of sugar, holding two toes on the opposite side from the other two, in a manner exactly analogous to the use of our own thumbs. Besides, the upper half of their bill is very freely movable, being specially articulated to the skull for that express purpose; and the advantage which parrots derive from this peculiarity must have been noted by everybody who has watched them climbing their cages, and holding on to the wires by beak and claws together. In fact, Polly is always handling and mumbling everything she comes across, with obvious curiosity to know what it is really like. Hence, once more, the high intelligence of the parrots as a tribe, derived from their large and varied experience of external bodies, both personal and inherited.

I might, if I liked, go on to show conversely that most animals with very ill-developed tactile organs have usually a low grade of intellectual development. But I have probably said enough already to illustrate the general principle involved, which is, briefly speaking, this: An animal can not really *know* any object by merely seeing it: in order fully to understand the nature of the object, it must also feel it, handle it, grasp it all round. Thus alone can it translate the symbolical language of sight into the real language of touch. Visible forms and colors require to be reduced to tactual shapes and to solid or liquid resistances before they are really comprehended. Touch, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it, is the mother-sense of all the senses. Thus, those animals which can best feel a body on every side, and learn experimentally its material composition, are those which have the fullest groundwork for the growth of intelligence, and which consequently display, as a rule, the greatest sagacity of all.

Starting from this general principle, derived from Mr. Herbert Spencer, it appears difficult at first sight to account for the acknowledged cleverness of the dog and the horse. To be sure, in the latter case, Mr. Spencer calls attention to the extreme mobility of the horse's upper lip, which is constantly used for feeling and testing objects around it in a manner that remotely suggests the elephant's trunk. But this mobile lip seems hardly enough by itself to account for the equine intelligence, especially when we remember the excessive rigidity of the uncloven and seemingly toeless hoof. Again, even the long and intimate intercourse with man is scarcely alone sufficient to explain the high faculties of dogs. Other animals, domesticated for ages, do not exhibit the same developed intellectual powers. Yet we must remember that, on the whole, the intelligence of tame species is roughly proportionate to the intimacy of their association with humanity, and to the variety or frequent change in their pursuits. For example, the sheep, though descended from the decidedly intelligent race of goats, has never had anything to do except to feed, fatten, grow wool, and make mutton; his wits have never been sharpened by close intercourse with his keepers, and he is carefully guarded against the enemies whom in his wild state he would have to escape by his own cunning or fleetness of foot. He has consequently degenerated, under domestication, into the stupidest and heaviest of all tame animals. The cow, being constantly milked and otherwise tended, besides being sometimes used for draught, has associated more closely with men, and has kept more of its original sagacity, in spite of the demoralizing influences of its usually lazy life. The horse and the camel—forming part of the family, almost—are far more conspicuously sensible, as is also that much-abused but really clever creature, the domestic donkey. But the dog has been the favorite companion of man from the days of the Danish shell-mounds downward. He has been associated with his master in the chase, in the home, in the sheep-walk, in the kitchen; at meals, at games, and at battles; by day and by night, sleeping and waking, in sickness and health; as a servant, a hunter, a fetcher and carrier, a drawer of sledges, a driver of sheep, a fighter, an acrobat, and a theatrical performer. He has learned the meaning of human language, and he has grown to a dim comprehension of human domestic and mercantile pursuits. The variety of his experiences has naturally engendered a wide and comprehensive intelligence, far above that of any other domesticated species. Yet this intelligence could never have been developed, even under such favorable circumstances, if there had not been great natural ability as a substratum for the acquired faculties.

How, then, can we account for so much potentiality of intellect in the dog, who has no special organ of touch, like the monkey's hand or the elephant's trunk? I believe we must take refuge in the sense of smell. This sense is of so little intellectual importance among human beings that we are apt to overlook its immense value to the lower animals. But a few anatomical considerations will show us how large a part it probably plays in the consciousness of many species among our dumb relations.

If we cut open the head of a man, we shall find in it a large and highly developed optic center, directly connected with the eye and the nerves of sight, and having numerous side connections with other parts of the brain. This large ner-

vous mass accurately reflects the extreme importance of sight in the human system. Our world is mainly a world of visible objects, corrected and interpreted by the indications of our sense of touch and of our muscular activity. We think of things chiefly as we see them, and very little as we smell them or taste them. Accordingly, we find that in man the olfactory lobes, which stand to the sense of smell in the same relation as the optic centers stand to the sense of sight, are small and inconspicuous. They have, apparently, but few connections with other parts of the brain, and they do not answer to any large and important associations of ideas. We find our consciousness of smells is merely isolated, while our consciousness of sights is continuous and closely interwoven with all our thinking. Forms and colors, actual and ideal, make up the greater part of our material universe. When we think of Paris, or of Switzerland, or of our friend Jones, our ideas are mostly ideas of their visible aspect, and very little suspicion of any other sense than sight enters into our mental picture.

On the other hand, if we cut open the head of a dog, we find a large and developed optic center, much the same as man's; but we also find a very big and very important olfactory lobe having an immense number of lateral connections with every other part of the brain. The dog's nose is an organ almost, if not quite, as important to him as his eyes, and entirely analogous to our own fingers. If you and I see any object which we do not know, and if we are anxious to learn more about its nature, we go up to it and handle it. But if my dog Anacharsis sees anything of the same sort, he can not handle it; so he smells it instead. When he has carefully sniffed at it all round, and compared the smell with all similar or contrasting smells in his well-stored memory, he *knows* the object, just as you and I do when we have handled it. He may then proceed to tear it with his teeth, or to worry it, or to leave it disdainfully alone as a thing not worthy his exalted notice. But the essential acts in his cognition of it are the seeing and the smelling, just as with us they are the seeing and the handling. Note, too, that, while sight in both cases supplies us with what we may call distant information about the object, it is smell in the dog, or handling in ourselves, which gives us the ultimate and final knowledge of what the thing is in itself—of its inner and intimate nature. If Macbeth sees an airy dagger, we ask him whether he can grasp it also; a dog, under similar circumstances, would go up and take a sniff at it. Sometimes Anacharsis is taken in for a moment by his eyes, like all the rest of us; but when he has made an olfactory examination of the doubtful object, his mind is set at rest immediately. A feather moving in the breeze often imposes upon him for a moment, until a sniff reveals the fact that it is a dead feather only, and not a living butterfly.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharsis knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some (to us) undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent among a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone, and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles or straws which lie across the road. Thus, the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

We human beings remember smells but ill. Our shriveled little olfactory lobes are but the relics of those once possessed by our ancestors, and scent among us has become a very occasional and unimportant endowment. The facts mentioned above, however, show that the dog not only recognizes, but also remembers, smells far better than we do. His high discrimination of odors is joined to an equally high power of memory in the same direction. Anacharsis remembers from day to day the smell of my clothes; he recognizes old friends after long absence by their odor; he recollects and knows

the distinctive perfumes of every bird or animal. Nay, more, it is probable that these smell-memories are consolidated into a regular succession in his mind, just as sight-memories are consolidated in ours. If you and I have once been to a place, we find our way back again by remembering the visible aspect of the road, the various streets and turnings, the trees and houses, the hills and valleys. But if Anacharsis has once been to a place and goes there again, you will see him taking notes as he runs along, not with his eyes, but with his nose. You will see him give a hearty whiff of recognition at every corner, or take a dubitative long breath at an uncertain cross-road. It has long been known that dogs conveyed by train to a strange place, or else carried in a covered basket, have often found their way home again at once and without difficulty. Now, Mr. A. R. Wallace suggests that they probably do so by observing and remembering the smells they have met with on the way; and Professor Robertson further points out that such memory is the less remarkable when we recollect that the sense of smell in dogs is most likely an unbroken whole. "The dog's world," he says, "may be, in the main, a world of sights and smells continuous in space." In other words, while you and I think of a given field as a mass of visible objects, Anacharsis very probably thinks of it as a mass of smells. Most likely it seems no more remarkable to a dog that he can remember a whole string of odors in their regular order than it seems remarkable to us that we can remember our way from Hyde Park Corner to Oxford Circus by means of a whole string of visible objects, observed and recollected as signs of the road.

Again, when the dog thinks of anything, its smell must be a main part of his thinking about it. He must remember a man always, to a great extent, as a smellable thing. Indeed, the dog even dreams about smells, as we may see by his sniffing and growling in his sleep. If you watch him narrowly, you can notice that at one time he seems to dream of hunting, puts his nose down against the hearth-rug, and draws in his breath with a kind of quiet satisfaction, as if engaged in silently tracking down his game; while at other times he appears to dream about an enemy, when he may be observed to take sharp sniffs of a convulsive kind, and to yelp angrily as he raises his head a little from the ground, in the half-assumed attitude of battle.

These examples lead us on to the fact that smells must also be largely connected in the canine mind with all kinds of appropriate emotions. Some of them must rouse associated feelings of devotion to a master, of affection, of anger, of dislike, of excitement, or of fear. The least odor of rat or rabbit will set a terrier frantic with the hunting fever; the spoor of a negro will drive the bloodhound wild with the instinct of tracking down the fugitive. I have known many Cuban bloodhounds in Jamaica which always fawned upon a white man, friend or stranger, but could not be trusted for a moment by any black man, including even the servants who ordinarily fed them. That scent, not color, formed the means of discrimination is certain, for they attacked negroes at night even more than by day. Everybody must have noticed thousands of similar instances, where particular emotions were obviously associated in the minds of dogs with particular odors.

Even in our human brains, with their very shriveled olfactory lobes, such emotional and intellectual associations with perfumes occasionally occur. We have all observed that now and then an odor recalls some half-forgotten scene or some faint wave of feeling, such as tenderness or vague melancholy. It is even usual to speak of smell as being a sense exceptionally apt so to recall ideas or emotions. But the exact contrary is really the truth. We notice these cases just because of their extreme rarity. Nobody would think of remarking it as a curiosity that a certain visible or audible object recalled another; nobody would dream of saying anything so obvious as that the sight of their mother's face or the sound of their sister's voice vividly aroused pleasant memories and associations. But, on the rare occasions when a smell faintly calls back an idea or a feeling, we are struck with the unusualness of the effect, and so make a mental note of it. Thus, the mere oddity of the experience stamps it on the mind, and induces people who are unaccustomed to psychological analysis to jump at the conclusion that smell is peculiarly powerful in recalling associated notions; whereas the exact opposite is really the truth, at least as regards the human race. Sight, touch, and hearing are with us the leading intellectual senses—the senses, that is to say, which have the most numerous and most definite connections between themselves, as well as with the other senses, and which, therefore, most vividly call up associated ideas. But these rare smell-currents, these trains of thought initiated by an odor, are nevertheless extremely interesting, because they enable us dimly to realize how the sense of smell acts in the lower animals. They may be regarded as survivals of the old nervous connections, now almost obliterated in our brains. In the same way we know that many idiots—human beings who have hardly developed beyond the brutal stage—are in the habit of smelling at food and other objects given to them; and this would seem to be a similar survival from an earlier

state. Smell is also said to be a much more important endowment among some savages than in civilized races. Unfortunately, I do not know whether, in the brains of such idiots or savages, any special note has ever been taken of the relative development of the olfactory lobes.

I hope, however, that it is now clear why, on the one hand, the central organs of smell are so large in the dog, and why, on the other hand, he has been enabled to develop so high a degree of sagacity in spite of his total lack of delicate tactual or grasping organs. Smell, as we have seen, not only supplements sight and supersedes touch with him, but also forms endless lateral connections in every direction, so as to modify his whole conception of the universe. And, since he does not manipulate things for purposes of manufacture, as we do, but merely eats, tears, or hunts them, smell really proves just as useful to him as touch does to us. Being itself, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, an "anticipatory taste," it is well fitted for the final court of appeal in cognizing external objects in the case of a carnivorous animal, which uses its mouth, jaws, and teeth as its only substitute for human implements. So that the dog's intellect and the dog's senses are, on the whole, admirably adapted to just the sort of life which the dog must necessarily lead.

Of course many animals besides dogs have a very developed sense of smell. Dr. Bastian notes, among others, the American bison, in whom it is so keen that neither men nor dogs can approach him except from the leeward side; and the camel, which is said to discover water in the desert at a distance of a mile by means of sniffing. He also notices the well-known case of the deer, whose delicacy of scent is familiar to all Highland stalkers. Indeed, one may say roughly that an acute and discriminative sense of smell is indispensable to all the carnivores for tracking their prey, and to all the ruminants for escaping their enemies. Horses, likewise, display the same high powers of scent in a remarkable degree, and with them the nose, doubtless, largely supplements their tactile and mobile upper lip. Mr. Darwin mentions the case of a blind mare, in a stage-coach, who regularly pulled up at certain points of the journey, opposite public-houses and other recognized stopping-places, which she seemed to distinguish by her nose quite as well as other horses did with their eyes. A frightened horse may often be reassured by making him smell the object at which he shied: he then learns what sort of thing it really was. But among still lower creatures it is probable that smell plays even a larger relative part than in the mammalian races. With fishes it apparently forms the most important sense of all, guiding them to their prey from immense distances. Anglers know that trout will often refuse artificial flies if quite scentless, but will eagerly dart at them when they have been gently smeared with a piece of worm or a bit of the real insect whose form and color they imitate. And in insects generally smell seems in no way less valuable than sight as a guiding and directing agency.

Ants, however, present us with the most curious and perfect example of all; and though their intelligence may seem at first sight to have little relation with the universe of dogs, I think we shall see that they do really cast a great deal of indirect light upon the canine mind. There are a few insects which possess in their heads a mass of nervous matter that may be fairly considered as analogous to the brain of vertebrate animals. These insects are the bees, flies, and ants. As a rule, the nervous system of articulate animals is very scattered, consisting of several disjointed ganglia distributed pretty equally among the various segments of the body. But in these higher races the head contains a small mass of higher coördinating centers, superimposed upon the ganglia in direct connection with the sense-organs; and this mass has functions apparently similar to those of our own brains. Now, in the bee, the tiny brain in question must obviously be engaged in correlating and coördinating sights and smells with motions. The bee has a developed eye, with which it perceives the forms and colors of flowers; and it also has a developed organ of scent, with which it perceives the perfumes of thyme or marjoram; and it governs the movements of its wings, legs, and mouth in accordance with the information thus given it. But the ant, which is a near relative of the bee, has lost its wings (at least, in the case of the neuters), and has taken to a life of running about on its six legs instead of flying—a change which is correlated with its carnivorous habits, just as the structure of the bee is wholly dependent upon its honey-sucking propensities. Under these circumstances the ant has almost lost its eyes, which now survive only in the winged males and females, while the workers are almost, or in some species entirely, blind. To slow and wingless carnivorous creatures scent seems to prove more useful than sight. At any rate, while the ants have quite got rid of their eyes, for all practical purposes, they have developed their sense of smell to such an extent that it serves as their one and only intellectual monitor. Since ants are wholly devoid of hearing, it appears that the whole raw material of their intelligence, the single set of sensations upon which their little brains can work, is given them by odors. What touch is to the blind man, that is scent to the almost blind ant. They smell their way from place to place; they recollect the road to their nest by

smell; they recognize friends and enemies by means of scent; they track their path through life by olfactory sensations alone. Their example shows us how high an intelligence may be evolved from the constant use of this one sense in isolation.

Now, we may fairly say that in this particular the dog stands, as it were, half-way between ourselves and the ant, with one point of sensuous superiority to each of us. In man the sense of smell has become a mere relic, of no practical or intellectual importance. We may very occasionally sniff at a bottle to discover what are its contents; but as a rule our whole conduct in life is guided by sights and sounds alone. With the ant, on the other hand, the sense of sight has become a mere relic, as unimportant to his life at large as smell is to our own. But with the bee and the dog both sight and smell are intellectual senses of the first order, guiding and directing their motions every moment of their lives. While man's world is mainly a world of sights and touches, and while the ant's world is mainly a world of smells, the dog's world is mainly a world of sights and smells combined, with an occasional interruption of sounds, touches, tastes, and internal feelings.

Another insect analogy may further help us to the comprehension of a yet more difficult problem in dog psychology. If I take an example from Dr. Bastian, I shall make the nature of the problem clearer to my readers. A hound was sent, he says, from a place in County Dublin to another in County Meath, and thence, long afterward, conveyed to Dublin town. There he broke loose and made his way back at once to the kennel in his first home, thus completing the third side of the triangle by a way which he had never traveled in his life. From this and many similar circumstances, Dr. Bastian concludes that the lower animals may, in some cases, possess what he calls a "sense of direction." Now I am myself averse to such somewhat mystical explanations of half-unknown and half-uncertain facts as that involved in the hypothesis of a seventh sense. It savors a little too much of the method by which we have been deluged with spiritualism, animal magnetism, psychic force, and a vast number of like unprovable entities. I prefer to look for an explanation of the facts, if facts they really are, among better known and undoubted realities. It so happens that we have analogies at hand which amply suffice to cover the cases in point. We have seen already that both the deer and the bison are extremely sensitive to distant smells wafted by the wind, and that it is impossible to approach them closely except from leeward. Similarly Mr. Slater has pointed out that male butterflies can be attracted from a very great distance by a female inclosed in a box; and such insects always sail up from leeward; that is to say, from the direction in which the wind carried the scent. I have myself occasionally detected the smell of brick-fields and of breweries at a distance of a couple of miles, while burning spice or paraffine can be smelt at enormous distances; and there is no difficulty in supposing that to the acute olfactory nerves of dogs, accustomed as they are to track a single human trail along a road crossed and recrossed by a hundred others in every direction, much less powerful perfumes might be perceived and recognized within far greater limits of space. Wolves discover travelers at immense distances. It seems to me not at all improbable, therefore, that the dog which ran straight from Dublin to its old home may have been guided in a direct line by certain combinations of well-known though very faint odors, borne to it by the wind across an interval which seems extravagantly great to us, only because of the relative inferiority of our senses. When we recollect that home was probably just as much known to it under the form of a bundle of odors as under the form of a bundle of visual impressions, this conjecture becomes really far from remarkable.

A word or two may be given, not unprofitably, to the probable course of evolution as regards the olfactory sense in dogs. We must remember that all mammals doubtless received the sense of smell in a highly developed condition from their original pre-mammalian ancestors. But among carnivores generally, this primitive endowment would be continuously exercised and improved in the search for game: a hunting species needs keen senses to discover the trail of its swift-footed prey. Those wild dogs or wolves which had the sharpest scent would best track down and destroy the animals upon whose flesh they fed; while those whose noses were less acute would die out under stress of competition. Thus the original sense would be perpetually sharpened by natural selection, till at length it reached the extraordinary development which we find to-day in the bloodhound and the setter. At the same time, as the brain was increased during the struggle for existence between the keen-witted mammalian tribes, the connections linking the organs of scent to the great central coördinating structures would become more and more numerous, complex, and important. So would arise the developed canine intelligence, an intelligence shared by the dog with his close relatives the wolf, the fox, and the dingo. On the other hand, as the early common ancestors of the lemurs, monkeys, and men grew more and more decidedly arboreal in their habits and frugivorous in their tastes, they would exercise their sense of smell

less and less from day to day. They have not to hunt living and wary animals, but merely to search for immovable fruits or nuts on trees and bushes. Monkeys sniff at their food, to be sure; but they never seem to smell their way about, as dogs and other carnivores must necessarily do. Moreover, it seems pretty clear that their chief intellectual sense and their practical guide is sight, because the fruits developed to suit their tastes are bright in color and often conspicuous in their contrast with the surrounding green leaves; but they have generally little or no perfume, and what little they possess is apparently accidental, being only perceived when they are crushed or bruised, while most flowers, developed to suit the tastes of bees, whose senses of sight and smell are equally evolved, possess piercing and abundant perfumes, which seem to be almost as important in attracting insects as are their brightly colored corollas. So monkeys have naturally little need of acute nostrils. Their olfactory lobes are accordingly much less relatively large than are those of carnivores or ruminants; the disuse of the faculty has caused dwindling of the correlated organ, and doubtless also of its connections with other portions of the brain. In man, apparently, only those few emotional waves already mentioned now survive to give us some dim idea of the great system of chords, silent in our race, but once resonant to a thousand varying moods in our earlier ancestors.

But, as smell becomes less and less an intellectual sense, it becomes more and more purely a source of direct sensuous pleasure or discomfort. Man, and especially civilized man, is extremely sensitive to perfumes, viewed as agreeable or disagreeable; while the dog takes little note of their immediate pleasurableness or painfulness, being more engaged in considering their remoter intellectual implications. We ourselves delight in the breath of violets and roses; while a dog, as Geiger says, takes not the slightest notice of what seem to us the most exquisite perfumes of flowers or leaves. On the other hand, we are repelled at once by the effluvia of dead animals and other noisome odors; while the dog quietly regards them as fit subjects for scientific contemplation. He pokes his nose unconcernedly into the midst of carrion, merely to investigate what sort of rubbish it may be. But Geiger is quite wrong in supposing that this canine insensibility to olfactory pleasures and pains is a mark of sensuous inferiority. It is, on the contrary, an accompaniment of high discriminativeness. The dog can distinguish between a thousand different individual trails of scent, left by a thousand specifically identical human beings; while we ourselves can at best distinguish the smell of dogs from the smell of cats, if indeed we can accurately do even that. In fact, though Sir William Hamilton framed his law far too stringently in its antithetical conciseness, there is much rough truth in his generalization that the emotional and intellectual elements in every sense-perception are inversely proportional to one another. Only, we must remember that the principle applies merely to the direct and immediate emotional effects, not to those awakened by association. For, while the dog is little moved directly by what seem to us pleasant or unpleasant smells, he is much moved by emotional associations which are never aroused with us to anything like the same extent by perfumes alone. And this is the true reason why no fine art can be based upon odors, for the human race at least. There are no associated emotions upon which the art could play. One of our great humorists has given a whimsical account of an imaginary instrument for yielding æsthetic combinations of perfumes, by means of stoppers opened and shut in certain orders, so as to give rise to harmonies and contrasts, the perfumes being made to succeed one another rapidly by means of a current of air, over which the nose of the amateur was held. Now, such an instrument could never yield high artistic results with mankind, because odors do not arouse indirect trains of emotion in our minds, as musical combinations do. We could appreciate, perhaps, the mere sensuous beauty of the perfume-melody, but we could not feel in it any of that higher emotional delight which musical minds experience from a sonata of Beethoven. If, however, we had a highly cultivated race of animals descended from dogs, it is probable that they would be able to receive just the same sort of enjoyment from the scent-piano, with its deftly interwoven harmonies arousing relatively large waves of associated emotion, which we ourselves receive from the sound-piano, with its similar potentiality for awakening infinite resonances of feeling and thought in the human brain. With the dog, the direct emotional effect of perfumes is less than with ourselves, but the indirect emotional effect is greater.

Finally, I should like, in concluding, to express once more my obligations to Professor Croom Robertson and Dr. Bastian, some of whose ideas I have done little more than expand and illustrate, merely adding such minor *aperçus* of my own as happened to occur in the course of working out their original hints to the fullest natural conclusion. Animal psychology is still, however, a comparatively ungarnered field, and there is yet much to be gleaned by careful workers who are prepared to go independently over the ground already broken by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his contemporaries. In these rough notes I have confined myself entirely to a single aspect of dog

psychology, and yet how large an amount of curious analogy with man and diversity from man they display even on this solitary point! The complete psychological treatment of a butterfly's mind, gathered from such fragmentary evidences or indications as we can collect, would alone, I believe, form sufficient matter for a thick and interesting volume.

GRANT ALLEN (*The Gentleman's Magazine*).

*McCARTHY'S "HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES."**

IT has been truly remarked that it is always the history of the last thirty years of which it is most difficult to find any systematic and authentic record. If one wishes to learn the circumstances connected with the rise and fall of Greece or Rome, or of the period known as the Dark Ages, or of the more recent centuries in any of the European countries, there is a copious array of excellent histories from which the information may be gleaned; but if one wants to obtain an account of those events which have occurred in his own time, and which linger vaguely in the recesses of his memory, it is either not obtainable at all, or is obtainable only in the baffling form of annals and chronicles, where the few grains of wheat are wellnigh lost in the accumulated bushels of chaff.

This being so, the author who provides us with an adequate and trustworthy survey of recent and contemporary events renders us a service which, if not greater, is certainly more practically helpful than that of him who broadens and illuminates a section of the pathway that has already been frequently traversed. Moreover, he performs a task the difficulty of which is very apt to be under-estimated. For one thing, he must deal with persons and events which have not yet adjusted themselves to what may be called the historical perspective, and which consequently must be treated with a fullness of detail, a cautiousness of judgment, and a reserve of expression, that are not required of the historian who is dealing with topics of which the character and proportions have long been settled. There is small chance for philosophizing or generalizations; and that selection of facts, that subordination of the less to the more important which is of the very essence of ordinary history, must be ventured upon with a cautiousness which is fatal to those contrasts of light and shade by which historical narrative is usually enlivened. Here the *ipse dixit* of the historian can no longer be accepted as an approximation to finality, and the announcement of a verdict must be accompanied by at least a summary of the evidence upon which it is based. For this reason the fault that has been found with Mr. Green for not bringing his "History of the English People" down to a later date than the termination of the Napoleonic wars seems to us mistaken. Had he treated the subsequent period on the same scale applied to preceding events of equal importance, his narrative must have been too scanty of details to answer the main purposes for which such a narrative is wanted; while to have addressed himself to the task of meeting these requirements would have been to alter the whole scale and method of his work, and thus to impair its artistic unity.

Of course, in such a history as we have defined, the special qualities of the work will be determined by the qualities of each individual writer, but, broadly speaking, there may be said to be two markedly distinct and contrasted types to one of which it will be apt to conform with more or less closeness. The first of these types is exemplified by Mr. Molesworth's "History of England from the Year 1830 to 1874." It would be unfair to call this work a mere chronicle, but it is the simplest and directest possible record of facts and events, utterly colorless, coldly impartial, and non-committal, and carrying the guarantee of its trustworthiness on its very face. Opinions are ventured upon as rarely as possible, and then only with the utmost reticence and reserve; the author's individual sympathies are left to inference and conjecture; and while furnishing all the necessary data, the responsibility of forming a judgment upon men and things is thrown upon the reader. Every statement of fact is accompanied by its proof, every detail is set down in its place with the minutest precision, and the narrative consists largely of extracts from state papers, from Parliamentary reports, and from the speeches of political leaders. The historical inquirer in search of information merely could hardly get it in more compact and authentic form; but the book would never be read for

* A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy, M. P. London: Chatto & Windus. New York: Harper & Brothers.

any pleasure to be derived from the reading, nor will it lodge in the reader's mind those vivid incidents and portraits which diversify the arid highway of historical narrative, and furnish us with rallying-points around which to cluster our knowledge of the past.

Of the other plan upon which a contemporary history may be prepared, Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" is an admirable illustration. Adequate and apparently trustworthy as a record of facts, it is a brilliant succession of pictures and portraits, stirring as a drama and readable as a romance. It is not strictly chronological in the order of its narrative, as in fact no history can be which rises above the level of mere annals; but it steps successively and as nearly as possible in the order of time from one salient and characteristic event to another, grouping together and compendiously surveying such facts as bear an essential and inherent relation to each other, and portraying with the art of a practiced novelist the character of the different statesmen and leading personages as they appear successively upon the ample stage of history. In many instances the mere titles of Mr. McCarthy's chapters furnish the reader with those compendious catch-words which are so serviceable to the memory; and some of his political portraits will probably live in history, if for nothing else, because they are the product of personal knowledge and observation, and thus have a vividness of delineation which can not be obtained in any other way. It is one of the commonplaces of criticism that Macaulay accomplished his avowed purpose of making history as fascinating as the last new novel; and in the same difficult field Mr. McCarthy has achieved a scarcely less emphatic success. One of his own fluent and rapid novels is not more readable than his narrative of the events of the last half century.

To say that it is readable, however, is to do but meager justice to a work which exhibits in a marked degree some of the best and highest qualities of the historian. A spirit of candor, a fine tone of impartial justice, a sentiment of humanity and benevolence, a scorn of shams, and a hatred of all wrong and oppression pervade the entire book; and there is a noteworthy absence of that insular egotism which is apt to characterize the tone of Englishmen when they compare their own conduct and affairs with those of foreign nations. Though Mr. McCarthy has recently been elected to Parliament as an Irish "Home Ruler," no one would suspect this from anything which is contained in the "History." The comments on Irish affairs are eminently temperate and reasonable, though rising at times into a judicial severity of tone; and in this respect the book will probably furnish genuine help to the statesmen upon whom must fall the burden of administering the affairs and adjusting the relations of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

In characterizing Mr. McCarthy's style we can not do better than quote what he himself says of Professor Huxley: "He has a fascinating style, and a happy way of pressing into the service of strictly scientific exposition some illustration caught from literature and art, even from popular and light literature." This describes with the utmost possible exactness what is, perhaps, the most noteworthy characteristic of Mr. McCarthy's literary method. His book may fairly be called the most literary of histories—nearly all the parallels and illustrations, and in these Mr. McCarthy is inexhaustibly fertile, are drawn from literature instead of (as is customary) from past and more familiar history. As an experiment, we counted a number of these illustrative references and found more than a hundred of them in less than forty pages, and they ranged all the way from the orations of Demosthenes to the jests of "Punch." Mr. McCarthy evidently believes that there is no method of argument so effective as that by analogy, and he is never at a loss for some pithy and ingenious illustration. How spontaneously and profusely these flow from his pen is tolerably well exemplified in the opening passage of the chapter entitled "The Death of Lord Palmerston":

"'Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done, and we must sleep!' A long, very long day's task was nearly done. A marvelous career was fast drawing to its close. Down in Hertfordshire Lord Palmerston was dying. As Mirabeau said of himself, so Palmerston might have said, he could already hear the preparations for the funeral of Achilles. He had enjoyed life to the last as fully as ever Churchill did, although in a different sense. Long as his life was, if counted by mere years, it seems much longer still when we consider what it had compassed, and how active it had been from the earliest to the very end. Many men were older than Lord Palmerston; he left more than one senior behind him. But they were for the most part men whose work had long been done; men who had been consigned to the arm-chair of complete inactivity. Palmerston was a hardworking statesman until within a very few days of his death. He had been a member of Parliament for nearly sixty years. He entered Parliament for the first time in the year when Byron, like himself a Harrow boy, published his first poems. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years when the Queen came to the throne. He used to play chess with the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Prince-Regent, when she lived at Kensington as Princess of Wales. In 1808, being then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he had defended

the Copenhagen expedition of the year before, and insisted that it was a stroke indispensable to the defeat of the designs of Napoleon. During all his political career he was only out of office for rare and brief seasons. To be a private member of Parliament was a short occasional episode in his successful life. In the words of Sadi, the Persian poet, he had obtained an ear of corn from every harvest."

We have purposely spoken of Mr. McCarthy's work as a whole, though nearly a year elapsed between the publication of the two pairs of volumes of which it consists, and the work itself shows the effects of the delay. In a note prefixed to the fourth volume, Mr. McCarthy remarks that his first two volumes had had, through critics and readers, a success such as he had never allowed himself to expect; and owing probably to this encouragement, and to the increased sense of responsibility which it brought, the second half of the work is a marked improvement upon its predecessor. It is at once more carefully written and more spirited, more systematic in arrangement and more compact in style, more cautious in the judgments passed and more reserved in their expression. In the earlier volumes there was frequently a difficulty in making out the precise order of events, or the exact date of a given occurrence, but no such defect will be found in the later volumes, and Mr. McCarthy has shown that he knows how to render his narrative both more animated and more accurate.

Turning now from the general character to the special features of the work, we are inclined to say that the political portraits constitute the feature by which it will be longest remembered, and for which it will be chiefly consulted by later historians. Whole chapters are devoted to such men as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli; and each important personage, as he appears upon the scene or makes his exit from it, is characterized, sometimes in a sentence, sometimes in a paragraph, and sometimes in a page, but always with a keenness of insight and a dramatic power of delineation which are very rarely combined with the industrious zeal of the chronicler. Some of these character-pieces are curiously searching and vivid, and there is none of them which does not aid us in understanding the part which its subject plays in the great drama of events. Perhaps the best of what we may call the miniatures is the portrait of Bulwer-Lytton, who "reached the same relative level in Parliamentary debate that he had reached in fiction and the drama—contrived to appear as if he ought to rank among the best of the craftsmen." This, however, is too long to reproduce, and, as a fair average specimen, which can be brought within modest and manageable limits, we will quote the paragraph on Sir George Cornewall Lewis, which appears at the very beginning of the second installment of the "History":

"Sir George Lewis was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was as yet not credited with anything like the political ability which he afterward proved that he possessed. It was the fashion to regard him as a mere book-man, who had drifted somehow into Parliament, and who, in the temporary absence of available talent, had been thrust into the office lately held by Mr. Gladstone. The contrast, indeed, between the style of his speaking and that of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli was enough to dishearten any political assembly. Mr. Gladstone had brought to his budget speeches an eloquence that brightened the driest details, and made the wilderness of figures to blossom like the rose. Mr. Disraeli was able to make a financial statement burst into a bouquet of fireworks. Sir George Lewis began by being nearly inaudible, and continued to the last to be oppressed by the most ineffective and unattractive manner and delivery. But it began to be gradually found out that the monotonous, halting, feeble manner covered a very remarkable power of expression; that the speaker had great resources of argument, humor, and illustration; that every sentence contained some fresh idea or some happy expression. It was not very long before an experienced observer of Parliament declared that Sir George Lewis delivered the best speeches with the worst manner known to the existing House of Commons. After a while a reaction set in, and the capacity of Lewis ran the risk of being overrated quite as much as it had been undervalued before. In him, men said, was seen the coming Prime Minister of England. Time, as it will be seen afterward, did not allow Sir George Lewis any chance of making good this prediction. He was undoubtedly a man of rare ability and refined intellect; an example very uncommon in England of the thinker, the scholar, and the statesman in one. His speeches were an intellectual treat to all with whom matter counted for more than manner. One who had watched Parliamentary life from without and within for many years, said he had never had his deliberate opinion changed by a speech in the House of Commons but twice, and each time it was an argument from Sir George Lewis that accomplished the conversion."

It has already been remarked that Mr. McCarthy does not content himself, like Mr. Molesworth, with the rôle of a simple chronicler. He has his own standpoint, and his own views and opinions, and he expresses them with a vigor and fearlessness which win our respect even when they do not convince our judgment. He is almost too fond of pointing the moral of the facts which he narrates, and the work abounds in passages like the following, in which he emphasizes what others besides himself have remarked as a conspicuous defect of the English Parliamentary system. The question of the removal of Jewish disabilities had been brought up and

paltered with by the House of Commons session after session, until at last Mr. Salomons, who was elected for Greenwich in 1851, took his seat and refused to leave the House until forcibly removed by the Sergeant-at-arms. Commenting on this, Mr. McCarthy says:

"Mr. Salomons did well to press his rights in that practical way upon the notice of the House. It is one of the blots upon our Parliamentary system that a great question, like that of the removal of Jewish disabilities, is seldom settled upon its merits. Parliament rarely bends to the mere claims of reason and justice. Some pressure has almost always to be put on it to induce it to see the right. Its tendency is always to act exactly as Mr. Salomons himself formally did in this case; to yield only when sufficient pressure has been put on it to signify coercion. Catholic Emancipation was carried by such a pressure. The promoters of the Sunday Trading Bill yield to a riot in Hyde Park. A Tory government turn Reformers in obedience to a crowd who pull down the railing of the same inclosure. A Chancellor of the Exchequer modifies his budget in deference to a demonstration of match-selling boys and girls. In all these instances it was right to make the concession; but the concession was not made because it was right. The Irish Home Rulers, or some of them at least, are convinced that they will carry Home Rule in the end by the mere force of a pressure brought to bear on Parliament; and their expectation is justified by all previous experience. They have been told often enough that they must not expect to carry it by argument. If Parliamentary institutions do really come to be discredited in this country, as many people love to predict, one especial reason will be this very experience on the part of the public, that Parliament has invariably conceded to pressure the reforms which it persistently denied to justice. A reform is first refused without reason, to be at last conceded without grace."

Still more bold and fearless, perhaps, because going directly counter to the prejudices and susceptibilities of the audience he is specially addressing, are such passages (and there are many of them) as that in the chapter on Lord Palmerston in which, after accusing Palmerston of flattering the vanity and encouraging the arrogance of the people whom he ruled, he says:

"A phrase sprang up in Palmerston's days which was employed to stigmatize certain political conduct beyond all ordinary reproach. It was meant to stamp such conduct as outside the pale of reasonable argument or patriotic consideration. That was the word 'un-English.' It was enough with certain classes to say that anything was 'un-English' in order to put it utterly out of court. No matter to what principles, higher, more universal, and more abiding than those that are merely English, it might happen to appeal, the one word of condemnation was held to be enough for it. Some of the noblest and the wisest men of our day were denounced as un-English. A stranger might have asked in wonder at one time whether it was un-English to be just, to be merciful, to have consideration for the claims and the rights of others, to admit that there was any higher object in a nation's life than a diplomatic success. All that would have made a man odious and insufferable in private life was apparently held up as belonging to the virtues of the English nation. Rude self-assertion, blunt disregard for the feelings and the claims of others, a self-sufficiency which would regard all earth's interests as made for England's special use alone—the yet more outrageous form of egotism which would fancy that the moral code as it applies to others does not apply to us—all this seemed to be considered the becoming national characteristic of the English people. It would be almost superfluous to say that this did not show its worst in Lord Palmerston himself. As in art so in politics we never see how bad some peculiar defect is until we see it in the imitators of a great man's style. A school of Palmerstons, had it been powerful and lasting, would have made England a nuisance to other nations."

It should be said, however, that the lessons which Mr. McCarthy wishes to convey are not always put down in such "good set terms" as to be separable from the context. He has a faculty of so arranging and stating the facts of a given occurrence that further comment would be worse than superfluous. The pages which contain the plain narrative of the Jamaica insurrection are more poignant and impressive than the most obstreperous denunciation of Governor Eyre and his instruments could possibly be; and the sketch of the origin and history of Fenianism in Volume IV will do more to rehabilitate that institution in the eyes of candid men than reams of special pleading could accomplish. Indeed, the most conclusive testimonies to the author's substantial candor and impartiality is the fact that while his narrative is colored throughout by his personal views, the reader is seldom troubled by the suspicion that any portion of the work is the outcome of either political or religious partisanship.

To American readers of Mr. McCarthy's work, perhaps the most interesting chapters will be those on our civil war, on the cruise of the Alabama, and on the Alabama arbitration. These are models of compact statement and convincing argument, and the only passage in either of them to which the most ardent of our patriots will be likely to take exception is this at the beginning of the chapter on the civil war: "Those who are acquainted with the history of the great emancipation struggle in America know very well that if the South had not seceded from the Union, some of the Northern States would sooner or later have done so. Every day in the

Northern States saw an increase in the number of those who would rather have seceded than give further countenance to the system of slavery. It was a peculiarity of that system that it could not stand still; it could not rest content with tolerance and permission to hold what it already possessed. It must have new ground, new fields to occupy. It must get more or die. Most of the abolitionists would rather themselves secede than yield any more to slavery." In regard to the Alabama and her companions, it is truly surprising to find an English writer at this early date, while the ashes of the controversy are yet warm, admitting so frankly and unequivocally the entire justice of the American complaints, and indeed accepting their vindication as one of the most essential tasks of the historian of our times. The facts regarding the Anglo-Confederate privateers have seldom been more clearly and conclusively stated than in the following passages:

"The adventures of the Confederate cruisers began with the escape of a small schooner, the Savannah, from Charleston, in June, 1861. It scoured the seas for a while as a privateer, and did some damage to the shipping of the Northern States. The Sumter had a more memorable career. She was under the command of Captain Semmes, who afterward became famous, and during her time she did some little damage. The Nashville and the Petrel were also well known for a while. These were, however, but small vessels, and each had only a short run of it. The first privateer which became really formidable to the shipping of the North was a vessel called in her earlier history the Oreto, but afterward better known as the Florida. Within three months she had captured fifteen vessels. Thirteen of these she burned, and the other two were converted into cruisers by the Confederate government. The Florida was built in Birkenhead, nominally for the use of the Italian Government. She got out of the Mersey without detention or difficulty, although the American Minister had warned our Government of her real purpose. From that time Great Britain became what an American writer calls without any exaggeration 'the naval base of the Confederacy.' As fast as ship-builders could work, they were preparing in British shipping-yards a privateer navy for the Confederate government. Mr. Gladstone said in a speech, which was the subject of much comment, that Jefferson Davis had made a navy. The statement was at all events not literally correct. The English ship-builders made the navy. Mr. Davis only ordered it and paid for it. Only seven Confederate privateers were really formidable to the United States, and of these five were built in British dock-yards. We are not including in the list any of the actual war-vessels, the rams and ironclads, that British energy was preparing for the Confederate government. We are now speaking merely of the privateers.

"Of these privateers the most famous by far was the Alabama. It was the fortune of this vessel to be the occasion of the establishment of a new rule in the law of nations. It had nearly been her fortune to bring England and the United States into war. The Alabama was built expressly for the Confederate service in one of the dock-yards of the Mersey. She was built by the house of Laird, a firm of the greatest reputation in the ship-building trade, and whose former head was the representative of Birkenhead in the House of Commons. While in process of construction she was called the '290'; and it was not until she had put to sea and hoisted the Confederate flag, and Captain Semmes, formerly commander of the Sumter, had appeared on her deck in full Confederate uniform, that she took the name of the Alabama. During her career the Alabama captured nearly seventy Northern vessels. Her plan was always the same. She hoisted the British flag, and thus decoyed her intended victim within her reach; then she displayed the Confederate colors and captured her prize. Unless when there was some particular motive for making use of the captured vessels, they were burned. Sometimes the blazing wreck became the means of decoying a new victim. Some American captain saw far off in the night the flames of a burning vessel reddening the sea. He steered to her aid; and when he came near enough the Alabama, which was yet in the same waters and had watched his coming, fired her shot across his bows, hung out her flag, and made him her prisoner. One American captain bitterly complained that the fire, which seen across the waves at any other time became a summons to every seaman to hasten to the rescue, must thenceforward be a signal to him to hold his course and keep away from the blazing ship. The Alabama and her captain were of course much glorified in this country. Captain Semmes was eulogized as if his exploits had been those of another Cochrane or Kanaris. But the Alabama did not do much fighting; she preyed on merchant-vessels that could not fight. She attacked where instant surrender must be the reply to her summons. Only twice, so far as we know, did she engage in a fight. The first time was with the Hatteras, a small blockading ship whose broadside was so unequal to that of the Alabama that she was sunk in a quarter of an hour. The second time was with the United States ship-of-war Kearsarge, whose size and armaments were about equal to her own. The fight took place off the French shore, near Cherbourg, and the career of the Alabama was finished in an hour. The Confederate rover was utterly shattered, and went down. Captain Semmes was saved by an English steam-yacht and brought to England to be made a hero for a while, and then forgotten. The cruise of the Alabama had lasted nearly two years. During this time she had contrived to drive American commerce from the seas. Her later cruising-days were unprofitable, for American owners found it necessary to keep their vessels in port.

"All this, however, it will be said, was but the

fortune of war. America had not abolished privateering; and if the Northern States suffered from so clever and daring a privateer as Captain Semmes, it was of little use their complaining of it. If they could not catch and capture the Alabama, that was their misfortune or their fault. What the United States Government did complain of was something very different. They complained that the Alabama was practically an English vessel. She was built by English builders in an English dock-yard; she was manned for the most part by an English crew; her guns were English; her gunners were English; many of the latter belonged to the Royal Naval Reserve, and were actually receiving pay from the English Government; she sailed under the English flag, was welcomed in English harbors, and never was in, or even saw, a Confederate port. As Mr. Forster put it very clearly and tersely, she was built by British ship-builders and manned by a British crew; she drew prizes to destruction under a British flag, and was paid for by money borrowed from British capitalists."

A few pages further on, referring to the discussion of the matter between the Governments of England and the United States, Mr. McCarthy says:

"Surveying the diplomatic controversy at this distance of time, one can not but think that Mr. Adams comes best out of it. No minister representing the interests of his state in a foreign capital could have had a more trying position to sustain and a more difficult part to play. Mr. Adams knew that the tone of the society in which he had to move was hostile to his Government and to his cause. It was difficult for him to remain always patient and yet to show that the American Government could not be expected to endure everything. It was not easy to retain always the calm courtesy which his place demanded, and which was, indeed, an inheritance in his family of stately public men. He was embarrassed sometimes by the officious efforts, the volunteer intervention of some of his own countrymen, who, knowing nothing of English political life and English social ways, fancied they were making a favorable impression on public opinion here by the tactics of a fall campaign at home. Moreover, it is plain that for a long time Mr. Adams was in much doubt as to the capacity of the military leaders of the North; and he well knew that nothing but military success could rescue the Union from the diplomatic conspiracies which were going on in Europe for the promotion of the Southern cause. Mr. Adams appears to have borne himself all through with judgment, temper, and dignity. Lord Russell does not show to so much advantage. He is sometimes petulant; he is too often inclined to answer Mr. Adams's grave and momentous remonstrances with retorts founded on allegations against the North which, even if well-founded, were of slight comparative importance. When Mr. Adams complains that the Alabama is sweeping American commerce from the seas, Lord Russell too often replies with some complaint about the enlistment of British subjects for the service of the Union; as if the Confederates making war on the United States from English ports with English ships and crews were no graver matter of complaint than the story, true or false, of some American agent having enlisted Tim Doolan and Sandy Macsnish to fight for the North. Mr. Seward does not come out of the correspondence well. There is a curious evasiveness in his frequent floods of eloquence which contrasts unpleasantly with Mr. Adams's straightforward and manly style. Mr. Seward writes as if he were under the impression that he could palaver Mr. Adams and Lord Russell and the British public into not believing the evidence of their senses. At the gloomiest hour of the fortunes of the North, Mr. Adams faces the facts, and, confident of the ultimate future, makes no pretense at ignoring the seriousness of the present danger. Mr. Seward seems to think that public attention can be cheated away from a recognition of realities by a display of inappropriate rhetorical fireworks. At a moment when the prospect of the North seemed especially gloomy, and when it was apparent to every human creature that its military affairs had long been in hopelessly bad hands, Mr. Seward writes to inform Mr. Adams that 'our assault upon Richmond is for the moment suspended,' and is good enough to add that 'no great and striking movements or achievements are occurring, and the Government is rather preparing its energies for renewed operations than continuing to surprise the world by new and brilliant victories.' The Northern commanders had, indeed, for some time been surprising the world, but not at all by brilliant victories; and the suggestion that the Northern Government might go on winning perpetual victories, if they only wished it, but that they preferred for the present not to dazzle the world too much with their success, must have fallen rather chillingly on Mr. Adams's ear. Mr. Adams knew only too well that the North must win victories soon, or they might find themselves confronted with a European confederation against them. The Emperor Napoleon was working hard to get England to join with him in recognizing the South. Mr. Roebuck had at one time a motion in the House of Commons calling on the English Government to make up their minds to the recognition; and Mr. Adams had explained again and again that such a step would mean war with the Northern States. Mr. Adams was satisfied that the fate of Mr. Roebuck's motion would depend on the military events of a few days. He was right. The motion was never pressed to a division; for during its progress there came at one moment the news that General Grant had taken Vicksburg on the Mississippi, and that General Meade had defeated General Lee at Gettysburg, and put an end to all thought of a Southern invasion. This news was at first received with resolute incredulity in London by the advocates and partisans of the South. In some of the clubs there was positive indignation that such things should even be reported. The outburst of wrath was natu-

ral. That was the turning-point of the war, although not many saw it even then. The South never had a chance after that hour. There was no more said in this country about the recognition of the Southern Confederation, and the Emperor of the French was thenceforward free to follow out his plans as far as he could, and alone."

The closing chapter of the work, on "The Literature of the Reign," is reproduced elsewhere in these pages, and will doubtless be read with interest. It does not exhibit Mr. McCarthy at his best, for he is far more effective in narrative than in criticism, and it is written on the erroneous theory that a series of studies of individual authors constitutes a survey of the literature of a period; yet it contains some suggestive comparisons and analyses, and it furnishes a very good illustration of that fluency and facility which renders whatever the author writes at least readable and entertaining.

AN UNAPPRECIATED POET.

THE name of Clarence Mangan is a familiar one, we suspect, to but few American readers, and fewer still, in all probability, are they who possess any knowledge of his dark and desolate life. He died some thirty years ago, and mankind has since been too busy with other things to give much heed to the memory of an obscure poet. For Mangan, genius though he was, and notable as were the results of his literary labor, passed his days, nevertheless, in the by-ways of poverty and seclusion, and left the world with hardly a hope or wish that his name would ever be honored for the work he had done. A more dismal, dreary life than his no poet ever lived. Even the dim career of Poe was bright and pleasant by comparison. There were at least some rays of sunshine there, but Mangan's days were all a succession of cloud and darkness. Constantly pressed by necessity, with the shadow of want ever haunting his footsteps, his home a cheerless place where brightness never came, he drifted gloomily on, now advised and now pitied by his friends, till at last it was announced in some of the Dublin newspapers that Clarence Mangan was no more. The notice of his death did not attract much attention, for, even in the city in which his whole life had been passed, Mangan was but little known. He was only a sorrowful poet, regarded by many as merely a melancholy dreamer, and such men occupy but a small place in the thoughts of those among whom they live.

It is an open question among many of his countrymen whether Mangan was not as good a poet as Ireland has produced. This point is one which it is not now worth while to discuss, but it may at least be said that Mangan's mind had a broader scope than that of any other Irish poet. The genius of Moore undoubtedly rose to loftier flights of sentiment; Goldsmith was more placid, gentle, and philosophical; Griffin may have written with a more tender pathos; Davis with greater ardor and a more headlong patriotic passion; Prout and Lover with more quaintness and certainly with more humor. Mangan was unlike any of these. His muse was in the main dreary and dismal, breathing a spirit of utter desolation. It was but rarely that a gleam of humor broke through the somber shadows of his verse. O'Connell once likened the smile upon an adversary's face to a silver plate on a coffin. The same ghastly simile might be applied to Mangan's occasional attempts at lightness. They were much like glints of phosphorus in a graveyard. He was essentially sad, weird, and gloomy, yet warmly passionate at times, withal, and capable of uttering with tremendous force the aspirations of a lofty soul borne down by trial and sorrowing on the brink of despair. In the field wherein he labored he was unquestionably great, and entitled to a distinction entirely his own.

The little that is known of Mangan's early life hardly suffices even for an outline sketch. He was born in Dublin, in 1803, of parents who had nothing to bequeath to him but poverty. During his early boyhood he attended a small school in the neighborhood in which he was born, but it is certain that the little education which he there received was not of a kind to fit him for a literary career. It was after he had left school, and while employed as copyist and general drudge in an attorney's office, that he began to store his mind with the material which, in later years, employed his pen and enabled him to provide a scant support for his mother and sister and himself. Subsequently he rose a step higher, even to the dignity of a lawyer's clerk, but his experience in both positions must have been extremely distasteful, for he never willingly alluded to it, and it was but rarely that he allowed himself to speak of it at all. Poetry and parchment have no affinity for each other; trope and dactyl usually revolt against the prosaic rule of law.

It was in the latter part of this period, which

covered altogether about ten years, that Mangan passed through another experience—one that nearly all men have to meet at some time—which made still darker his cheerless and clouded life. A pair of bright eyes had attracted and ensnared him, and, when he had the boldness to appear as a petitioner in the court of Cupid, the owner of the same bright eyes loftily rebuked his presumption, and taught him the lesson of young beauty's privilege to play with affection at its own sweet will. He had been encouraged to advance, and at the proper moment he was finally repulsed and driven in confusion from the field. His sensitive nature retained the impression of that episode through all the troubles and changes of the years which followed.

It is supposed that, while he was employed as scrivener and clerk, Mangan acquired at least some of the knowledge of languages which he afterward exhibited. Of his attainments in this respect, more will be said anon. The beginning he had made in the hours snatched from the toil that brought him daily bread was improved upon when a few influential gentlemen, who had discerned his singular talents, obtained for him an appointment as librarian in one of the departments of Trinity College. His labors there were light, and he had time and opportunity to pursue the studies which his mind so eagerly coveted. The late John Mitchel, who knew him well, briefly describes his appearance in the college, after he had become a thorough bookworm. "Being in the college library," says Mr. Mitchel, "and having occasion for a book in that gloomy apartment of the institution known as the Fogel Library, an acquaintance pointed out to me a man perched upon the top of a ladder, with the whispered information that the figure was Clarence Mangan. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment—the same garment, to all appearances, which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book." Of course, the Mangan thus grimly described was not the same Mangan who had, many years before, aspired to beauty's hand and been haughtily waved away by dainty fingers. Later still he is depicted by another writer and a brother poet: "A shy, abstracted-looking man, of about middle size, gliding rather than walking, and yet not infirm. His eye is beautifully mild and lustrously blue, and his silver-white locks surround, like a tender halo, the once beautiful and now pale and intellectual face of the prematurely aged man. He glides along and through the people as if he did not belong to the same earth with them. Nor does he. His steps seem as if they were not directed by any thought, but mechanically wended their way to his wretched abode."

The home to which this wasted and worn-out man almost unconsciously wended his way from the newspaper-offices of Dublin was a wretched one indeed. It was situated in the poorest quarter of the city, and its character was in keeping with the neighborhood. But it mattered little to Mangan whether he slept under a roof or in the street, and too often, alas! the latter was his bed. Those twin agents of physical and intellectual ruin, opium and alcohol, had at this time obtained complete mastery over him. Life had become a weary burden which he would gladly have shaken off, and probably nothing but a dread of the consequences of self-murder saved him from suicide. In the delirious dreams of the opium-eater and the wild imaginings of the inebriate, he saw sights and endured tortures which almost drove him to madness. These things are occasionally alluded to in his poems, as, for instance, when he invokes his song to

> "Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
> To herd with demons from hell beneath,
> Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
> For even death."

But the horrible reality was too awful and appalling for words to utter. And yet, notwithstanding his woful self-degradation, Mangan's mind remained as pure and his thoughts as free from taint as those of innocent maidenhood. There is not in any line he wrote a single word or suggestion offensive to the finest sensibility.

If all the original and translated poems of Mangan were collected, they would fill a six-hundred-page volume of ordinary dimensions. His translations of German poems make altogether about three hundred pages. These were published a few years before his death, under the title of "German Anthology," and attracted some attention from European critics. They are chiefly from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, Kerner, Freiligrath, and Rückert, though ballads and legends of many minor poets are also given. It is somewhat singular that, although Mangan had thoroughly familiarized himself with the French language, French poetry does not appear to have had any especial charm for him. No doubt the peculiar mysticism of German verse was more in harmony with his singular mind than the buoyant, happy spirit of French writers; but, nevertheless, it is strange that he neglected the latter, except to read them. He also translated, or is supposed to have done so, from the Ottoman and Arabic. It may be, however, that in the case of poems from these languages—accepting, for the nonce, the hypothesis that they actually are trans-

lations—Mangan obtained thought and subject through prose adaptations made by others, and then constructed the forms in which they have since been known. This, it seems, was his mode of translating the ancient Celtic bards, of whose language, strange to say, he did not understand a word. Competent judges pronounce Mangan's versions of old Irish poems remarkable for fidelity to the originals, yet there is good authority for saying that he could no more have read one of the originals than he could have converted Greek into Chinese. Among his literary friends in Dublin were some accomplished Irish scholars who made free translations of certain old Irish songs and ballads, which Mangan then turned back into verse, giving it such form as seemed best suited to the subject. If he translated from the Ottoman and Arabic at all, it was probably in the same way.

But there is some reason to doubt that his poems purporting to be translations from these languages had any ulterior origin whatever. They are thought by many of his admirers to be exclusively his own creations. They certainly have much of the spirit of productions avowedly his own. Their burden is plaintive regret for pleasure long passed away, interwoven with philosophic comment on the cares and disappointments of life. Almost all of Mangan's confessedly original poems have this peculiarity, and herein lies the chief reason for suspecting that the poems credited to Oriental languages, which he can hardly be supposed to have understood, are, in fact, outgrowths of his own mind. "The Karamanian Exile" (Ottoman), "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers" (Ottoman), and "The Time of the Barmecides" (Arabic), bear a strong family likeness to the poems which Mangan is known to have evolved from his own inner consciousness. One stanza of each may be given here to show the fine sweep and free rhythm of his easy verse:

"There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope too for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Murad or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O Karaman!"

"La' laha, il Allah!
Ah! for youth's delirious hours,
Man pays well in after-days,
When quenched hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love and laughter days!
Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us
Till false Fortune's tempest wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all! our hearts were graves
Deeper than the Bosphorus!"

"Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar;
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Koord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago
In the time of the Barmecides—
Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago
In the time of the Barmecides!"

Mangan's translations of German poems probably possess more literary merit than any other part of his work. Not only is the general meaning of the originals accurately given, but also the special distinguishing quality. In some instances, it is true, he departed somewhat from the form before him, but rarely for any other purpose than to amplify and embellish. Occasionally a quaint thought or fancy of his own is introduced, and in all such instances the addition is seen to be an improvement. This is especially the case in his rendering of Rückert's "Ride round the Parapet," a romantic legend of fair lady and gallant knights, which Mangan so elaborated and ornamented that the original seems but a mere framework by comparison. This poem is one of rare beauty, and should be more widely known than it is. Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," a poem which makes over four hundred lines in the translation, is the most ambitious of his efforts, and generally ranks as his best. It certainly is as good an English version as any that has been made—not strictly literal, perhaps (Mangan, like all men of erratic genius, had strong antipathy to the system of square and rule), but retaining all the beauty and faithfully following the thought of the original. In rendering the poems of Schiller and Goethe, he adhered more closely to his text than in the case of other German poets, doubtless because he knew their work was already perfect. Yet, even in their case, his exuberant imagination sometimes soared above the rich lines before him. This tendency to more profuse expression is well illustrated in his translation of Schiller's fine poem of "The Unreal," which was also translated by the late Lord Lytton. The mere verbal form of the English translator is more literal than Mangan's, but it is doubtful if Schiller himself would have been better pleased with it. A comparison

of Bulwer's opening with Mangan's can hardly be unfavorable to the latter. Of this, however, the reader may judge:

BULWER.

"The suns serene are lost and vanished
That wont the paths of youth to gild,
And all the fair ideals banished
From that wild heart they whilom filled.
Gone the divine and sweet believing
In dreams which heaven itself unfurled!
What godlike shapes have years bereaving
Swept from this real workday world!"

MANGAN.

"Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun
That lighted up my shriveled world of wonder;
Those fairy bands imagination spun
Around my heart have long been reft asunder.
Gone, gone, for ever, is the fine belief,
The all-too-generous trust in the Ideal;
All my Divinities have died of grief,
And left me wedded to the Rude and Real."

Goethe's poems do not seem to have had as much attraction for Mangan as those of other German authors. The number translated is comparatively small, and these may be called unimportant. The principal one is the "Lay of the Captive Count," which Mangan renders with a very sweet and natural tenderness. This is not at all his usual manner, yet among his German translations there are several short poems in which delicate sentiment finds expression in language fully worthy of the subject. But it is in rendering legends whereof the special quality is weird romanticism, or poems illustrating the vague, restless yearning of spiritualized natures for the ideal, that Mangan is at his best. "The Specter Caravan," by Freiligrath, a poem that has frequently appeared in "poets' corners" of American newspapers, is a good specimen of his aptness in producing ghastly verbal effects. "The White Lady," by the same author, again shows him to advantage, though not in exactly the same manner. The burden of this poem is profound sadness. The spirit of a sinful woman, doomed to wander "in darkness to and fro," appears nightly to young and old, making constant moan of her woes, beseeching prayer, and warning her kindred of the wrath to come. A single verse will suffice to indicate its character:

"O God! O God! the coming hour arouses even the dead!
Yet the living still can slumber on like things of stone or lead;
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign—
I dare not hope to pierce your souls with these weak words of mine;
Else would I warn from night to morn; else cry:
'O Kings, be just!
Be just, if bold! loose where you may! bind only where you must!'
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!"

This refrain, which is continued throughout, gives the whole poem a most impressive effect. Mangan was evidently more at home with the German poets than with any others—the ancient bards of his own country, perhaps, excepted. Richter's "New Year's Night of a Miserable Man"; Uhland's "Jeweler's Daughter" and "Durand of Blonden"; Bürger's "Demon Yager"; "The Four Idiot Brothers" and "The Ghost-Seeress of Prevorst," by Kerner; Simrock's "O Maria Regina Misericordiæ"; "And Then no More" and "Gone in the Wind," by Rückert; Immermann's "Student of Prague"; "The Midnight Review" by Baron von Tedlitz, and Giebler's "Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams," are all finely rendered, especially those in which somber melancholy predominates. "And Then no More" seems to have served the translator as a medium for the expression of his own sense of utter desolation after the love episode to which some allusion has already been made. It is evident that these lines take color from the experience through which he had passed:

"I saw her once, one little while, and then no more;
'Twas paradise on earth awhile, and then no more:
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore,
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!"

Although Mangan took no active part in Irish political affairs, he was not content to be merely a silent witness of the events of his time. It was during the closing years of his life that the "Young Ireland" party, which made the abortive revolutionary attempt of 1848, came into existence, and among the leaders of that party, especially those connected with the nationalist press of Dublin, were some of the few intimate personal friends he ever had. Most of his Irish poems, original and translated, were first published in the press in question, and served in no small degree to arouse the spirit that culminated in the attempted rebellion. His "Irish Anthology" is probably the best metrical key to the old poetical literature of Ireland that is known at the present time. It has already been said, as on good authority, that Mangan did not understand the Irish language, yet his translations

of the old Irish poets are notable for fidelity, not so much in mere verbal form as in purpose and spirit, to the original text. Most of the "Laments" and ballads changed by him into English meter date back to feudal times, and many are characterized by a simplicity that often borders on the ludicrous. This peculiarity is also found in old English poetry as well as in the Irish, and merely illustrates the steps of progress in the art of poetical construction. A great deal of the very old poetry that people sometimes praise is appreciated more for its age than for intrinsic merit.

Mangan's mode of adapting from the Irish was at once novel and illustrative of his singular genius. Taking the prose translations given him by Irish scholars, he set to work to turn the material into English verse, which should be strictly faithful in general character to that of the Celtic bards; and the singular faculty which he possessed of putting himself in the place of the writers, and vividly imagining the customs and circumstances whereby they were influenced, enabled him to reproduce the exact spirit of the originals. Here, for instance, is a verse from a "Lament for Sarsfield," which shows the poet's fidelity even in preserving crudity of manner:

"I'll journey to the north, over mountain, moor, and wave;
'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were bravest of the brave,
But alas! they scorned to combine!
Ohone! ullagone!"

The expression in the line italicized is peculiarly Irish, as is also the very odd mixture in the italicized part of the following, to which Mangan himself invited attention:

"To the heroes of Limerick, the city of the fight,
Be my best blessings borne on the wings of the air!
We had card-playing there o'er our camp fire at night,
And the Word of Life, too, and prayer!
Ohone! ullagone!"

Mangan was well fitted by nature to interpret the melancholy tone that pervades most of the old poetry of Ireland. That tone was in harmony with his own life, and he doubtless found a certain pleasure in making it reëcho in the lines which brought him a mere subsistence. Wailing and lamentation form the burden of ancient Irish song, and these never found more sympathetic expression than in the verse of Mangan. At times he could at least affect lightness and merriment, but the pretense is so plain that even the most careless reader must observe it. All the circumstances of his life were gloomy and depressing, and it is not strange that the sense of isolation and dreariness which was always with him found voice in almost every effort of his pen. Not that he made a practice of obtruding his own sorrows on the public, and inviting sympathy. Weak poets frequently do this, but Mangan was not of their class. The plaintive spirit of his muse comes rather from an organic melancholy of nature than from a desire to parade his individual griefs. His disposition was always retiring, even shrinking, and so unwilling was he to have others know his regrets and their causes, that even the nearest of the few close friends he had knew but little of his inner life. It was his custom, even before he became a slave to opium and alcohol, to avoid companionship, and pass his hours in dreary seclusion. Men who mingle freely with their fellows are always more cheerful than those who do not. Mangan was almost a hermit; hence, partly at least, the somber color of his mind. Yet he could, and frequently did, escape from this condition, and rise to heights wherefrom could be seen shapes and scenes of wondrous beauty. Although, as has been said, the prevailing tone of his poems is one of deep melancholy, yet the expression is often startlingly passionate, and in many instances beautifully ardent and tender. Thus, in the poem of "Dark Rosaleen," one of the many allegorical names for Ireland, he breathes the very spirit of devoted affection:

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel;
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

"I could scale the blue air,
I could plow the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen,
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

The warmth and melody of these lines fully

equal the same qualities in the best of Moore's national songs.

Like all poets who write and publish in haste, Mangan had the fault of carelessness. His lines are frequently uneven, and in some instances the thought is confused. Doubtless he often wrote, under stress of necessity, when his mind was not in proper condition for the task. But considering the lamentable habits he had formed, and the wretched, desolate emptiness of his life, it is remarkable that his work is even so regular and well sustained as it is. Between his labors, habits, and character, and the labors, habits, and character of Poe, there were many points of resemblance. Both wooed a melancholy muse, both were hopelessly addicted to dissipation, and both were gloomily introspective. Mangan, however, was much superior to Poe in moral attributes, although at times he allowed himself to fall to the lowest depth of debasement. Poe had a more lurid imagination, but Mangan possessed a power of expression not in any way inferior to that of the author of "The Raven." His thoughts did not equal those of Poe in weirdness, but often their intensity was startling. For terrible, ghastly earnestness, "The Nameless One," which recounts his own miseries and presents an almost appalling picture of abandonment and desolation, would be difficult to equal in any language. A few passages from this drearily passionate poem will exhibit Mangan's extraordinary power of throwing heart and soul into palpitating verse:

"Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

"Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

.

"And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

.

"Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,
He strove, still strove—

"Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim;

"And he fell far, far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

"But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness
Stood in his path.

"And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want and sickness and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

"And lives he still, then? *Yes; old and hoary*
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know."

The dust of Clarence Mangan lies near that of Daniel O'Connell, in Glasnevin cemetery. He died as he had lived, in wretchedness and obscurity, but with an abiding religious faith which at least partially lighted the last dark days of his life. It would be too much to claim for him a place among great poets, but it is not too much to say that he possessed poetical talents of a higher order than many writers whose names have been rendered familiar to mankind by their works. Except among his own countrymen, his name is little known.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

SECTIONAL FICTION.

ONE of the features which render civil war more terrible than any form of international strife is the persistence of the passions and animosities that are aroused by it. Ordinary wars, especially those that result from misunderstandings between "statesmen" rather than from popular antipathies, are usually accompanied by a fierce outburst of wrath and hate, which subsides as quickly and as suddenly as it is generated. France, in alliance with England, defeated and humiliated Russia in the Crimean war; yet in less than five years the three countries were on the most amicable terms—respecting each other more, perhaps, than before they had tested each other's quality on the field of battle. A few years later the French,

after a brief and bloody campaign, expelled the Austrians from the greater part of Italy; yet in less than a decade the two peoples were almost in alliance against Germany. But civil war is like a family quarrel; the breach which it produces is wider, deeper, and far more difficult to close up than those caused by similar difficulties between outsiders or strangers.

This is true of all civil wars, but our own civil war was exceptional even among such conflicts for the radical nature of the antagonisms out of which it grew, and which it intensified and embittered. When the opposing armies on the one side had surrendered or dispersed, and those of the other had been disbanded and returned to the avocations of peace, it was fondly hoped that an "era of good will" had dawned upon the land, and that the misunderstandings produced by slavery would vanish with the removal of their cause. Whether or not this expectation would have been justified had the smoldering embers of strife not been stirred, can only be conjectured; but certain "statesmen" on either side speedily discovered that the passions aroused by war could be made to furnish excellent ammunition for partisan "campaigns," and from the moment that malign discovery was made there has been a considerable number of men in public life whose whole stock in trade—whose whole reason for being—consisted in keeping up the pomp and circumstance, the watchwords and the shibboleths, of mimic warfare. The truth is, that the civil war has been twice fought out in two separate arenas, and is now entering upon a third. In its military phase it was settled upon some of the bloodiest battle-fields that stain the reeking pages of history; in its political phase it has furnished the rallying-cry for a dozen or twenty vociferous "campaigns"; and now, as might have been expected, it has invaded the more peaceful domains of literature.

This may seem a queer prelude to a review of a work of fiction; but, in order to deal intelligently with such a book as "A Fool's Errand," * it is necessary to regard it primarily from the view-point of the civil war — out of which it grew, and of which it is as distinctly a part as any of the collisions between hostile forces that the history of the period records. Indeed, looking at the spirit which animates it, "A Fool's Errand" may be compared to one of those random shots which, from a secure eminence on the expiring edge of battle, are fired at a beaten and retreating foe; or, if we regard it from another point of view, it is simply one of the "great efforts" of the "bloody-shirt" orators worked up into the more plausible and seductive guise of fiction.

The Fool whose experiences purport to be recorded in "A Fool's Errand" is represented as having fought on the Union side during the civil war, in one of whose battles he received a wound which so enfeebled his constitution as to render it dangerous for him to brave the harsh winters of a Northern climate. When the war was over, therefore, in the confident belief that everything was settled between the two sections, and that harmonious good will would mark their future relations, he persuaded his wife to leave their snug home in Michigan and accompany him to the far South, where he proposed to set up the family gods upon a plantation which he had admired when passing through as a soldier, and which he now had the opportunity of buying. His settlement in his new home was effected just at the moment when the military *régime* at the South was being superseded by the reconstructed State governments, under which, in most of the States, the political domination of the recently enfranchised negroes was assured as long as mere numbers could prevail against the wealth, the intelligence, and the political experience of the rest of the community.

The Fool, though a Northern man and a Republican, was strongly opposed to the Reconstruction Acts, the practical working of which his own experiences were destined to illustrate. He thought that the military *régime* ought to be prolonged until society had adjusted itself to the new order of things, and had settled down once more upon a stable basis, and he was especially opposed to conferring the suffrage upon the blacks until they had been prepared for it by some sort of educational discipline. He even declares, and cites letters to prove, that the suffrage was so conferred merely to insure Republican success in the then pending electoral campaign; and remarks, with his customary intensity of language, that "from this womb of party necessity and political insincerity came forth this abortion, or, rather, this monster, doomed to parricide in the hour of its birth."

We must say here, in justice to the Fool, that his book will be valuable to the historian not merely as a picture of one of the most crucial episodes in modern history, but for its independent and fearless survey of events and causes, the connection between which will be increasingly likely to be overlooked as time goes on. The early part of the book, indeed, gives promise of a great historical miniature; and no more penetrating, more comprehensive, or juster analysis of the political and social problems which confronted American statesmen at the close of the war has been written than is to be found

* A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

in Chapters XX and XXI of "A Fool's Errand."

As the narrative goes on, however, it becomes more and more partisan and bitter in tone, and, comparing the attitude of pity toward the South and of sympathy with its difficulties which marks the early part of the story with the fierce vituperations and scathing sarcasms of the subsequent portions, the reader not only can not reconcile them but is led to feel a sort of amused wonder at the author's performances. He knows that the introduction of the Ku-klux "horrors" into the narrative can not account for the change, because these were known to the author when he was writing the opening pages of his book the same as at the end; and the laws of dramatic propriety can not account for it, for the novel subsides into the political tract almost at the outset.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to secure at least the key-note of an explanation. There can be no doubt that, in the main, the book is a record of genuine personal experiences, and, from the unconscious and unintentional revelations of the record itself, it is easy to construct a portrait of the Fool which, while it does not justify, goes far to explain the treatment of which he complains at the hands of his Southern neighbors. Of all the varied and variegated types of character which the wide and teeming North affords, there is probably not one which could have been less adapted to "get along" in an alien and somewhat hostile community than the type which the Fool represents and exemplifies. Opinionated, arrogant, and self-assertive; proud of the very opinions and antecedents which differentiated him from the people among whom he had chosen to cast his lot; fearless to the point of recklessness; frank and outspoken where his neighbors were accustomed to a discreet reticence, and insisting upon his opinions just in proportion as he found them distasteful; fond of argumentation and somewhat vain of his skill in it; with no conception of any other way to deal with prejudices which he did not share except to trample upon and denounce them; avowedly and ostentatiously shaping his conduct by considerations which, in the very nature of things, his neighbors could not be expected to share in any approximate degree; and, withal, quick-tempered, impulsive, headstrong, and curiously restive under criticism—such was the man who proposed to himself to settle in the South before the smoke of battle had fairly cleared away, or the passions of actual conflict subsided, and to assist in the reorganization of its shattered society! Even this, however, is not the worst, for he had hardly been there a year before he had inserted his stick into the political caldron, had become the champion and leader of the blacks in their almost inevitably hostile relations with their recent masters, and was filling the ears of Northern partisans with his denunciations of the "barbarism" and "savagery" of the people among whom he dwelt.

Strong as the reader may consider this, we can assure him that it is mild and pallid in comparison with the antagonisms which the author pictures as existing between himself and his white neighbors; and yet, in spite of all this, though he was put under the ban of social ostracism, and though he was many times threatened with nameless evils, he was never actually assailed nor injured, he prospered financially, and, as soon as the grounds of difference were allowed to sink out of sight, he was treated with a cordiality and warmth which seem to have touched even his embittered and resentful heart. This, of course, was all as it should be—no one can pretend that even the most radical differences of opinion justify a resort to physical violence; but it certainly tends to show that the state of things at Pipersville could not have been so bad as the author attempts to make out—that, while his picture may be true as to the outlines, its colors have been heightened for dramatic effect.

Another consideration which seems to throw light upon the Fool's difficulties is, that he apparently found it no easier to "get along" with his own party associates at the North than with his alien neighbors at the South. Some of the bitterest language in the book is directed against the so-called "Wise Men" of Washington—meaning by that satirical term Wilson, Morton, Boutwell, Garfield, and the other leaders of the Republican party who were wrestling with the portentous problems of Reconstruction. A letter from one of these chiefs (understood to be the late Henry Wilson), in Chapter XXXII, is the one piece of really statesmanlike writing in the volume; but it is characteristic of the Fool that he not only represents himself as replying to it in an insolent and vituperative tone, but holds it up to ridicule, as if its absurdity were self-evident.

The truth is, that any one in any part of the country who had the misfortune to differ in opinion with the Fool was liable to be regarded by him as either a "Wise Man" or a "savage." To order a man to "git out of the country" because his opinions were obnoxious and might prove dangerous was rightly regarded by the Fool as an unendurable outrage, to be resisted to the death, if need be; but to heap ignominy upon his memory because he failed to agree with us about a question, the extreme difficulty and complexity of which we ourselves admit, that is the truly civilized part of a "most noble and justice-rendering judge." We perpetrate no paradox when we say that the genuine spirit of intol-

erance is as rampant in "A Fool's Errand" as in the most abominable of the Ku-klux outrages which it rightly exposes and denounces. We are disposed to say, further, that the spirit which inspires the one is no whit less baneful than that which actuated the other. For what is the plain, undisguised, self-evident object of "A Fool's Errand" but to arouse once more in the North the passions and antipathies of the war period? Even where the appeal is less direct, there is no room for mistake as to the purpose. Under the guise of philosophic generalizing, every "cry" which sectional prejudice and the exigencies of politics have devised is echoed and given a certain dignity. There is something peculiarly insidious about the way in which "Solid South," "Southern domination," "Southern superiority," and the like, are placed, as it were, on a scientific and rational basis—the author pretending that he regards them as representing deep social facts, and all the time using his praise of them as a means for awakening the jealousy and pride of the North!

And all this for what? We have read "A Fool's Errand" with the closest attention, in order to discover what practical conclusions these terrible arguments and illustrations are meant to enforce or suggest; and we are compelled to say that there are none. So far as appears from the book itself, it was written primarily to give expression to long pent-up and festering personal resentments, and incidentally to ventilate certain constitutional theories, the pestilent absurdity of which is so obvious that the author nowhere ventures to formulate them distinctly, contenting himself with sneers and gibes at "States rights," "political fetichism," "the superstition of making the created greater than the creators," "constitutional limitations," and the like—his wish being that the General Government should step down into the South and "make things right," simply overriding any provisions of the national or State Constitutions that would seem to stand in the way.

Such is the general character of a book which is said to have attained a circulation greater than that of any other American work of fiction since "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and, when we come to apply the test of fact to the particular assumption upon which it mainly rests, our estimate of its quality is not likely to be enhanced. The particular assumption to which we refer is that the South is the only place where intolerance of unpopular opinions and conduct would be carried to the point of positive persecution. In Chapter XVI, after reproducing a warning to "git out," which he had received from the "Capting of the Regulators," and which he answered with a defiance, and then published in the local paper, our author says: "This proceeding, which *in the North or in any other state of society* would have awakened the liveliest indignation toward those who attempted to drive him away from his home, as well as a strong sympathy for him, had no such effect upon this community." Now let us see how this statement will compare with certain well-authenticated historical facts.

In the "History of Windham County, Connecticut," the second volume of which has been published recently,* Miss Larned describes the treatment which Miss Prudence Crandall, a Quaker girl, received at the hands of the good people of the town of Canterbury, because, as in the case of the Fool, her opinions of the rights of colored people could not be made to conform to those entertained by the rest of the community. Miss Crandall's offense began by the admission to her select school for young ladies of "a young colored woman, a church member, and unexceptionable but for her complexion and her consequent social disabilities." All her white pupils being withdrawn on this account, Miss Crandall converted her school into one "for young ladies and little misses of color"; but this the white people of Canterbury could not endure, and, after vainly trying to persuade her to remove it to some other locality, called a town-meeting to denounce it. The intrepid schoolmistress not paying due heed to this, a warrant was served upon one of the pupils from Providence, under an old pauper and vagrant law, "warning her out of town unless her maintenance was guaranteed; 'to be whipped on the naked body not exceeding ten stripes,' in default of satisfaction or departure." This too proving ineffective, the citizens appealed to the Legislature for power to extirpate so pestilent an institution; and says Miss Larned:

"While waiting for legal power to break up the school, Canterbury did its best to make scholars and teacher uncomfortable. Non-intercourse and embargo acts were put in successful operation. Dealers in all sorts of wares and produce agreed to sell nothing to Miss Crandall, the stage-driver declined to carry her pupils, and neighbors refused a pail of fresh water, even though they knew that their own sons had filled her well with stable refuse. Boys and rowdies were allowed unchecked, if not openly encouraged, to exercise their utmost ingenuity in mischievous annoyance, throwing real stones and rotten eggs at the windows, and following the school with hoots and horns if it ventured to appear in the street. Not only was Miss Crandall herself assailed with threats of coming vengeance and ejection, but her father in the south part of the town was insulted and threatened."

* History of Windham County, Connecticut. By Ellen D. Larned. Volume II. 1760–1880. Brooklyn, New York: Royal Paine, 654 Monroe Street.

When at length the desired law was obtained from the Legislature, the news of its passage was welcomed in Canterbury "by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and every demonstration of popular delight and triumph." Refusing to yield even then, Miss Crandall was thrown into jail, but on the last appeal succeeded in vindicating her resistance to the law which had been so obstreperously welcomed. So the citizens of Canterbury — doubtless "our best citizens" — were compelled to resort to other means of manifesting their disapproval. The old persecutions were revived and intensified; an attempt was made to burn down Miss Crandall's house; and, finally, in a night attack, the whole of the lower windows were dashed to pieces with iron bars. This last proved too much for the nerves of the inmates, and shortly afterward the school was given up, and Canterbury was once more at peace.

Nothing quite so bad as this has been gathered into the Fool's budget of horrors, yet we are left without the slightest evidence that the community of Canterbury (any more than that of Pipersville) was either aroused to the "liveliest indignation" by it, or manifested "a strong sympathy" for its victim. Moreover, all this occurred in a Connecticut town less than fifty years ago (in 1833); yet we are repeatedly assured by the Fool that the South is either "three centuries" or "at least a hundred years" behind the North in intelligence, freedom, and toleration.

Now, our object in citing this instance of New England intolerance is not merely to urge a *tu quoque* argument, or to excuse one piece of wrong-doing by another, but to direct attention to a fact which is at once more significant and more sad than the one which the Fool supposes to be true—the fact, namely, that intolerance is not confined to any one locality or to any one state of society. In truth, that broad and genial spirit of toleration which may now be said to characterize the North is one of the very latest achievements of freedom and intelligence, and we have only to read such books as Miss Larned's, and May's "Recollections of the Antislavery Conflict," in order to see how recent is its establishment even in the most enlightened and advanced of our Northern communities. Nor should we overlook the fact that in all probability much of this easy tolerance is due to the substantial harmony of opinion and sentiment that prevails among us. With innumerable variations and diversities of opinion which are supposed to be radical but which in reality are only very slight, there is a broad substantial agreement upon what are rightly regarded as essentials; and it is greatly to be feared that our self-gratulations upon the subject would be materially modified should the Mormons, for example, turn back upon the track of their migration and attempt to set up their polity and practices in the noble Commonwealth where the Fool first learned how sacred is the right of expressing and acting upon one's conscientious opinions, whether our neighbors agree with them or not.

When "A Fool's Errand" first made its appearance and began to attract public attention, the identity of the Fool was enveloped in a cloud of guesses and conjectures; but the secret was soon divulged, and, on the appearance of "Bricks without Straw,"* the authorship of the earlier story was formally avowed by Judge Albion W. Tourgee, late of the Superior Court of North Carolina. For this second story it would be difficult to find any other *raison d'être* than the not unnatural desire, on the part of the author, to avail himself of that tide in the affairs of men which had apparently reached the full in his case, and which gave good promise of leading him on to fortune. "Bricks without Straw" is simply an echo of "A Fool's Errand," dealing with the same theme, enforcing the same lessons with the same arguments, containing substantially the same characters, and diversifying the exposition with almost precisely the same incidents. The only substantial difference between the two is that, while in the earlier story the view-point is mainly that of the "carpet-bagger," in the latter one the leading rôles are filled by contrasted types of the recently enfranchised negroes, by a "Yankee teacher of nigger-schools," and by a native white Southerner who, under the pressure of events, became a convert to Republicanism, and thus became the object of the odium and the ostracism which had previously been bestowed upon the Fool.

Regarded merely as a story, "Bricks without Straw" is decidedly superior to its predecessor, partly because it is more a story and less a political tract, and partly because its characters, being more elaborated, bear a closer resemblance to real life. But it has the disadvantage of being merely a repetition, and of attempting to harrow up the reader's feelings by methods which, having become familiar, have lost somewhat of their efficiency.

Moreover, while it is less open to criticism than its predecessor in the matter of construction and on certain points of taste, "Bricks without Straw" is just as objectionable in the far more essential particulars of animus and truthfulness. It is very easy to represent the negroes as always

* Bricks without Straw. A Novel. By Albion W. Tourgee, LL. D., late Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and author of "A Fool's Errand," etc. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

suffering indignities at the hands of the whites; as always being imposed upon, cheated, abused, and oppressed; as possessing all the virtues while the vices are liberally distributed among the whites. It is equally easy to represent the whites as opposed to the political domination of the negroes, not because of any practical grievances which that domination brought, but simply because of their ingrained and hereditary hate of the "inferior race." This is Judge Tourgee's picture, heightened and intensified with every available device of the colorist's art; and now let us compare it with an equally vivid picture, drawn by an equally zealous Republican, of what negro domination actually meant in the State adjoining that in which the scene of Judge Tourgee's story is laid.

Several of the letters which play an essential part in the development of Judge Tourgee's plot bear the date of February and March, 1873; and in precisely those months of that same year Mr. James S. Pike, correspondent of the "Tribune," and formerly United States Minister at the Hague, was writing an account of the scenes he was then witnessing in South Carolina.* Here are a part of the comments suggested by his observation of the Legislature then in session at Columbia:

"It is the spectacle of a society suddenly turned bottom-side up. The wealth, the intelligence, the culture, the wisdom of the State, have broken through the crust of that social volcano on which they were contentedly reposing, and have sunk out of sight, consumed by the subterranean fires they had with such temerity braved and defied. In the place of this old aristocratic society stands the rude form of the most ignorant democracy that mankind ever saw, invested with the functions of government. It is the dregs of the population habilitated in the robes of their intelligent predecessors, and asserting over them the rule of ignorance and corruption, through the inexorable machinery of a majority of numbers. It is barbarism overwhelming civilization by physical force. It is the slave rioting in the halls of his master, and putting that master under his feet. And, though it is done without malice and without vengeance, it is nevertheless none the less completely and absolutely done. Let us approach nearer and take a closer view. We will enter the House of Representatives. Here sit one hundred and twenty-four members. Of these, twenty-three are white men, representing the remains of the old civilization. These are good-looking, substantial citizens. They are men of weight and standing in the communities they represent. They are all from the hill country. The frosts of sixty and seventy winters whiten the heads of some among them. There they sit, grim and silent. They feel themselves to be but loose stones, thrown in to partially obstruct a current they are powerless to resist. They say little and do little as the days go by. They simply watch the rising tide, and mark the progressive steps of the inundation. They hold their places reluctantly. They feel themselves to be in some sort martyrs, bound stoically to suffer in behalf of that still great element in the State whose prostrate fortunes are becoming the sport of an unpitying Fate. Grouped in a corner of the commodious and well-furnished chamber, they stolidly survey the noisy riot that goes on in the great black Left and Center, where the business and debates of the House are conducted, and where sit the strange and extraordinary guides of the fortunes of a once proud and haughty State. In this crucial trial of his pride, his manhood, his prejudices, his spirit, it must be said of the Southern Bourbon of the Legislature that he comports himself with a dignity, a reserve, and a decorum that command admiration. . . . This dense negro crowd they confront do the debating, the squabbling, the law-making, and create all the clamor and disorder of the body. These twenty-three white men are but the observers, the enforced auditors of the dull and clumsy imitation of a deliberative body, whose appearance in their present capacity is at once a wonder and a shame to modern civilization.

"Deducting the twenty-three members referred to, who comprise the entire strength of the opposition, we find one hundred and one remaining. Of this one hundred and one, ninety-four are colored and seven are their white allies. Thus the blacks outnumber the whole body of whites in the House more than three to one. On the mere basis of numbers in the State the injustice of this disproportion is manifest, since the black population is relatively four to three of the whites. A just rectification of the disproportion, on the basis of population merely, would give fifty-four whites to seventy black members. And the line of race very nearly marks the line of hostile politics. As things stand, the body is almost literally a Black Parliament, and it is the only one on the face of the earth which is the representative of a white constituency and the professed exponent of an advanced type of modern civilization. But the reader will find almost any portraiture inadequate to give a vivid idea of the body, and enable him to comprehend the complete metamorphosis of the South Carolina Legislature, without observing its details. The Speaker is black, the Clerk is black, the door-keepers are black, the little pages are black, the chairman of the Ways and Means is black, and the chaplain is coal-black. At some of the desks sit colored men whose types it would be hard to find outside of Congo; whose costume, visages, attitudes, and expression, only befit the forecastle of a buccaneer."

Again, after a closer examination of the practical working of negro rule:

"The rule of South Carolina should not be dignified with the name of government. It is the in-

* The Prostrate State: South Carolina under Negro Government. By James S. Pike. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

stallation of a huge system of brigandage. The men who have had it in control, and who now have it in control, are the picked villains of the community. They are the highwaymen of the State. They are professional legislative robbers. They are men who have studied and practiced the art of legalized theft. They are in no sense different from, or better than, the men who fill the prisons and penitentiaries of the world. They are, in fact, of precisely that class, only more daring and audacious. They pick your pockets by law. They rob the poor and the rich alike, by law. They confiscate your estate by law. They do none of these things even under the tyrant's plea of the public good or the public necessity. They do all simply to enrich themselves personally. The sole, base object is, to gorge the individual with public plunder. Having done it, they turn around and buy immunity for their acts by sharing their gains with the ignorant, pauperized, besotted crowd who have chosen them to the stations they fill, and which enable them thus to rob and plunder."

Such being the character of the government, let us glance for a moment at some of its practical results. Governor Scott, the representative and leader of the negro majority in South Carolina, was inaugurated in July, 1868. At that time the actual State debt was a little less than $5,800,000. Just before Mr. Pike wrote his account (in 1873) a Congressional Committee and a Tax-Payers' Committee had been investigating the financial affairs of the State; and it was found that in less than five years the State debt had been increased from $5,800,000 to $33,900,000. A portion of this increase was so obviously tainted with fraud that it was quietly dropped out of the record; but after a careful computation, allowing for all possible deductions, Mr. Pike estimated that the outstanding debt in March, 1873, was in round numbers $24,783,000. And for this vast sum of nearly $20,000,000 there was absolutely nothing to show in the way of public property or public improvements. The railroads upon which millions were lavished remained unbuilt; the very State-house remained unroofed, as during the war; and, of the $700,000 appropriated by the Legislature to buy lands for the Freedmen, every dollar appears to have been stolen. Nor was it merely in the increase of its debt that the State suffered. Where formerly $400,000 per annum had sufficed for State expenses, now nearly $2,000,000 were required, of which not a cent went for interest on the debt. As a specimen item, we may mention that whereas the total amount of the stationery bill for the House for the twenty years preceding 1861 averaged $400 per annum, in 1872 it was $16,000.

The question as to where the money went is answered by Mr. Pike, from the sworn testimony taken before the committees, with a considerable degree of particularity. Of course, a very large proportion of it was squandered in untraceable ways; but one instance may serve as an example of many. In 1872 a committee was appointed to purchase furniture for the House of Representatives. When the bill came in it amounted to $95,000, a few items of which were as follows: $750 for one mirror in the Speaker's room; clocks at $480 apiece; chandeliers at $650; and two hundred fine porcelain spittoons at $8 apiece. "The excess of disbursement in the item for fitting up portions of the State-house," says Mr. Van Trump, in the report of the Congressional Committee, "will be better understood when we state the fact, as proved by the testimony, that, under the pretense of fitting up committee-rooms, the private lodging-rooms at the private boarding-houses of the members, in many instances, were furnished with Wilton and Brussels carpets, mirrors, sofas, etc." According to Mr. Pike, the Governor, on a salary of $3,500, had the reputation of spending $30,000 to $40,000 a year; and he adds that "there is a lively sense [in Columbia] of the presence of those who a few years ago were penniless, and now own and live in expensive mansions, and who built and own the iron bridge that spans the broad river that flows past the town, and are erecting opera-houses and warehouses on the main streets."

One of the principal counts in Judge Tourgee's indictment against the Southern whites relates to election frauds, the distinct implication of his argument being that the blacks alone have been the innocent victims of such nefarious practices. Here, *per contra*, is the opening paragraph of the chapter in which Mr. Pike discusses this very topic:

"One of the great discouragements to regular and sustained efforts on the part of the whites to resist negro sway in South Carolina has been the frauds practiced on the ballot-box. These have been so great and so audacious that voting became a farce. The party in the majority counted in whomever they wanted elected, without any reference to the votes cast. The following testimony discloses a worse state of things in South Carolina on this subject than was ever before seen since voting was invented. It shows that men who were elected by a majority of thousands, were deliberately counted out, and their adversaries declared elected by overwhelming majorities. The result has been, that at the last election no voting was done in numerous districts except by the dominant party in the State."

It is both painful and humiliating to recall these incidents of a period which, happily, is already a thing of the past; but the character of Judge Tourgee's books is such that they can not be dealt with merely as works of literary art. They aim to lodge in the reader's mind a picture

and an impression which can be criticised effectively only by confronting them with other pictures and impressions that bear with equal pertinence upon the same theme. Merely as a novel, neither of Judge Tourgee's books could demand the serious attention of any critic; as sectional pamphlets their influence has already become too great to pass wholly without challenge.

But for the assurance of the author that his narrative was prepared prior to 1876, we should certainly be tempted to infer that "A Year of Wreck"* was one of those imitations which the extraordinary success of "A Fool's Errand" was sure to produce. It is not nearly so likely to create a sensation as its predecessors, partly because the field is no longer virgin, and partly because it is not calculated to fortify the views of any particular class of readers in either section of the country. As the author himself says, his book is not likely to find favor with extremists of either the Northern or the Southern type; but for this very reason, perhaps, its value for the statesman, the historian, and the serious thinker upon social problems, will be all the greater. Very rarely indeed have such frank, unbiased, and unflinching disclosures of what negro life and character really are been made; for concerning certain features of that life the Southerners were just as willing to be reticent as Northern philanthropists were to disbelieve. The "Impressions and Experiences" recorded in Chapter XXXII, for example, cast a lurid and somewhat grotesque light upon certain phases of the antislavery crusade. They are of a character that renders them unfit for reproduction here, but they certainly justify the author's conclusion that "Northern writers on the subject have scribbled much foolishness, and the Southern people practiced deception." The most serious objection to the book is that it reproduces letters of the Reconstruction period written under the influence of strong partisan feeling, and of a sense of personal wrong which the book itself shows to have been largely unjustifiable. In the main, "A Year of Wreck" tells the story of a commercial speculation the failure of which under all the circumstances was inevitable. The causes of the failure, too, were to a great extent in the "Victim" and his associates; and there is probably no part of the known world—at least of the civilized world—where such confiding and verdant capitalists would not have been cheated and imposed upon in precisely the same manner, though, undoubtedly, there were aggravating features peculiar to the locality.

The vital objection to all such books is that they have an influence for evil which far transcends any possible good effect that they may produce. No doubt Ku-klux horrors should be held up to the execration and scorn of the world, and social intolerance in all its forms should be condemned; but, long after the Ku-klux Klan and the ghostly night-riders of the White League have passed into the twilight of tradition, the passions which it is the aim of these books to inflame and perpetuate will constitute the most difficult and baffling problem that American statesmen have to face.

C. H. JONES.

* A Year of Wreck. A True Story. By a Victim. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

SECOND PAPER.

THE following incident will illustrate the shrewdness and ready resource of the simple-minded Dalers. In a village in one of the Dales a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman resided, who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so, as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stair-foot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited awhile, and then, repeating the call, she was answered by, "What do you want?" in anything but a gentle voice.

"I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast."

"I'll have either or both," was the odd and stinging reply.

"You've got out on the wrong side o' the bed ta morn'," said the irritated dame to herself; "but I'll fit up yer order, my man." So saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee she made a strong decoction thereof

for the preacher. Presently, he felt that he had a strangely-flavored beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked, "What's this, missis?"

"It is *both*, sir; and you sall either sup it or gang without."

A clergyman fond of pedestrian exercises was in the habit of strolling through the Dales almost daily in nearly all weathers, and of entering into conversation with any one whom he chanced to overtake, as, he said, "I can get an idea from even a fool."

"One day," he said to the writer, "I overtook a young fellow who was leading a wagon laden with manure. He was a real specimen of a Daler. After a few words of general conversation, I asked, 'How much may you get for your job?' 'Fower shillin' a-wick an' me shurtweshin,' was the prompt reply. I was in the act of taking stock of the lad's garments, to see if a shirt was the only item of apparel that he might need to have washed weekly, when—looking me earnestly in the face—he said, with a coolness and a deliberation that were perfectly comical. 'An' what may thou hev for thy job?'"

My friend did not say whether he enlightened his rustic companion; but it must be acknowledged that he had equal right to know the earnings of the parson.

During my residence in rural villages I became familiar with a respectable yeoman, at whose house I was at all times a welcome visitor. He was a remarkably quiet little man. His wife was a fine buxom woman, whose rosy cheeks and dark, benevolent eyes made her pleasant to look upon, and whose children, eight in number, were fine, strapping lads. Going in one morning, the first thing that met my gaze was Mr. Stafford seated in his arm-chair, a basin poised on the palm of his left hand, the contents of which he was deliberately supping with the aid of a teaspoon.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself this morning, Mr. Stafford. What may you have got in the basin?" I asked.

"A drop o' salts!" was the odd and laconic reply.

"Salts!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; "and supping them with a teaspoon, too!"

"Ay," responded the yeoman, quietly; "I allus sups salts wi' a teaspoon, 'cause ah loikes 'em. Yo knaw if ah wor ta drink 'em, th' pleesure 'ud be soon ower; but usin' a teaspoon, why, th' pleesure lasts a lang toime"; saying which, he took another spoonful, and licked his lips with marked gusto.

"My husband is a queer man, I assure you," chimed in Mrs. Stafford, with studied politeness; "he has the queerest fancies of any man I know of. See you, Maister Brownson," she continued, in unassumed earnestness, "I can not keep a bit o' mustard in the house because of him. I used to make a goodish bit, for the lads are fond of it; but he got to go to the cupboard, and he would lick, ay—lick the mustard until it was all licked up; so I gave over making it at last, and for many years we've done without."

"Ay, indeed; ma woife says th' truth," put in Mr. Stafford, sorrowfully. "Ah niver gets a taste o' mustart naa but twoice a yer—that's on th' tithe-days. Th' Vicar maks us a gooid dinner when we gang ta pay aar tithe; an' soa, as sooin as ah gits inta th' raam, ah luks abaat for th' mustart-pot; an', takin' it inta ma hond, ah puts th' contents all rand th' rim o' me plate, an' soa ah gits a gradeley blow-in' o' mustart than. Yo knaw"—looking at me very significantly—"it hes ta last hawf a yer."

"And see you, Maister Brownson," said the canny wife, "my husband is such a man for gruel; why, bless you, he would have me boil gruel day by th' length, if I would"—

"Nowt noa bether," put in Mr. Stafford, interrupting his spouse, in good humor—"nowt noa bether, ah say, owther for mon or beeast. Naa, Maister Brownson, let a body advase yo as knaws; wheniver yo feels aat ov soorts, as th' sayin' is, mak yorsen, or git yer woife—when yo've got yan—ta mak yo a gooid jorum o' waiter-gruel; moind, *waiter*-gruel, an' drink it as yo git inta bed; an', moind ma words, yo'll feel reet at morn, noa mather what yo may ail. Theere's nowt noa bether nor waiter-gruel owther for mon or beeast, ah say!"

"I wish I may be as fortunate as you in the choice of a wife," I remarked, in perfect sincerity.

"A vary nat'ral wish, Maister Brownson," readily responded the little yeoman, putting down his basin of salts, and rising up to the height of an idea which had struck him, and which he was about to express. "Ah'll tell yo whot; if yo wish to be happy as a wed mon, yo maun hev a woife wi' three vartues in her—th' vartue o' good temper, th' vartue o' claneliness, an' th' vartue o' aiconomy; wi'oot which, yo conno be happy, let her be otherwise as she may."

"But how am I to come at a woman with those virtues?" I asked.

"Ah wor bawn ta tell yo. Now, yo may come at th' furster by axing th' naybors; they knaw reet weel th' tempers o' aych ither. Or yo may form a goodish ida-ah by takin' gauge o' her fayters an' th' expression ov her fa-ace. As ta whether she's clane, just yo find aat wheere she keeps her dish-claat, an' tak th' scent on't. If it smell swate, I's uphod it she's clane iverywheere. An' than as ta aiconomy, yo take a poipe naa an'

agin; vary weel, just yo hond her a pratty lang bit o' papper, an' ax her cannily ta leet yer poipe for ye. She'll do't; an' moind, if she knocks aat th' leet an' puts whot's left by for another leetin', yo may set it dawn as she's a careful body; but if she throws it behint th' foire, stop afore yo further goa, ah say." Saying which, he resumed the supping of his salts, while his happy wife's face shone with unwonted amiability.

Leaving these recollections of things pertaining to the ordinary aspects of life, I will now turn to matters belonging to another class—a class which one would suppose no longer existed, except in tradition. A belief in witchcraft lingered in most of the villages which I was in the habit of visiting. I know it to be a fact that whatever subtile disease laid hold of either man or beast, or whatever fatality befell a family, it was by some laid to the charge of an evil-eye, or to the wicked machinations of a woman in league with the Wicked One. There must be many who buy the wisdom of the "wise-man" and "wise-woman," else the latter could not lay up the riches which they do. It is not more than ten years since a woman died in one of our large West Yorkshire towns who had for many years flourished on the superstitious credulity of her fellow-creatures. She combined the wisdom of the astrologer with the skill of the medical botanist; and, under the guise of a parcel of dried herbs, she received pay for a prescription for the dissolution of a spell of witchery, or for a well-drawn-up nativity. At this witch's death, a young woman who had lived with her from childhood, and had acted as servant and companion, became heiress to her possessions. Every drawer in the house was crammed with rich and costly dresses and shawls; and the cupboards contained over three dozen silver or silver-gilt tea- and coffee-pots, with a vast number of silver cups and silver spoons—all the presentations of wealthy ladies, whose fortunes she had told, or whom she had delivered, according to their belief, by her occult incantations, from the power of some evil spell. But are not such persons themselves more worthy of punishment than the "wise-one," seeing that, were it not for the purchasers of such-like wisdom or power, there would be none to sell it?

During his residence in rural places, the writer came into contact with not a few who had been at one time or other, in mind, body, or estate, under the supposed power of witchcraft. The witch, unlike the generality of such folks, was not always old or ugly. Sitting one day in the house of a respectable mechanic, he was startled by the sudden action of the mechanic's wife, who, rising from the seat by the fireside, rushed in mortal fear toward the door, where, seizing by the shoulders a goodly-looking woman, who that moment was in the act of entering the house, she pushed her over the threshold, saying, with quivering lip and flashing eye, "Come in here, if ta dare, thou bagtrash, thou!" The woman evicted, the door was put to with a bang, and the poor old lady retook her place at the fireside, trembling in every limb. Need I add that the ejected woman was, in the judgment of the ejector, a veritable witch—one who had the power of assuming the form, or entering into the body of cat or hare, hurting whomsoever she listed?

It was my lot, while a resident in rural parts, to lodge for a time with a singular couple, whose belief in witchcraft, and, indeed, in all sorts of superstition, was as profound as it was confirmed. My bedroom had been made by cutting off a small portion of a large room by a partition of thin wood; and, as the room was open to the slates, a ceiling of lath and paper was put over my portion thereof. This sounded, when touched, like a drum. One night I was awakened out of sleep by hearing a tambourine-like noise overhead, occasioned by something going across this ceiling; then the something leaped down on to the room floor, scampered down stairs, and away into the street out of an open window.

"Oh!" said I, "it is only a stray cat"; and so tried to get to sleep again.

But anon I heard my hostess on the floor, and soon she was hard at work down stairs, rummaging in cupboards and corners. I knew her search would be a fruitless one: so it was; but in a while, on returning to her bed, a long, earnest, whispered dialogue was held between her and her "owd mon."

At breakfast next morning, believing that something more was thought about my visitor by them than by myself, I asked the old lady what had led her to make so diligent a search after the cat, as she had made.

Looking me earnestly in the face, she said: "Ugh! A *cat*, yo call it! If ah hed a-got hod on't, ah wad a-cleaved its skull wi' th' fire-point,* see yo, an' a-laid its carkase on th' dur-stane; an' it wad a-been vary soon reported 'at a woman hed been fand deead i' bed wi' her skull cleaved!"

"What! Do you really believe that the cat and a woman are somehow mixed?"

"Ah knaw yo'll do nowt but laugh at me; but ah've suffered moore than onybody knaws fra sich-lake cratures; an' ah dunnot want yo to be hurt by 'em whale yo live wi' us. We're in a bad naybr'hood!"

A few weeks after this incident, I was pass-

* *Fire-point* is the name for poker among a class in West Yorkshire; it was the old woman's in question.

ing the house just as it was becoming dark; and, slyly looking over the window-curtain, I saw my hostess sitting on a low stool with her chin in the palm of her right hand, and her elbow resting on her knee, staring into the fire. I had just entered upon manhood at the time, and so had the relics of boyish larking strong in me; wherefore, acting on the promptings of the moment, I scratched on the window and mewed like a cat. The old lady sprang out of her reverie in a twinkling, and her face, the picture of terror, was turned to the window. I ran off. This was on a Saturday evening.

On Monday morning, while at breakfast, the old dame said, "Well, Maister Brownson, we're bawn ta flit."

"You're going to flit!" I replied, in unaffected astonishment. "What has put that resolve into your minds?"

Fixing her bright and suspicious eye upon me, she said: "I've told aar Richard 'at if he doesna flit me, he'll hev ta bury me. I've told him this offen; but now he believes it. Yo recollect the cat, as yo call it, 'at wanted ta git at yo a whale sin?"

"Yes; very well."

"Weel, it com' agen on Setherday neet just on th' edge o' derk. I wor by mysen. It com' ta that theere winda; it scratched an' it gowled ta git at me: nay, it wor fair mad ta git in; bud it couldna, thank God. An' soa we're off fra here, I's glad ta say.'

I may just add that so many had been the journeys which Richard had taken on Sundays to see the "wise-man," and so much had been the fee which he had had to pay each time for advice or for material whereby to neutralize the power of the witch, that this couple were kept in poverty all the days of their lives.

One more case only, and then I will tie up these gatherings from the stores of memory. In a beautiful rural village in a certain dale there lived, years ago, a mole-catcher; a man in middle age, the like of whom for vigor and health could not be met with any day. He was besides a well-informed man, and highly respected. At last, an interruption took place in his health; he began suddenly to droop and fade, and in less than a fortnight he was a wreck, his flesh gone, and his strength become perfect weakness. But he had no pain. This gave an element of mystery to his case; and the impression thus made was increased when the doctor said he could not make out the cause of the wasting. "He must have taken some subtile poison, which his system could not rid itself of."

A friend of the writer's went to see this poor fellow just at this stage of his malady. That he was ill, yea, nigh unto death, there could be no question; and as day succeeded day and no change took place, it began to be whispered that his was a case of foul-play. "The second time," said the friend, "that I went to see the patient, he was alone, and cheerful as a lark, though weak as an infant and worn to a skeleton."

"I sall soon be all reight agen," said he, most emphatically.

"Indeed!" said the hearer. "Has the doctor said so?"

"Not he!" was the reply; "he wad let me dee, that he wad; but me wafe hes gone wheere she wanted weeks agoan, if I wad but a let her."

"I began," said the friend, "to suspect that something out of the common order was in the wind, so let the man go on."

"Yes, fra th' furst," said the patient in a whisper, "me wafe believed as I wor under a wicked spell, an' soa wanted to goa to th' 'wise-man'; but ah didna think as she did. Last neet, hooiver, seein' as theere wor but a step atween me an' deeath, an' as nowt seemed to stop th' complaint, ah began to think as theere meight be moore in the wafe's idea than in me ain, an' soa I sed, dee as tha thinks; an' soa she's off ta-day; an' yo'll see as I sall be all reight agen vary soon."

"I simply relate what took place," concluded my friend, "without offering an opinion. That night was spent in following the directions of the wizard; a series of spells and incantations were gone through; the man took a turn; his appetite came back; and in less than ten days the mole-catcher was up and out of doors, and in a few weeks more he was in the fields after the moles. Of course, if 'conceit can kill, conceit can also cure.'"

Ere long, it will be seen what education will do in eradicating a belief in such witchcraft-power as I have described, and which still lingers in some rural neighborhoods and elsewhere. As I have said, persons who move in higher circles have consulted the "wise folk" on matters such as loss of health and of property; hence, there seems to be an innate tendency to ascribe to the supernatural what may really belong to the more occult departments of Nature. This, education will no doubt open up, and so dispel delusion.

Chambers's Journal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SEVERAL letters in the "New York Times" by Mr. Richard Grant White, on the evils of our public-school system, have attracted a great deal of attention, principally, we should say, on account of their extravagances. There is probably a basis of truth in some of Mr. White's accusations, but as a whole they are sweeping, illogical, and ill-considered. Had he contented himself with pointing out manifest defects in our system of public-school education, and indicated the reforms that in his judgment should be made, no one would have reason to find fault, even if not agreeing with him. But his broad affirmation that our free public education has done more harm than good can only excite the wonder of every dispassionate reader. He tells us that our public schools have "exerted no wholesome influence upon our society, either morally or intellectually. . . . The proof of the pudding," he says, "is in the eating; the proof of the value of our public-school system is in the quality of the young men and the young women that it produces. What is their actual worth in practical life? How much better are they morally and intellectually than young men and young women who have never been to public schools?" Referring to young women of the humble class who have been educated at these schools and who may be seeking service, he says: "They are ignorant, slovenly, heedless, headstrong, self-conceited, disrespectful, and altogether unamenable to the discipline of a well-ordered household. Their 'education' has simply fitted them to read dime novels and cheap newspapers, to covet dress altogether unsuited to their position, and to go to the theatre or on excursions with a young man. . . . they are generally in every respect somewhat inferior to young women who have had no public-school education, and who can hardly read and can not write." Public-school education is and was, he goes on to say, "for the benefit of those who without education at public cost would receive no education at all, neither at school nor at home, and as to these our present public-school system fails to attain the ends for which it was professedly established and developed." In another place we are told that "there is a growing dissatisfaction with the results of our public-school system, and doubt, spreading wider and wider year by year, that such education as they give their pupils acts, in any marked degree, if at all, with either preservative or corrective power upon the moral and intellectual constitution of society."

Now, what do all these assertions mean? That the pupils of the public schools, especially those drawn from the lower ranks, are lower intellectually and morally than the children turned loose in the streets! That the discipline, the order, the studies, the restraints of the public schools, all go for nothing; that they are absolutely more hurtful than the associations of the sidewalk and the gutter, than the influence of life in the squalid tenement-houses, than the freedom of ignorance and the license of idleness! These are not Mr. White's words, but they are exact deductions from what he utters, inasmuch as he does not qualify in the least, or make any distinctions. Had he simply affirmed that private schools have a better moral influence than public schools, or pointed out that pupils whose home surroundings have been refining suffer by the associations and contacts of public schools, we don't know but his arguments would have been tenable. But, when he says that public education is hurtful to the great undisciplined youth of the lower classes, he declares something so extravagant that it stands refuted by simply being uttered. But a few considerations are suggested by his criticisms.

Nearly all the evils that Mr. White deplores are the common heritage of the age. They are as manifest in the higher classes as in the lower, in pupils of seminaries and academies as well as those of the public schools. Manners have deteriorated all round. The young lady fresh from the fashionable boarding-school is as likely to astonish us by her pronounced manners as the young woman from the ward school to offend us by her deficiency in "that respectful bearing which begets respect," and it is certainly futile to lecture people generally about their bad habits and bad manners so long as a good example is not set them by persons in high social rank. Let any one who is accustomed to travel in our public vehicles bear witness whether the ladies and gentlemen, who in this country make use of the omnibus and the street-car as freely as the democracy does, exhibit more politeness, more regard for the rights of others, more deference and consideration, more appropriate bearing, than their inferiors do. Do the ladies and gentlemen who come late to church, the concert, or the theatre, exhibit a nicer feeling than the rude multitude do, who have a vulgar habit of being early? Can we safely say that the manners and bearing of wealthy gentlemen's sons and daughters are calculated to inspire the sons and daughters of persons in the middle and lower ranks with a spirit of emulation for what is worthy? The lounging, loose manner, the indulgence in slang, the disregard for others, the lack of respect for age, the pronounced dressing, the defect of bearing, the familiar habits, the neglect of numerous common forms of politeness—all these things being daily exhibited by persons who ought to know better, scarcely justify complaints because the multitude have bettered the instruction thus given them. Let censors begin at the top, and, having taught the upper classes good breeding and good morals, go, aided by their example, to the reformation of the commonalty.

MR. WHITE admits that there is nothing in the nature of the studies in our public schools that leads to the results he deplores. "Nothing," he says, "is

taught in these schools which in itself is demoralizing." Then what is the cause of the evil? Is it a lack of discipline and training? It is entirely possible that the discipline of these schools is not perfect, but it is simply insane to say that it is not far better and much more thorough than that which two thirds of the pupils obtain at home. So far as our observation goes it is very good. But if it is in any way deficient, let us be informed in what particulars this deficiency exists, that we may know the direction in which to begin a reform. But it can not be said with any show of truth that the discipline as it exists is injurious, however inadequate and imperfect it may be considered. The studies, then, are not objectionable, and the discipline at the worst is in a measure good; so we must ask again, Whence do the evils so passionately denounced by Mr. White arise? Is it in bringing large bodies of children of all ranks together? It is well known that a single bad pupil will often corrupt a whole boarding-school — and what is true of those educational institutions must be measurably true of public schools, the only difference being that in the latter the associations are not so continuous and intimate. The example of mischief, of evil sayings, of wrong-doing, of bad morals in any form, is always contagious. Every large body of men is always very much worse than single individuals are. We see this conspicuously evinced in armies, where the mass is more cruel, reckless, and immoral, than the persons who compose it would be under other circumstances. Goodness and piety are, it is true, sometimes contagious in large bodies; but, either one way or the other, for good or ill, masses emphasize proclivities in a very notable manner. In this way school-children catch from each other the spirit that a few leaders may possess. Wealthy parents have to deplore the influence of college companions, and the boarding-schools for young ladies have been distrusted and condemned as long as they have existed. It is tolerably certain, therefore, that in our public schools there is something communicable which with the better class of pupils is hurtful (the lower classes must inevitably find general contact in the schools greatly better than exclusive contact with each other in the streets and on the wharves), and this evil extends far beyond the school period. But we can not justly attribute it to our system of free public education. It is probably inseparable from every form of public instruction. It is not due to imperfect management of the public schools, to their methods of teaching, nor to defects in their disciplinary rules, but to those characteristics of human nature which in all assemblages give leadership and influence to the most audacious and reckless, to bold wickedness rather than to modest scruples.

If we have not in the preceding argument hit aright the cause of the evils under consideration, then there is but one other explanation. The difficulty must be in educating the masses at all. Parallel with the common sentiment of the necessity and moral effect of education, there is another sentiment current in not a few minds, that the young are made ambitious, reckless, discontented, unsettled, and practically worthless by school education. The story of the old farmer is familiar to us—he whose elder daughters were reared to work, with few opportunities for schooling, and whose executive abilities in all that pertained to the house and garden were his delight. His increasing wealth enabling him to send his later born to boarding-school, he is disgusted with the airish and helpless young women returned to him, who are superior to the milk-pail, the dust-brush, and the stewpan, and capable of nothing now but the piano and embroidery. This experience, of course, is also true of the young man from college, who ever after disdains the humble tasks of his youth, and, according to popular estimation, has been spoiled by his learning. We thus see that Mr. White's arguments can be made tenable only by indicting schools and education altogether, and setting up ignorance as the new desideratum.

The fact is, education is a change and ferment. The youth who goes out from the home roof to the academy or the public school finds suddenly a new universe opened to him, just as indeed does he to whom are unfolded all at once the rich stores of literature. The dime novel does not a whit more upset the shopboy than Walter Scott the youth of higher grade. The advantages of education are, it is needless to say, immeasurable; civilization and progress are impossible without it; but even this boon is not obtained without compensation, without disturbance, social revolution, and a fermentation that has its unpleasant and even dangerous aspects.

Education begins by unsettling, but ends by grounding firmly; and the new life that comes with the schoolroom, the new ideas that germinate there in the adolescent mind, the new sense of personal importance, the new companionship—in its many features both good and ill—these things are not so likely to produce docile and well-balanced young men and women as the restraints and narrowness of home training, but time and the friction of the world will tend to rectify the evils they produce, while the good that comes of this broadened life needs at this late day no defense.

To many minds there is no more delightful amusement than a good play well acted. It stimulates both the intellectual and emotional nature; it excites the fancy, enlivens the imagination, stirs the sympathies, gratifies the love of humor and the sense of beauty, and enlarges ideas of life. The opposition against the theatre that still exists among a few extreme moralists is for the most part based on the stage of the past. There is little in the theatre of to-day that justifies this hostility, and the number that recognize the propriety of dramatic amusement is continually on the increase. The time is not far distant when denunciations of the stage will be confined to the special plays that offend against morals and taste, and rightly conducted theatres meet the approval of good men and women generally.

But, while good plays are a means of delightful entertainment, the theatres are so conducted that vast numbers of cultivated people, having only moderate incomes, are almost excluded from them. There is no lack of merely cheap amusement, but amusement that is artistic, reputable, and also cheap, scarcely exists at all. There is the opera for fashionable people at excessively high prices, and there are society theatres in which good seats are beyond the means of many men with families, excepting as an occasional indulgence. Seeing a play occasionally does not satisfy the hunger of the lover of the drama; and then, men do not want to go selfishly alone to the theatre, especially if this means leaving wife and daughters at home. We need good, respectable, low-priced theatres, which a family of half a dozen can attend without hopelessly depleting the weekly store of money. A communication in a recent number of the London "Spectator," written from Düsseldorf, contains some interesting information on this subject, and we consequently subjoin it nearly in full:

"We have here (Düsseldorf), in a town of eighty to ninety thousand inhabitants, one of the handsomest and most commodious theatres in Europe, open from September to April, with a company whose dramatic and operatic representations are of quite unusual excellence, with music and scenery satisfactory to the most refined tastes, and with a *répertoire* which may be called nearly unexceptionable.

"We pay, on dramatic nights, 2*s*. 6*d*. to the stalls, 1*s*. to the pit, 6*d*. to the gallery; on opera nights, 6*d*. more. On Saturday nights special performances at half-price; these consisted last season of the classical dramas of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Calderon, Kleist, etc. This season the Saturday nights are to be devoted to the best modern and classical comedies. As to the performances themselves, if our Shylocks are less intense than Mr. Irving, and our Portias less elegant than Miss Ellen Terry, on the other hand, our Antonios, Bassanios, and Launcelot Gobbos are so infinitely less distressing than those on the best English stages, that the total impression, on myself at least, is far more pleasing.

"Ladies can and do go alone to all parts of the theatre; and my servant-girl is a regular attendant on half-price nights, when she goes with a female friend to the gallery.

"We, further, possess here a large establishment with three fine concert-rooms of various sizes, a large and pretty garden attached, combined with an excellent restaurant. Here a fine band of about forty performers gives concerts four times a week, out of doors in summer, indoors in winter; entrance, threepence each. Here, too, the Saturday evenings are devoted to special performances, including the best and newest modern compositions, and invariably a symphony by one of the great masters, rendered in admirable style. These concerts are so crowded that it is very difficult to find a seat after the performance has begun.

"These, you will say, are things to be found in many large German towns; there is nothing new in what you tell us, we all know that the town itself does all this; but the circumstances are Utopian, as far as private enterprise is concerned. And herein, of cou[rse] answer to your question. The town alone, mune, is the only architect and capitalist w[ho] bly give you the theatre you want. Why try the plan in England? When I think o[f] absence of any sort of reasonable amusem[ent] ment in most towns of this size in Engl[and] cially in the manufacturing towns of th[e] wish that I could have a few of their may[ors] a[nd] cils over here for a week.

"It will not do to ride off on the principle of 'private enterprise.' You have seen what came of lea[ving] cation practically to private enterprise. [I] say no[th]ing of the educational uses of the sta[ge], although no one estimates them more highly; but I would appeal solely on the plea of the necessity of providing some means of satisfying men's natural hunger for amusement —their 'Spieltrieb,' as Schiller calls it—in a more rational and wholesome way.

"As to the financial part of the question, I can only say that the material in my possession shows at what a surprisingly small cost so great results can be obtained, not by under-paying actors and musicians, but by good management and sound finance."

It is hardly necessary to say that we do not agree at all with what the writer says about [private] enterprise. In this country we are accustom[ed] to undertake a good many things by private en[terprise] abroad is supposed to be possible only [by] government, municipal or state, and succeed. "Mayors and councils" are out of question; but coöperation on the part [of] is not, and to persons so disposed we [refer] last paragraph in the letter copied. [The] Opera-House in this city affords proof [that] can be successfully conducted at co[mparatively] prices of admission. The entertain[ment] theatre do not meet the requirement[s] [of] view, because it is a "star" theatre, with a comparatively poor stock company, and it gives a succession of performances of all kinds and every character, sometimes good, but more often sensational and disagreeable. And it is not so managed as to make a visit to it at all a pleasant experience. What is wanted is a theatre that is as good as it is cheap, with a comfortable and agreeable auditory, a well-selected company, giving place at times to the better class of "stars," and producing the very best plays, new and old—plays that intelligent people want to see, and will go to see if produced and acted in a satisfactory manner. There is no doubt in our mind that such a theatre would prove a success if judiciously and yet liberally managed; and we hope that "private enterprise" will see its w[ay] to make the experiment.

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